

Poetry Series

Phil Soar
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Phil Soar(28.06.1952)

I write as Ideas come to me. Nothing is ever as it seems and my poems are not necessarily about my life or my feelings. The words just come.

I am born under the sign of cancer and my ruling planet is the moon. My poems tend to ebb and flow with the lunar moons, and there is no common issue that I write about

1948

Whilst in the street the children played
In 1948
Years after the bombs were dropped
And just a little late
Debris all around us
Waiting to be cleared
Parents telling kids outside
There was nothing else to fear
At last a welcome daily scene
As kids enjoyed the days
And parents smiled, brushed tears aside
As all the children played

Phil Soar

1953

In 1953

My mother said to me:

'Oochy Coochy woochy woochy woo'

I guess when said and done

I had only just turned one

And my mind meant there was nothing I could do

Phil Soar

24 Hours

I managed to pass no comment today
Just idly passed the time away
Not worrying about anything, or no-one
Until 24 hours had come, and then gone

Phil Soar

24 Hours Of Fame

24 hours of fame

A poem by any other name

A winters walk

Chosen from a selection

Most apt?

When the winter has been so warm

And today it turns

Moves into minus figures

Chills the bones of us old 'uns

Freezes car windows in the early dawn

Scrapers at the ready

Heated screens a bonus

Beds are warmer places

But work calls

Not long until retirement

A time to write more

More fame?

Phil Soar

700 Times

And so I reach 700 moments of lunar madness
So many words,
Written for no other reason than just making the reader think
Sometimes provoking a reply
Knowing I have touched just one person
Is enough to keep me writing
Thinking
Making up nonsense and laughing
Writing from the heart and crying at the result
Sometimes even touching me with it's simplicity
My moon is my controller
There is no doubt
And whether it is weak or strong
The words will come and I will move on
Once written
Almost forgotten
But resting here, to be recalled when needed

Phil Soar

A 3d Bycycle

My friend just bought a 3D bike
It didn't cost the earth
It snapped in two, in a minute or two
Accompanied with some mirth

With thanks for the laugh to Many Mechanical Engineers

Phil Soar

A Bad Bake Off

The greaseproof paper lined the tin
I poured the lovely mixture in
It rose in the oven like the recipe said
But dropped like a stone in a river bed
The oven door was ajar too soon
There I stood, a baking goon

Phil Soar

A Bad Lunch

He left his home this morning, with a lunch box and a flask
He fancied a fresh cake as well, but was afraid to ask
He'd fallen out with mother, and she'd baked while she was mad
He tried to smooth things over, and then fallen out with dad

The family was a unit, but at times the tension heightened
And when some things got ugly, certain members became frightened
You never knew how mother, would react in times of stress
And if she cocked her cooking up, the kitchen was a mess

So on that day, when he had lunch, and opened up that box
All he found were underpants, and a some really dirty socks
His mother had been angry, and had found them on his bed
And thought it would be funny, to make him eat those instead

Phil Soar

A Bad Mother

Nothing good will come of it
My mother used to say
She always stopped me doing things
In case I went astray
She always used to tell me
That I was raving mad
And I'd end up in a Looney bin
When I was just a lad
She once said I was mental
Because I liked to think
That I could be like Elvis
Or could write a book on drink
Oh yes, I had some vivid thoughts
It did not do me wrong
She called me very many things
As my life went along
And now that she is here no more
I can't imagine how
I've turned into the man I am
And how I've lived till now

Phil Soar

A Bare Faced Walk

I walked along the footpath, taking in the sights and sounds
With signs along the way, indicating out of bounds
And yet my inquisition, would take me off the route
Searching for the best of nature, in my birthday suit

Oh yes, I am the naturist, and love the feel of wind on skin
Hoping I will not get caught, and told that I should 'reel it in'
I walk along the footpaths, with no-one else in sight
But always in the darkness, of a warm and humid night

Phil Soar

A Beacon Of Light

The beacon shone atop the hill
A fire so bright, the world stood still
And viewed from many miles away
It burned by night, and flickered by day

Where people sought to find the will
To climb the path, toward that hill
And watch the embers start to fly
Upon the wind, into the sky

They prayed for peace and watched the flames
That danced in sync whilst ash remained
And where the light shined brighter still
They all looked up toward that hill

Phil Soar

A Bed Full

I crawled into bed, Just after Fred
And before our Albert came home
We were three of fifteen, and our mum was obscene
In matters sexual, she was well known
By the time Reece and Ged, had joined us in bed
There were twelve of us struggling to cope
The other three were in the lavatory
Fighting over bars of soap
In our two up - two down, in the middle of town
Were tight knit but loving attention
And our mother's mishaps, were unknown to us chaps
And were seldom (if ever) once mentioned

Phil Soar

A Betting Man

I am not a betting man
that's what I tell myself
but the money flows like water from my bank
the horses run so slowly
and the football team is bad
and my wife thinks that I am a complete plank

Phil Soar

A Blessing In A Storm

Beneath a sea of anguish and above a world of pain,
The hurt affects him daily, and he hides his lonely shame,
His turmoil is infectious, and it seems there's no escape,
His life a mess, and his distress, needs work to now reshape.

A storm that started as a shower, became a hurricane,
Took away his dignity, and heightened all the blame,
And as the clouds began to darken, filling up the sky,
He sits alone in deep despair, and never wonders why.

He takes the signs of emptiness as something he must ride,
Even though the daily grind is building up inside,
And yet he still sees humour, in the darkest of his hours,
But is that just a mask he wears, amongst the stormy showers?

As much as he seeks sympathy, he hides inside his mind,
Even though his partnerships and family are all kind,
Maybe there's a blessing in the storm, to help him through,
Without the thought of sanctuary, there's nothing he can do.

The storm clouds will be distant soon, and skies return to blue,
Until that moment happens, there is nothing he can do,
He'll ride the storm with vigour, and a sense of emptiness,
But realise in times of need, he really should feel blessed.

Phil Soar

A Breeze

It continues to haunt me with effortless ease
The sound of the wind, as it blows through the trees
A whistle of something, sent here to tease
To make me love nature, and a warm summer breeze

Phil Soar

A Bully

Poking fun at someone
Used to be a daily treat
I bullied friends at school
And told them they had smelly feet
I liked to make them victims
Of my every whim
Throw youngsters in a local lake
To see if they could swim

These days to be a bully
Is something most obtuse
It's not so welcome anymore
To shout verbal abuse
So get you head around it
And don't you follow me
I'm 62, and worn right through
And nobody likes me

Phil Soar

A Can Of Worms

The can of worms he opened, led to torture and despair
His heart was dealt a bitter blow, no happy ending there
From deep within the secrets, that he found below the stairs
Were all the lies and bitterness, that meant she didn't care

The years he'd spent in love with her, not knowing all the facts
How love became a masquerade, not able to react
And when the final straw had come, and he knew that she'd lied
He Stared into a blackened void, and just lay down and cried

Phil Soar

A Cannibal Barbecue

The Cannibals had a barbecue
They didn't mean much harm
They ate their way through peoples legs
And the odd dismembered arm
And just for extra measure
They ate someone's minced eyes
And for some extra pleasure
They made some headless pies

Phil Soar

A Charitable Run

Blisters on the souls of his feet
As he ran through the wide and open street
Running for the people he may never meet
But he ran through the night with his blistered feet

He ran through the day for 10 hours or more
His blisters burst forth and his toes were sore
And yet no-one questioned what he did this for
As he ran through the day and the night once more

By the time that he saw that the end was in sight
He had run for the people who couldn't fight
And he gave all the money to ease their plight
And ran through the day, and all the night

Phil Soar

A Childhood Slap

I recall a time when sleep was so neglected
When childhood tears accompanied a slap
And now when I look back at how I acted
I'm not surprised my life is full of crap

Phil Soar

A Childish Dream

I had a dream of a mountain stream
I walked beside it flowing
And a great big cat, squashed me flat
Without me even knowing
I woke up in a cold, cold sweat
My bed and I were wet
My mum had fun, in the morning sun
And I've not recovered yet

Phil Soar

A Child's Moon

The child stared at the moon and asked if it was made of cheese
And this became a reason for some thought
For while a child's at school, they should not be made the fool
If this was something they might have been taught

To find their minds are subject to, everything we say and do
Their tutors should be careful what they teach
And give credit where it's due, kids learn much faster than we do
So we must be correct with our words we preach

Phil Soar

A Child's Rhyme To Mummy

Six months isn't very long
To get to know your mummy
But love is really very strong
And started in your tummy
Since I first saw the light of day
I've known you love me dearly
I want to tell you right away
I love you mummy, really

Phil Soar

A Child's Right

A child holds on to innocence, and doesn't harbor hate
They do not form self-righteousness, or contemplate their fate
A child learns much from others, and does not know right from wrong
They have no way of knowing if they're weak, or if they're strong

A child can learn so much from everything we say and do
So every day we should reflect, on how we see things through
We should not be complacent, and respect their need to know
For every child should have the right, to wonder, as they grow.

Phil Soar

A Childs Story Time

'Tell me a story Daddy'
Those words were magical
So I made stories up for him
That all were cock and bull

I loved to hear him giggle
So I conjured up some rhyme
With worms and things that wiggle
That he asked for all the time

I gave them lots of silly names
Involved them in adventures
And made them play some naughty games
That would offend the censors

But children have such open minds
And the smiles these rhymes created
Made him wait for story-time
And left him quite elated

Phil Soar

A Childs Tale

If you can tell a story to a child
and make them smile
and fill the tale with mystery and magic
plus some guile
and fill the pages in their mind
with many wondrous things
their lives will be that richer
from the joy your story brings

Kaleidoscopes of emanating colour
you convey
Leaving every listening child
with so much more to say
Questions that need answering
with every twist and turn
Their minds an ever learning place
and so much time to burn

No book can cover everything
your imagination can
filling theirs with motion pictures
and so much better than
the super heroes thrown their way
on many a big screen
Your stories fill their minds with hopes
and fun exciting dreams

No nightmares for these little tots
no waking in the night
they want the dreams that they create
to be so warm and bright
and as you take you story telling
to that place they know
you know your tales can only help
their minds to learn and grow

Phil Soar

A Child's Tears

It moved me to tears to watch him cry
As the world and it's mother was sailing on by
And although he was blissfully so unaware
It moved me to tears as I saw him there

I pictured his face when the tears ceased to flow
I held him until there were no more on show
And I kissed his small head as the sobs went away
And it felt like the start of a wonderful day

Phil Soar

A Chill In The Air

I noticed the chill in the air
My steps seemed to crunch as I walked on white grass
A misty shadow above a stream
Decaying leaves with a frozen edge
Water seems so clear in an otherwise dirty stream
Slowly it flows on its trip to the sea
The stepping stones across it, a slippery path
And the morning walk is pleasantly cold

Phil Soar

A Coastal Walk

I began to walk along the coastal road, and slowed my pace
Taking in the view, as salty wind blew on my face
I watched the waves far out to sea, all rushing for the shore
And wondered if my mind would like to wander and explore

The impulse just to sit and watch the day roll by, was great
To see how nature functions, how it urges to create
A varied world where every sight that greets a brand new day
Was not the same for every moment nature passed our way.

The rocks and fauna on the cliffs, and how the spray made sure
That flowers and blooms were everywhere, had made me want for more
And as I headed off inland, the urge to turn my head
Was only matched by hopes of future sights out there instead

Phil Soar

A Coastal Walk (2)

I took a walk along a coastal path
Where the sounds of waves that crashed upon the shore
Was music to my ears

And the wind that blew across the cliffs
Refreshed my face with a cold mist
As I soldiered on

Walking among heather and moss
Through fields where many walkers have crossed
I kept the ocean in sight

The view for miles kept my senses alert
Watching my steps as erosion had made an impact
And yet the sea retreated

On another day, I may have witnessed its force
As the sandstone gave way and was at its mercy
But not today

I took this walk with nothing on my mind
But took away so many endless dreams
And I WILL return

But not today

Phil Soar

A Cold Day And The Sun

And today the sun shone with a warm spring like glow
But no-one had told it, that the air was so cold
Even it's burning desire to burst forth
Could not push aside all the cold from the north
Whilst it's look pleased the soul, and was bright
The day was as cold as the night
And that glow in the sky, had us wondering why
It attempted to set things alight

Phil Soar

A Comb And A Toothbrush

I took a comb and toothbrush
And brushed my hair and teeth
Then I took some toilet tissue
And cleaned up underneath

Phil Soar

A Compound

I made a certain compound
In my high school science class
I swallowed it accidentally
And it blew out my ass

Phil Soar

A Corridor Of Doubt

There's a long dark corridor of doubt
That I just cannot live without
It haunts me every time I close my eyes
It's a necessary sin
And a place I live within
And a library of all my deeds and lies

No light in there to comfort me
No place to go to set me free
And its length seems never ending all the while
So at the opening, I stall
With my back against the wall
And try and think of things to make me smile

Phil Soar

A Crazy Lovesong

I heard a crazy love song
Where the lovers made love all night
I never have accomplished that
Or attempted anything like
And as I'm getting older
Lovemaking passes by
I'm lost in a world of nothing
And I keep on asking why

Phil Soar

A Dance

Pick up the garnished litter,
scattered on the ballroom floor
and dance the polka one more time,
before you close the door
tap your feet to a melody
that is vividly entranced
and leave the ballroom happily
knowing that you danced

Phil Soar

A Database Of Thoughts

If all my thoughts were locked up in a database
How many 'brain bytes' would it take to store them?
For all the years I've had them, lines have grown upon my face
And it would take some effort to destroy them

So many things I can re-trace, yet some beyond recall
And entry to some feelings is disabled
And when I need them instantly, they just aren't there at all
And I need to make sure entry is enabled

As years go on my mind could need a re-boot
And a program to restore my thoughts assessed
But until then, I'll keep on adding data
In a way it brings me instant happiness

Phil Soar

A Day Of Woe

I look to no-one special when the day seems full of woe
I have a welcome 'private' place, and that's where I would go
To sit and watch the world go by, and detox all my thoughts
Resolving to revitalise and plot a new life course.

Phil Soar

A Deadly Drink

I cracked open the bottle
Sat and stared into an abyss
Watched as the fire burned out
And drank until sleep became deep

I woke to crescendos of broken dreams
My head in a spin of intolerable intensity
The room spinning like a cotton wheel
Faster than the speed of sound

I cracked my head on the floor as I fell
The bottle falling from my grasp
I slept again, this time self inflicted
I saw a light at the tunnels end

White light blinded my senses
No warmth there, just cold nothing
I floated on a carpet of cloud
And met him at the gates

Heaven welcomed me.
Although I should have gone downstairs

Phil Soar

A Doctor's Way

The doctor had so many potions
so many creams and lotions
dealing with the illness and emotion
how hard must their existence be?

Imagine the scene every day
keeping these troubles at bay
with little or nothing to say
writing prescriptions in his own way

Proposing a method or task
illness their medicine's mask
hoping the problem won't cast
a spell on the patient too fast

Phil Soar

A Driverless Car

I bought a new Driver-less car today
I tried to get in,
But it drove away

Phil Soar

A Falling Star

I caught a falling star and kept it in my pocket
Just like the song that Perry Como sang
I didn't see the need to place it somewhere that I shouldn't
But when it burnt my leg my flesh was gone!

Phil Soar

A Farmers Tale

It felt a little awkward
As I lay upon the grass
Naked as my day of birth
The sun burning my ass
My partner lay beside me
Her ample bosom blessed
And a feeling in between my legs
That brought me happiness
We lay there deep in love's embrace
With nature all around
She straddled me across the face
I couldn't hear a sound
Her lips were very welcome
My tongue explored her depths
I tickled her a little
And she gasped for her next breaths
Too soon the clouds developed
The rain came falling down
Just as I was thinking
That in her wetness, I could drown
A shame that it was over
We sat up to recover
A day that we would not forget
A farmer and his lover

Phil Soar

A Farmyard Party

I stood at the gate to the farmyard
I could hear all the pigs were a-grunting
It must have been all of their birthdays
As the farmer had put up some bunting
The sheep had been kept awake all night
By the farmer with his decorations
No matter how the sheep all counted themselves
They didn't sleep through the pigs celebrations

Phil Soar

A Fart

It begins somewhere so dark and grim
Welling up inside of him
Until it reaches an exit route
And leaves a stain upon his suit

Phil Soar

A Ferris Wheel

The Ferris Wheel Turns
Changing the view
Stopping now and then
Sharing the sky with strangers
Slowly bringing pleasure
Light winds brush the face
Miles and distance blending
Fields and valleys cross the horizon
And a heady feeling highlights senses
The Ferris wheel turns

Phil Soar

A Field Of Circumstance

I wander through this field of circumstances
and wonder if the seeds that set them punish me
did they have dna from hurt and painful consequences?
and when they blossom will they be the death of me?

Phil Soar

A Fishy Tale

They dined on Port and Caviar,
The Duchess and the Duke;
He pushed her just a tad too far,
And got a quick rebuke;
She slapped his face with relish,
Dislodged his silver spoon,
And splattered little bits of fish,
Across the dining room.

Phil Soar

A Fleeting Life

Whenever someone says that life is hum drum
If someone talks of nothing but dismay
Just point them at the stars above and tell them
That life is just a game that we all play

There is no point in us taking it so seriously
Our time here is a fleeting one at best
So don't hold in emotions when it gets to you
speak your mind, and get things off your chest

Phil Soar

A Flop

A trace of something spicy
A pinch of salt and sugar
A cake that flopped, and maybe dropped
That made me shout 'Oh Bugger'

Phil Soar

A Forgotten Soldier

His legs no longer useful, but his mind still at it's best
His dreams no longer valid, and his life in some distress
Abandoned by employers who did not see all the strife
Of someone who joined in the fight, and almost lost his life

The sadness of the injuries, has added to his grief
The loss of friends and colleagues, the loss of self belief
When help is all he really needs, and all the powers that be
Have left him on his own and lost in his recovery

Phil Soar

A Friend

You're sweet and kind, have a loving mind
Both things can be relied on
You're always wise, have soulful eyes
And cheeks that have been cried on
with shoulders that can bare the weight
Of people who need hope
And words that always compensate
For those who cannot cope
Your friendship is astonishing
You make people feel great
No chance of missing out on things
Whilst others have to wait
You have a certain way with you
And do things from the heart
You always meet your challenges
And never fall apart

So who looks after you, I ask
Because You deserve more
Your love is unconditional
Of that we can be sure

Phil Soar

A Friend And His Music

My friend could play the trumpet
He also played Bassoon
He would have had an orchestra
But didn't have the room

Phil Soar

A Friends Life

My friend, your day will surely come
When life will turn a corner
And all those things you dwell upon
Would soon become the former
Your life would then have meaning
Which for you, is so damn clear
So make sure all your dreaming
Makes for you, a better year

Phil Soar

A Frightening Storm

I heard the storm clouds overhead
As I lay upstairs in my bed
As the lightning flashed and thunder rolled
I knew that I was getting old
The thunder gave me headaches
The lightning gave me jitters
As I went downstairs, my curly hairs
Frightened the baby sitters

Phil Soar

A Frozen Scene

A frozen scene as the morning wakes
With a hint of more from falling flakes
As snow begins to turn things white
The day starts fine, and I'm alright

A walk across a field so brisk
With just an element of risk
As careful steps begin at pace
And a cold white breeze engulfs my face

The earth so crisp beneath my feet
As hard as any cold concrete
And whilst I walk my time away
I wish there was no end today

Phil Soar

A Full Moon

The light shone through a darkening sky
The moon was full, and I
Loved to see it's outline
Against that darkening sky
I sat there looking skywards
And smiling to myself
When up there in that darkening sky
There just was nothing else
Spellbound by it's beauty
I almost shed a tear
Although it seems so far away
To me it seemed so near

Phil Soar

A Garden Thought

The garden that I tend to, provides a place of rest
Where colour betters blandness, and emits a fragrant smell
My time with shears and secateurs will help my garden flourish
And beneath the earth and up above, it has a tale to tell

Phil Soar

A Ghostly Accident

Ghosts that float around the room
And poltergeists that linger
Were they to blame when the lights went out
And I chopped off my finger?

Phil Soar

A Ghostly Figure

A ghostly figure floated by
It vanished through a wall
I stood there, quite atsonished
And fainted in the hall

Phil Soar

A Gift

I walked a mile to where I'd smiled when I was there before
Beyond the field that led through woods, that seemed so warm and pure
Away from all the bustle, and the daily office grind
To sit astride a country style, and free my troubled mind

To watch the day pass overhead, as clouds and wind flew by
To witness life in all its styles, and look up to the sky
As grey turned blue and the air felt new, my heart had such a lift
These sorts of days just made me smile, they really are a gift

Phil Soar

A Gnomes Tale

We used to own a garden gnome
Until he packed and left our home
He left us in a state of flux
Without a glance or backwards look
We've often thought, why he'd upped and gone
Until we looked in the garden pond
Deep in the mud, with a bullet in the head
Was another gnome that we'd called Fred
We thought they'd be the best of friends
But Fred has met a grizzly end
And our other gnome, without a name
We think must harbour all the blame
But where he's gone, we cannot guess
He might have gone to Inverness
In the Scottish Highlands, where he's gone to ground
And we don't think that he'll ever be found

Phil Soar

A Good Dog

They give us so much pleasure and have places in our hearts
Who knows how much they mean to us, or where the feelings start
Four legs to run and never ending wagging of the tail
How on earth can loving them, ever really fail?

Your dog can reach a part of you, which nothing else can match
Can fetch a stick or run for miles, or just sit there and scratch
But in the end our lives are better while they all exist
And when it comes to love, a dog is on my favourites list.

Phil Soar

A Grey Winter Morning

A cold grey winter morning
A slow and persistent rain
The remainder of the day ahead
The sun a saddened refrain
Where the clouds have no silver lining
And the wind doesn't help ease the pain
For the Winter is here, and it seems like a year
Until Spring returns for us again

Phil Soar

A Gypsy Curse

I cursed that gypsy woman
And she put a spell on me
She tried to sell me heather
And some pegs that were not free
I shut the door upon her
Gave her a bloody nose
And now I have ingrowing nails
From her curse I suppose

Phil Soar

A Heart And Mind

A heart already weakened can be broken quite at ease
A heart that's torn in two is very difficult to please
A heart that's lost its will to beat, can never really last
A heart that's lived for love before, must now look to the past

A mind that's been to many places, searching for the truth
Can recall within a moment, all its memories of youth
But called upon to see the future, many minds would crack
A mind that has no future, is forever looking back

A love that's lost its sparkle, seems to wither like a rose
Infected with a poison, it recoils, no longer grows
And when that love refuses to lie down and die in pain
The heart and mind will suffer, until control returns again

An emotion in the heart and mind, of someone in control
Can reach a depth of meaning, only found within the soul
A single glance, a single phrase, can rock it to the core
And make you wonder what on earth emotions are all for

In many ways, a truth in life is sometimes hard to find
It may prove quite impossible, and be the hurtful kind
And if when heart and mind are one, no matter what the cause
Time will ease the pain you feel, and put your love on pause

Phil Soar

A Heart Beats On

My heart beats on, as life goes by, at such a frantic speed
Reminding me that every day, is a welcome one indeed
It's a special vital organ, we suggest has feelings too
Without its seismic rhythm, what would we all do?

We hardly know it's there sometimes, and yet it pumps away
Giving us the strength to live, and cherish every day
It's a well- developed counterweight, and keeps our life intact
We couldn't live without it, and that's a certain fact

So take care of this vital cog, and treat it with respect
For if it stops through ignorance, your life will then be wrecked
No matter how we live our lives, it makes the best of sense
To treat our hearts with sympathy, and not sit on the fence

Phil Soar

A Heart Not Mine

My heart does not belong to me
I cannot assume its fate
I cannot justify its pace
It beats at quite a rate
And if it ever stalls awhile
It will give me time to think
How lives are seldom perfect
And are over in a blink

Phil Soar

A Heart's Flame

Like a pilot light that stays aflame
My feelings for you remain the same
I can't turn off that pilot light
It flickers by day, and glows at night
It's fed by a pump with endless resource
It's called my loving heart, of course

Phil Soar

A Helpless Flea

Down in the woods beneath an old oak tree
Lived a homeless little helpless flea
He was lonely and sad and quite a grump
And the reason was that he couldn't jump
No passing temporary home for a day
For this flea with the grump and not much to say
So he sat on his own until he was almost done
And within a few months the little flea was gone

Phil Soar

A Highway Man

He trudges behind the truck
Cones lifted from their cage
Placed on the tarmac in rows miles long
In the dead of night they appear
Frustrating those who deem them a blot on the landscape

He put them there
And in time, will take them away
Until then he works through the night
Lining them up
In neat rows
Filling lanes
Robbing us of our time
Holding us up

He is A Highway Man

Phil Soar

A Hillside Dream

On a mist covered hillside, beside a stream
I lay my blanket down to dream
I slept until the morning dew
Wet my sleeping bag right through
I thought that I had wet my pants
But it was just the circumstance

Phil Soar

A Horse With No Name

He rode into town on a horse with no name
When he told it to halt it ignored him
It ran at a gallop, on a wide open plain
And the speed of the gallop quite floored him
He tried for some miles to rein the beast in
As his backside was getting a pounding
It's refusal to stop, was a pain in his ass
So he tossed himself off, which was grounding.

Phil Soar

A House Without Windows

He lived in a house without windows
Surrounded by nature and trees
He shared his abode, with a nominal load
Of animals up to his knees

There was no entrance door for his 'guests' though
They just entered through windows and then
Made themselves happy in various rooms
And turned them into their own den

There was no rent to speak of to charge them
Just a shared and rewarding existence
And the feelings of pleasure, he just couldn't measure
Without them to share this addiction

Phil Soar

A Journey Of Love

When first I made the journey
to the realm of love and chance
I never thought I'd question
How I could get so entranced
how many different feelings
there could be with every girl
or how the tides would turn around
and set my thoughts a-twirl

When first I thought I was in love
It did not last that long
I think I was just smitten
By the way she wore that thong
That stirring in the groin
with all the tension and release
the filthy thoughts inside my head
I thought would never cease

Through trial and error, lust so pure
And all that loving brought
The climbing through her window
hoping we would not be caught
the sense that this was worth it
even though it caused some tension
the 'quickie' in the kitchen
and some things too rude to mention

Until I found the reasons
to escape the jaws of bliss
no more the loving boyfriend
who was happy with a kiss
my interests only sexual
she said in some dismay
so I forgot about the journey
and she helped me on my way.

Phil Soar

A Kingdom Of Love

There's a kingdom of love out in the beyond
Where Princesses kiss frogs in an ancient pond
Where their dreams come to nothing
And to their dismay
They kiss all the frogs and they just hop away

Phil Soar

A Land Of Make Believe

Beyond the edge of nothing, lies a land of make believe
Where imaginary beings float around on motorised brown leaves
Where the land is made of candy sweets, topped with caramel
And children play in chocolate rivers and do not mind the smell

Where the mind is taken to places, that it did not know exist
And the trees emit a pungent haze of cheese and bacon crisps
With houses made of Jello, and meringue flavoured cars
And in the sky as bright as gold, a million biscuit stars

Phil Soar

A Lasting Memory

He left a lasting memory, wherever he felt calm
A walk along life's highway, never did him any harm
And just as life enveloped him with joy and happiness
He left his mark upon me, as he vacated his address

Phil Soar

A Leaf From My Book

She took a leaf out of my book
Just because I couldn't cook
I put some thyme, where I should not
And she left it in a pot, to rot

Phil Soar

A Leak

That trickle of water sounds just like a waterfall
Although it's just a dripping tap, it's like a thunder wall
Leaking from a faucet, with no sign of stopping soon
Where the hell's the plumber, when you need one in the room?

Phil Soar

A Lesson From Nature

And when you think that spring is around the corner
And plans you have for gardening please the mind
That's just the time when nature serves a warning
And the weather you encounter is unkind

If ever we became a bit complacent
And thought that we had beaten father time
There's always something there to cast a shadow
And remind us that appearances are blind.

Phil Soar

A Letter

I wrote a letter

I tried to make it uniform in phrase and composure
To try and tell a story with feeling
To position the reader in a comfort zone
But my words expressed only my worries

Lost in its negativity were the symptoms of my hysteria
How the jealousy had a grip that controlled my mind
Unrelenting and strangling my thoughts
I wrote in brief episodes of gloom
The words uncomfortable
The reasons complex

I tore up the letter

Tried to sleep

Nausea overtook my thoughts and led to a feeling of emptiness
No reason to start again

I put down the pen.

And then I cried

Phil Soar

A Life Of Mystery

There was a time when life held many mysteries for me
Where all the memories I made, were held in store
But now I can't remember what a mystery life is
And I think my brain has closed that open door

There seems to be a certain kind of madness
That tends to stir up thoughts inside my mind
And lately as my age increases, there's a kind of sadness
And to me, life has really not been kind

So as I close a chapter in a series of adventures
And the mysteries of life now puzzle me
I need to get something to fix my dentures
While my mind's set sail, and drifted out to sea

Phil Soar

A Lonely Cloud?

I wandered lonely as a cloud
How stupid was that vision?
For clouds are seldom on their own
Just check out their position

They rain on my parade a lot
And then they flee the scene
And leave their floods of water
Across our village green

Phil Soar

A Long Road To Nowhere

On a long road to nowhere, I spent so much time
Trying to work out these habits of mine
I would slowly develop a fixation with guilt
As I tried to evade all the hurdles I'd built

There were borders surrounding me, as life passed by
Walls where emotions escaped to the sky
No roof on the walls, so my thoughts just escaped
And my dreams flowing freely, where no curtains were draped

So the road led to nothing, and it formed a dead end
With no comforting words or embrace from a friend
And I wandered it slowly, and then turned around
On a long round to nowhere, nothing could be found

Phil Soar

A Male Striptease

I slowly took my clothes off
A sort of male striptease
Until my wife said "Cover up!
You've got such wobbly knees"
It kind of killed the passion
And I was all erect
My male striptease
Just did not please
So had not the right effect

Phil Soar

A Matter Of Taste

It's all a matter of taste
Some of us have little time to waste
And the pace of life leaves us in disarray
And the things we're told to do
Leave us devoid of what we knew
And make us pawns in the games that others play

Phil Soar

A Micro Moon

A recent Micromoon pasted it's spell on me
So far away but not so distant in my mind
And as the night flew by I knew I'd rather be
Alone with thoughts, and not so worldly blind

When smaller by a distance, it still brightens up my sky
And night begins to mean that I can sit and wonder why
The turmoil that it causes, in the back of my minds eye
Helps justify its presence as it slowly passes by

Phil Soar

A Midnight Sky

I like to stare into a midnight sky
At stars a trillion miles away,
Shining brightly as if on fire
I lose myself in the mystery of space
Watching for new arrivals
Hoping no clouds will spoil my view
Letting my emotions take control
And wandering off alone to where I never dreamed
Searching among the vastness for a new light
That could mean a new beginning
Like the birth of a new child

I stare into a midnight Sky

Phil Soar

A Mirage

Blinking

My palms shading my eyes

The sun so strong it hurt me

Effortlessly causing pain

Making me see things that are not there

Drawing me further across the sands

With promises of life

Only to snatch them away with nothing

Just more grains

And more miles of nothing

Phil Soar

A Morning Kiss

Each day you deliver something touching
the merest kiss upon my cheek feels warming
and if I wake up nonchalant, it lifts my very spirit
you must have known that this would be your calling

To make the start of each new day so memorable
means that you shed your light on all you touch
and for that very reason, you are wonderful
and that is why I love you so very much

Phil Soar

A Mother

Who knows how much we love them,
Or loved them in times past,
A love for every time of year,
A love that always lasts;
A fondness and a love so strong,
That nothing can Out-way,
A friendship that no words explain,
Or ever go away;
A Mother's love is effortless,
And borne of every one,
A love that lasts for all of time,
Even when our mother's gone;
It stays with us each waking time,
Envelops every day,
No matter how we think of it,
No matter what we say;
So take the time this Mother's Day,
To show them what they mean,
How love is pretty special,
So wondrous and extreme;
Without that very special love,
That every Mother gives,
Each one of us would miss those things,
That every Mother Gives.

Phil Soar

A Mother's Words

The distance from my pantry
to the edge of kingdom come
is something that my mother said
when my life had begun
she used to talk such nonsense
when I was only two
no wonder I'm a lunatic
My mother was one too!

Phil Soar

A Mountain Peak

Across a mountain peak, I chose I would not speak,
I stood amazed and watched the day go by
A sight with no mystique, just a snow-capped mountain peak,
And a view that made me smile, yet also cry.

With the wind across my face, I was smitten with this place
And my mind was justifiably elated
For as far as I could see, there was so much mystery
And my place on earth indelibly related.

Phil Soar

A Mountain Stream

The mountain stream was crystal clear
Flowing water passing by at speed
Pouring from above, where snow is melting
Refreshing as it moves at pace from where it lay
Giving a new freshness to the land
Feeding everything on its way
Then flowing into rivers and spreading nutrients
The life it re-awakens thankful
And a cycle continued
Until the winter returns
And then it pauses as it waits for spring
This crystal clear mountain stream where I drank
And sat for a while
And watched
And marveled at the complexity

Phil Soar

A Mountain To Climb

I climb the cliff of confidence
each day when I awake
I've never been that sure of things
and that is my mistake
I really should be positive
that helps to ease the brain
but my negative side just haunts me
and I've always been the same

Through mountainous areas of my life
I've struggled to compete
my lack of hope and self esteem
has knocked me off my feet
and yet I've managed to maintain
a sense of right and wrong
to get through my life with a welcome smile
and the sound of an occasional song

Phil Soar

A Nation Fell Silent

A nation fell silent, no audible sound
A nation said thank you, to those on the ground
The ones who we grieved for, the many that fell
Those loved ones whose lives were a permanent hell

A nation fell silent, for a minute or so
A time to remember, a nations echo
A moment reflected in so many ways
For those who gave all, during those yesterdays

A nation fell silent, the whole world did too
Remembering sons & daughters, fathers, mothers, and you
Without them, things might have been awful I guess
A world with no future
A world in a mess.

Phil Soar

A New Day For The Old Man

I stretched this morning when I woke
It almost made me have a stroke
The pressure on my heart was great
I'm not that super-fit of late
It takes me all my time to move
To raise myself, get in the groove
To go downstairs and have some bran
And take a trip to the toilet pan
And when I'm done, and feel all flushed
I'll take my time and not be rushed
But by the time I'm ready for the daily grind
I've usually left myself behind
And I just can't wait to be back in bed
All buggered up, undressed and fed

Phil Soar

A New Spring

The nights are getting shorter, now the year has just begun
A time for seeing in the year, and having lots of fun
And wishing for an early spring, and all that will entail
For after all, when winter's gone, how can spring ever fail? .

Phil Soar

A New Spring (2)

The sound of water, on pebbles in streams
Can sound like pure magic in overnight dreams
And the birdsong amazing, as dawn seeks out day
And the troubles of winter seem so far away

When the ground seems like carpet, as spring's underway
And the nature around us has something to say
Just to sit and breath quietly while taking it in
Is a pleasurable hobby, at the start of the spring

Phil Soar

A Nonsense Route

En route to somewhere new
I had nothing much to do
So I chose to read a book about the war
After maybe chapter 4
I didn't know what war was for
And so I drew some circles on the floor

Phil Soar

A Passage Of Time

The passages of time are like tunnels through my world
They take their toll on every step I take
And when this world is done with me, I'll reach that light
And know the life I led was no mistake

Recorded in my memory, and stored in cells so secretly
I keep my thoughts where no-one else can find
And knowing I have done my best repeatedly
I'm satisfied and have a peace of mind

Phil Soar

A Passing Storm

The early indications were that there would be a storm
And so I put the kettle on and wrapped up nice and warm
I then looked out the window, at the grey and misty sky
And hoped the storm would dissipate, and quickly pass us by

And like a bolt of lightning, there was noise and wind and rain
And yet in half an hour, it had come and gone again
The wonder that is nature, had expressed itself once more
Had thrown all that it could at us, and exited the door!

Phil Soar

A Pastel Coloured Field

A summer field of pastel colours, blending with the green
Somewhere to sit and drift away, perhaps to sleep and dream
While buzzing insects flew around, on wings so beautiful
You'd never say that summertime was ever really dull.

Phil Soar

A Patch Of Heaven

Sitting alone in the wooded glade
Listening to the evening breeze
Welcoming the leafy shade
I watched the shaking of the trees
While everything around me
Got on with all their lives
A thought passed by me gently
How everything survives
No matter how the day goes by
Or how the evening closes
There's a patch of heaven if we look
Right under our noses

Phil Soar

A Perfect Night

If there ever was a perfect night
Where maybe Northern lights lit up the sky
and comets flew at lightning speed
where new stars were found in distant galaxies
and the moon was new
and a slight mist hovered above a tranquil river
then how romantic would that be?

You and I alone among that wondrous scene
exchanges glances, kisses too
And all that these things mean
A shooting star we watch across the blackness
gone in an instant
Unlike our love, which lingers like a soothing aroma
and envelops the senses
then how delightful would that be?

And as the dark skies fade to light
and the redness of the dawning sun appears
we adjust our mood and vision to take in the morning
Forgetting just how long we have been there
and we smile.

A perfect night for those of us lucky enough to love
To enjoy
To feast on nature and the earth
And want the same tomorrow

Phil Soar

A Pirate's Tale

'Avast There', said the pirate
As he spied a welcome sight
An isle on the horizon
Just to the ships right
'Alright me little darlings'
He beckoned to the crew
'Prepare to man the rowing boats
There's much for thee to do'
They tied the sails and anchored
Three hundred yards from shore
And headed for this island
Where no man had stood before
Upon the beach a native stood
A girl of tender years
Her breasts stuck out like rugby balls
And so too did her ears
She motioned to the bushes
Where a tribal party lay
And singing in a shrilling voice
The girl began to say
'Fifteen men on a quiet beach
Are heading forth this way
You wait until they get quite close
And then the old we'll slay
The young we'll use as breeding stock
Until their manhood droops
And then we'll cut them up in bits
And put them in our soups'
The Pirate waited on the ship
Until the darkness came
Then one by one he shouted out
Every Crewmans name
He got a silent answer
And not a sound was heard
Except for a gull that shit on his head
I ask you, How absurd! .

Phil Soar

A Place To Go

I've been looking for a place to go
When I am feeling oh so low
Somewhere that only I can be
To shake the hurt and pain from me
A place where all my doubts and fears
Vanish in my salty tears
I wipe my brow, I dry my eyes
I cast aside all I despise
That place I'll find and settle down
With no-one else but ME around

Phil Soar

A Plumber

I know a local plumber whose pipes are all on tap
His Cisterns are made of plastic
And his toilets rather crap
He spends his time out fishing
And his charges are extreme
He lives in a shed in Walthamstow
And his life is a pipe dream

Phil Soar

A Pool Of Thought

Relaxing in a pool of thought
The memories came flooding back
And all the time my youthful past
Was coming under thought attack
As age began to feel the pain
Of all the things that went before
I tried to embrace yesterday
Thats all I had been looking for

Phil Soar

A Prank

The rumors started as a prank
I stored them in my memory bank
And promised I would get revenge some day
But as I found the culprit
I was standing in a pulpit
Blaming god for leading them astray

Phil Soar

A Remedy For Love?

I took the remedy the doctor gave me
Hoping that it might just help to save me
But how can he repair my broken heart?
When everything I take seems to inflame me

She buggered off when I thought all was well
And left me in a sort of mental hell
She ran off with a nurse from off the ward
Because she felt our love had left her bored

I might have been a pain in her posterior
But leaving me has made me feel inferior
Especially as she ran off with nurse
I feel my love life really has been cursed

The only plus sign that could ease the pain
Was that she was a lesbian all along
The doctor diagnosed that I was ill
And all the time I knew that he was wrong

I ask them over sometimes and I hope
That I might catch them in a sort of grope
There really is something affecting me
Inviting Lesbians around for tea

Phil Soar

A Request For Silence

I sat alone and listened to the hum of traffic
Thought about where i might sit in silence
But knowing I cannot be where no sound occurs
I left

Again I sat and listened to the hum of the traffic
And yet I had moved a hundred miles
Hoping for silence but receiving none
I left

And now I sit by the river and watch the flow
No traffic now, but the steady sound of water
Making me want to pee
So I did

No-one saw me, except a passing farmer
On a tractor
Breaking the sound of the water
So I left

Phil Soar

A Rhyme For You

I wrote a rhyme or two for you
It flowed across the page
And when I strove to finish it
It seemed to take an age
And so I just completed it
With words that made no sense
And then I left the garden
And sat upon the fence

Phil Soar

A Robins Song

I surrender to the robins song
Listening to it, all day long
It cheers up the mind
In my moments of doubt
And brings all the pleasure of living out

Phil Soar

A Robin's Song

I didn't walk this way too long
I had to stop and listen to the Robin's song
I heard it from a distance away
And stopped to hear what it had to say
This territories mine, sung with such aplomb
And yet nothing more beautiful than this song

Phil Soar

A Rock Pool

In a rock pool by the shore
I swirled the net around
Searching for creatures
In crystal clear water
Turning over stones
Disturbing sand
Watching it settle
Moving on
I spent time with a crab
And when the tide came
Pools became oceans
Until it left
And the pools became new places of adventure

Phil Soar

A Rose

The trellis where the rose climbed, fills with colour
the scent as you pass by, is beautiful
the senses burst as summer is expecting
a rose to stir our spirits', seldom dull

The petals feel like velvet as you touch them
protected as they are by sharpened thorns
the rose makes every garden very special
and enlightens every garden they adorn

Phil Soar

A Rubbish Garden Poem

I prepared the bed and lay them down
Covered them up with manure
Watered them well, with some care I shall tell
In the hope they would grow I am sure

My patience is slim
When It comes to gardening
As you don't get an instant return
So maybe I should
Invest in some wood
And wait while I watch it all burn

Phil Soar

A Scrabble Friend

My friend plays scrabble every day
To pass the waking hours away
He doesn't have a job to do
Since he retired in 2002
And so he makes up words like bombilate*
And hums so he can concentrate
And words like dactylion* too
So he can look and point at you
He's become a scrabble connoisseur
With words so good they're like a blur
He's won a prize for the longest word
It was 'batrachophagous* absurd!

*Bombilate: to loudly hum or buzz continuously

*Dactylion: The tip of the middle finger

*Batrachophagous: One who eats frogs

Phil Soar

A Sea Of Love

I drift sometimes in endless seas
Across the ocean waves I dance
And though my mind has countless dreams
I'd like to give some love a chance

Alone with thoughts of loves embrace
I'd set my life adrift
And hope to see a smiling face
That gives my soul a lift

Within my heart I have a place
Where I can keep the tears at bay
Just thinking of a welcome face
And trusting love will come my way

And until then I'll drift alone
Across a cold and open sea
Until the time when I come home
And you will be there just for me

Phil Soar

A Seasons Greeting On Padded Knees

On padded knees I tend the lawn
Neatly trimming its edges
Noticing the new growth in the borders
Signalling a new season
A new day
And opening my world to life again

Each day is like an episode of a TV drama
Weeds needing to be eradicated
Whilst I tend the new growth
Helping it with some feed
Searching under pots for slugs
Trying to give the young shoots the best start
By and by, I coax the slugs to death
Knowing there will be more
But the challenge is competitive

So on padded knees I kneel before them
And enjoy the day
And the season.

Phil Soar

A Sentimental Rhyme

A sentimental rhyme or two
Of something good, or something blue
Can help to ease the mind in time of need
And in times of deep despair
It's just so good to know it's there
And a welcome solace at the time indeed

Phil Soar

A Short Love Letter

I composed a short love letter
To try and woo the girl
And I feel so much better
Now that she is in my world

Phil Soar

A Silent Fart

The silent fart is always quite ambitious
It smells like what you ate was not nutritious
It hangs up in the air for days on end
And leaves you lonely without any friends

Phil Soar

A Silly Rhyme

Dirty clothes on a washing line
Filthy shoes on a rack
Long grey hairs on the carpeted stairs
And moles on the gardeners back

Phil Soar

A Snowflake

There's a crystal clarity within a snowflake
It mesmerises mind and sight alike
It's like a spirograph with detailed symmetry
And never fails to set the mind alight

It falls as if it's really on a mission
Develops as it falls to reach the ground
Its heaven in an ice cold grey horizon
And lands to earth without making a sound

And leaving in its wake a pure white surface
Mixed in with others of its kind it glows
You never know how long it will delight us
And miss it when it finally melts and goes

Phil Soar

A Soldiers Lament

I painted a shadow on a moonlit wall,
Without even knowing I was there at all,
It followed my path,
I watched it fall,
Oh how I wish I was home once more.

The paleness of death passes overhead,
As I lie in this trench wishing I was dead,
But the longing for life,
Takes preference instead,
Oh how I wish I was home again.

Silently I sit, and pray for peace,
That all hostilities will cease,
As each day passes,
I await my release,
Oh how I pray for peace to reign.

Whilst all at once it's dark and cold,
That certainty I might grow old,
Is shattered. Sold,
To a dampened soul,
Oh how nice to be home once more.

Phil Soar

A Spring Day

It's a treat to be out on a warm spring day
To wander all alone as the cattle stray
To linger in the woodland among the trees
To marvel at the flight of the bumble bees
Engaging in the beauty all around
The birds flying high, the mammals on the ground
Walking by a river as the water flows
Treading very carefully as the flowers grow
Loving every minute while the sun shines bright
Until the day is over and it turns to night

Phil Soar

A Spring Feeling

Nothing quite invites the senses to take part
Like Springtime
To sit and watch as the growth of new shoots surface
In Springtime
To listen to birds begin to mark territory in song
At Springtime
To see the opening of daffodils and snowdrops
To relish the sight of Hellebores and snake heads
To never know if the day will be warm or cold
But heading out in it anyway

There is nothing like Springtime

Phil Soar

A Stitch In Time

I turned the page and read aloud
My wife told me to stop it
She was sewing a balloon onto a coat
And I thought she was going to pop it
The stitching was a work of art
'Happy Birthday Love' it read
I tried to keep my mouth shut
But she stictched it up instead!

I hummed some words of anger
She giggled to herself
She stood the Balloon on a nearby ledge
Next to a porcelain elf
Her smile could light the darkened sky
She was soon an emotional wreck
And she took a page from the book I had
And stitched it to my neck

By now I looked a nutcase
Who escaped the local asylum
She had knitted some slippers
Made from uncooked kippers
And drank from a bottle of rum

Drunk as a skunk at evening time
Armed with a needle and thread
She was stitching me up a treat (I thought)
And maybe I'd end up dead
She stopped short of mass inraction
As I struggled to move my mass
She'd sewn my legs to the armchair
And a knitted a coat for my ass!

What a weird and wonderful evening
I spent with the my lovely wife
She can't help her art with a needle
And she's equally good with a knife
Her carers came to collect her
She had to go back to the home

They took her away in a woollen van
I was stitched up and left alone.

Phil Soar

A Storm

I watched from on the beach,
as waves crashed awkwardly to ground
From heights I'd never seen before,
The storm raged all around
Feeling safe in my position
Amazed at what I saw
A storm so epic in its size
It knocked me to the floor
And rushing back to safety
I ran back to the dune
In the hope it would relinquish
And my day could then resume

Phil Soar

A Storm Of Words

At times the flow of words can slow me down
Words among my thoughts, all twirling round
A cyclone, whipping up the rhyme at first
A hurricane, developing from verse

Somewhere among the debris in my head
The emphasis is lost, my mind goes dead
Writers block sets in, the storm grows more
I fear my words will wash up on a shore

Phil Soar

A Striking Resemblance

A striking resemblance in the mirror
The face of a man who has aged
Looking like his father
Not a doppelganger, just a reflection

Lines on the forehead show signs of fatigue
Eyes tinted red where white should be
An image of someone I really don't know
A moments reflection of and ageing torso

Phil Soar

A Stroll With Nature

I strolled through fields of Barley and wheat
With a dog by my side and no shoes on my feet
The feeling of nature had walked with me too
Alongside with the images that came into view

Phil Soar

A Summer Park

I dwelt for a while in a sea of green
Relaxed in a park in a summer scene
The grasses were blown by a summer breeze
Whispering to me and caressing my knees
The air warm with essences, from the wild flowers
I dwelt in the parkland for hours and hours
And never a thought for the bustle of life
Lying there quietly with my dear wife

Phil Soar

A Summer Treat

I treat myself on days like this, as summer sun bakes skin
I eat a bountiful amount, could I eat myself thin?
Oh no, I feel I must express my feelings for this treat
A Cheesecake on a patterned plate, the dog sat at my feet

A smile a lot on days like this, as summer bakes my skin
Sitting on the patio, watching summer win
The battle with the winds of spring, banished for a year
Summer's here and I smile a lot, and wipe away a tear

That tear was just the joy of it, as summer bakes my skin
The bees and insects gather in such numbers my mind spins
And as the days get warmer and the colours spread around
My spirits lift as daylight fades, my skin's a shade of brown

Phil Soar

A Temporary Lull

A temporary lull in my efforts of late
No time to sit and just contemplate
Why the world is in turmoil and nothing seems right
And why I can't sleep in the dead of the night

While my trials and affairs are translucent
And events move so fast, I feel useless
There seems little chance I might learn from mistakes
And be careful in future, of which road I take

So forgive this brief gap in the way that I write
Don't feel any sorrow, for my daily plight
And believe that somewhere in the coming few weeks
I'll return better balanced, and perhaps reach a peak

Phil Soar

A Testament To You

I wrote a testament for you
explaining how you move my soul
describing how you rule my world
and how you hold my heart for evermore
the echoes of your sweetened voice
recall your love was just your choice
and I was the recipient of something even more

I speak of you with candor
explaining how I trust you so
describing how you mean so much to me
how your effervescent life
makes me glad that you're my wife
and nothing else can separate you from me

Phil Soar

A Testament To Youth?

A testament to youth
All the pains in old age
Did I enjoy my younger days too much?
Is it a punishment?
I would like to think it's for a life well led
A testament to youth
And all the sport played
The fun had
The pain of failure
The joy of success
All heaped in between education
Which I hated
But has helped me through life
Lessons learned
Teaching patience and honesty
Although without the grades
But nevertheless not holding me back
In life
In Marriage
As a parent
As a pensioner
A testament to youth?

Phil Soar

A Tighter Grip

A tighter grip I lost with time
Holding onto life and pride
That grasp of everything I knew
Fading like an ebbing tide
With all the whispers in my mind
Telling me to give up now
I wipe away the stress and tears
That brush across my furrowed brow
Tomorrow is a brand new day
And nothing will I contemplate
In search of something meaningful
I hope my dreams are not too late
A tighter grip I hold on to
With hands that hurt and cling onto
And not a thought sends dreams askew
That tighter grip I hold on to

Phil Soar

A Trail Of Leaves

Trails of leaves decaying on the floor
Autumn is upon us once more
Red and yellows, green and brown
As those leaves come falling down
Scattered upon the forest floor
Returning to the earth once more

Phil Soar

A Treasure Of Embraces

A treasure trove of my embraces
Etched on many ladies faces
Or that's what I would like to think
While standing at the kitchen sink

Looking out across the moors
Dreaming of my younger scores
When time was just so full of lust
And the sights of many ladies busts

Not too many nymphos though
Just girlfriends coming by, you know
Staying awhile until they're spent
As fast as they came, they also went

Phil Soar

A Trip Away

I took a trip away from home
Not long you understand
Where I could find some peace
And dwell awhile on virgin land
A place where worries vanish
A spell of quiet and bliss
And the feel of a breeze upon my face
Is nature's blessed kiss

Phil Soar

A Trip To Mozambique

On a trip to Mozambique
I climbed a mountain peak
And when I reached the top, I felt elated
But then there was a storm
And the clothes that I had worn
Got sodden, and I felt rather deflated

Phil Soar

A Trip To My Past

I find myself looking backwards
Age has taken hold

Reminiscences that I recall
Leading to tears

Longing for those 'old' times
Reversals of fortunes

Stretching my limitations
Ignoring the future

History repeating itself
Looking for excuses

Unable to let go
Yet wanting more of the past

A tribute of sorts
Seemingly, it was all good

Remembering only the good times
No recollection of the bad

Promoting what I felt was great
But now bears no relation to the 'now'

I must look to the future
Before I wallow in self pity

So much to look forward to
I stop looking back

Phil Soar

A Trodden Path

Following the path
Wondering who has trod this way before me
Knights in shining armour
Victorian Lords and Ladies
Children with their parents
Driving each other crazy
Their footsteps left in patches
Where time has overgrown
Wandering this well worn path
Who knows how far they roamed

Phil Soar

A Twisted Mind

A twisted mind, a turgid past
What makes this seem like it will last?
And evil spell that's cast adrift
A fart let out in a crowded lift
The demons that infest my brain
Like pilots on an aeroplane
Circling in a darkening sky
And killing time while they pass by
The judgement day is nigh on near
Where chaos rules and nothing's clear
A twisted mind, a short refrain
Until I start this rhyme again

Phil Soar

A Voice In The Wilderness

I stretched my limbs and yawned as morning dawned
The epicentre of my life was all around
Surrounded as I was with natures beauty
I wish I could have shared this day with you

A long and painful road had led me back to here
The purpose of this visit circumstantial
I breathed the cold air, said a prayer and thought of you
Your voice was heard, although I know you're gone

The wilderness was just the place where I could grieve
Where only I could dwell on seasons past
Where ease of thought would lead me down to where you lay
And comfort me and make my journey last

Phil Soar

A Wake Up Call

I woke to sounds of birdsong
It was only ten to four
My feathered friends sang jauntily
Until they hit the floor
I'd taken an air rifle
And shot them from the trees
And lots of little dicky birds
Were falling through the leaves

Phil Soar

A Walk

I walked beside a waterfall
Without a care in the world at all
And the sound of water soothed my aching heart
And the sight of Natures wealth
Improved my ailing health
And stopped my life from falling all apart

Phil Soar

A Walk In The Woods

Leaving nothing but footprints
As I move through the woods
Taking nothing but photo's
Of the places I've stood
Walking through many places
Where the wildlife has trod
Occasional faces
Appear from the sod
Feeding the many
Sharing the land
Walking together, with you
Hand in hand
Nothing as beautiful
Strikes me this way
The pleasure of nature
Around us each day

Phil Soar

A Walk Too Far

A walk too far no longer suits my dogs and my regime
Just cross the road, into the fields, and sit beside a stream
Take in the view and stay a while, until it's time to go
And wonder where the stream will end, and where the water flows

Phil Soar

A Wall Of Silence

Whilst a wall of silence speaks volumes
And your mind plays tricks on you
To quieten someone's anger
You resort to nothing new

You've been through this mood before
In your efforts to ignore
The truth will out, you know
And your memory will grow

So use your moods to recreate
The feelings that you contemplate
Choose silence if you think it's best
To get those feelings off your chest

Phil Soar

A Warm Embrace

A warm embrace can calm a child that's hurting
Can soothe an aching heart that's under stress
And arm around a stranger in a time of woe
Can only end in peaceful happiness

The comfort of an arm around a shoulder
Has such an impact at a time of need
That feeling that there's someone there to hold you
Gives you a sense of feelings being freed

So rest a while from time to time in comfort
And feel the warmth of someone else that cares
And take a stride towards a happy ending
For after all, it's best that love is shared

Phil Soar

A Warm Setting

Kisses from around the world, now wouldn't that be good?
Arms that hug and hold you close, Fires burning wood
Warmth and glowing comfort on a cold and autumn day
Watching leaves cast by the wind, floating on their way

Through picture windows, reds and yellows, glistening on the trees
Nature conjuring a spell, a sight just made to please
No troubles cast their shadows, across this placid scene
A drama played in episodes, and quite a surreal dream

Phil Soar

A Warm Summer Day

I felt her touch and wandered on the trail ahead
The breeze and smells refreshing on the way
The colours dazzled in the light, my eyes were wide and fed
And everything was fine on this warm day

Phil Soar

A Welcome Release

A walk in a park on a mild autumn day
Can help blow the cobwebs of sorrow away
And the feeling it gives you, of being at peace
Is by far and away a welcome release

A stroll in a lane on a hot summer's day
Can help you unwind in a pleasurable way
And the feeling it gives you, of being at peace
Is by far and away, a welcome release

A space to relax in, at home or away
Can re-charge your battery restart the day
And the feeling it gives you, of being at peace
Is by far and away, a welcome release

Phil Soar

A Winter Cold

Her words cut through me as a knife
My loving ever soulful wife
'Get up man, It's just a winter cold'
I'm lying there with snotty nose
Feeling old
Feeling old
She's right I know
But won't admit
I'm not that ill
Well, a little bit
Wallowing in self pity
No time for her knife
My self and righteous loving wife

Phil Soar

A Winter Walk

A winter walk after a heartfelt Christmas day
No clouds, Blue sky adorn the sights along the way
The distant traffic noise, unwelcome harmony
Nothing but the sound of birds accompany me
Two dogs enjoying smells and searching high and low
A fox, a hare, a pheasant passing to and fro
No place to hide, no place to go
Cold enough to glow your cheeks, or maybe snow
No other footprints trace our steps or follow on
Deep frost has cast those steps before in earthy brown
Where previous winds have split the pine trees to the ground
The sights and sounds of wintertime are all around.

Phil Soar

A Winter Walk 2

There was a crispness to the morning air
A frosty glaze hung everywhere
A clear blue sky with a bright New moon
Daffodils beginning to show their bloom
A colourful scene so blessed with light
Senses touched by the sun, so bright
Eyes affected by the morning glaze
Touching in so many ways
A winter walk on a February day
The cold chills you along the way
Hands rubbed together to encourage flow
Of blood vessels round the heart they go
And the sights and sounds of the countryside
Warms the very heart inside
A crispness to the morning air
And cheerful smiles are everywhere

Phil Soar

A Woodland Dance

I waltz through woods where bluebells glow
Where wood anemones stand toe to toe
While a gentle breeze disturbs the air
And the Larks song fills the sky with flair
As the smell of pollen affects the nose
And where mice hide in the undergrowth
How wonderful to be surrounded by
A woodland beneath a clear blue sky

Phil Soar

A World Away

Half the world away and many miles from home
A place where magic happens and the stars are blown
Creating patterns in a sky so full of light
Guiding them upon their way, every single night

Phil Soar

A Young Artist

A young child's painting, with brush strokes in gold
An infant's impression of how to get old
Made so lifelike, even though they're so young
An artist of imagination, where once there was none
That expression of colour and the wonder of paint
All coming together, like the prayers of a saint
And speaking in volumes of how life should be
Painting a picture for you and for me

Phil Soar

A Young Mind

Striking conversations of an intellectual kind
Stretch imagination and influence the mind
Communication overload has left it's mark on me
I don't know what to do with it, as I am only three

Phil Soar

Abacus

I bought myself an abacus
I couldn't count upon it
It fell into some disrepair
and had no beads upon it

Phil Soar

Above

Heavens above
Beyond the stars
Billions of miles
Amidst a trillion scars
Left by comets
And space debris too
Endless Galaxies to far to view

Black holes and asteroids
Stranded through time
Travelling swiftly
Not getting too far
In terms of the light years
Reflections of darkness
Unseen from the earth

Phil Soar

Above And Below

Under a clear blue sky I sit and wonder why
Beneath a bright full moon I sit and swoon
Above the clouds I wish that I could be
Floating in a different galaxy

Phil Soar

Abracadabra

The magicians among us can cast a good spell
Where the tricks we employ have a meaning as well
If we place life's importance on a sorcerers skills
We'll need to be wizards to cure all our ills

Phil Soar

Accidental Tourist

I began my affair with travel
When I had an extraordinary trip
From inside the wilds of Alaska
To the glacial waters I'd sip
From the stunning terrain I encountered
From the many and bountiful sights
To the days full of daylight and midges
To the months with a permanent night
It had made me want more from my ventures
To explore where I wanted to go
With fields full of nothing but distance
And the mountains abundant with snow
So now I have made a decision
That I need to expand my world more
To spend what I can on vision
To travel the world and explore

Phil Soar

Aches And Groans

I realised my fate was sealed the moment I bent down
And age had crept upon me, and I couldn't help but frown
For trying to get up again, was now a painful task
The pain upon my furrowed brow is something I can't mask

The groans and moans accompany me, wherever I may go
Where once I would have sprinted, now I'm oh so slow
And as the days get shorter and darkness settles in
The winter of my discontent, is a time I should stay in

Phil Soar

Aches And Pains

The aches and pains that come and go, are stretching my resolve
I know it's how the process goes and how our lives evolve
It doesn't really matter that I think I'm twenty-one
I won't be happy until all the aches and pains are gone

Phil Soar

Aching Tree

I sat below the tree and listened to it ache
Branches swaying in the wind
I worried that they'd break
The times I've paid a visit
It always welcomed me
I sit and breathe and listen to
That beautiful aching tree

Phil Soar

Across The Room

I blew a kiss across the room
And hoped she would respond
After all, she'd smiled at me
So I thought she must be fond
Of flirting with me instantly
The moment that she looked
And figured that instinctively
That I was almost hooked
So when she flashed her bright blue eyes
And looked across at me
About that time I realised
She'd seen the best of me
My trouser zip was open
And my 'friend' was poking out
She realised I liked her
And there wasn't any doubt!

Phil Soar

Actions

Actions speak louder than words
Unless the words are spoken through a megaphone

Phil Soar

Adrift

Adrift on a raft on the open sea
No sign of land or duty free
Oh won't somebody rescue me?
And take me home to Cheam for tea

Phil Soar

After The Big Day

And so the big day started at the crack of early dawn
With not so much a whimper, as a great enormous yawn
We felt that the front doorbell, was on fast repeat
As countless people then arrived, and parked there in the street

It seemed the day had finally come, and washed away our fears
Just sunshine at the break of day, with showers of father's tears
And giggling females moving round, like hyperactive drones
Flying round from room to room and all feeling at home

Artists for the make-up, and stylists for their hair
Lots of females in the home, all flitting everywhere
And father looking on with such a vacant awkward stance
Just like a lost contestant, waiting for a 'strictly' dance

It seemed like time was beating, at the heart of everything
And there was such excitement, every time the bell would ring
And father stood there looking like he hadn't got a clue
With nothing he could contribute, and little he could do

So the dogs came to the rescue, as he led them down the street
He needed to escape awhile, as his heart skipped a beat
The girl he loved with all his might, was having her big day
And he just couldn't quite believe, he's giving her away

But as the morning moved at pace, and smiles were all around
Dad returned from walking dogs, to step on hallowed ground
And almost with precision, all is ready for the bride
With tears of joy all welling up, and quite a bit of pride

And up until mid-morning, dad was coping with the scene
And then his princess gave him something he could not have dreamed
It brought a wealth of Happiness, and yet filled him with tears
Words expressed, with loving thoughts, of dad throughout the years

The camper van was in the street, the bridesmaids looking fine
Just waiting for the Carriage and the horses to arrive
And then she made her entrance, and she glided down the stairs
And there was dad, so proud of her; she knew how much he cared

With bridesmaids looking stunning and the bride a perfect sight
And dad had scrubbed up well and wouldn't give them all a fright
While outside a pair of stallions with a carriage looking grand
Awaited dad to take his gorgeous princess by the hand

Some hiccups on the way to church, with roads closed, and the like
That made us think that maybe we should have used a tandem bike
Imagine that, the two of us, cycling there like mad
A girl set on a mission, and her pedaling frantic dad!

Arriving late, as brides can do, and holding the proceedings
The groom could wait around a bit, and hang on to his feelings
And then the general entrance, as the choir and music played
The scenes of joy, for girl and boy, and relief as all had stayed

The wedding vows exchanged, in what appeared to be a flash
The congregation smiling at this most fantastic bash
The cameras, light and action, seemed to blur at such a speed
With grins and tears on faces as the bride and groom appeared

Now man & wife, they looked so good, a pair so matched in love
I'm sure that god was looking down on them from up above
Not only did he bless them, with a day bound to impress
He gave his blessing on their lives, and WOW, that bridal dress!

So onto the reception and the speeches and the thrills
As everything around them seemed to mirror all the bills
And just worth every penny, to see them have their day
A friendship blessed with everything in every single way

With dad a nervous wreck by now, but able to keep still
He read his poem to the guests, without making him ill
While Paul and Chris completed things, with speeches so sublime
And Mason adding compliments, which made us, want more time

And so the evening flew away, and when it all was done
A father gave his daughter to her perfect number one
All that could be said, was it was perfect through and through

And when the day was over, there was nothing else to do

Remembering each moment will give hours of joy and bliss
From the moment it all started, to that first man & wife kiss
And so for Curt and Kylie, we saw their marriage taking place
And watch as everybody, had a smile upon their face.

And poor old dad, by now, a quivering jelly of a mess
But happy as a pig in **** about their happiness

A celebration of my Daughter (Kylie) wedding day on Saturday 26th
September 2015
Nothing prepared me for the emotion of the day, and yet it was spectacularly
good.

Phil Soar

After Work

Coming home after work is a pleasure for me
Looking forward to family and a meal for tea
Spending some time sitting on our bums
Until the time when the weekday comes

Phil Soar

Ageing

The hairs upon my head are missing now
though growing in some places new to me
the ears don't function as they used to do
and my sight just isn't what it used to be

My knees have quite a creak when I get up
and crack at just the slightest strenuous task
I'm no longer fit and agile as a pup
there are lots of things right now I'd rather mask

The skin is dry, requiring certain creams
Libido is a word I use in scrabble
an erection is a thing I have in dreams
and sex something in which I seldom dabble

getting old is like a waiting game
until my very being's run its course
It's like warm dessert or apple pie
requiring just a touch of ageing sauce

Phil Soar

Ageing (2)

I put drops in my eyes
I put drops up my nose
I've syringed my ears for many years
And clipped where hair now grows
I limp because my ankles ache
My hands are painful too
I sometimes think 'for goodness sake'
When I go to the loo

I'm either constipated
Or I'm loose from down below
And where the hell it all comes from
I really do not know
My back goes into spasm
Whenever I bend down
And the smell whenever I pass wind
Is the foulest smell around

I guess it's part of getting old
When everything starts failing
And things we did, when we were kids
Are harder, now we're ailing
Now sitting down's a pleasure
And sleeping even more so
The thought of walking up the stairs
Is painful to my torso

Phil Soar

Ageing Bits

Knobbly bits

Sagging tits

Signs that your body is ageing

Wobbly bellies

shaking like jellies

No longer nice or engaging

Phil Soar

Agony Aunt

I wrote an angry letter to a local agony aunt
She gave me some advice I'd tried to follow, but I can't
She said I should go home that night, and give my wife what for
And so I did, and then I spent the night upon the floor

Phil Soar

Ahoy There!

The look-out in the birds nest shouted "Ahoy" all the time
He had Tourette's and a dirty vest
And his eyesight wasn't fine
They told him that he shouldn't shout
Unless he had spotted land
He held his hand out just to wave,
And a Gull shat on his hand.

It wasn't his day.

Phil Soar

Aiming To Please

He said 'I aim to please'
and then he shot her
he put two bullets in her derriere
and while she writhed around
he stood there laughing
Until she said 'why did you shoot me there? '

Phil Soar

Aimless

He'd fallen by the wayside, and his aim was past it's best
He couldn't hit a barn door, let alone a person's chest
His eyesight failed him badly, as he just turned 83
Which explains why he shot the cat, when he had aimed at me!

Phil Soar

Air Traffic Controller

He guides the planes down every day
From just a few short miles away
And when he has a toilet break
The pilots have to circle and wait

Phil Soar

Alaska

Whenever I think of Alaska
I remember it's wildness, and then
I wonder if I will return there
And If it will thrill me again
Such a vast and quite beautiful landscape
For hundreds and hundreds of miles
Raising my spirits and lifting my mind
And creating a world full of smiles

Phil Soar

Alfred The Great

Alfred the great, made a garden gate
using some wood he had purchased,
He bought creosote too, and a wooden canoe,
that he place on a lake on the surface.

Phil Soar

Alice Mcharris

Alice McHarris moved to Paris
She was Scottish, but more a Parisian
She would spend every hour
Up the Eiffel Tower
Until someone said she was missing

Phil Soar

Alien Encounters

Encounters of an alien kind, are seen as something strange
You can't expect to be believed, you'll just be classed deranged
You may have thought a spaceship, had beamed you up to space
But then you got arrested, for being 'Off your face'

Phil Soar

Alien Goings On

"Greetings" said the Alien, when found roaming the street
It had a head like a bowling ball and donkey's tails for feet
As people ran away in shock, it gave a puzzled look
It had landed at the local library and wanted to read a book

Phil Soar

Alien Visitors

If Aliens came down to see us
All the way from the planet Venus
And landed on a 18 hole golf course
What would they think of us all?
Whacking balls with Clubs into holes
They'd think we were minus our souls
Walking in groups or on carts
Trying to get round in pars
Would they decide they would stay
Or quickly depart on their way?

Phil Soar

All Around The World

All around the world someone somewhere starts to stir
Someone goes to bed to sleep, someone sits to have a weep
Someone says I love You, and then someone feels inspired
Someone feels so full of life, while others just feel tired

All around the world, the toils of life affect someone
Somewhere, a new life begins, and somewhere, someone's gone
Somewhere two are joined in love, and somewhere, some retreat
And somewhere hatred rears it's head, and that spells a defeat

All around the world a smile can make it all seem great
Sometimes just a grin can make someone accept their fate
Sometimes when you need a lift, a wink will light the way
And make you realise that everything is all okay

Phil Soar

All Roads Lead There

Take a road that leads to somewhere magical
Even though the trip might be illogical
Raise you will, and make a move to places new
Come back home and write about your daily view

Sail across a sea of calm sobriety
Drift on oceans full of life and majesty
Leave your spirit there and on the way back home
Write about the things you saw, as your soul roamed

Walk another mile in case you miss a wondrous sight
Don't stay in one place alone, but just take flight
And when you reach the top of every hill you climb
Stay a while and write something your mind can find

Phil Soar

All That Flies

The patterns on the wings of things that whiz in on the wind
Reflecting nature's beauty and the happiness it brings
The daily transformation of the lives of all that flies
Makes you turn your vision to the beauty in the skies

Phil Soar

All There Is

When meadows share their beauty until autumn comes around
When birds sing out in joyous trills, we marvel at the sound
When all that might surround us, seems to gratify the soul
These sights and sounds can lift us up, and make us all feel whole

Phil Soar

All Those Things

Butterflies and hover flies
And Wasps and all that sting
Birds in trees and nest years seeds
And all the joy they bring
Hedgehogs, toads, and nematodes
And all that might be slimey
They make our lives so happy
And make me shout out 'BLIMEY! '

Phil Soar

Alone

I am here alone, or so it seems
The others are asleep
Lost in their world of distant dreams
Wish I could take a peep
They could be in the land of nod
Where thoughts and schemes transpire
And be cast into a wonderland
That can take their world much higher
Up to a heaven where only they
Can imagine what they will
A tranquil lake, a windswept field
Or the apex of a hill
Where they can stand and oversee
Where their dream can stop to think
Where swallows and Amazon's pass them by
And where their minds can stop and drink
Take in the sights imagined
Expose themselves to joy
Remember all their childhood days
Their home
Their favourite toy
But they can keep these secrets
As I sit and watch them sleep
Their eyes that twitch
The softness of breath
The sighs that are so deep
Exhaling all the excess cells
They used up yesterday
Returning to a world of pace and energy today.

For now, I am alone with them
I watch them sleep,
And breathe and dream
And all that matters is right there
Across the room, it seems
I watch them with a love so strong
It overwhelms my soul
For without them here
Without their dreams

Our lives are half, not whole.

Phil Soar

Alone With God

I sat alone with god, and watched as comets passed us by
Underneath a glowing moon, and above a darkening sky
And having him around me, I felt that I should rejoice
His company was good for me, and even more, his voice

I watched as day turned into night, my feelings were inspired
No longer was I anxious, or alone, and oh so tired
And as the moon was waning, and my heart began to race
I knew right then that life was good, and so hard to replace

I held my breath a moment, as the time passed slowly on
Until the dark became the light, and all the stars had gone
And after that, I prayed awhile, and god had left my side
His company was good for me, and I felt great inside

I sat alone, and watched as thoughts returned about my past
No longer was I frightened by the things that couldn't last
And just as I stood up to go, I felt my spirits rise
For I had sat alone with god, before my very eyes

Phil Soar

Alternative Prayer

My Lord, you are my shepherd,
I shall not leave the flock,
I dressed myself this morning
But couldn't find my sock,
I couldn't find my underpants,
So had to go without,
But remembered I'd a hankie
And turned it inside out,
I tied it like a nappy,
And wore it on my bot,
And later on my skid marks
Were mixed up with my snot,
It's not a pretty sight Oh Lord,
And I blame you for this,
I really think you've sh*t on me,
And often take the p*ss,
You can reach me on this number,
I'm lying in the Crypt,
My life is an unfinished film,
And you haven't read the script.

Phil Soar

Always

Always looking for somewhere to roam
Always searching far away from home
Always meaning to be more attentive
Always close to being more inventive
Always lost for words at nature's size
Always watching through my questioning eyes
Always greeting each new day with joy
Always as excited as a boy
Always thinking one day we'll prevail
Always welcoming a brand new tale
Always at Gods utmost beck and call
Always worried that I might just fall
Always knowing there's a better way
Always dreaming of a brighter day
Always searching for somewhere to roam
Knowing I am never far from home

Phil Soar

Always Loving Dogs

I've always loved the way dogs wag their tails
When all else fails, just wag their tails,
I've always loved the way they make me smile
Not only for a minute, all the while

I've always loved the way they share their time
With those that pay attention at the time,
And when they've milked emotions to the core
They're ready just to milk a little more

Phil Soar

Am I Disturbed?

Someone thought that I was disturbed
They knew me very well
I was overcome with the absurd
And said, 'Can't you just tell'

I like the many facets
That make me incomplete
Like the way I do not wash my socks
And have such smelly feet

Phil Soar

Amanda Peat

Amanda Peat had two left feet
She tripped and fell quite often
She bought some shoes to heel her blues
And some cream to help them soften

Phil Soar

Amazing

Many things amaze me
Best of all my feet
How do they hold my weight all day
Whilst walking down the street?
How do the many miles I walk
Not impact on there state
I better wrap them up in wool
Before it is too late.

Phil Soar

Amazing Nature

Tides that turn
And Fires that burn
Rivers rise and fall
Heavens open
Rain pours down
And helps a waterfall
Winds that toss the trees about
Grasses reach their peak
I opened up my eyes to nature
And was too amazed to speak

Phil Soar

Amazon

I visited the Amazon
And now I cannot avoid it
Everywhere I go
They are there too
Watching my every move
'Primed' to my every whim
They seem to know all about me
All my friends
What I am buying
Offering me the same for less
If I join them

One trip and now I seem to be their property
Looks like I am on their 'watch list'
They are not on mine

Phil Soar

Amelia Earhart

Amelia Earhart
Had a hell of a fart
As she flew through the skies she exploded
She would leave quite a trail
From the rear of her tail
As her ass seemed as if it was loaded

Phil Soar

Among The Rubble

Don't search among the rubble for the evidence you seek
Don't stop to think of what you say, just go ahead and speak
Rely on what is in your thoughts on any given day
Don't let the words become a cell, preventing you from play

Phil Soar

An Aching Heart

An aching heart
Shows no Mercy
Only pain

Tears no longer help
As they leave the eyes
Only stain

Memories linger
Not being erased
For years

Removing photographs
Deleting words
Nothing remains

That aching heart
Ashamed

Phil Soar

An Arm And A Leg

It cost me an arm and a leg
When I left the prosthetics store
I went in there with a open mind
And I won't go there no more

Phil Soar

An Army Of Words

An army of words
Marching to a stanzas beat
Sweeping me away in rhyming
Knocking me off my feet
An intoxicating rhythm
An alphabetical rhapsody
An application working overtime
Washing minds out to the sea

Phil Soar

An Artists Dementia

He relinquished his brush when his memory slipped away
Nothing to paint that he could remember
An artist with no purpose
An easel stand alone
In the corner of a studio a light has gone out
And no-one is at home

Phil Soar

An Autumn Mist

The mist almost reduced the view
to something dark and eeire
like a fog it rolled across the grass
and made it look quite dreary
and yet it did not quell the joy
of this still Autumn morning
for as the sun warmed up the day
it vanished without warning

Phil Soar

An Autumn Morning With My Dogs

A brisk October morning,
The grass bathed in the glow of the sun
Reflecting off the falling leaves
The colours so deep and meaningful
Death becomes them, as they lose their pigment
Crisp under my dogs feet
And brightening up my morning with their glory

A glorious start to another day
Though there are those who will miss this
Trolling off to work in there thousands
Clogging the highways with their gas guzzling motors
Whizzing past on speeding trains as my dogs and I walk by
In fields so colourful it take my breath away
And I wait for my old friends to catch up

Like me, my dogs are ageing now, still we walk
Because not to would be giving in
We trudge along at a snails pace
But not leaving a trail in our wake
Just strolling, taking it all in, storing the memories
I wonder what my dogs think, if they do
But I'm happy to think that, like me, they do

An autumn morning, with my dogs.

Phil Soar

An Echo

A distant echo casts a sound across the mountain slopes
Moving with amazing speed, and raising all my hopes
A sound so rich and bass like, from among the rocks and snow
It echoes across the airwaves, and it sets my mind aglow

Reverberates around the space, across the many valleys
Exhilarating as it goes, and builds more as it carries
The waves are more than substance, moving me to tears
And passing overhead it seems to take a million years

That sound has such impact, that I fall and bow my head
Enchanting echoes passing by, and once arrived, have fled
And lost within a moment, the silence then is stunning
A sound that made a difference, that left my heartbeat running

Phil Soar

An English Afternoon

I sat while the orchestra played
I stood as I watched the parade
I lay in the grass while I slept
I watched as the grey sky wept
A typical summer, U.K. style
Dreary and wet, yet nevertheless
Enchanting

Phil Soar

An Essence Of Time

Time is something you can't change
Nor should you want to try
Time just changes everything
And here's the reason why
Each day the clock is ticking
And no matter where you are
Time just changes everything
No matter WHO you are

Phil Soar

An Evening Under Stars

The lights were out, the moon was full
The birds had flown to roost
And nothing like a quiet warm night
Can give the soul a boost
And sitting under the moonlight
On a night of shooting stars
Rewards the inner senses
And infiltrates your scars
Relieving all your doubts and fears
And soothing out the stress
A night under a star filled sky
Creates infectious happiness

Phil Soar

An Evening With Misty

She lies in front of me
The evening turning into dusk
She's panting like she's short of breath
It isn't even lust
She's just a dog, relaxing
In the muggy evening air
Staring at me as I write
Though I am not aware

The laptop screen in front of me
Hides her shape and form
She pants away, at the end of the day
We both are really warm
Her eyes pierce through my laptop screen
She's begging me to see
That she's staring at her tennis ball
And saying 'Play with me'

Phil Soar

An Interview

Explain in five words, the applicant read
Tells us about what goes on in your head
Why we should employ you, and grind you to bits
And just what you think of being bored off your tits
Where will you be in the next 20 years?
How can we grill you and fill you with fears?
What can you bring to the table with you
And how you'll react when there's nothing to do
Can you do without breaks for a wee and a fag?
Will you do what you're told and not let yourself sag?
If you meet our requirements we might pay you as well
But how we will achieve that, we really can't tell

Phil Soar

An Island Of Roses

I created an island of roses
Among all my garden of flowers
The smell and the joy of aromas
Were soothing after summer showers
The addition of such a small island
And the nature of what it could do
Left a mark in my memory forever
Just as nature meant it to do

Phil Soar

An Ocean Floor

Beneath a sea of turquoise blue
Among the coral now in view
The sight was almost mystical
And filled with scenes so beautiful
And as the colours danced in swirls
Some powerful images unfurled
We saw things that would raise a smile
So stayed entranced for quite a while
And when the time to leave was reached
We washed up on some island beach
With only memories galore
Of Beauty on that ocean floor

Phil Soar

An Old Man And His Pills

There's a cupboard in the bathroom
where I keep an abundance of pills
at this time in my life, I have to assume
that maybe they'll cure all my ills
but the mountainous build up of regions
where my aches and my pains now reside
mean that I just need a pill for all seasons
that maybe I'll take in my stride
Though that stride is no longer as agile
and the way that I walk is unsure
I need some support as I'm fragile
and I don't feel as stable no more
so the pills and the things I take daily
I hope will permit me to live
for as long as the doctor's decided
he's prepared to prescribe and to give

Phil Soar

An Open Book

My life is like an open book
With Chapters full of life's embrace
Recording all I see and do
And sending warmth across my face
A smile generated by a memory
A tear manufactured by a sad day
A grimace at something I would rather forget
A blush when I read of my rise to puberty
A cheer during moments of accomplishment
A worry when my offspring make their own way in the world
A song when we celebrate the many days of holidays
A reminder how short this life story seems
But still a book of many pages
Some to be held in the memory forever
Some to be mainly forgotten
But all of them a library of my life
And blessed am I for living it.

Phil Soar

An Oscar Winning Dream

I left the world behind me when I slipped into my dream
With eyes wide shut I drifted to a large and silken screen
Where images before me played a film within my mind
In Multi-coloured dreamland, I was leaving life behind

Where sunshine is a fact of life, the sky a shade of blue
I'd never even seen such beauty, that was coming into view
Where all my favourite sights and sounds, all mingled into one
And nothing was too much for me, I was quite overcome

My senses tingled, as the pictures highlight every scene
A drama of expressions, building memories serene
And once awake, this Oscar winning story is complete
And the epitaph is fixed within my mind, set on repeat

Phil Soar

An Unknown Princess

A princess from her head to toes
Although she doesn't really know
No limit to her charm and grace
That quirky smile upon her face
Her smart external look beguiles
The endless ways she raises smiles
Her cloth cut from the best there is
Her character has zest and fizz
She doesn't understand her gift
How much she gives your life a lift
A princess in a thousand ways
Who brightens up the dullest days

Phil Soar

Ancestral Nonsense

I tried to trace my family back in time to find ancestors
But after searching for a while, my mind began to fester
I really couldn't cope with knowing how my family was then
Some whores, and thieves, some bores and many independent men

Back in 1830, seems a man named Albert Briggs
Begot a girl of ill repute and fed her many figs
She farted during intercourse and covered him in grime
And when I looked his name up, he had died covered in slime

And back in 1723, a lady wed a butcher's mate
It seemed she had a slice of him, she kept by her back gate
She thrust herself upon it, when she felt a little twinge
And got a massive butcher's, stuck inside her minge

I gave up tracing ancestors, and saved some time and money
And made myself a business, from making bread and honey
I sold it in a garage sale, and made a lot of cash
When sales were slack, I took some crack, and blew it at a bash

Phil Soar

And Birds Sang

I sat in the garden while birds sang
Some I recognized, as if they were on repeat
Like music on a compact disc
And my favorites were all there

Announcing their territories
Calling their young
So many overtures
Beautifully sung

A welcoming orchestra
Singing in tune
I sat there and listened
All spring afternoon

Phil Soar

And Now I'll Rest

I sat behind a desk when I was four
My chair was always screeching on the floor
And life's the same now that I'm sixty-four
Sitting at a desk eight hours and more

But now I have the gout and aches and pains
My chair has small dark patches from tea stains
And all this work is boring and it drains
The wit and things I've learnt inside my brains

At school, the teacher often praised my wit
But now my boss is really sick of it
And though no longer young and full of zest
I think it's time for me to have a rest

Phil Soar

And Still

And still
Everything was still
The air held a spell on me
No breeze to break up the monotony
No rain to freshen the air
And the birds did not sing
The grey sky blanketing the blue behind it
And misery reigned
Winter had it's grip on me
And everything was still

Phil Soar

And Still I Rise

Each day I wake expecting something new
Each day I have adventures just like you
Each hour is measured by the tasks completed
Each minute I know I will not be defeated

Phil Soar

And The Band Played On

I sat while the orchestra played
in the bandstand they made a formidable sound
unlike any other I had heard in the park
they played until daylight was turning to dark

The way they made music was delightful to see
you could close your eyes and believe it was a dream
celestial notes played by angels on high
that's what all the music seemed like to me

You could rest and be charmed by the smooth rhythmic tones
no matter you might have been sat there alone
you could drift on the sounds, like a tidal mystique
just the sound of the music, no words left to speak

Phil Soar

And Through It All

And through it all, when feelings touch my very heart and soul
And life shares streams of poetry, that makes the mind feel whole
And through it all, if something special takes the breath away
That moment should be treasured, and remembered every day

And through it all, when sharing is the thing that lights the way
And words expressed so magically, can brighten up the day
And through it all, when dreaming takes you to a happy place
That moment should be captured, and a smile put on your face

And through it all, let no-one take your feelings to excess
Don't make the words you whisper, into words that just depress
And through it all, when times are rough and sadness might prevail
Break down your wall of silence, lest your feelings become stale

And through it all, reject the bad and wallow in the good
Let all that's dragging feelings down, be banished as it should
And through it all, make sure you share your world with those you love
And through it all, just give your best, and thank god up above

Phil Soar

And Where My Youth Has Gone

Sitting on the porch watching the moon
Swaying back and forth upon a rocking chair
Wondering how on earth my life has led me there
And where my youth has gone

Strolling in the park wrapped in a warm embrace
Of springlike breezes blowing on my aged old face
I recollect the times I ran across the grass
And where my youth has gone

Striving hard to savor every waking day
Wondering, how long before it fades away
Sitting by the window looking out on time
And wondering where my youth has gone

Better not the negative, but strengthening views
A positive outlook on a scale of life renewed
And plenty of time to wallow on my missing years
And where my youth has gone

Looking forward to a time when it's a stroll
Walking through that park again and feeling whole
With sun upon the age old face to warm the day
Laughing at my youth,
And where it's gone

Phil Soar

Angst

The rage built like a lava flow increasing its viscosity
Building an explosive feel, encased inside a wall of hate
And no amount of influence, could slow its rise to the surface
And after the eruption, the pressure was released, but not the feeling

Phil Soar

Animal Impressions

Pigs can't fly
Rabbit's can't sing
Sparrows in the tree tops
Take to the wing
Puppy in the doghouse
Pussy in the well
Bull in a field
Run like hell
Sheep may bleat
Chickens cluck
Ever seen water
On the back of a duck?
Donkey's Hee Haw
Cows go moo
Down on the farm
What else can they do? .

Phil Soar

Annuals

The shoots of annuals peeking through
So much to make your day
Spring is here and all is light
And Summer's on the way
The rain and sunshine turn the scene
From dark and grey, to green
And all the world seems wonderful
And better than a dream

Phil Soar

Another Christmas

Another welcome Christmas and the lights are hanging bright
Outside the snowflakes falling and the stars shine in the night
The family gathers round the tree and all is fine and dandy
And with the presents come the cost, more money would be handy

Phil Soar

Another Christmas Time

It begins in maybe August time, and builds to a crescendo
The lights go on, the trees go up, and out come innuendos
Lots of jokes of Santa and his elves, and Rudolph too
Some of them quite comical, and others rather blue

And as the season marches on, the children make the scene
Asking for the world, and almost getting everything
While parents try to implement some calmness to the joy
As happiness is well expressed, in every girl and boy

Wherever there's a pantomime, there'll be someone behind you
With jingle bells and turkey smells, and flashing lights to blind you
And all around the Christmas tree, the family will attend
Until the gifts are opened and they're driven around the bend

With noises that get louder as the kids rip open toys
Dolls for girls and combs for curls, and shoot em ups for boys
It's only as the day moves on, the tiredness will kick in
And old ones get relief from all the joy and constant din

The year will soon come to a close, a brand new one begins
A time for resolutions, and regrets for last years sins
And a hope for lasting peace, and for our lives to get a lift
But a pleasing tone, we're not alone, and our lives are such a gift

Phil Soar

Another Day

And so another day begins
But no birdsong today
The birds all hide away
It's raining cats and dogs
So best they stay hidden

Grey skies overhead
No sign of blue
Forecast is grim
Let's go out on a limb
And do something good
So we feel better

Phil Soar

Another Fathers Day

Another Fathers Day, a chance for me to reminisce
Another chance for me to think of you, and what I miss
Another chance for me recall all that we once had
Another chance for me to weep, for how I miss you, dad

At times like this, my memories mean everything to me
They help me come to terms with how our lives are meant to be
And when my thoughts are centered on the days that we once shared
I always will remember how YOU loved, and how WE cared

The days will not go by without I turn my mind to you
And think of all the loving things that we all used to do
And given all that went before, and how the years have flown
I want you to remember, dad, you're never on your own

Another fathers day, a chance for me to cry again
And day for me to struggle through the hurt and pain
Another chance for me to say, I'll always love you so
Another day for me to hope, that all of this you know

For Thomas Henry Soar

Phil Soar

Another Sleepless Night

Another sleepless night of fading memories
The eyes close tightly, but I cannot dream
In fact, the light just seems to then creep up on me
And nothing is as good as it once seemed

The land of nod is somewhere far away from me
When I was young, it always seemed close by
And now it seems that it's a distant memory
I can't go there, no matter how I try

I lie awake and wonder what the night will bring
Sleep isn't something that I now expect
It's something of a mystery, this sleepless thing
There in the dark, it's so hard to detect

And so, until the morning, I won't look for you
I don't expect my tiredness matters much
It's like my mind has settled for a sleepless night
And the stars and dreams are so way out of touch

Phil Soar

Anticipation

Prolonged anticipation
Leads to mispronunciation
When you swear at something that is in the way
And when it's said and done
You will feel that you're the one
And you had screamed and caused a big affray

Phil Soar

Antique Cabinet

I bought an antique cabinet
And thought I'd try and sell it
It was from the Pre-Raphaelite time
But I'm afraid I couldn't spell it
So I printed off an advert
And put it on the 'net'
And it's been on there 8 years now
And no-one's bought it yet.

Phil Soar

Ants

Armies of them taking over all the land around them
Nothing to get in the way, and no-one there to hound them
Only spray and powder, which cannot be used near pets
The hoardes of ants are everywhere, and very stubborn pests

Phil Soar

Ants In My Pants

“Have you got ants in your pants? ” my mum would say
As if I would admit it
What if ants crawled in my pants?
And found my willy and bit it!

Phil Soar

Anus Horribulus

He stuck his finger in my anus
To check my prostate gland
The way it caused me so much pain
It could have been his hand
At least he was in vision
I could see him in the mirror
I worried as it felt as if
He used excessive vigour
Perhaps he did not like me
Or was having a bad day
He didn't have to violate me
In such a painful way
He wiped his finger afterwards
And threw the glove away
Honestly I didn't hear
A thing he had to say
I sort of was in cuckoo land
My knees had turned to Cack
I thought that he was smiling
And could have given him a smack
I left there in a hurry
My anus open wide
I couldn't shut the bloody thing
After he had been inside

Phil Soar

Anxious

In anxious times, this heart of mine
Begins to feel the strain
If things get tough, and I've had enough
I really feel the pain
No matter what the consequence
I just don't have the time
To start anew, to see me through
And that I feel's a crime

Phil Soar

Anxious Love

I rest my weary head upon the breasts of she who loves me
Knowing that the sound of her heartbeat will comfort me for now
I turn my head to stare at her, and hope this lasts forever
She leans herself into me, and she strokes my anxious brow

The sleep that then envelops me, is deep and so relaxing
I drift away on angels' wings and circle in the sky
That deep and special love she has for me goes ever onward
And leaves me feeling wanted with no reason to ask why

Phil Soar

Apparition

The ghostly figure haunts the hallways eagerly
I'm sure it wants to scare me half to death
Floating off the ground it wanders aimlessly
And seeing it has made me hold my breath

The shriek I make is like a little girlie
It freaks me out as it flows through a wall
It cannot be it's haunting me, and surely
I'll end up going mental through it all

Phil Soar

Appendix

They whisked me away on a trolley
said my appendix had burst
I was only a kid of 11
is there something that could have been worse?

They told me some 15 years later
that a half hour delay might be fatal
so I counted my blessings and later
I told them how much I was grateful

Phil Soar

Applications

Apps are applications that have taken over phones
They lie in wait and get you, when you're feeling all alone
Infesting your internal mind, and crawling through your cells
Making you a robot who is dependent on their spells

From games to helpful fitness apps, they infiltrate our psyche
Some people find it better than 10 miles upon a bike
And those who do not use them, may be seen as social jerks
Whilst some of us don't understand, how apps are supposed to work

Our world is now a twisted mass, of phones and other gadgets
We expect those things to help us out, and some think they are magic
But one day we'll be all alone, when the takeover begins
And we all become extinct, it's the technology that wins.

Phil Soar

Apps

There's an app for this and an app for that
There's nothing that doesn't seem appable
You can tweet what you like, and blog from your bike
And hashtag your way while you babble

Phil Soar

Arachnids

There are places in the home where spiders roam
There's nowhere that they cannot spin their trap
In the room under the stairs, there's no place that isn't theirs
Especially rooms you fill with all your crap

They lurk in dusty corners, like assassins skulking prey
Waiting for a scaredy cat to pass them by one day
And when you are asleep and think that they can do no harm
They crawl across the bedroom floor to look for somewhere warm

And deep under your eiderdown they snuggle up and sleep
Right beside the very place that you will put your feet
And then when nasty bed bugs infiltrate your sleeping place
They crawl across to eat them up and dine upon your face

So if you hate arachnids and all things that crawl about
Spread some conkers in the place you think might drive them out
And then welcome the others that might come and take their place
And wipe that silly hatred from the corner of your face

Phil Soar

Archie - The Wonder Of You

When no-one else could understand you
The reason was you were too young
You had such shits, then constipation
Your nappies had a pungent pong
And yet you always smiled, when you were through
Just like you always do
That's the wonder
The wonder of you.

And when you smile, the world is brighter
You reach for me, and I'm a king
Your happiness is worth a fortune
It means just almost everything
And you're always there, with that big smile
After everything you do
That's the wonder
The wonder of you.

Note: This was written for my Grandson (Archie) .
(with apologies to Elvis Presley)
If you want to sing it, Go ahead!

Phil Soar

Phil Soar

Archie Bobby

You may be just a tiny tot,
but still your impact's great
You've changed the way the world is now,
and to that we can relate
No day will seem the same again,
and the way we feel has changed
And the best of everything for you,
is what will be arranged

Phil Soar

Archie Bobby Johnson

ARCHIE BOBBY JOHNSON

Born: 28th October 2016

10: 27am

7lb 5ozs

The expectation started while the child was in the womb,
And as the final days approached, the tension filled the room,
And when the baby first appeared, you see that wondrous face,
Your feelings hit the stratosphere, and zoom off into space.

The way that your emotions take control and lift your heart,
The world seems so irrelevant, and the mind is ripped apart,
So many things to lift you up, and make you really proud,
You want to stand outside, and shout your joyful words out loud.

That fraught anticipation, has no longer pride of place,
You walk on clouds of happiness and smiles upon your face,
You thank the lord for all this joy, and creating so much love,
Along with the help of nature, and the stars that shine above.

On angels wings he's made his mark, engraved upon our hearts,
We knew this would be wonderful, right from the very start,
And as the days turn into weeks, and months turn into years,
We'll share his every single move, through laughter and through tears.

We'll treasure every second, and we'll try our best to share it,
The love right from the very start, has little to compare it,
And as he grows from child to man, he'll never have a doubt,
He's loved by everybody, and of that there's little doubt

Phil Soar

Archie Bobby Johnson - The Boy

Buckets of happiness filling the place
Since I first clapped eyes on my new grandson's face
Smiles by the dozen and grins ear to ear
Mixed in with some laughter, and an occasional tear

Emotions are flooding our brains every day
Brushing the cobwebs and worries away
With constructive awareness of what it all means
And the feeling that we could all burst at the seams

It's nearly a week since that moment of joy
The call that announces out loud, 'It's a Boy! '
To the very first meeting, and all that entailed
And the thought that your worries had been packaged and sailed

With the baby's arrival, there's so much ahead
At least when they named him, he wasn't called FRED
And the child that's now ARCHIE, is beginning to shine
There's no doubt about it, he's going to be fine

He will test our resolve and will make us all smile
There's a family around him, who'll be there all the while
In his moments of triumph, and his doubts and his fears
We will be there forever, helping him through the years

Phil Soar

Arms Wide Open

Your arms wide open as an invite to them
A child needs a hug every now and again
And a mother's embrace is a welcoming sign
That everything in that child's life is just fine

Phil Soar

Arnold Renald

Arnold Renald, built some kennels,
In his own back yard
He filled them all with barking dogs
And their upkeep was quite hard
He just annoyed his neighbours
They thought he was quite mad
But he didn't have much to live for
And that was rather sad

Phil Soar

Arrivals And Departures

Destination Timbuktu

Where I met you

And you met me

Departure Marakesh

You left me there

I never guessed

Phil Soar

Arrows

I shot some arrows in the air
They came back down to who knows where
My aim was just a bit astray
So I have thrown the bow away

Phil Soar

Arthur Flitcroft

His name was Arthur Flitcroft, he was almost ninety-three
He had a boil upon his bum, and a rash upon his knee
His follicles had lost the will to ever be replaced
And he always smiled a little when he washed his wrinkled face

He once rode on a camel, whilst he served in the Sudan
His battle scars were evident, he was an honoured man
And when he stands to attention, his wife is just aghast
She always thought their nights of lust, would now be in the past

Phil Soar

Artificial Intelligence

I'm not the most intelligent of people
As far as MENSA goes, my score is low
I don't have skills to call upon that help me
And fate has dealt me quite a cruel blow

Yet has my faith in who I am affected me?
Has being somewhat dim, deterred my vision?
I've found a niche where I can drift on aimlessly
And find that just for me, it's my position

I flit through day to day in my own bubble
And don't imagine life has caused me any pain
And if my world was upside down I'd realise
In this world, no two people are the same

Phil Soar

Artist

The artist takes his water colours everywhere he goes
The countryside, the lakes and mountains, where beauty seems to flow
He relishes the challenge as he records all that he sees
On canvas or on paper, or just in his memory

The brush strokes gently speak to him, and guide his steady hand
As colour blemishes across the ever pleasant land
With scenes of utter brilliance, adorning every stroke
The end result a picture of the sights he makes bespoke

Phil Soar

As Autumn Approaches

As autumn now approaches
The colours, once so vibrant, fade
Yet the pleasure taken from them doesn't make them any less beautiful
They have a certain elegance
No longer seeking to announce themselves
They leave us wanting more the next time we see them
And the waiting is all the more anticipated by the memory
As autumn approaches
I welcome it and sit in wonder
Of what is to come
Next year

Phil Soar

As Mist Descends

Meet me where the mist descends, and we can share the gloom
Better that, than sitting in a cold and lonely room
Sit with me a while, and tell each other what we think
Soak up all that atmosphere, that's good enough to drink

Share your thoughts of everything, and I too will share mine
Carve initials on a tree that will not fade through time
Watch the morning sun burn off the foggy morning dew
And see that sun erase the grey, as blue come into view

Spend the day in splendour as we contemplate our fate
Agree to meet tomorrow, and be sure that you're not late
For I will meet you as the mist descends, and very soon
We both might sit together, in a warm and loving room

Phil Soar

As Snowflakes Fall

Through the window he watched the snowflakes fall
Wrapping a blanket of white across fields of green
And though he couldn't move at all
He thought the sight was so serene

He remembers snowball fights and icy chills
The trips to skate on frozen lakes
And now he smiles through all his ills
And thinks of barbecues and cakes

He stretches to observe the people at the park
And watches as the children have such fun
And when he's had enough and it gets dark
The fever that he feels says that he's done

So, as he falls asleep for the last time
And memories fill the void, as he lets go
He knows that he's no longer in his prime
And the cold embraces him, as does the snow

Phil Soar

Asleep Under Stars

Drifting towards sleep, surrounded by stars
An open bewildering sight up above
Amazed by the beauty as the moon lights the sky
Lost in the arms of the one that I love

On a warm autumn evening, the campfire aglow
Whispering words to each other,
Mentioning all of the signs that we know
Treating the night as a welcoming brother

We eventually give in to the feeling of calm
And in sleep, our eyes close
Like the stars in the sky, an enveloping balm
Keeps us safe, until the welcoming dawn

Phil Soar

At Last I Fall

So many times relationships have come and gone
I've lost more times than I can recollect
But then my openness was my undoing
And all I got was just what I expect

But now you're here, my past is just a phase
At last I've fallen for someone who cares
No longer is my future just a misty haze
At last I fall, and expect no further scares

Phil Soar

At My Heart

At the heart of everything I do, lies nothing I regret
For all that matters is that I am not quite finished yet
There are lots of valid actions, I see no reason why
I cannot turn a corner, and not reach for the sky

As the time I have gets shorter, I will never lose the will
I wander around with stupid a smile, and am never standing still
And all that I am typifies, the way I waltz through days
A dance of joy and wonder, throughout my lasting days

Phil Soar

At School

When at School

The rule

Was don't play the fool

The reason you're here is for learning

But my mind didn't hear

And was off somewhere near

And my brain had misfired and was burning

Phil Soar

At Sunset

At sunset,
deep colours fall away to leave fading light
that kaleidoscope,
a myriad of wonderful mirrors highlight
the sky,
and lost in the darkness that soon takes its place
the colours
leave only memories,
sparkling in the eyes of its beholders
infusing the mind
stirring the very heart of you
at sunset

Phil Soar

At The End Of Summer

Wrapped in autumns colours at the end of summers glow
I watch the bees and butterflies, flying to and fro
Searching for the nectar that is part of every day
Helping them to journey from each flower on their way

There's nothing like an afternoon with nothing else to do
But sit and watch the day go by, and compliment the view
And after the activity, and as the night draws in
It's good to see that nature helps me smile and makes me grin

Phil Soar

At Waters Edge

In waters so clear
A mirror image from above lightens the view
gives depth and meaning
the surface glistens like glass on a summers day
echoing its beauty
and the surrounding fields blossom with wildflowers
all reflected across the lake
whilst mountains rise from its edges
into a clear blue sky
until evening sets in
and the glow from the clear sky highlights the stars
such beauty in the images on the water
a testament to natures resolve
and beauty personified

Phil Soar

Atrial Fibrillation

Atrial Fibrillation

Makes me quite an awkward patient
My heart is like an offbeat timpani drum
And much to my surprise
It brought water to my eyes
When the doctor shoved a finger up my bum!

I had lost my way around
At the local hospital grounds
And had walked into a crowded rectum clinic
And no-one seemed to guess
As they asked me to undress
That this exam was going to be no picnic

Pretty soon I realised
They'd examined me for piles
And I wondered why they thought it's not my heart
Perhaps it was the smell
As I really couldn't tell
All I could do when they approached me, was just fart

Phil Soar

August Rain

And so, mid way through August, the storm has past
And now the sun is out at last
The blooms that lost their shape last week
Have now become new, as if at their peak
Refreshed are the blooms, and the petals now firm
There is much from nature that we could all learn

Phil Soar

Aunt And Uncle

Aunt Janet used to say some funny things
She'd make us laugh when we were little tots
The life and soul of everything she kept us entertained
We loved her family antics quite a lot

Uncle Harry was the opposite, and drank a lot
He smoked a lot, he swore a lot, he didn't give a jot
Yet the two were matched in heaven, and were comedy gold
And kept us all in stitches, until they both grew old.

Phil Soar

Auntie Margaret's Ghost

A ghostly apparition, appeared during the night
It rose up from the cellar, and it gave me quite a fright
It looked like Auntie Margaret, who died aged Sixty Six
She hovered just above my bed, as she was full of tricks

And just as I was focussing, to get a better look
She flew into the kitchen, and then began to cook
I wasn't sure about it, as when she wasn't dead
She couldn't cook a bloody thing, and often burnt the bread

Phil Soar

Authors

Stories developed by authors of skill
Scary adventures, or a chase and a thrill
Dramas unfolding with effortless ease
And the writer pens something that's always a tease

Chapters a-plenty, but written in time
With a deft form of artistry, knitting a crime
A frolic in romance, a murder or two
Encouraging reading, for both me and you

Phil Soar

Autumn And Age

The leaves are falling now
The colours so vibrant
Not imaginary
Images of death as their use now has passed
Shedding them is no longer a mystery to me
As age has crept up on me I wonder
Is this why my hair has shed?

Only, the spring sees the leaves return
Though my hair does not
Unlike the trees
There will be no return to last spring for me
I will remain bereft of some cover
And the spring winds will chill my head
And I don't like hats
Or Balaclavas

How many Autumns have I felt sorry for trees
And them for me?

Not likely I guess
As they shut down to sleep for a few months
As the leaves keep falling until there are none
Unlike my hair
There are a few strands
I try and over-comb them
I look silly
Not like the trees
Which look great
No matter the time of year

Phil Soar

Autumn Closure

The daylight now shortens toward Autumn
No place to go, but shortening every day
And now wonder we all then look forward
To when Summer will come back to stay

Phil Soar

Autumn Colour

Already the colours are changing
Against a grey sky they look amazing
Dazzled by the sun they look stunning
And reserved in our memory, are ablaze

Phil Soar

Autumn Is Here

Now early evening light begins to fade
No shadows cast by sunlight
Leaves fall and patterns of amber and red cover the floor
Autumn is here once more

Birds increase their feeding hours
Flowers begin to lose their glow
The green grass seems to ache
As Autumn's on the take

Tough plants start to shut down
Conserving energy and sleeping for now
Until the earth warms in spring
Autumn is a wondrous thing

Phil Soar

Autumn Leaves

The autumn leaves
fall to the ground and then
re-nourish everything
and help life start again
the plants all welcome this
and soak the pleasure up
and in 6 months or more
begin their life again

Phil Soar

Autumn Leaves 2

Relish the colours of autumn leaves
Serenely covering grass so green
Adding the nutrients to last years soil
Their lingering death like a ballet
Dancing in the air as they fall to the ground
Curling at their edges
No more oxygen to give
Returning to the earth

Phil Soar

Autumn Leaving

Cautiously the leaves begin to lose their grip
Hanging precariously from high in the canopy
The last sinew of the summer clinging like a thread
The death of the leaves an opera, that sleeps in nature's bed

Phil Soar

Autumn Mornings

Leaves Scattering

Birds Chattering

Sights and sounds of Autumn

Phil Soar

Autumn Pleasure

Grasses swaying in a breeze of warm Autumnal pleasure
Falling leaves and ancient trees, we witness at our leisure
And walking down a country lane, with dogs for company
Can only lift the spirits and what's best, is it's for free

Phil Soar

Autumn Shades Of Grey

There are times when the world seems a dark, cold shade of grey
Times when all I want to do is hide my self away,
There are moments when the deeper shade envelops everything
The mornings darken, nights grow long, its depth over-whelming

The autumn shades of deepest brown and red, merge into one
The green and pleasant land immersed, is shutting down among
The cold a misty morning's freeze into the afternoon
The summer is gone, the winter's near, all over far too soon

Where grasses whispered in the breeze of warm embracing wind
The flowers lose their beauty, as there petals soon rescind
All manner of what we noticed, as the year moved on somehow
Vanish, in what seems like just a second or two from now

We wait, eternal optimists, for spring to follow on
When everything will brighten, Dark grey will be gone
Until the very essence and the beauty does return,
We sit around the fireside, and watch the embers burn.

Be quick, we ask the basking sun, to bless the ground with heat
The spring to open up the land, the beauty to repeat
For blue and light to open up the land and earth again
For grey to hide a little while, and beauty to remain.

Phil Soar

Autumn Strain

Darkness fell a little early yesterday
As evenings start to bring the Autumn into play
And as the days grow shorter, and the nights become so long
We'll need a burst of sunshine so that we can stay strong

Phil Soar

Autumn Through Winter

The streetlights flickered into life
The nights were drawing in again
For five or six more months now
It will do nothing but rain

Phil Soar

Autumn To Spring

Delicate petals on roses of red
Flowers all settled in their prepared bed
Yellows and greens in a border of light
Freshening your senses by day and by night

As the autumn arrives all the shades turn to red
As rust coloured leaves are starting to spread
But you know it's returning sometime in the spring
With all the excitement the new year will bring

Till then there is much to prepare for the day
The first signs of brightness are coming your way
But plenty of effort between now and then
Will ensure that the shades will be vibrant again

Phil Soar

Autumnal Air

The mist that drifted slowly from the stream beside the field
A cold and dampness in the air, the sun, for now, concealed
The darkness lifting through a haze of new Autumnal flair
A sign that summer's over, and that change is in the air

Phil Soar

Autumnal Pleasures

Nights now much longer as Summer recedes
As light fades to grey and its time to retrieve
Where the wildlife sleeps longer, and gardens recoil
And the nutrients replenish the cold and wet soil

As Autumn begins and the leaves start to fall
It's a pleasure to witness the sight of it all
As green turns to colours that shatter the view
And fall to the ground in an autumnal hue

Though the spring has two seasons that stand in it's way
We can wait for the outcome and frolic and play
On a snow covered hillside, or thick leafy wood
We can pass time with nature, in the way that we should

Phil Soar

Awake The Tree

The trees that cast aside their leaves
are now awake again
warmed by sun
and fed by the very nutrients
rotting on the woodland floor
replenishing their previous host
helping to shape its future
refreshing the past
opening the pores
stirring the core
casting a new year ring
marking its age
telling the tale of life
in the woods

Phil Soar

Awesome

A word I hate is Awesome
For nothing meets its meaning
It's overused and little else about it is revealing
Nothing can compete with it
For being so absurd
And so I never use it, as it is a stupid word

Phil Soar

Awkward Moments

Awkward moments, seldom shared
That left your psyche unprepared
Like smelly things in public loo's
And noises that find you amused
You stifle laughter, wait awhile
And later on, you grin and smile
Awkward moments, that strike you dumb
Emanate from someone's bum

Phil Soar

Babies

The small hand in mine
Perfect fingers in miniature
The form and sensitive feel is so touching
So delicate I have to dry a tear
As that hand in mine announces birth
And fills the heart with love.

Phil Soar

Baby Steps

Baby steps
Not like ours
Tickled feet from garden flowers
Giggling at bumble bees
Laughing at ants
How great to see children
As they sing and dance

Phil Soar

Baby Steps 2

Watching as the innocence was swept off on the tide
A swell of pure emotion, and a feeling deep inside
Watching as that little child, began to take first steps
Where once he crawled, and cried and bawled, no longer so inept

And now we hide possessions, as he waddles round the room
Sweeping up behind him with a mind that cries 'Too Soon'
So now the fun and games begin, and life moves on at pace
We can't resist, those dribbling lips, as he moves round the place

Phil Soar

Back To School

The kids are back at school and parents everywhere can smile
They haven't had a moment's peace for quite a little while
Screaming children flying round like chimpanzees on crack
Every parent's glad that school has taken their kids back.

Phil Soar

Baffled

If I could drift along like others do
Disenchanted by the world around me
Looking like I haven't got a clue
And baffled by the actions that astound me

If I could make my mind up to be cool
And not oblige these losers with my time
I would not feel I was the only fool
And drift off in this empty space of mine

If I could walk through fields of raw emotion
And not let anger self-seed in my brain
Would I be clear of doubt and the odd notion?
That nothing else would be the same again

Phil Soar

Bailiffs

A Picket fence around a field of green and pleasant land
Housing many animals, as if it all was planned
A huge and smart menagerie, that brightened up my day
Until the Bailiffs came around and took it all away

Phil Soar

Bake Off Cake

I baked a cake for 'bake off'
Sent it to Mary Berry
I laced it with a bottle of Gin
Now Mary Berry's Merry

Phil Soar

Baked Beans

I ate a tin of Heinz baked beans
And now there's wind about
But I have got my trousers on
And there is now way out

I expect my pants will take the brunt
Of gasses so explosive
And stain my jockey shorts for me
And make them seem erosive

Phil Soar

Ballerina

She glides across the floor with the grace of a swan
Flamingo like,
She pirouettes
Floating as if skating on an ice flow
Yet dancing
And as we watch
Her effort seems extreme to please our sight
Ballerina
All her skill is borne from years of practice
The blood filled dancing shoes
The aching muscles struggling to achieve the best
Yet with the beauty of a butterfly
The legs of a flamingo
She flies through the air and lands like a feather
Only touching the stage for a second
Before rising again like a Phoenix through an orange flame
And then to stand
Arabesque, before twisting once more
And forever remaining in your mind
Because she dances for you
The Ballerina

Phil Soar

Balloons

The man with the balloons, stood alone amongst the crowd,
The boy, in sheer excitement, saw the man and cried aloud,
Then tugging at his father's sleeve, his face a shining glow
He stared into his father's eyes, and pointed at the way to go.

He never asked, he didn't have to; he could not hear or say,
The message would get through though, in its very special way
The man was getting nearer as they strode across the ground,
His little face could light the streets for many miles around.

He could not hear his father's words, but looked into the skies
Until the man with the balloons bent down before his eyes
He gestured; Take your pick, the youngster took the biggest one,
His father paid and turned around, his little boy had gone.

He struggled through the swelling crowd, his eyes were everywhere
Until he saw that huge balloon, just hanging in the air
The boy was sitting down nearby, a picture of content,
His father looked and smiled, and though his money was well spent.

Phil Soar

Barging

We hired a barge one sunny day,
And cruised the Norfolk Broads
For miles we viewed the countryside
And never once crossed swords
And yet the very placid scenes
Had led us both astray
Our eyes met as we saw the Lock
That blocked the waterway
If we should go much further
We would have to soldier on
And work ourselves into the ground
Until the day was gone
My wife was there to shout the odds
And tell me what to do
So by the time we'd motored through
The air was rather blue
I climbed back on the floating home
Just as she picked up speed
The noise from all her shouting stuff
Had made my earholes bleed
So secretly I hatched a plan
To throw her overboard
I kept her thinking things were fine
Although my plan was flawed
I hadn't thought about the bridge
That had come into view
And as she steered us underneath
I wouldn't see things through
The bridge struck me upon the head
And threw me in the drink
And she moved on, didn't know I'd gone
And all she did was blink

Phil Soar

Barking Up The Wrong Tree

They said I was barking up the wrong tree
I'm not a dog, so I can't see
Why the fuss over what I've said
Maybe they should go to bed
Sleep on it and wake refreshed
Stop the angst and getting depressed
My bark is not worse than my bite
And I never howl in the pale moon light

Phil Soar

Basket Case

A basket case am I
I fly on the wings of a boeing
I trip, but not high on drugs
I keep a strange cage full of parrots
And a lot of my garden has bugs

I walk in a forest of ankles
And when my feet ache from the stroll
I take a new pair and I wear them
And I look like a ugly old troll

Phil Soar

Basket Case 2

They said he was a basket case, quite why, I felt unsure
He had some posters on the walls, and papers lined the floor
They said he was eccentric, and yet I liked this man
Until he smiled and dealt a blow, with mother's frying pan!

Phil Soar

Bath Time

I lay in the bath, my skin went pink
Perhaps it was my bedtime drink
I kept it in a random locker
My wife thought I was off my rocker
Yet when I drank, and washed my face
I drifted off to outer space
And when I woke, found I had drowned
And the wife was nowhere to be found.

Phil Soar

Bathroom Games

I circumnavigate myself
when I am in the bath
I roll around like a whale sometimes
so I can have a laugh
My wife will knock the bathroom door
to see if I'm alright
I'm known to bathe alone in there
until the depth of night

I have some little bathroom toys
like ducks and submarines
I play some little war games
which can sometimes get extreme
my wife will knock the bathroom door
when she hears an explosion
my farts are lethal weapons too
though the water dulls the motion

I like to wallow in my slime
Imagining a chemical spill
as the plastic duck I idolise
Is covered in a toxic grill
of skin and dandruff, hairs and more
like a scurvy grime along a shore
like a wave of such bacterial waste
that it's not to everybody's taste

My wife will knock the bathroom door
and wait outside the battle zone
expecting me to wash the floor
to clear the mess inside her home
But when I bathe, I seldom see
the consequences if I fail
to win the war of cleanliness
and not be found like a beached whale

Phil Soar

Bats

I could stand alone and take in all around
As darkness fell and bats began to fly
And although they flew so silently at speed
The sight was more or less accompanied
By flashing images, so fast and swift
Given heart and mind a welcome lift
Hundreds of them, echo sounding flight
Out to search for insects in the night
Reluctant to retreat inside, I watch in awe
Until I couldn't watch it anymore
Tiredness hits me like a thunderbolt
My night in the wilderness comes to a halt

Phil Soar

Bats 2

They flew from Fascia boards high on the building
As darkness settled on the village square
A hundred thousand bats and perhaps more so
In daylight, you would not have known from where

Phil Soar

Battles

Battle scars left on jagged skin
Deformed by war and everything
Twisted faces deep in pain
Lying trenched by pouring rain
Explosions batter ground and air
Death and noise are everywhere
No rescue from this agony
Only fate and destiny
Lie between the Soldiers frame
Until some peace breaks out again

Phil Soar

Be Happy

When the girl in your arms, is the girl of your dreams
That is a moment to treasure
When the heart skips a beat, every time that you meet
Life is a much welcome pleasure

When the place that has been, one you find so serene
That is the place you should be
When your mind is at peace, with this wilderness place
Then you can relax happily

Phil Soar

Beaches

Beaches strewn with pebbles
With no sight of any sand
Unless you dig the stones away
And cup it in your hand
And then the tide comes home again
And covers it with more
We wonder why the stones exist
To hide the sandy shore

Phil Soar

Beanz Meanz Heinz

I ate my weight in Heinz baked beans
To see what it would do
Then spent a day on the lavatory
Filling it with poo! .

Phil Soar

Beautiful Leaves

They gather en masse across a woodland floor
Lying together, their colours blend with intensity
In death they sustain the very essence of the wood
And create new life where decay feeds the future

Leaves of such variety, drifting on winds of Autumn
Briefly stirring the senses on a frosty morning walk
Crunching under foot, but not wasting energy
They bring a gift of nutrients so rich it is refreshing

And after the fall, they appear to blend in
Surroundings changing as winter moves on
And in spring we look for their replacements
As buds open, and the cycle renews

I love the beauty

Phil Soar

Becoming An 'ex'

Teflon coated love affairs
Finish when nobody cares
Years of unprotected sex
Until the time you are an 'ex'

Phil Soar

Bedroom Partner

Looking out from underneath the duvet
Wondering who left my bed
I was hoping that she'd be a stunner
And not some strange person named fred

Phil Soar

Bedtime Caper

'You can't fool me' my mother said
'You done something beside your bed
Am I to think you've been up to no good? '
'Oh no, mother' I replied
'There was someone by my side
And he did something I don't think that he should'

Phil Soar

Bedtime Drink

It's my own fault you see
As I drank a cup of tea
Half an hour before I went to bed
I spent all night in the loo
And not for a number two
But to urinate all bloody night instead

Phil Soar

Bedtime Stories

When I was small the bedtime stories worried me
Tales of ghosts and dragons and pirates out at sea
Stories laced with horror and rhymes with undertones
Sounds that rumbled in the dark, and chilled me to my bones

They didn't help me fall asleep, but scared me half to death
And by the time the tale was done, I couldn't catch my breath
My Father was amused by this, and said it's in the mind
I always wondered why his name was Mr Frankenstein

Phil Soar

Bees Knees

I watched the bees, with pollen rich knees
Flying from foxglove to dahlia
Dancing in flight as they fly through the air
Regarding no nectar as failure,
No more wondrous a sight, as a bee in its flight
As they work stripey butts off with zest
Their industrious work, a life they can't shirk
As they fly around doing their best.

Phil Soar

Beginning

I have lain beside a waterfall and watched cascades fall down
I've swam in storms of hatred, with the thought that I might drown
I've watched a form of wonder, as the Ice flows merged as one
I just wish I'd been around to see how life had first begun.

Phil Soar

Behind Your Eyes

If I could see beyond your eyes
Would dreams become reality?

If I could walk in your footsteps
How far would your feet take me?

If I could dreams your dreams
Would I find the peace within you?

And If I could pass some time with you
Would I rest in your sanctuary?

If only I could see behind your eyes

Phil Soar

Being Right

The cost of being right sometimes
can make you look aloof
you make it seem you know it all
without a hint of truth
and though you're not big headed
someone could say that you
are someone who should be aware
of what you say and do

Phil Soar

Being The Best

He fought his way to where he is today
Crushing all opponents on the way
Treading on their woeful high ambition
Beating them became this man's tradition

When he was fighting nothing felt so good
He trained so hard to get there, as you should
If you want to be the best at your career
Train hard, work hard, and then have no fear

Phil Soar

Being There

A word of kindness spoken, one that helps to raise a grin
A whisper in 'that' moment, while your lover's giving in
A stroll when walking hand in hand, a mark of love's embrace
And being there in troubled times, is so hard to replace

Phil Soar

Belonging

My heart belongs to me, and yet I want to share it
My thoughts belong to me, but I am prone to share them
The steps toward my future can't be shared, as they're my own
My heart and mind accompany me, for every year I've grown

Phil Soar

Beneath The Sea

Beneath the sea, where the sun holds no residence
Darkness takes on a new meaning
And yet it has a life that none can imagine
And only a few can have the chance to record it
To go to the depths where existence lies in layers
The deeper it goes, the more it amazes us
And yet we know so little about the vastness
And we probably never will

Phil Soar

Beneath The Stars

Beneath the stars
on moonlight nights
Where sea and wind collide
Standing freezing in the cold
And not going inside
The wind across the whiteness of the surf
Pleasing to the eyes
Sounds of waves crash on the beach
Under starlit skies

Phil Soar

Beside A River Bank

I picture myself sitting on a river bank
The willow hanging loosely by my side
I have my life and nature I should thank for this
And beauty follows me with every stride

Once resting and at peace with mother nature
The passing hours and minutes seem like jewels
Away from all the pressure and the future
Away from all the idiots and fools

The silence only broken by a passing wind
That flutters as a warm and welcome breeze
As if it reaches out to me then disappears
And brings me gently to a life of ease

The sleep I take in briefly has me restful
As the daylight drifts in hours of mid-day sun
And all my worries vanish into nothing
As nature fills my heart, and takes my hand

Phil Soar

Beverley Crest

Beverley Crest was not at her best
When she knocked on my door for some sugar
She stood in the nude
And said something rude
And she looked like she'd been playing Rugged
With a cauliflower ear
And a bruise on her rear
I thought she'd been hurt in a scrum
And as she walked away
There was nothing to say
As I could see the hole in her bum

Phil Soar

Beyond A Cloudless Sky

Beyond a cloudless sky
Where stars hang out until the night
Above our world and circling overhead
They take their flight
Whilst Orbit seems so stationary
From where we are down here
Beyond a cloudless daytime sky
All of them disappear

Phil Soar

Birdsong

There's a certain injustice to birdsong
It can keep you awake, early dawn
No matter how much you enjoy it
Sometimes it can make you forlorn

Phil Soar

Birth

A horse has got four legs to run
A fish has gills to breathe
A cow makes milk to fill the teats
That dangle underneath
A duck has special Eider down
To stop it getting wet
An elephant has brains they say
That won't let it forget
But by far the greatest asset
That god gave to this earth
Is a special source of ecstasy
The beauty that is birth

Phil Soar

Biscuit Crumbs

Biscuit crumbs line the barrel
No more biscuits to unravel
Nothing for my cup of tea
To dunk in there at half past three
Custard creams or cookie dough
I blame that lazy so and so
Who went out to the local store
And hasn't bought biscuits any more
I guess that I'll just go without
A biscuit and tea from a spout

Phil Soar

Biscuit Tourettes

I F***ing hate digestives
I F***ing hate Rich Teas
I F***ing hate all biscuits
I'm F***ing hard to please.

I F***ing hate those Bourbons
With chocolate in the middle
Made by F***ing morons
And Makers on the fiddle.

I hate those Jammie dodgers
And shortbread makes me fat
I wish the F***ing biscuit tin
Was squashed and F***ing flat.

I F***ing hate those custard ones
Fig Rolls and Hobnobs too
I F***ing hate those party rings
And Arrowroot makes me poo.

A viennese finger sounds obscene
And malted milk is shite
I F***ing hate these biscuits
I'm F***ed okay?
That's right

Phil Soar

Bitterness

The bitterness of the thoughts I had were not me
I had let them take over
Unable to control them I relinquished everything
And my conscience left me for a moment

Determined to get back to who I was, I wandered aimlessly
Seeing avenues ahead, but walking streets of emptiness
And the souls of those I hurt were like ghostly apparitions
And they challenged my resolve and caused turmoil in my mind

My lights were off and darkness came on suddenly
The spark I used to have has now burnt out
And so those words I heard have caused this injury
Of that I'm sure there isn't any doubt.

Phil Soar

Black

Black leather jackets

Black cotton shirts

Black silky underwear

Black half length skirts

Black high heeled boots

Black DD bras

Black nylon stockings

Black suspendars (!)

My wardrobe is darker than deep underground

And I'm not coming out, in case I get found

Phil Soar

Black Friday

A bargain that she can't resist
An opportunity she missed
A 'Two for One'
A bargain buy
The only thought I have is:
Why?
The clothes she wears
The food we eat
All part of a shopaholic treat
A full trolley load
An craze
Performed in a sort of misty haze
She sees the labels on the racks
Cardboard boxes, blister packs
Bottles of this
Plenty of that
Marked down prices staring back
Rushing to be the first in line
Black Friday is her wake up time
Sorties planned with expertise
Knocking competitors on their knees
Getting there first a major task
Never wanting to be the last
Stores that open early
Queue outside all night
Prepared to rush at midnight
Prepared to have a fight
Over in a flash and then
Back to start the plan again
The Christmas Sales not far away
Refuel the car ready for the day
And I just sit there in a daze
Laughing at this shopping craze

Phil Soar

Blackbird

I watched the Blackbird forage in the earth for food,
I sat and marveled at the skill it had,
And seeing other birds at large, with family broods
It made me smile, and I felt a little glad

Phil Soar

Blackbirds

More Blackbirds in the garden this year, than the year before
Mixing with the other birds, searching on the floor
Sweeping up the food I scattered, just to help them thrive
How great the feeling of reward, when seeing them survive

Phil Soar

Blackpool

Who needs the Northern lights when we have Blackpool
Illuminations light the darkened sky
People flock there every year to see them
And all of them should ask themselves just why

Phil Soar

Blackpool Memories

Neon lights across the promenade
A mile of flashing bulbs light up the town
It's Blackpool, where early memories were made
Though now I cannot stand its northern crown

My childhood autumn breaks were spent up there
Dodging wind and rain and howling gales
Parents dragging children everywhere
Spending money like no-one really cared

Arcades taking money from our pockets
The Circus in the Tower was a must
Cheap and nasty gifts of jewels and locketts
Sellers on the prom you couldn't trust

Fortune tellers every other yard
The Pleasure beach and all its rides and stalls
Smiling all the day was not too hard
The seagulls and the squawking and the calls

Eating fish and chips along the pier
Dodging floating stools and Diarrhoea
Donkey rides along the miles of sand
Walking down the prom all hand in hand

When I was just a boy, it seemed so great
Searching for the Tower, you couldn't wait
Enjoying Blackpool trips as a yearly treat
But now I wouldn't walk down Blackpool streets

Nothing against the joy I had back then
Every flipping year from two to ten
They are memories I think of now and then
A childhood memory from way back when

Phil Soar

Blank

Trials and tribulations
Facts and reflections
Toils and strife
The spoils of life
Beginnings and endings
Come and go at a pace
No wonder I have this blank look on my face

Phil Soar

Blessings

Blessings

Count them

How many do you have

Friends and family?

Health and Happiness?

Do they keep you staisfied?

Count them every morning

Don't let one day pass

You should always count your blessings

You can't be sure how long they'll last

Phil Soar

Blind To It

I stole a look through drawn blinds
Watched across the street
As people came and left that place
Where death and happiness meet
Exchanging money hand by hand
In paper bags and envelopes
Sniffing through a long straw strand
And turning people into dopes
No sign of help for those addicted
No way to stop them seeking more
No rescue from the pain inflicted
No-one cares much anymore
I stole that look then hid away
In case my eyes should go astray
Blinded by the sense of guilt
Around the vision I had built

Phil Soar

Bliss

I watch the bees, with yellow knees, flying back and forth
As butterflies, sat idly by, warming in the sun,
I saw the frogs, beneath the logs, I'd scattered on the ground
I wished the day would never end, for bliss was what I'd found

Phil Soar

Blogs And Twits

Do you sit there reading blogs and all that tattle?
Do your knees knock and your bones begin to rattle?
Are you really watching people as they twitter?
At our age shouldn't we feel something bitter?

Phil Soar

Blood Bank

Nosferatu hangs around
Until the evening calls
Then flies off to a blood bank
His memory recalls
Drinking from the veins of those
Who lie in bed in sweet repose
Until they wake with such a fright
They've given blood throughout the night

Phil Soar

Blossoms

I left some blossom on the tree
To see if nature kept it there
It doesn't really bother me
Because at times, life isn't fair

And so it blew away on summer winds
And took away the beauty it revealed
It left just leaves and nothing else at all
And next year's blooms were waiting there, concealed

Phil Soar

Blushing

I used to blush a lot when I was younger
The slightest innuendo turned me red
However, now my face is slightly longer
It takes a lot to make me blush instead

The years have left me slightly dirty minded
I see the filth in quite the weirdest things
Dolly Parton's greatest tits have had me blinded
And I love the way they wobble when she sings

Phil Soar

Bo Peep

He spoke to me last night among the zzzzzz's of sleep
And told me not to worry about Bo Peep
Who lost those sheep
And didn't know where to find them

So I lay counting sheep, until I fell asleep
And then I knew where they were
But I couldn't tell her, for she was lost too
Looking for them
Crook in hand
Poor cow!

Phil Soar

Boats

Boats in Marinas remind me of class
They stare back at me as I sit on my ass
Watching the owners, sail out to sea
Wondering what they all think about me

Phil Soar

Bob Dylan

Was Bob Dylan the Villain
When nobel called
Or just a songwriter whose mind was obscured
When he finally said
My songs are not read
But just played when his fans became bored

Phil Soar

Bonkers

The world has gone quite bonkers
The planet has gone mad
Can you remember how it was
Before it all went bad?

Phil Soar

Book Of Life

The book of life is brief
and once a chapter is complete
we move on to the next
either speedily or slowly
depending on our age

Each chapter holding snippets of our lives
for those who like to pry
and search for something they can imagine
is like their own story
and recollect their past

Biographies
Autobiographies
always episodes from others lives
we care to know about
to marry their existence with ours
until the end, of course

And no-one wants that final chapter
that epilogue
the end

Phil Soar

Books

To the pages of books I have lost myself in
I thank the author for allowing me in
For developing stories I've found so intense
That I've managed to touch every innocent sense
Every epic proportion as chapters unveil
Keeping me occupied, not letting me fail
To imagine the scenes that the writer explores
Allowing inside, and opening doors
Imagining things as the words flow like streams
Casting the pages to inside my dreams
And when the book ends and is placed on the shelf
I wish I could write something like it myself

Phil Soar

Borders

Borders

Tended lovingly

At night time, are not restricted zones

All sorts of natures crimes

Can be predicted at that time

As the slugs and snails can't leave new shoots alone

Phil Soar

Born

The freshness of the early morning dew
and colourful display of springs new plants
results in flutters inside minds and souls
and sets your very feelings in a trance

as morning light gets earlier each day
and birdsong fills the air from early dawn
it brightens up our spirits in a way
that makes us thankful, glad that we were born

Phil Soar

Breakfast And The Spider

The spider crawled out of his comfy bed
Wove another intricate web
Sat back and relaxed, with his feet on the silk
And waited for breakfast to go with his milk!

Phil Soar

Breaking In

He broke into the larder, to satisfy his greed
Raided all the cereal, just so he could feed
Cutting holes in boxes, with his dainty little teeth
I wouldn't know he'd been there, without looking underneath

The mouse that shared my pantry, was a visitor at night
Not prepared to call by day, in case we had a fight
So all I did was set a trap, and went to bed a wreck
And waited for that welcome snap, that said I'd broke it's neck!

Phil Soar

Breaking The Heart

Seeing you lying there
The stillness of time washing away my memories
Those childhood days of missing you
The hours you worked to keep the family safe
The days we wished our little hearts away
The days when you had nothing else to say
As the weariness of being there bore down on you
As the smiles gave way to pain
And nothing ever made up for the time we lost
Missing you
So father when you listen to me now
Making promises of my own
I vow to remember you as someone fine
Who never knew when he should draw a line
Yet always had the wisdom that we sought
We thank you for the memories you left behind
And hope your level of kindness we can find
Seeing you Lying there
The stillness of time haunting the moment
Breaking the heart

Phil Soar

Breaking The Ice

I broke the ice and bought a drink
Just as the night began
She was dressed in a beautiful hand made skirt
While her stockings gave her a tan
I suddenly felt romantic
And I touched her on her bottom
She knocked me off my bar stool
And the rest is best forgotten

Phil Soar

Brief Encounter

We shared a brief encounter underneath the willow tree
The smile it brought to your sweet face, was wonderful for me
You flushed with the emotion and you wallowed in the thrill
And it was great to know that we both loved each other still

Phil Soar

Bright Love

She said she had carried a torch for me
I never even knew it
she had the chance to fall for me
But I'm afraid she blew it!

Phil Soar

Broken

You came along the moment that I needed you
although you didn't know it at the time
no reason your appearance changed my life for me
but glad now that you seem to be all mine

My feelings had been damaged, I was a broken man
although you didn't know it at the time
and when we spoke you drew an image of yourself
the artwork was perfection, quite sublime

With actions speaking louder than the doubts I had
although you didn't know it at the time
you changed the way I felt about the future then
and cleared the damage from my broken mind

Phil Soar

Broken 2

Laws to be broken
Hearts broken too
Nevertheless
I will always love you

Phil Soar

Broken Cups

I broke another cup today
The china one, with the rabbit on
I broke the badger yesterday
And I had to throw them both away

Phil Soar

Broken Heart

I didn't want her to let go, but knew she would
I could have clung to her forever if I could
And when she left my world just fell apart
Because that girl had finally broke my heart

Phil Soar

Broken Sleep

I sometimes feel I get no sleep at all
The remnants of my dreams I can't recall
And through the darkness, there's no end in sight
As I lie thinking, in the dead of night

The room is empty, but I feel concerned
It smells like there is incense being burned
And when I wake, a ghostly shade of light
Is haunting me throughout a sleepless night

No matter how long I remain awake
I wonder how long it is going to take
Before I shut my eyes and drift away
Into a world where night remains all day

I sometimes feel I never rest at all
I'm always on the go, or so I'm told
But when I try to sleep and close my eyes
All I see are stars in darkening skies

One day I know I'll sleep the day away
And evenings too, when ghosts and spirits play
And nothing then will stir things in my head
Because I won't be sleeping, I'll be dead

Phil Soar

Broken Toys

Broken toys
Lying in boxes as memories
For no purpose
But to remind us of our childhood

Phil Soar

Brunel

Isambard Kingdom Brunel,
What a ridiculous name,
He built lots of bridges as well,
That's how he shot to fame.

His bridges cross canyons, rivers and seas,
But he never would go underneath,
Instead he spent time with his dentist,
Building a bridge for his teeth! .

Phil Soar

Brush Strokes

I felt it
Your pain
As if your painted portrait spoke a thousand words
That first draft sketch
At first your angst explained
But once in oils
Your face had changed
The pencil strokes
The brushes flight
Across the canvas
Warm and bright
The smile was there
But underneath
It showed your pain
But not your teeth
The end result a masterpiece
Of oils and turmoils
Mysteries
The picture in your face explained
The need to smile
Outside the pain

Phil Soar

Bucket List

I wrote myself a bucket list
and it was quite extensive
but all I bought were buckets
and sit there looking pensive

Phil Soar

Bucket List 2

He started on his bucket list this morning
by early evening it was quite substantial
every type of bucket you could think of
was written down and it was quite a handful

Phil Soar

Bucking Bronco

I got on the bucking bronco
It bucked me all day long
And after it was done with me
The bucking thing moved on

Phil Soar

Bugle Call

The bugle played, reminding us of those who fell before
those kindred souls, whose lives were lost
in many a futile war
No sound can stir the mind and heart
and make us thank our stars
like the sound of that long reverie
and those lost and soulful hearts

Phil Soar

Bunk Beds

I used to climb into my bed
When I was just a kid
Up the ladder, to the top
That's what I always did
My brother had the bottom bunk
Though he was twice my age
And being stuck above him
Always filled me with such rage

At every opportunity,
I made him feel a git
For making me climb up those rungs
And not caring a bit
And when we both were old enough
To choose a single bed
The first time that I got the chance
I stood upon his head

He asked me why I did it
And I said 'let me explain
I forgot that the bunk had gone
And tried to climb again!

Phil Soar

Buried

Buried in a wooden crate
Gone too soon, instead of late
Burnt to a cinder in a red hot grate
And turned to ash, that's all our fate

Phil Soar

Burnt Bridges

Some bridges have been burned that cannot be rebuilt
Some lies were told that filled the mind with so much guilt
Those tales that made believe that all was something it was not
May soon reveal the feelings that We thought we had forgot

Phil Soar

Bus Stop

I ran for the bus,
It drove away,
I woke up late again today.

Phil Soar

Butt Flossing

She wore a thong for a month or two
Until it was stained by an awesome poo
She had anal flossed her time away
And she squirmed on a chair throughout the day

Phil Soar

Butterfly Leaves On Autumn Breeze

Looking like a trillion butterflies in flight
The autumn leaves swirl endlessly on October winds
Carried away in plumes of yellows and golds
Their host casting them aside like unwanted baggage
They fall from great heights like butterflies wings
Laying to rest upon seasoned friends
They once stood side by side soaking up the sun
But now they rest together
Their job done
And all that is left is their wish to return to the earth
Enriching the ground we walk upon

Phil Soar

Buy One, Get More

I walked into the Superstore
Subliminal messages played in my mind
My subconscious drew me to aisles off route
I questioned my ability not to buy
And my basket, once full, was not enough
So I took a cart, and filled that too

All I went in for, I forgot
I must wear headphones when I shop
At least my music would soothe and not use

Phil Soar

Buzz Off

It was all I could do to defend myself,
I tried to make it quick,
I blocked the armed assailant,
With quite a long hard stick,
I thrust it out in front of me,
I waved it all about,
I struck him in the head with it,
And I almost knocked him out.

He got up almost instantly,
And came at me again,
Whistling past my head at speed,
To try and cause me pain,
I wailed him with another blow,
And flung him very far,
I ran across the countryside,
And headed for the car.

I turned to see him with his mates,
Descending from a cloud,
Flying in formation,
And buzzing really loud,
And just like Kami Kazi's,
Prepared to die with Honour,
They flew at me at lightning speed,
I thought I was a goner.

I flung myself under a bush,
They circled as a team,
Flawless in Manoeuvring,
And flying at full steam,
I thought I'd catch them all off guard,
Ran back the way I came,
But they had left a random squad,
Waiting down the lane.

What followed was a masterpiece,
Of flying expertise,
Attacking me from every side,

They brought me to my knees,
All I could hear was buzzing,
All they could see was me,
They left me lying in a heap,
As lonely as could BEE! .

Phil Soar

Cabbage Nonsense

In amongst my cabbage plants
Are lots of worms and score of ants
There's nothing moving in my pants
Perhaps it is my circumstance
My willy has shrunk now that I'm fat
What on earth do you make of that?

Phil Soar

Cabbage White Butterflies

Cabbage white butterflies
Dancing under clear blue skies
Drifting from each flower with so much grace
And if we get so close we see
How beautiful they seem to be
Yet when summer ends, they're gone without a trace

Phil Soar

Cake

I tried my best ignoring it
That cake upon the plate
My hands just reached out instantly
My mouth just could not wait
I didn't need the calories
But ate some anyway
And now I'll just be wondering
Just how much I will weigh

Phil Soar

Cakes

Cakes are taunting me
They know I am susceptible
Inviting me to choose one
Their colour and sweetness
An aromatic concoction
They seem to know I am trying to avoid them
Cakes are bastards!

Phil Soar

Calculated Love

Is love just a calculated risk?
Based on assumptions
Or based on fact
Realising as we do
Sometimes fate takes a hand
Resulting in flawed solutions
Heated debates
Moments of deep emotion
Truths and lies
Losses and gains
Tears and smiles
Sorrow and pain
Only the individual knows
Through time

Is it worthwhile?
Answers varied
As some take several attempts to get it right
But when they do
It is no risk at all.

Phil Soar

Call Me

I heard the ringtone crying out it's song
One of my favourites?
Not so sure
Not when It is a call I do not want to receive
And so I listen
The voicemail kicks in
And then the sounds is gone
And I wonder who it was
It wears my mind
And I wonder if I care
So why do I wonder who it was?
I hear the Beep Beep of the message in text
It reads: 'Call Me'

Phil Soar

Calling Mars

Calling Mars, Calling Mars
Way up there mixed with the stars
Have you any water there?
Please can you make us aware
We want to colonise your planet
Then eat away at rocks and granite
Preparing you for our arrival
Although we are on the horizon
Just a little speck in space
We want to come and kill your place
Just like we aim to kill the earth
We're good at that, for what it's worth

Phil Soar

Calling Out

I called out in the night for reasons I don't understand
Maybe it's limited by my subconscious
I wake and scream and panic ensues
Not just from me, but those around me
I feel I owe it to myself to go to bed relaxed
To drift away to a deep sleep
To R.E.M and beyond
Without waking in terror
And scaring myself to death
But fortunately I wake
Cold
But alive
Thank God
Or not
Maybe he is punishing me for something
I call out in the night for reasons I don't understand

Phil Soar

Can I Make You Laugh?

Can I make you laugh with words that function only in a rhyme?
Can I make up some short nonsense, in a short matter of time?
And when you've laughed your socks off, will your feet be very cold?
And will you all remember me, when I am very old?

Phil Soar

Can I Read To You?

'Can I read for you? '
Uncomplicated words
Taken from a diary
Intoxicating the senses
Capturing moments in time
The future looks different now
The past was interesting
History is not repeating itself
And as the year moved on the writer changed
And so did I
Showing how life taught us important lessons
And as I read to you, your eyes close
Goodnight my love

Phil Soar

Can I, Can You?

Can I leave my heart with you, along with my feelings?

Can I be involved without thoughts I'm revealing?

Can I just love you with all I can give?

Can I just be lost in this love that we live?

Can you just be mine for a moment in time?

Can you just relax in these arms of mine?

Can you be my love for the rest of my life?

A lover, a friend, and a confident wife?

Phil Soar

Can You Drown In Tears?

Can you drown in tears of misery?
would you choke on words of hate?
All that we can do, if we are blue
Is sit and contemplate

Don't let these things control you
Take back your self esteem
When things get tough, forget that stuff
Drift off to sleep and dream

Phil Soar

Can You Love Too Much

Can you be too in love that it closes the door?
That words are just meaningless, and become quite a bore?
Where you strangle recipients with too much attention
And love is a word that you really can't mention

When the person you write for is lost in your words
Where love becomes alien and a little absurd
Is love any better for Interminable dross
Can your words be too much and an obvious loss?

One step at a time in the earliest days
Lots of development, maybe some praise
But too much excess can begin to wear thin
And when you call round, she pretends she's not in.

Don't swallow compulsion and spew out your drawl
Limit the words and she will love their recall
In the future, the sound of your unyielding care
Is best said in highlights, whilst love's in the air

Phil Soar

Cancerian Mind

There's a curse on my mind, I am certain of this
Words are befuddled there, sentences missed
Nothing is certain, I'm fooled almost hourly
Sometimes other people will look at me sourly.

I have my own dictionary, all sorts of words
Making them up when I'm feeling absurd
I surf my mind sometimes for things most obscure
I'm a deep centred Cancerian that is for sure.

Sadness and melancholy, Happy and gay
All these emotions appear in one day
Emotional wreckage is found in my psyche
Something unusual or something I like.

I never know when my heart may rule my head
Or my anger unfold, with a feeling of dread
Like a fire burned in hell, or a storm in the night
I cannot be sure when my mind will ignite.

Un-seamless the mixture has a hold on my mind
A ghost creeping up on me from far behind
Never relenting, a permanent fixture
Deep seated emotions, a tortuous mixture.

And yet I'm at peace with it, now that I know
For 62 years it has ebbed and has flowed
Unable to combat the mystery here
Some days I may worry, with nothing to fear.

So although I am mixed up, and uncertainty rules
I'm at peace with my feelings, relaxed, not bemused
A hardened exterior, and a softness inside,
With my thoughts as my bible, and the moon as my guide

Phil Soar

Can't Take The Hurt Anymore

And now that the romance ended
I have been left upon the floor
Praying for someone to take me
Because I can't take the hurt anymore

All of the effort to mend things
When I stopped you from closing the door
Only for troubles to restart again
And I can't take that hurt anymore

And now all the echoes of silence
Bounce of the ceiling and crash on the wall
I'm all alone and I hate this
I can't take the hurt anymore

Tomorrow's a new day
But I have seen this all before
I know that there are ways to mend it
But I can't take the hurt anymore

Now as I walk from the shadows
And meet people I cannot ignore
I know that I should let them help me
But I can't take the hurt anymore

And as the road seems so endless
And leads to somewhere that I should explore
I just cannot handle that journey
And I can't take the hurt anymore

While I lay counting my heartbeats
Wondering why this cannot be restored
Love is just left in the corner
And I can't take the hurt anymore.

Readers Note: This poem was written as a result of listening to a song and is not

a personal experience.

Phil Soar

Captain Stalwart

'Come and live beside the sea'
Captain Stalwart said to me
I've got a lot of seamen as my friends
I'd Heard this tale before
And said that I would stay ashore
And that is where this naughty story ends

Phil Soar

Capturing Dreams

If I could capture all my dreams
And keep them all intact
I'd store them for my later years
And then play all them back
To see how much my life has changed
And how those dreams have shown
That from the moment my eyes closed
The world was just my own

Phil Soar

Car Park

I drove around the car park
Looking for a space
I whipped in front of someone else
You should have seen his face! .

Phil Soar

Car Wash

I drove into a car wash
And sat to no avail
I'd knocked the bloody wall down
And was promptly sent to jail

Phil Soar

Cards On The Table

My cards were on the table, but my hand was pretty poor
I'd gambled that she'd buckle, and I'd walk out of the door
But I had not imagined that she'd played this game before
She took my legs from under me, and I fell to the floor

My Jack was in my pocket and I'd aced the queen I thought
And then she played her master plan, and I was truly caught
She held her joker in her hand, and laid her hand face down
And when i turned them over, all that I could do was frown

Phil Soar

Caricatures

Caricatures painted swiftly at an easel
Drawing us, as we sit there amused
The end result is somewhat less than pleasing
We look like people who have been abused!

Phil Soar

Caring

The moment you invest your time in someone else's care
You give something away, that you had never thought you'd share
And when the very thought of it, has made that person smile
Take that piece of thoughtfulness and treasure it awhile

Phil Soar

Casanova

I thought myself a quiet casanova
A sort of Don Quixote with some flair
My wife says I'm an inappropriate lover
With no finesse and even less of hair

Phil Soar

Cast

I cast my shadow swiftly
as the sun met me today
As cloud flew in
my shadow
just as quickly fell away

Phil Soar

Castaway Thoughts

'Write down your thoughts', then bin them
It's time to let them go
They can stay too long, before they're gone
And cause you harm you know

Start each new day with a saying
That could lift your spirits high
Don't keep sad thoughts for a moment
As they make you wonder why

Phil Soar

Castles

Castles steeped in history, where kings and queens once ruled
Courts where feasts were often held, as jesters played the fool
Years of royal leadership and views across their kingdom
Toils and wars surrounding them, fighting for their freedom

Some still haunted by the past, their turrets tell a story
Just to stand upon them now, reminds us of that glory
Whilst others are still pristine hosts for how their families fared
In wars and years of desperate times, and all the horror shared

These empty treasures casting folk back to their ancient past
Reminders of how hard it was to make their journeys last
But helping us encompass, what life must have been worth
In days when rich and poor were separated by their birth.

Phil Soar

Catching Up

Tick, Tock, Tick Tock
Goes my quite antique clock
I haven't moved on with the times
Have not gone digital, except in my rhymes

Phil Soar

Catherine Crete

Catherine Crete
Had smelly feet
She didn't wear stockings or tights
And it made you aware
Of when she was there
Her legs would be steaming at night

Phil Soar

Caught

When I look back
I crack my neck
Seems that age caught up on me
And now I walk quite awkwardly
Because my age caught up on me

Phil Soar

Caught In The Act

The evidence was pretty strong
The defendant bang to rights
He'd ran away from the crime scene
With a pair of Mary's tights

He took 6 pairs of nickers
A bra and a wafer thin thong
A tartan shirt and a pleated skirt
And he thought he'd done no wrong

He was caught just round the corner
With the thong around his nose
His ball bags sat inside the bra
And wearing the pantie hose

The copper who arrested him
Was taken by surprise
And in the dock, to the jury's shock
Showed an ample pair of thighs

Phil Soar

Caustic Soda

I poured some Caustic soda down the drain
I don't think I'll be doing that again
The splash-back as the soda hit the bottom
Had burnt my hands and is better off forgotten

Phil Soar

Cctv

They captured me on CCTV
Dashing to make my appointment
They just didn't know, about my sore toe
And that I just needed some ointment

Phil Soar

Celebration

The tree is up, the lights are lit
The decorations flapping
The only question in my mind
Is when Easter will be overlapping
With each and every marketable time
They seem to blend together
And the reason to celebrate each one
Is as unpredictable as the weather

Phil Soar

Cello

I've learnt to play the Cello,
I sit it on my knee,
I pluck it very lightly,
And I'm done by half past three

Phil Soar

Censored

I'm stretching it a bit
When I write my nonsense wit
And I write as I enjoy it
Never seeking to destroy it
The words flow as a stream
And sometimes are extreme
I have held them in a dream
Until it's not all that it seems
So, in all my many rhymes
I slip up from time to time
And my poems get censored by the hunter

Phil Soar

Centuries Ago

They wrote in hieroglyphics
Centuries ago
Drawing on their wisdom
As they drew on the cave walls
And as we found these treasures
And called them to account
The people who deciphered them
Didn't know what they're about

For all we know these words and drawings
Didn't mean a thing
And were just an ancient 'Banksie'
With a flair for everything
And somewhere they are laughing
At our efforts to decode
To translate what these people wrote
Before our minds explode

Phil Soar

Challenged

I tried my best at school, and my dad said I was 'challenged'
I was 'touched' by those from the idiot pool and my brain was on an angle
I couldn't concentrate for long and gazed out of the classroom
That's why I've ended up this way, with my hands upon a long broom!
Sweeping the streets for all I was worth, randomly it seemed
Whilst all around the day flew by, as I leaned on it and dreamed

Phil Soar

Chameleon

Blending into the background like a chameleon
her body and mind hidden from view
she set aside some 'me time'
and no-one even knew

Phil Soar

Change

I turned the corner, and the whole world changed
A minor error, but resulting pain
A life no more, all meaning expired
And all because my mind was tired
Retreating into a world so blind
No welcome words, nor help, is kind
No way to replace the minutes lost
The past is gone, but at what cost
You wake, you play each day again,
You try and ease the daily pain
Requesting help, no option for
The feelings that you can't ignore
Distress of an astounding kind
Envelops peace, destroys the mind
One minute replayed countless times
Avoiding all the obvious signs
Not seeking help, Not hoping for
A will to carry on no more
I turned the corner, The whole world changed
A minor error, Resulting pain
A life expired, A life destroyed
No longer, life can be enjoyed

Phil Soar

Changing The Room

The lingering slates upon the wall
Where others crack as down they fall
Attached with more or less adhesive
Means that they hang with no cohesion
Until I get the chisel out
And knock the lingerers about

Phil Soar

Chaos

Gather your belongings for there's nothing more to do
Everything is happening and nothing has come true
Chaos echoes round the globe and everywhere you look
There are too many people, who couldn't give a DAMN! .

Phil Soar

Chapters

As chapters in my life begin
and stories of my life envelop everything
the lines created flow like streams of golden rain
clear and precise
warming and nice
my life is full of episodes and I enjoy reading them

Phil Soar

Charles Darwin

His theory of relativity
Was lost on me

On the origin of species
Some doubted his theories

He could explain the diversity of life
Had ten children with his wife

In 1882 he passed
His theories though would always last

Phil Soar

Chased By Cows

Chased by cows across a field
Was not what I planned to do,
I shouted at them many times
But all they said was "Moo"

Their speed was quite astonishing
The ground beneath me quaked
I trod in many piles of muck
The sun had almost baked

And as I sped across that field
The cows began to gain
Thoughts of death and Sirloin steak
Coursing through my brain

I made it with a yard to spare
And stood behind a gate
With Images of steak and chips
Sitting on my plate

The cows went back to grazing
Whilst I gasped for my breath
The dogs just sat there mystified
And laughed themselves to death

Phil Soar

Cheering Me Up

I really needed cheering up
And so, to make me laugh
I took my clothes off in the yard
And took a photograph
I glued it to the refuse can
To make my neighbours grin
But now I'm just a lonely man
Accused of something grim

Phil Soar

Cheering Things Up

There's too much despair in our lives
Why don't we turn it around?
Cheer each other up
Instead of always looking down
Build up a smile portfolio
And share it with your friends
Kiss the ground you walk upon
Not wonder where it ends
Make every day a special one
Brighten someone's day
Create something to make them laugh
And chase the blues away
With all the troubles out there now
We just need some relief
So do something to light things up
To get rid of the grief

Phil Soar

Cheese Before Bedtime

Circling overhead, the Ghostly vision stretched my imagination
Was I dreaming?

I seemed so awake, it can not have been an apparition
What was I thinking?

My mother said I should not eat cheese before bed
Was she crazy?

No, I like to think it was a ghost and I was not alone
Except for my cheese on toast!

Phil Soar

Chester Dexter

Chester Dexter had made it at last
He broke the world record for making things last
He'd kept tons of onions for twenty five years
But spent his retirement in permanent tears

Phil Soar

Childhood

Remembering when I was young
The things I did, the days were long
The nights were longer, dark and scary
Ghosts and witches, all things hairy
Giant Spiders building webs
Spooky things under the bed
Everything to scare a child
Something gentle, followed something wild
Dreams that made you wet the bed
Strange encounters often led
To images the mind embraced
Awful things you could not face
The bogey man, the devil's horns
The PJ's that your parents wore
All helped inflict that haunting tone
At night, around your only home
The days are filled with learning things
With butterflies and things that sting
Bees and wasps and worms and gnats
Silly people in silly hats
Postman who don't like the dog
Christmas-time with a chocolate log
Easter eggs, school terms and Lent
All that cash your parent's spent
All built your life and helped you grow
Things you learnt, now all you know
Life has many twists and turns
But you don't forget the things you've learned

Phil Soar

Childhood 2

I stuttered as a little boy
Impeding my existence
My mother called me from afar
I came at her insistence
The fact that I was bullied
Made me a nervous wreck
And now when I look back at it
I just don't give a heck

I know it made an impact
At the time, my life was bad
I wasn't aware years ago
And now it makes me sad
I hadn't got the sympathy
Of anyone around me
And matters of my mental state
Continue to astound me

It's a wonder that I made it through
And turned out like I did
After all the hurt and pain I suffered
When I was a kid
Tarnished with impediments
And like a damaged wall
It's a wonder that I made it
I'm amazed I'm here at all

Phil Soar

Childhood Days

Whilst looking through a box of toys
Of things we had when we were boys
I came across a boxing glove
Just one, from a time we sought some love
Instead our dad would punch us raw
The other one he kept in a drawer
Along with a leather strap he bought
The fifties! , now there's food for thought

As a parent, dad was short of tact
Less love and more vengeful impact
The odd cuddle in amongst the strain
Of smacks and more of guilt and pain
And yet, you know, we had no shame
We thought it was a family game
To see who could get beaten most
Before dad had his evening toast

He sat with red cheeks by the fire
With glass in hand, his one desire
Whilst mother just got on with chores
Building bridges, closing doors
Until one day she had enough
And took us out, dragged by the cuff
Away from all the pain and strife
To start afresh, a whole new life

Never looking back, she fled
The angry man with cheeks of red
She took us to the fields of gold
Where good and loving inter-fold
She gave us a chance to re-address
Our childhood and our happiness
A mother's love, and none too late
A rescue, from a beer stained fate.

Phil Soar

Childhood Games

Kiss chase in the playground, wouldn't be accepted now
And all those secret chocolate stashes, frowned upon somehow
The games that were so innocent, in Nineteen sixty two
Were now expressed as nothing more than unhealthy for you

Where did all the reasons go, for playing childhood games
What happened to those fantasies, and all those silly names
How did we become afraid, to let our feelings show
And where on earth has childhood gone?
I'd really like to know

Phil Soar

Childhood Holidays

Footsteps in the sand and castles built with plastic pails
Weathered deck chairs sitting on the prom as thunder hails
Donkey rides and carousels on piers strut out to sea
The memories of Blackpool are my childhood history

Phil Soar

Childhood Obscenities

'Wash your mouth out', mother said
When dad was not around
'That Language isn't welcome here
so do not make a sound'
She sat me in a corner
With a cap upon my head
A 'D' stitched to the front of it
I wished that she was dead

I guess I was a little young
To use an obscene chant
But I was always prone to that
And liked to have a rant
Usually when I'd been told
I couldn't have my way
I'd shout and scream some blasphemy
And sulk for all the day

If dad had ever known of this
His discipline was hard
He'd hit me with a rolling pin
And throw me in the yard
A place where outside influences
Made me swear some more
I'd kick and shout my feelings out
And lie upon the floor

My tantrums always epic
My mother always right
She'd punish me by saying
The bogey man would come tonight
And yet it didn't stop me
From becoming foul mouthed Phil
I swear now for the fun of it
When I have time to kill!

Phil Soar

Childhood Pain

'Turn off the lights, pull out the plugs
Before you go to bed'
My mother said those bloody words
But I had mine instead
'Mother you are quite the tit
And getting on my wick'
That's when my father spoke to me
Then hit me with a stick! .

It was 1958 and was acceptable then! !

Phil Soar

Childhood Secrets

How long before a child can keep a secret?
How soon can tiny minds become corrupt?
How many tears will flow because they're lying?
How long before the anger will erupt?
How many ways are there to say "I told you"?
How much of parents guidance will sink in?
How do you combat moral obligations?
How do you cope with that infantile grin?
How long before your patience breaks its limit?
How will you handle all the flack and tension?
Take this advice and just accept the process
They'll be keeping secrets after you have drawn a pension.

Phil Soar

Childish Me

The child in mean appears from time to time
Well, actually, more than I wish it would
And when it does, results can twist the mind
I'd love to say that it has done me good

At times the things I do give me such pleasure
I see the stupid part of daily tasks
And moments that I laugh at, I just treasure
And hide the masquerade that laughing masks

I really should have learnt that I'm a nutcase
The child in me has helped me be that way
My mum, in early life, had packed my suitcase
And tried to send me back where I came from

Phil Soar

Childish Smiles

The child in me sees funny things in all we say and do
It makes me feel quite silly and I'm prone to giggling to
I never can be serious about the things I see
And very often fall about when people look at me

There are so many people that might spring into my mind
People with big noses or a very large behind
And then I burst out laughing, for no apparent cause
And roll about upon the floor, until the calm restores

I have been told so many times, that I should act my age
I'm afraid it is too late for me, I'm at a funny stage
My life is just a pile of laughs, I hope it never ends
But by the time it does, I realise I'll have no friends

So please do not be angry, when I laugh into your face
It's just a phase I'm going through, and rarely common place
I just think life is silly, and laughing's not a crime
Why don't you come and join in with this funny life of mine

Phil Soar

Childrens Songs

I sang to my children while they fell asleep
And my songs were just the tonic
But my songs soon turned to dirges so deep
As I became an alcoholic

Phil Soar

Childrens Tales

A trill from a dickie bird
In a children's tale
A story they wallow in
That never goes stale
And reading of fairies
And imps and gnomes
Brings laughter and happiness
Into our homes

Phil Soar

Child's Play

It was a cold, cold morning
The car would not respond
My hands were chattering in the wind
There was thick ice on the pond
The fish were frozen solid
My feet were frozen too
My breath looked like I was smoking
My feet were turning blue
I wondered why I'd venture out
In this god almighty weather
Icicles formed upon my hair
And my skin looked like tough leather
I gave up after half an hour
And then went back inside
I took a hot and soapy shower
And then sat down and cried
I was going to miss the nativity
It was just too cold to go
I looked out through the window
At the deep and pure white snow
But my son just shrugged his shoulders
Said 'Daddy it's Okay
I only had a little part
And don't mind anyway'
It sort of melts your heart a bit
That they seem to have the view
That you might as well accept things
As there's nothing you can do.

Phil Soar

Chill Morning Mist

I witnessed the mist passing over the stream
And drifting across fields of endless green
Its course never ending and chilled by the night
Waiting for morning and the suns warming light

Phil Soar

Chim Chim Cheroo

Chim Chimmeny, chim chimmeny, chim chim cheroo
Someone broke in and shoved sticks up my flue
The soot it extracted was black and not blue
And it left a mess in a fireplace or two

Phil Soar

China Blue Eyes

Reflections in your eyes of china blue
A shimmering pool of love inside of you
A trace of just a little extra love
Settles like a pure white turtle dove
And through a mist of consequential bliss
The softest lips afford a loving kiss
And blown away by all that you convey
Leaves me devoid of words that I can say

Phil Soar

Chocolate And Fruit

'Swap chocolate for a piece of fruit'
My dietician said
If you keep eating chocolate
You'll get pain inside the head
It's known for causing headaches
So eat plenty of fruit
And spend some time on the toilet
Or else you'll soil your suit!

Phil Soar

Chocolate Finger

I took a finger of the chocolate kind
And stuck it up a friends behind
Just to see what he would do
Knowing that he'd poop chocolate poo!

Phil Soar

Choirboy Tuition

We crept to the crypt during choirboy tuition
And played silly games to the vicars contrition
He would sing on his own as he thought we were missing
It was better than the times we were caught down there kissing!

Phil Soar

Choreography

I dance across the fields in May
A funny kind of dancing way
And when I'm done, I might fall down
There's usually some booze around

Phil Soar

Christmas Blackmail

Emotional Blackmail

That's what it is

As Christmas approaches

The kids make a list

Send it to Santa

Sit back and wait

Then won't go to sleep

In case Santa is late

Phil Soar

Christmas Card

I bought the card, but the words were not enough
To tell the story of how we fell in love
To explain in words, just how I really felt
To make her cry with joy, and her heart melt

So I sat and penned some words from deep inside
In the hope she'd see how much we've laughed and cried
And to realise she means so much for me
I signed the card, and left it 'neath the tree.

Phil Soar

Christmas Cards

I love this time of year when everyone seems pleasant
Even though they look at you, as if you are a peasant
The love flows from their very being, toward the ones they hate
I better send them Christmas cards, before it is too late

Phil Soar

Christmas Cheer

When the sky is full of snowflakes
And the air is freezing cold
There is lots of Christmas cheer about
And stories to be told
When the log fires burn so brightly
And we snuggle in the warm
We celebrate that moment
When our Jesus Christ was born

Phil Soar

Christmas Fall

I woke up Christmas morning, all the presents neath the tree
I tripped and broke my nose, and then blood did flow from me
I cursed the bloody presents, they'd left out for the dog
He'd opened every one of them, and left a yuletide log
I trod in it, which made me fall, and land upon my face
I F***ing hate these Christmas gifts, strewn around the place

Phil Soar

Christmas In Finland

May the Christmas In Finland be all that you wish,
May the food on your plate be your favourite dish,
May the Elk in your garden, be a sign of good will,
And not some big nuisance you're wanting to kill,
May the Fir tree you've chopped, look exquisitely fine,
With it's cute decorations, and the smell of fresh pine,
May it feel like it's party time until the new year,
And the coming of winter is nothing to fear;
May the presents received, be the ones that you treasure,
May the drinking of ale give you nothing but pleasure,
May your friends and your family bring nothing but cheer,
And you're healthy each day, throughout the next year;
It's the pleasure of knowing you, fills me with Glee,
Knowing I think of you, the way you think of me,
If we stay true to feelings, and keep friends in mind,
We are truly so gifted, remarkably kind;
So enjoy all the fun at this great time of year,
Knowing thoughts of well-being are on minds over here,
Give nothing but pleasure, receive gifts with a smile,
Thanks for being there, staying there, and remain there awhile

Phil Soar

Christmas Is Too Much To Eat

Trifles, puddings, too much meat
At Christmas time, that's all we eat
Calories pile up, Increased weight
Diabetes lies in wait
No use having resolutions
They won't stop the food pollution
And now the diet adverts reign
Its time to shed the fat again

Phil Soar

Christmas Joy

The more we wish for Christmas joy, the more it seems so rare
We may think everything is right, and that we really care
We donate lots of money, and we help our families too
What about the people who are less fortunate than you?
What about the places where people live in fear?
How can they even celebrate, or welcome Christmas cheer?
When will they begin to feel like life has something more?
How do they begin to warm to Christmas anymore?
We all should share our feelings, and help those most in need
What good are empty wishes, when these folk have mouths to feed?
So by all means have a happy time, but take some time to pray
For after celebrating, others need help every day.

Phil Soar

Christmas Love

Around the world and back again
There's suffering and hurt and pain
And yet where love is all around
Emotions peak, and are profound

When Christmas comes, we should embrace
Forget That grin on the devils face
Spread our joy so far and wide
And feel the love we share inside

Phil Soar

Christmas Shopping

In a rush to buy her present
I tripped upon a stone
I gashed my leg and cut my arm
And hurt my funny bone
I crawled along the footpath
As I strained to get in-store
But the gift had gone from the counter
And was not there anymore
So I cursed my luck and left there
And limped all the way home
And promised I'd try tomorrow
And be less cumbersome

Phil Soar

Christmas Sight

Holly and Ivy
Mistletoe and Wine
Mrs Cuthberts underwear
Hanging on the line
So old they were yellow
And not so devine
Hanging there like jello
And smelly all the time

Phil Soar

Christmas Sweets

Sweets appear like magic
As December comes in view
Tubs of makes you can't mistake
Inviting me and you
I'm trying to forgive them
As I am losing weight
So why do people give them?
When they know they'll seal my fate

Phil Soar

Christmas Words

I lay the presents underneath the tree
when I came down next morning
there was only one for me
small and underwhelming
the size of a small card
I wondered what on earth it was
and tried so very hard
I watched the sheer excitement
at what the family had
there was no real entitlement
nothing to make them sad
I looked down on the envelope
the only thing I had
With only one word on it
That word was simply:
DAD

I watched the wrapping paper
being strewn around the floor
I saw the smiles
I heard the squeals
As they opened more and more
and when the final wrapping dropped
they sat there in a huddle
some were still excited
whilst some just sat and cuddled
and then they turned their faces
they looked at me and stared
I looked down at that envelope
and wondered if they cared

They sat there agitated
like a flock of hungry birds
So I opened up the envelope
And found just random words
What looked like shredded paper
But neatly tucked inside
I read them very patiently
And then broke down and cried

You see,
each family member
had written how they felt
just one word,
but so meaningful
that just made my heart melt
and so my first impressions
had vanished with my tears
These words expressed
with so much zest
about their childhood years

Those words will now be treasured
they mean so much to me
And yet I'd seen that lonely gift
Beneath that Christmas tree
I'll never think of Christmas day
without those paper shreds
with the words of love so tenderly
and lovingly expressed

Phil Soar

Christopher Plumb

Christopher Plumb

Had a hole in his bum

And it leaked like a pipe that had burst

But the leak from his willy

Was even more silly

And the smell from his farts even worse

Phil Soar

Circuits Of My Mind

The links that make connections in my quite eccentric brain
Twist my words, and I'm quite sure, are driving me insane
They wander around my circuitry, causing some concern
Touching each and every cell, hoping I might learn
The pulses that they generate are like a spark of light
Lighting up my inner thoughts, making them seem bright
A wired and charged implosion of such a static force
It knocks my mind off everything, and sends my words off course
The source of this relentless stream of extra sensuous charge
Is lodged within an epicentre that's extremely large
Pulsing through my very mind, and speeding like a comet
A black hole in my memory, with deepening scars upon it
I trust that this substantial force will soon gain extra strength
Release a positive energy, of such dramatic length
That my words will just explode, seek a place to rest awhile
And result in something epic, that will make the reader smile

Phil Soar

Circumstance

Make what you will of circumstance
Wallow in pride if you must
Keep a small goat and gnawing stoat
And own a Victorian bust
Be astonished by everything you see
And amble through the park
Say hello to a policeman
When you're walking in the dark
Ambush a wandering nomad
And lock him in a shed
Steal a frog from an old peat bog
Take it home and name it Fred
Draw a line in the sand because you just can
Watch the tide in the river recede
Take a boat out to sea for a minimal fee
And be fully enthralled by greed
If you have the time, stage a pantomime
And play the rear of a horse
Stick your head up the bum of bloke in front
And watch as he strays off course
Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket
And burn a hole in your pants
Say what you like, whilst you're on your bike
And make what you will of circumstance

Phil Soar

Claude

I knew a man named Claude who dived with death
Each day he performed tricks that strained his breath
He would leap off buildings into the lagoon
Whilst people watching called him a buffoon
Until one day he landed on a rock
The noise we heard was something like a 'WHOCK'
Like something from a Batman episode
He lay there in a daze, all comatose
However, he survived his latest trick
And tried again next day, Oh what a prick
This time he killed himself and is no more
Poor old Claude, now buried 'neath the floor

Phil Soar

Clematis

You climb at this time of year
Reaching out to grab a hold
Stretching every sinew
Developing your shape
Opening you horizons
Growing taller each day
Organising your display
Eventually opening your petals
Dazzling the world with your beauty
Offering your food to nature
Until it's over and you sleep again
Spent
But remembered
Clematis

Phil Soar

Climate Change

Ravaged by storms
Buildings torn
Trees brought down
Innocents drown
Fields now lakes
No lucky breaks
Nature destroys
Treats us like toys
Flung here and there
As it brews in the air
No stopping the rain
As it pours down again
The Earth deep in stress
Climate change leaves a mess

Phil Soar

Climbing

He was a mountaineer and had no fear of heights or falling
Although his choice of climbing routes was really quite appalling
When he set off from base camp, no-one knew if he'd come back
He might fall off a precipice or slip into a crack
One day he climbed the Matterhorn, and almost reached the top
He caught his ropes on ragged slopes, and knew he had to stop
The weather turned however, and blew him off the rocks
They found his body down below, and someone stole his socks

Phil Soar

Close To Burnout

How I would like to shut down some of this nonsense
I shouldn't have to decide who I do or do not like
And yet I find myself judging
Not qualified to do so
Even after sixty plus years
But still I find myself judging
How much I should like someone
Or not

How would I like to take care of everyone I like
The list is not infinite
Those close to me I would protect
And though not qualified to do so
Even after all my years
I still find myself trying
To protect them from things I know little about

How I would like to leave my mark before I go
For people to say they like me
Unlike I dislike them
With so many issues still unsettled
And so many people who should know my feelings
How I would like to shut down
When I am done
And take my thoughts with me
Unsettled and not qualified to comment
I sit silently and think
And then I sleep

Phil Soar

Close Your Eyes - And Dream

Close your eyes and dream
And you can be with me
For there I stand just waiting for
That glowing happy feeling
Steadily I wander through
the fruits of our romance
I often have these images
And you and I should dance

Once we synchronise our minds
and dreams become reality
the steps we take in harmony
have much the same beauty
as two swans pairing up for life
dancing on a placid lake
to natures tune

Phil Soar

Clouds Of Grey

Clouds of grey again today
No fluffy white ones to ease the pain
Of senseless, endless, pouring rain
Flooding out my lawn again

And still the birds arrive again
To feed their young in the pouring rain
Their flight as fast as an aeroplane
Too hard for me to ever explain

But the clouds of grey won't go away
Settling in for another day
But I won't let them get in my way
Inside, the sun shines bright today

Phil Soar

Cloves

I bought some Oil Of Cloves to soothe an aching tooth,
I had a part in a Shakespeare play, in which I said "Forsooth",,
I knew a local Chemist, with a Christian name of Ruth,
And a bloke called Jim, who on a whim, said something quite uncouth.

Phil Soar

Clumsy

I cried this morning
I stubbed my toe
I cried because it hurt me so
I cried again just after tea
I stubbed that toe again you see
I cried because I'm a clumsy sod
Thank you ever so much,
God.

Phil Soar

Coat Thief

Somebody stole my overcoat,
Just the other day,
They held me down and took it off,
And then they ran away,
They did the same to all my friends,
And raced off in a car,
We stood there, naked in a field,
And all we said was 'Baa'

Phil Soar

Cobwebs And The Sea

I blew away the cobwebs
And swept away the history
I left a footprint in the sand
For those who visit after me
I memorized the picture
And stored it in my files
I ran so fast along that beach
I ran for miles and miles
Each step I took was swept away
As tides began to ebb and flow
And those who visit after me
Would never see where I Might go
The sea swept all before it
And welcomed it back home
It blew away my history
And left me all alone

Phil Soar

Cocky Lover

I dreamt I was a sexy latin lover
With plenty of libido under cover
I woke with a shock
And a hand on my cock
And it took me a while to recover

Phil Soar

Coco Chanel

Coco Chanel

Had a bit of a smell

Her odour could set you a shiver

The perfume she rejected

Would leave you dejected

As it smelt like a infested river

Phil Soar

Coiled Spring

My body is like a coiled spring
Ready for almost anything
But after all this time It's covered in rust
And how long will it be before it's just dust?

Phil Soar

Cold And Silly

The cold begins to feel as if the Winter's here to stay
And images of daffodils a million miles away
And as my fingers tingle and the frostbite takes control
I tell my mum I wish that we all lived inside a hole

Phil Soar

Cold Blooded

Waiting for the dawn to break
He sits alone on bare rock
Hoping the morning sun will be strong
So he may soak up the rays
And when he is warm enough
His energy will return
And then he seeks to replenish his appetite
Until the evening comes.

Phil Soar

Cold Butterfly

The curtains held a nice surprise
Right before my very eyes
A butterfly just resting there
Seems the room was warmer than the outside air
Now here's the dilemma
Do you leave it be?
Do you move it to a more appropriate place
To maybe help it hibernate
Or perhaps to seal its fate?
Do red admirals hibernate?
Google it, I thought and then
It flew around the room
And for that moment its beauty took my breath away
On a cold autumn day
To release it from this warm place
Would only save my face
Not the admirals
So I wait
I read about the prospect of saving this lone winged beauty
Only to find they cannot survive our cold winters
And so inevitably It will lose the battle
So I leave it there
Warm and safe
For now

Phil Soar

Cold Call

I traced the cold call
I rang the number to vent my anger
I was held in a queue
So I played them some music
And suggested the call would be used for training purposes
And after 30 minutes the album was finished
The Artist as tired as I was
Singing the songs to no-one in particular
Waiting my life away
By then the anger had regressed
So I hung up
What a waste of time and money
Until the next time

Phil Soar

Collecting Tears

Collecting tears, she drowns in unhappiness
Trying to hold them back, they weigh heavily on her breasts
Drawing her breath in, she clutches her chest
Sobbing in her depths of despair
No-one to comfort her there
The death too much to bear
She wallows in the depths
And her pet knows not of her tears

Phil Soar

Collecting Words

Collecting words for use in Rhymes and such
Has always been support for me, a crutch
Accounting for these things I often pen
Resulting in a poem now and then
Using them with ease and sometimes straining
To make them mean something without complaining
I hope when finished, someone understands
How easily words flow, when in my hands
An epitaph, a dirge, a song or two
Developing from words I look up too
A dictionary in my own little mind
Helping me to use the ones I find
Collecting words has always been a blessing
An ease to pen, without the need for guessing

Phil Soar

Come Sit With Me

Come sit with me, beside the sea
And watch the waves cascading
We can reminisce, about what we miss
Until the sunshine begins fading
While our focus onshore, is to stay there some more
And let our minds dwell on the sounds
To enhance our desire, to light a small fire
And watch as the sun settles down

Phil Soar

Come Wake Me Up

Come wake me up this morning
Let your face be my alarm
Kiss me lightly on my cheek
Don't do me any harm
You can even stroke my fading hair
As if I had a mane
Come wake me up this morning
Or I'll go to sleep again

Phil Soar

Comfort Zone

I have a little comfort zone
where I can go to dream
where I can hide away from life
and nurse my self esteem
whenever I feel under stress
I head for my small room
and hide away a little while
before I then resume

It helps me with my daily toil
to know that zone is there
somewhere I retreat to
where I haven't got a care
and when I leave that place I love
I'm ready to begin
another day of nonsense
In this world that I'm trapped in

Phil Soar

Coming Together

When people come together, at a time of some distress
It lifts you up, and gives you hope, and helps to ease the stress
When life has kicked you in the teeth, and nothing seems it's fair
There are people who restore your faith, and show that they all care

Phil Soar

Compared To Us

When dogs pick up a scent it drives them crazy
In comparison our sense of smell is lazy
A whale can exchange a sound with family miles away
We have to use a telephone, to call friends far away
An eagle soars into the air with consummate ease
Having seen its food from high among the tallest trees
To soar like them we need the help of mechanical things
Iron birds with powerful jets and monstrous wings
We are well aware of how we use our senses too
But none compare to the way that nature sees them through

Phil Soar

Compass

I bought a brand new compass
And then went on my way
I followed the magnetic north
To see where I would stay
The compass though was faulty
And North was really south
You should have heard the language
That came out of my mouth

Phil Soar

Compass 2

I bought a compass yesterday
But lost it quite soon after
And now I cannot find my way
So that is a disaster

Phil Soar

Competitive Spring

The competition now as spring arrives
can brighten up the saddest of our lives
the Blackbird sings its song and sound explodes
you hear the tones all round the country roads
and even in the gardens, ears will cup
to listen to the sounds that never stop
the Robins too compete to top the charts
their birdsong filling everybody's hearts
and making up for winter's dismal grip
their songs seem much more hop than they are hip
the sounds of spring will brighten up your day
and send your doubting thoughts upon their way

Phil Soar

Compliments Of The Day

I thought I'd paid a compliment
To someone yesterday
He lay in the street, trying to sleep
And told me to go away
I think he really meant it
He said it with such force
I wish I'd just ignore him
And rode off on my horse

Phil Soar

Concentration

I didn't concentrate when I was young
And now the chance to learn has almost gone
My mind keeps flitting off as if in space
I have a funny look upon my face

My teeth belong inside a glass
I have acne upon my ass
And hairs where I have not had hairs before
My eyes have seen much better days
I walk around in a kind of haze
And I say things that I've never said before

So as time has not been kind
And I have almost lost my mind
I regret I didn't concentrate much more
I'm a solitary fool
And have been so since I left school
And inside my head, someone has closed the door

Phil Soar

Conclusions

I draw to quick conclusions, without any facts or proof
I have a deep felt innocence, and am often quite aloof,
I think I'm better than I am, yet much to my dismay,
I met someone without a home, just the other day.

I drew a quick conclusion, of the sort of life they led,
Of grime and dirt and tatty clothes, and quite an unmade bed,
Except from these assumptions, I hastily concluded,
They had no house, no covered roof, just a cardboard home instead

It taught me something special, and made me see my flaws,
I helped this person to their feet and opened up my doors,
Offered him salvation, and a place to bide their time
And managed to forget this awful ignorance of mine.

Phil Soar

Confession

I entered the booth and begged for forgiveness
Not knowing it was a photographic booth
I spoke to myself in the mirror
And noticed the preacher appeared drunk
I said bless me father, for I am pissed
There was a flash as he took my photo
Then charged me an obscene price for it
So much for confession

Phil Soar

Connected To Nature

When connected with nature, the smile seals your fate
As you watch from a distance and stand by the gate
Enjoying the spectacle, infecting your being
Remarkable, all of the beauty you're seeing

When connected with nature, beware being hooked
You may find excitement wherever you've looked
From the birds and the bees, to the wonderful trees
The sights and the sounds bringing you to your knees

When connected with nature, sit alone and behold
It's really no problem if you're hot or you're cold
There is always some action taking part in some place
Bringing a smile to the most troubled face

Phil Soar

Constance Craddock

Her name was Constance Craddock
and she looked like she was dead
she had a hole between her thighs
and two more in her head
the CSI and FBI were present
the circumstances just a little weird
her fluid looked like it was effervescent
and her middle hole seemed to have grown a beard
They tried to piece together how she got there
she was a very long way from her home
her panties were no longer round her bottom
and she looked like she had recently been boned
the result of the forensics was revealing
she'd been the object of a serial killer
the footprints on the ground showed he was kneeling
and had entered from behind when he was drilling
they caught the suspect in the local whorehouse
deep in thought and drugged up to the core
they stuck him on death row and when they'd finished
he won't cause any trouble anymore

Phil Soar

Constance Wynn

Constance Wynn could not get in
She'd left her keys inside
And so she slept in a garden shed
With a shovel by her side
And when she woke she couldn't cope
Her anxiousness was rife
She'd never been so pitiful
In all her blooming life

Phil Soar

Contact Lens

I saw life through a misty haze
I'd lost a contact lens
It made it hard to drive the car
When going round the bends
I crashed into a bollard
My other lens popped out
I couldn't see what I had done
I'd missed the roundabout
The policeman who approached me
Could have been a grizzly bear
All I could see were claws and teeth
And a rather angry stare
He asked me for my licence
I searched inside his car
And then he said 'please walk this line'
But I didn't get too far
I spent the night in lock up
They let me out next day
The day had been a cock up
And my sight had gone astray.

Phil Soar

Control

I wish I could control my thoughts
put them in a library
and access them in my time of need
filed in a controlled environment
subjects logged in order
from dark moods to happy times
for future comments in my little rhymes
kept in a data bank
saved for all time
I wish I controlled these thoughts of mine

I wish I had time to examine my worth
explain why I feel controlled by words
with the briefest of glimpses
of future and past
plenty of storage space
Limited tasks
a mind run on empty
would kill my desire
To compose all my rhymes
and bolster this fire

Phil Soar

Cosmic

The comet flew across the sky and light beyond its tail was dark
It flew around the universe
More than the planets around it, it flies through space
And its route has many light years to return
Seeing new stars begin their lives along the way
Passing other comets, some existing longer
On their way to new galaxies
Accelerating along its path
Was it borne of a cosmic microwave
In a stellar galaxy far away
Or born closer to our own beginnings
Amongst a cosmic web of galaxies
Beyond belief
Beyond its relativity
Unknown
Its death unsure
Its destination not created
Until now

Phil Soar

Cosmos

Like a shooting star you lightened up my life
But only for a brief amount of time
I floated on your sea of tranquility
And hovered above you as you slept at night

Phil Soar

Cotton Wool Clouds

Like floating cotton wool, the clouds make haste to pass us by
Sweeping past in groups so vast, they darken up the sky
And once they empty out their cargo, vanish in the heat
Their job performed with excellence, their journey now complete

Phil Soar

Country Vacations

Overgrown patches of weeds and nettles
Campers in places, with hot steaming kettles
Fields full of tents and caravanettes
Children all screaming at their family pets
Strange vegetation attached to your clothes
Insects that bite at the base of your toes
Vacations in farmyards all strewn with manure
The yearning for nature too hard to ignore

Phil Soar

Countryside Memories

Along a stretch of river, where the water flows at pace
I sit beside a waterfall, and stare out into space
I draw on my emotions, and imagine that I'm free
And let the wind blow across my face, and chill the bones of me

The quiet of the countryside, is broken by the sound
Of water racing past the scene, and splashing all around
And yet, a perfect silence has surrounded me for hours
In between the setting sun, and spring like daily showers

And through the day I take my time, and make my memories
Storing them for future use, as I wait for their release
Knowing I can call them up, from deep inside my mind
Pleasing to recall them, as I leave the world behind

Phil Soar

Countryside Places

The roadside sign was simplified
Read: Welcome to the countryside
And then I was in my comfort zone
Happy that I was not at home

It means so much to explore outside
Not think about the complicated side
Of life and love and who knows what
Taking in the air, seeing a lot

From wildlife to landscape,
Sunshine and breezes
All of the senses
That the outside pleases

This wonderful aspect of nature inspires
These scenes and settings, of which I never tire
Relaxing outside with a minimal fuss
With just an odd sign of a bees welcome buzz

Phil Soar

Coupled

Is the best of me enough for you?
Are we best of friends, are we coupled too?
Are we paired in life, and do we share our dreams?
Is our deep romance all that it seems?

Are we sure that our partnership is fair?
Do we do everything as a happy pair?
Will we be entwined for eternity?
In love with you, in love with me?

Phil Soar

Cows

I led them out to pastures new
The only thanks I got was "Moo"

Phil Soar

Cows And Bulls

The cows in the field
Never ever revealed
Where they spent their time chewing the cud
While the Bull stood alone
Quite a long way from home
And it didn't do him any good

Phil Soar

Crabs

Crustaceans on a sandy beach
Crawling all around my feet
Millions of them sideways on
I cannot wait until they're gone

Phil Soar

Crack

I walked to where I should have been
The voices told me to
Where ghostly images reveal
The past, and what I knew

My mind was playing tricks on me
While I was taking crack
I felt that it was not to be
And kept on going back

So many strange apocalyptic nuances
Filled my aching brain
While many illegal substances
Walked me through the pain

And when I finally returned
And jumped from that great height
My bridges finally were burned
And the crack had caused my plight

Phil Soar

Crashing Waves

I've always loved the sound of waves, crashing on the shore
Like an orchestrated opera, with time to spare, and more
No other sound quite matches it, for atmospheric flair
And though I'm many miles inland, my thoughts can take me there

Phil Soar

Crazy

Crazy people with guns

Sons

Angry with the world

Fathers

Angry with the wife

Or the lover

Or both

Crazy people with Knives

Angry with their lives

Crazy people with drugs

Angry with themselves

Or their dealer

Dangerous

All of them

The world is mad

Phil Soar

Crazy Golf And Aliens

If aliens arrived and landed next to Crazy golf
What would they think of earth and all it's flock
Watching people with a pole, putting balls into a hole
While their children went berserk and ran amock

Phil Soar

Crazy Man

I'm as crazy as a crazy man
As loopy as can be
I once announced that I was lost
In a pool of accountancy
I said I'd lost my figure
And couldn't fit in my pants
And just for fun
I stuck my bum
In my wife's underpants

Phil Soar

Crazy Paving

I bought some crazy paving
and tried to lay it down
but it just kept on randomly failing
to stay where it was on the ground

Phil Soar

Crestfallen

Crestfallen, now that love has faded
I wonder why we found it very hard to meet our expectations
We were so familiar in many ways
And yet most of our thoughts were seldom matched
By the very feelings we hid inside
And now our love is gone
So we can return our thought to other things
Not worry about our future
Wallow in our past
Extend our experiences in the search for something new
Follow our hearts
Thankful that we did share something fine
Begin again and hope for comfort
Soon

Phil Soar

Cries Of A Buzzard

Cries from beyond as it took to its flight
The Buzzard above in the pale morning light
That sound as it took to the sky chilled the blood
In search of its prey, beyond trees in the wood

Phil Soar

Crocus

You grew quite slowly as you stretched yourself
Searching for light
Fighting your way to the top
Bursting through the surface you saw the light
And the journey began
For a few weeks you developed your strength
Just enough to enable you to create your beauty
And then to watch the colour emerge
A special moment on a cold winters day
You are a crocus

Phil Soar

Cross My Palm With Silver

'Tell me your secrets', the gypsy had said
I thought, should you ask that of me?
I was the one paying money
For her to read my palm for me

Phil Soar

Cross Words

I like to try out Puzzles
But I'm not all that bright
The cryptic ones confuse me
And Sudoku just aint right
I trip up on my answers
And spell them very badly
But still I like some puzzles
But am no good at them, sadly!

Phil Soar

Crowds Of Sparrows

Crowds of sparrows
Building their nests close together
Like a housing estate
Helps them socialise
Bring up their young
Fledglings leave in time
And move to create their own homes
Semi detached
Their residences mimic their parents

Crowds of Sparrows
Social partners
Living for the day
Planning Architects not required
Skills already evident
In avenues of trees and hedges

Crowds of Sparrows

Phil Soar

Crypt

The priest crept into the crypt
To see if the graves were intact
But a ghost apparition
Changed his position
And the priest had a quick heart attack

Phil Soar

Crystal Ball

I looked into the crystal ball a gypsy left close by
I saw my future staring back, before my very eyes
It wasn't much exciting and was more or less the same
My life is just an open book, and I'm the one to blame

Phil Soar

Cuckoo

Her mind inflamed with Anger
The bird was mystified
She had laid an egg and sat on it
That cannot be denied
But the fledging was enormous
There was nothing she could do
And all that she heard in the distance
Was the sound of a Cuckoo

Phil Soar

Cucumber

I remember cucumber when I was fourteen
Someone put one somewhere obscene
I was watching a film borrowed from a school friend
It was amazing watching that cucumber bend
It left an impression on not only me
But the other twelve members of the school jamboree

Phil Soar

Curiosity

If curiosity killed the cat
How did it get away with that?

Phil Soar

Cutting

I sliced through my finger whilst cutting some meat
The blood poured down freely and fast
I fell in a heap, with the knife at my feet
And my finger fell close to my arse

I looked at that stump lying there on the floor
And knew I'd be useless without it
So I got out the glue, and my sliced finger to
And knew that I must set about it

It was then I passed out, and my breathing gave out
As the blood gathered down on the ground
And before I came round, our mongrel had found
Quite a meal and he'd chewed through the bone!

Phil Soar

Dad

I remember as a lad
Looking up to my old dad
But was brought back down to earth with quite a bump
He used to spend his time
With an old school m'am of mine
And she developed an unwelcome lump

Phil Soar

Daffodil

The yellow eases past the stalks and stems
reaching a crescendo
as it spreads into a trumpet shape
embodying all that signifies that spring has come
and spoiling us with it's beauty
enhancing us with its brightness
all enveloping Daffodil
you herald your awakening
and if you could sing of springtime
you would make our day
for nothing speaks more purely
of nature's finest exhibition
than a morning of pure yellow
against a sky of dismal grey

Phil Soar

Daffodils And Snowdrops

Lining roadsides and country streams
In yellow hats, they make a sight that should be seen
Alongside snowdrops, fading now, in morning light
Alongside roads and streams, they delight

Phil Soar

Daisies

They creep up on me when I've mown the lawn
A few days after, they appear at dawn
Bringing white and yellow to the green
After they had hidden from the scene

Leaving them alone is not an option
They duplicate and spread like a concoction
Something a witch had conjured at her leisure
Although it spites the lawn, it gives me pleasure

Until of course I have to mow again
The blades cutting the petals from their frame
They wait a few more days and rise once more
And THAT, my friend, is what Daisies are for

Phil Soar

Dalai Lama

The Dalai Lama
Could not be much karma
He would sit in Tibet writing quotes
But one day when at rest
He was not at his best
And lost his diary with its notes

He sat on his own
With his mind overgrown
All his efforts to write were suspended
He had nothing to say
So he just hid away
And that's when his classic quotes ended

Phil Soar

Damage

The damage left a mark upon the open wound
a hurtful word, written or expressed
can cause a pain so heavy you can't make a sound
there's a pain you can't release inside your chest

Phil Soar

Dammed

Dammed if you do
Dammed if you don't
Maybe I will
Maybe I won't
Telling the truth
Has got me in trouble
So bury me now
Beneath all that rubble

Phil Soar

Dance Romance

She left a deep impression on the way to our romance
She moved with such precision, when she asked me if I danced
And just as we were swaying to an orchestrated song
She said I was flat footed, and my movement was all wrong

My feet would not allow me, to match her swaying hips
She looked as if she was about to punch me on the lips
And then, when everything was missing Choreography
She said romance was over, and she'd seen the worst of me

Phil Soar

Dancing On Clouds

Dancing on clouds that fill the sky
Stomping on the rain that lies within
Hoping it will shed it's watery load
And not make too much of a din

Phil Soar

Dancing On The Keyboards

At times my fingers dance upon the keyboards
My typing skills are music to my hands
I wonder if today they'll help me tango
Or dance to one of my favourite country bands

Phil Soar

Dandelions

Blown away by breezes
Or a Gardener as he sneezes
A Dandelions seeds can cause dismay
For they spread and deeply root
Where conditions really suit
And you cannot drive the bloody things away

Phil Soar

Dangerous Tracks

He tied her to the railway tracks in 1853
He cackled as he left her there
For all the world to see
The train had left the station
It raced along the track
She screamed aloud for rescue
But no-one called her back

For mobile phones were not around
As she lay there near the thicket
The baddie hiding by the trees
Without a valid ticket

A passing Indian saw her plight
And rode there on his horse
He scalped her before the train arrived
Which made the matters Worse (? ?)

Phil Soar

Dark Poetry

The dark poetry that haunts this site
Can give you quivers in the night
So many strange and vivid rhymes
That show we live in shocking times

Where words expressed and thoughts abound
And the vivid stanzas just astound
Where the feelings dwell and cause distress
Instead of spreading happiness

Think of a rhyme that shows delight
Not those that scare or impose fright
and when you're done, then raise a grin
At the weird and wonderful world we're in

Phil Soar

Dark Thoughts

The darkness settled like a cloud of ash and dust
In dreams whose very nature left a pounding heart
And all my worries spoke to me in a verbal gust
Increasing pressure on a mind that's fell apart

It hovered over me as sleep increased my pain
Began to take control and stretch my feelings so
And all that I held dear was opened up again
With nowhere else to leave its mark, nowhere to go

No sunrise in that dream of mine where monsters lay
My broken body fighting to redeem itself
To cleanse itself of horrors that won't go away
And leaving memories locked in boxes on a shelf

Stored for years to come where consciousness prevails
Opening up the wounds and scars as sleep ensues
There's nothing left for me, except the dark ash sails
That float across my sea of doubt, amid the blues

Phil Soar

Darkness

In the darkness of night I sit alone and imagine
What if there was no light?
Nothing to break up the dark and rusting earth
We open our eyes to nothing but black
Closing them again and willing something beautiful into the mind
But never losing the darkness
Is this what it must be like to have no sight?
To see no light?
To record no images except those of darkness
The drab and the awful
The loss of that sense must be unimaginable
And yet I do
Because I sit alone, and imagine

Phil Soar

Dating

I tore a note up yesterday
That said my wife had run away
I quickly changed the locks and then
Started dating once again

Phil Soar

Daybreak

I broke up the day by having a drink
I chose not to pay, and was put in the clink! ..

Clink....English name for Jail/Prison

Phil Soar

Days Before You

I can't imagine what life was, on those days before you
I seem to have lost all memory of what I used to do
Now life is very special, and no matter what we do
I can't imagine life right now, without the scent of you

Phil Soar

Dead End

Is my heart afraid it might be close to breaking point?
Has my age caught up on me, and left me frail?
Am I afraid to take on mountains readily?
Or, at my age, am I about to fail?

Is my mind about to pass it's bar-code sell by date?
Has my dream of being comfortable expired?
Will I ever know the meaning of expectancy?
Or am I just too old and too damn tired?

The aches I struggle with are strong and varied
My thoughts are more explicit and too deep
And perhaps the only task that I look forward to
Is getting more of never-ending sleep

Note: this poem is not about the writer, just a comment on ageing.

Phil Soar

Dead Leaves

She walks in barefeet through frozen dead leaves
In a morning so brisk that the floor seems to grieve
And the crunch of her toes at the base of the tree
Resonates in the branches now that it feels free

Phil Soar

Dear Sir

Dear Sir, it began, this letter
As if knowing who I am
So, to call me 'Sir', was praise indeed
For who knows my background?
Or how I have lived my life?
To call me 'Sir'
It was like a blessing
Making me understand the origins of birth
My life
My Generation

Dear Sir,
It made me smile

Phil Soar

Death In The Garden

The pigeon was startled as it found it's love in pieces
Many years they had shared together, their broods many
But the sparrow hawk was in need of a kill
Its brood needing its father's skill
But now the male stood alone on the garden wall
Lost for now, not yet understanding the impact of death
Not realising the need to move on, or be prey also

The Sparrowhawk and architect of doom
The pigeon a target
Move on before death becomes you too

Phil Soar

Death Of A Buzzard

I tried to save the bird of prey
I found it injured on my way
And though I failed, I really tried
A when it passed, I stood and cried

At least the end was then pain free
Not at the hands of an enemy
The Vet was kind and the end was calm
And the bird cradled in my right arm

Phil Soar

Death Of An Animal

Death came to the sheep in time
It was alone and I had warned the farm
I had preyed for its surrender
To not be alone
But no rescuse came and in the morning it was bloated
Why?
Should it have been allowed to see death as a blessing
Or have been allowed to be free of misery
I chastened myself for not doing more
I was just walking by
For two days
And I could not help
That will haunt me
Like the Sheep was also
Haunted
And now no longer
Death came in time

Phil Soar

Debbie Castor

Debbie Castor wore alabaster
She liked to be in plaster
She was quite stone faced
And was quite out of place
And her looks were a bloody disaster

Phil Soar

Deceit

Ever the person that you are, I miss you
Where have you gone my loving one?
I really want to kiss you
Where is your hand upon my brow?
To soothe my aching head
I've lost the plot, you don't care a lot
Because HE is in our bed.

Phil Soar

Dedications

Undetected dedications can be lost in revelations
And the right to seek solutions is your own
So spread kindness where you can, and reward your fellow man
And then when you're gone, your decency is known

Phil Soar

Defence

'In my defence, Your honour'
Said the criminal in the dock
'I was on drugs and alcohol
When I broke the back door lock

And If I had just been sober
And quicker on my feet
I might have fled from the policeman
Who was standing in the street'

Phil Soar

Dementia

Stranded in a mind that cannot find me
Anchored in a place I do not know
Not knowing who I am, does not define me
Yet not being there has dealt a cruel blow

Those who once looked on me as a treasure
Now miss this vacant person that I am
And to those who I once gave such joy and pleasure
They are saddened that my life is now a sham

As I now depend on others to defend me
From things that float my way on clouds of doubt
It's this cruel mind that now serves to upend me
I no longer know what everything's about

Phil Soar

Demolition Man

He was a Demolition man
His life was always loud
He blew things up and knocked things down
Which made him very proud
He thought it was a handy job
Should anyone upset him
He could get away with anything
There was no-one there to 'vet' him
One day he left his mark upon
A person he disliked
He blew his car to smithereens
And crushed his motor bike
But fate would deal a bitter blow
One day just after tea
He accidentally set fire to
A box of TNT
He flew into the mid-day sun
At 1,000 miles an hour
And as he entered outer space
He'd lost all of his power

Phil Soar

Demons

How do I drive all my demons away?
They hover around me, and I hate that they stay,
No matter my purpose, they haunt me like ghosts
And my deepening depression is what haunts me most

Speaking a language I'd rather not know
Taunting me daily, and the words linger so
I can't handle demons, and have no-ones trust
I wish I could banish them into the dust

I wake, and they seek out my own self esteem
They instigate mind games, and force me to dream
And when I am sleeping, they still impact me
I wake in a cold sweat, unable to see

How Do I restore love, without some degree?
Of deep understanding of what motivates me
For without some sense of what I'm all about
There is little chance of me driving them out

Phil Soar

Dental

I've got some Steradent tablets
They help to clean my teeth
I worry about the debris
That builds up underneath
And so I put a tablet in
And swill it round my gums
It seems that's not the thing to do
And after, my mouth hums
It sort of makes me froth a bit
I look like I am mental
I mix things up, and get it wrong
When it comes to all things dental

Phil Soar

Dental Impression

The numbness was all encompassing, the fear magnified
As the dentist's drill whirred deep inside,
A deep felt impression, without any substance,
A visit twice yearly, with a little reluctance.

Phil Soar

Desert

I dipped my hand into the drifting sand
Sinking through the myriad of granules as a knife through butter
The warmth moving through the nerves
Wondering what lay beneath, my fingers search
Not knowing what they will find
Hoping nothing untoward will touch the fingertips
I place my hand in grains of sand
And lick my hungry lips

I stretch my arm a little more in search of water
Deeper into swirling particles I feel around
But it stays warm and nothing changes deep within
And even though the oasis I search for may be in my mind
I keep trying because my mind tells me to
Before I will dry and become a part of this vast place
A desert with no fauna, with no aura
Just the heat

Phil Soar

Destiny

Destiny

Likely my end

Fait accompli is contentious

And also a welcoming friend

Phil Soar

Determined Nonsense

The determination he had shown
While all on his own
Was just what his teacher expected
But to teacher's dismay
He fell by the way
And left his school feeling dejected

While he sat, he reflected
How the world he'd rejected
Was spinning all out of control
So he took to the street
Without washing his feet
And his toes became badly infected

Phil Soar

Did You Think?

When you left, did you think that you'd really be missed?
Did you think that your lips would never be kissed?

Did you want something else from the start?
Did you feel something else in your heart?

Did you ever consider the impact of your actions?
Did you ever relive the initial attractions?

Did you mean to be hurtful and be lost without trace?
Did you ever imagine the tears on my face?

Did you think this right through, thinking only of you?
Did you wonder if this was so selfish of you?

When you left, did you think that you'd left me alone?
Sitting down
Feeling down
By the side of the phone

Phil Soar

Dietary Sheep

Do you think that sheep wake at the start of each day,
To a breakfast of grasses, or may be just Hay,
Wanting a change from the daily grass tips,
Fancying curries, or Haddock and chips? .

Perhaps they want a little more dietary flair,
A pie made from Rabbit, a stew made with Hare,
Do they look at their brothers and sisters, or Auntie,
And think they'd be nice with a glass of Chianti? .

Chewing the cud every day they exist,
Must make them tetchy, and a little bit pissed,
Imagine if all we could eat was green grass,
And it took fifteen hours to emerge from our ass.

Imagine it's spring, and you've a runny nose,
When a guy comes to your house and removes all your clothes,
And takes them away to make jumpers and such,
I don't think that we would enjoy that too much.

We'd have to be naked and scared to leave home,
Sheep don't have the option, they look lost and alone,
Shivering out there, with no way to keep warm,
Braving the weather, riding the storm.

So think about that, the next time you eat Lamb,
For them life is boring, a bit of a sham,
No cake or Steak, no sign of mince pud,
Just sat in a field all day, chewing the cud

Phil Soar

Different Reasons

Songs

Like mystical birds that might fly to your side
Can inject such happiness, wisdom and pride

Words

So infectious, they spread so much fun
And help you feel good as each day has begun

Whispers

Of secrets you share with each other
Mother and father, sister and brother

Hearing

The words that can raise the odd smile
Listening to voices that sing in some style

Silence

Without it, some days would be sad
An instance of nothing, a need to be glad

Distance

A place where we all need to be
Somewhere in a setting we all can feel free

Phil Soar

Dillon Mcmillan

His name was Dillon McMillan
He lived in a rusty ole shack
He was known as a forestry villain
And would often be found on his back
He brewed up some illegal whisky
Which he bottled and kept underground
He knew it was really quite risky
But hoped he would never be found

He had many a tale of the forest
About seeing a yeti and stuff
But he wasn't that sure, to be honest
If he tales were believed or were bluffs
But he knew that one day it was likely
He would succumb to all of his drinking
That he'd fall, and be hurt, be left in the dirt
And he'd wonder what had he been thinking

Phil Soar

Dinner Date

Hello
How are you?
Are you Blue?
Do you feel something magic too?
We met at dinner, and now my heart is lost
And mind and body will now count the cost

A pounding heart as we both shared that time
Our conversation mixed and sweet and kind
I knew I cared about you as we met
My mind has not stopped thinking of you yet
So maybe we were meant to be a pair
To be without you now would not be fair

I hope you feel the same about me too
I've fallen and there's nothing more to do
Than try and fix the streams of high emotion
That's stirring in my heart, like a wild ocean
Swirling through my body like a storm
Keeping my mind busy and on form
I'm lost in you, and you don't even know
So here's a letter telling you just so

Phil Soar

Dinner Is Served (With Love)

A dish served best with love and hope
A plate of optimism, to help you cope
A pattern etched on a silver spoon
That speaks volumes in a crowded room
Where the food of love is spread about
And the servings leave you with no doubt
When the folks retire for the mints and tea
Is there really something left for me?

Phil Soar

Dinner Lady

'I'll have some more', the infant said
As he stood there in the queue
The dinner lady looked at him
And poured him some more stew
He then came back a second time
And asked for even more
She clipped his ear and tapped his head
He fell upon the floor
The teachers were astounded
And sacked her on the spot
The boy got up and took his plate
And polished off the lot!

Phil Soar

Dinosaurs

The dinosaurs appear from time to time
Wrapped in ice or peat, an epic find
And experts from around the globe appear
And tell us how they finally disappeared

It's wonderful how bone and fragments found
Continue to astonish and astound
Dug up from a deep and hallowed ground
Extinct we think and everywhere around

Hidden until excavation starts
By people with the tools and pounding hearts
Exploring every piece of history
And spreading all the news to you and me.

Phil Soar

Directions

When seeking some directions be careful who you ask
To some a route to somewhere else is quite a bloody task
They point and talk such gibberish you might as well move on
For some will just go on and on, and on, and on, and on

Phil Soar

Dirty Book

I began to write a naughty book
My mind was oh so dirty
It started with a fling and ended with a zing
and was over by one thirty

Phil Soar

Discovery

When I first cast a shadow I felt something so extreme
The world had opened up for me and wasn't just a dream
I watched it follow me around, and then it disappeared
I knew right then what life was like, and nothing I first feared

Rewards came thick and fast, as I grew older every day
Majestic things appeared to me, in every single way
Opened up my eyes and mind, to things I never knew
And showed me how my life would change, with everything I do

My heart and mind became the home, for all life held in store
For me and everyone I knew, and even many more
The world was such a epic place in which my life evolved
And problems became something I would play with, until solved

The things I've learned along the way, from when that shadow cast
Will stay recorded in my mind, until my time has passed
And in between the days and years right back to the beginning
The world has placed an imprint in my mind, a left it singing

Phil Soar

Distance

Distance

Near and far

Miles of space to explore

Between the towns and cities

The strides we take to see the distance as no obstacle

We fly, we drive

We walk, we ride

And getting there is part of the way

Our efforts to understand our relationship with the land

And the seas

Means we must travel

And on the way mix the pleasures of our eyes

With the senses

And realise we are just part of a wondrous field of wonder

Nevertheless distance becomes no object

We reach wherever we can

And revel in the beauty

Of distance

Phil Soar

Distilled

My life is like the water that I buy from off the shelf
Clear as day, and wet as me, that's what I tell myself
And when each day is over
I sit at home and pray
And hope that someone's listening to every word I say.

Phil Soar

Disturbing Images

Disturbing images fill our lives
In the news and everywhere they shock us
Showing us that we are not perfect
We are no more the 'HUMAN' race
For how can we use such a term to describe our actions?
How can we suggest that we are superior?
Our planet will only take so much
Before returning itself to the origins of time
And without warning
Death will become us all

Until then, why can't we learn?
Why can't we share?

Phil Soar

Doctor Foster

Doctor Foster
He was Fostered
And he never knew it
His stepmother, Jill
Walked up a hill
And stepfather Jack drove through it

The other side was open wide
The hills and views were great
So they left him there
On a broken chair
And some food upon a plate

Then they drove away
On a sunny day
And left him in a heap
For he fell off the chair
All the way down there
And promptly fell asleep

Phil Soar

Doe's

Where do all the John Doe's go
no-one knows
Where do all the Jane Doe's go
no-one knows
Unidentified corpses resting alone
far from home
worried relatives might never know
not re-united
left with tags on toes
rest in peace you Doe's

Phil Soar

Does It Matter?

Does it matter who I am or where I'm from
As long as I can dream, and carry on?
Does it matter that my mind is full of dross
As long as I can dream, not make a fuss?

Does it matter that my life flies by so fast
As long as I can dream, and make them last?
Does it matter that the Trials of life are great
As long as I can dream about my fate?

Does it matter that when all is said and done
As long as I can dream, I'm number one?
And will it matter when my life is through
When all my dreams are frequently of you?

Phil Soar

Dog Days

You can be completely empty of emotion on a day
But seeing just those wagging tails can make emotions stray
And then I'd bet a great big smile, will spread across your face
And the welcome home you get from dogs will fill that empty space

The ability to live for now (and only now) is great,
As long as they can have a walk and food upon a plate
They'll give you so much in return, and fill your life with glee
And all of what they think is love they'll share that with you free

There is no other feeling that can make my day complete
Than hearing those excited barks, as I drive up the street
And when I place my key inside the lock and step inside
They bound around like nutters and might knock me off my stride

So dogs make up the best of days, and don't ask much of me
They take me out to places that I might not ever see
If I had not their company to make things all so good
I know those empty emotional days, would not feel as they should

Phil Soar

Dog Days 2

The dogs woke me this morning
How do they know the time?
I'd set alarms, well so I thought
But slept beyond the chimes
And yet my furry friends arrived
And woke me from my dreams
Their skill and manipulation
Is not as bonkers as it seems

I smiled at their performance
As I opened weary eyes
The look upon their faces
Was like they had won a prize
And so I rose out of my bed
To yaps and wagging tails
This skill they have at greeting me
Never ever fails

Phil Soar

Dogs

It's cold, it's wet
And yet
I walk the dogs in all conditions
And smile all the time as they make my day
Nothing breaks their stride
They seek the sights and sounds that make their world
I try to vary routes so that they get the best of times
Searching amongst the trees and fields
Identifying who has gone that way before
Sniffing
Knowing more
Than we ever can hope to understand
We speak to them as if they know our language
But all they do is read our minds
Our actions
Our emotions
Aren't dogs great?

Phil Soar

Dogs 2

Dogs,
My life without them, would be less than wonderful
Those wagging tails, and daily trails,
Would make my life so dull
Those eyes that look upon me, begging for attention
The lift their actions give my heart
Are far too huge to mention
A welcome howl awaits me
When I get home each day
And the smile it brings, as they run rings around me
while they play.

Dogs,
They are so special,
And they fill our hearts with joy.
I only wish I'd owned one, when I was just a boy.

Phil Soar

Dogs 3

I'm tempted to say I prefer them.
Dogs

No mood swings, just companionship
Plus love

It may be open to question
Not for me

Owning many dogs for many years
All ending in tears

But still I went back for more
Inciting much woe

But in the end loved by everyone
Hated by none

Talking points when out and around
Creating friends

Some whom you might have never met
But now forever friends

And their dogs becoming part of you
By default

When life needs a lift, look no further
Than right under your nose

But not theirs

They know it all, and give so much
Oh for the touch

Of a dog

Or Two

Dogs And Biscuits

The biscuit tin fell to the floor
There are no biscuits anymore
The dogs were there in record time
And ate all those biscuits of mine

I bought some more the following day
And hid those tasty things away
Yet when I went to have a treat
Both the dogs were at my feet

And though I tried so secretly
To keep those biscuits just for me
The soulful eyes that looked my way
Made me give my treats away

Phil Soar

Dogs For Company

I wander everywhere with dogs
Their company is great
I'm out with them come rain or shine
Trying to lose weight
I walk the path of ramblers
And I like the isolation
The dogs are my companions
And rarely cause frustration
Their love of every moment
Is so wonderful to see
I like to wander everywhere
And take the dogs with me

Phil Soar

Done

When the picture is no longer oil and canvas
When the photographs are lacking black and white
When the world views everything as something evil
Maybe, it's time to leave and all take flight

When the obstacles for success are too many
When the sight of failure fills us all with dread
When the hurt and pain in everyday is spreading
Maybe it's just on reflections of the life we led

When you feel that you have touched all those you think you can
When the distance between good and bad has gone
When the subject of your daily trials is lost in time
Maybe that is the time you know you're done.

Phil Soar

Don'T

Don't hold me close if there is no reward for me
Don't tell me things I want to hear if it means nothing
Don't spend your time defending me
Don't waste your time on love
Don't question your commitment
Don't look to god above
Don't throw away your waking hours
Don't see me as a welcome break
Don't shy away from pleasing me
Don't think that would be a mistake
Don't furnish me with gifts galore
Don't harness my affection
Don't look into my eyes
Don't keep me hanging by a thread
Don't tell me all your lies
Don't hope I'll see beyond your traits
Don't feel I can't be bruised
Don't summon little empathy
Don't think I can be used
Don't drift on aimlessly with me
Don't shift affection lightly
Don't think I never think these things
I do that almost nightly.

Phil Soar

Don't Close Your Eyes

Don't close your eyes and hide away that deep and pleasing view
Whenever I look into them, I feel so close to you
And when you sleep, I wait for them to open up once more
To look into that deepening blue, those eyes that I adore

Phil Soar

Don't Mess With Memories

We should never mess with memories
Sometimes they are all we have
We should never forget, those who have left
We should always be thankful and yet
One day we just might be a memory ourselves
And those that we left will be lost
So hold on to those memories in future
And don't let those left count the cost

Phil Soar

Don't Talk About Me

Please don't talk about me when I'm gone
Or criticise the place that I came from
I only tried to raise a laugh or two
And when I'm gone you'll realise that's true

Phil Soar

Doodling

I know a man who doodles every day
Sketching things he's seen along the way
He frames them and then sells them on E-Bay
I know a man who doodles every day

I know a girl who knits all of her clothes
To replace ones that she has now outgrown
She knits them, and the task gives her some peace
She keeps a shed that's full of llama fleece

I know a boy who fiddled with his parts
Who knows why, or how it really starts?
He keeps a diary, registering farts
And in between he fiddles with his parts

Phil Soar

Doom

The signs show that the we all are doomed
No sense in wondering why
You only have to scan the earth
Or look up in the sky

Where it is hot, it's too darn hot
And storms have much more power
The world has really lost the plot
And it's worsening by the hour

Phil Soar

Dopey Dora - A Border Collie

I call her Dopey Dora
Though that's not her real name
She's got a major screw loose
that really is a shame
faced with such a problem
she is however, fine
A border collie through and through
and the pleasure is all mine

I feel a little sorry for her
she just cannot keep still
her brain is like a processor
and she has no time to kill
she doesn't seem to switch it off
it must cause her distress
her legs just want to run away
her mind won't let her rest

She has a way of imposing guilt
upon the family home
staring through your very soul
until you let her roam
or better still, just play awhile
and then to play some more
a tennis ball or two will do
while I sit on the floor

The 'rule' is that there is no rule
she WILL impose her law
which is, that nothing matters
except a tennis ball
or maybe just another walk
and then to play again
her stare cannot be just ignored
without a little pain

And so this dog has taken us
through so much fun and games
her life has been a joyous one

lets hope lots more remains
she's Misty, and we love her so
Her name's just right for her
a cloudy mind, that won't give up
and a brain that's just a blur!

Phil Soar

Dorothy Small

Dorothy Small just wasn't that tall
She was able to walk under tables
She died early of course, walking under a horse
And it kicked her right out of the stable.

Phil Soar

Dorothy Squint

Dorothy Squint
Was a silly old bint
She came from a family of squinters
And as a daft wench
She sat on a bench
And got a backside full of splinters

Phil Soar

Doubt

Have you ever left a room and wondered why?
watched the moon move slowly across the sky?
walked a while in woodland and felt great?
turned up for an appointment and been late?

Have you ever felt you're stronger than you think?
tried to ply yourself with too much drink?
driven two hundred miles, and then been lost?
bought something, and not worried about cost?

Whatever you have done throughout your time
I guess it will be just as good as mine
Have you ever wondered what it's all about?
Don't....that only leads to so much doubt

Phil Soar

Doubts

I drew a line across a stream of doubt
Pencilled in a framework of regret
Mystified by why you let me out
And wondered if I'd lost my self respect

I broke the path of honesty and truth
Let you down, yet understood your mind
Left you with a word that was uncouth
Reminding me that maybe I was blind

I never realised that all I had
Was something very special and rewarding
And now all that I am is feeling bad
And no doubt there will be no-one applauding

Phil Soar

Dracula

He came to me at midnight in the castle
He bit me on the neck and drew my blood
For him I guess it wasn't worth the hassle
I bit him back, just because I could

Phil Soar

Dracula's Teeth

Dracula's teeth
Seem to curl underneath
As he sinks them in fleshy neck muscles
Though his dentist has said
He will end up quite dead
If he eats one more steak with his truffles

Phil Soar

Dream A Little Dream

Stars shining bright above me
A moon that's waning, seems to say that it loves me
Hyenas laughing up a sycamore tree
Dreaming of a menagerie!

Peanut paste upon a piece of pork pie
Acid rain that drips into my minds eye
Porcupines that write with quills and drink tea
Dream of a menagerie

Phil Soar

Dream Patterns

Storing dreams in patterns
Recalled when slumber starts
Making sense of memories
Reflections from the heart
Custom built sensations
Whilst eyes roll in my head
I wonder if there will be flashbacks
The moment that I'm dead

Phil Soar

Dreaming

I traveled there in sleep and stayed a little while
Exploring what I witnessed in my head
Expecting nothing more than my own wilderness
I left when I woke up, curled up in bed

I tried to book a flight back there immediately
But couldn't get a seat whilst wide awake
I had to pre-book on the next excursion
And hoped a new trip wasn't a mistake

And so to pass the time until my next trip
I worked so hard to feel tired and worn out
And when I boarded on that flight to Snoozeland
I wondered what the sleep would bring about

Sadly, this trip left me feeling vacant
It wasn't quite the same, I felt let down
And so to book another, or to miss out
Or just to wake, with more than just a frown

Phil Soar

Dreaming All Day

If all I did was dream all day
I'd dream all of my life away
Soft warm sand slips through my hands
As blue sky dreams will comfort me
Childhood images recur
And brighten up the sleeping hours
With playground treats and kids I meet
All skipping through those April showers
Monsters in the nightmares too
It's not just dreams that help me through
The dragons slayed and heroes made
All make the nightmares vivid too
And in the darkness, sleep becomes a open door
Where I walk through
And new adventures seem less flawed
And all I do is dream the day away
A life where my imagination makes my day

Phil Soar

Dreaming Of The Sea And Me

The raft that I was traveling on, was made of carbon fibre
It almost sank without a trace, as I had left the harbour
My wife, you see, fed up with me, had drilled a hole or two
And the water rose around my feet, as I was the only crew

But as the open sea appeared, I had the sense to steer
Away from waves that caught the hull, and buffeted my rear
I turned for shore and what is more, I triggered off a flare
But as I looked across my bow, I noticed she was there

Standing on the shoreline with what looked like a harpoon
She yelled some rude obscenities, and then I heard a boom
Coming straight toward me was a missile made of steel
I dived into the water and was bitten by a seal

The blood that flowed from open wounds, was heading out to sea
And sharks began to circle round, to make a meal of me
I thrashed around in panic, and then to my surprise
I woke up in the bedroom, with piss up to my eyes.

FOOTNOTE:

(This is just one of those rhymes that came out of nowhere) .
Maybe that's where it should stay.

Phil Soar

Phil Soar

Dreaming Your Dreams

When I look at you some mornings
Lying sleeping in our bed
My thoughts turn to your dreams
And how I wish they could be read
Inside, the animations
As your eyes encountered REM
Held such a fascination
That I turned around again
I kissed your eyelids softly
As they rolled, as if in dance
And you slipped out of your deepest sleep
And met my eyes by chance

Phil Soar

Dreams

In my dreams I see the girl
With whom I share my bed
She touches me in such a way
It tingles in my head
It tingles in my private parts
It tingles in my hands
It tingles where I didn't know
I'd got such tingly glands
I wake up in the morning
My sheets are damp and sticky
I think I need a toilet roll
To wipe my little dicky.

Phil Soar

Dreams 2

Don't take away the dreams
The signs in the night that reflect how we feel
You can drift away
Not knowing what the night will bring
And set a course for imagery
Reflecting the inner you
Displaying memories and setting them in your mind
You wake and either remember or have no record
Some images are lost
Or make you wonder what they mean
So you invest time in recalling
And either laugh or cry
Dreams take on a meaning
And yet, we wonder why.

Phil Soar

Dressed Up

She dressed for the occasion
Her fantastic creation
Had a flowing display
For a fashionable day
When she strode on that stage
She started a rage
For delicate cotton
That would not be forgotten
A simplistic design
With a look so sublime
And an eloquent style
That would last for a while

Phil Soar

Dressing In The Dark

I dressed in the dark this morning
I guess that's why my socks don't match
Or my underpants cannot relax
Why the trousers that reach to my toes
Smell like they should be comatose
Why the shoes I wear have lost their soles
And my cardigan has gaping holes

I must pay my power bills

Phil Soar

Drifting

My mind works in mysterious ways and drifts off quite at random
It's like a ride on a bicycle that ought to be a tandem
Except that I am on my own with no help on the pedals
Trying hard to win a race that doesn't hand out medals

I never liked my schooling years because of low esteem
I couldn't stop my wanderlust and drifting off in dreams
I never had the aptitude to listen to the teacher
And often caught the back end of the sermons by the preacher

My time in the school chapel was a time I could relax
A place where all was peace and calm, and I would not feel taxed
By all the talk of learning and all the strain of class
I used to be student of just sitting on my ass

So it's no wonder that I'm drifting on in adulthood
Regrets of what I didn't learn or even what I should
There's nothing of significance to make me change my thoughts
My mind still drifts on a sea of dreams, no matter what I'm taught

Phil Soar

Drifting Mind

I saw those images so pristine
In my sleep as a welcome dream
Beautiful colours across the scale
From an cloud filled sky, to a schooners sail
As clear an image as I can see
Drifting through the mind of me

Phil Soar

Driftwood

The piece of driftwood washed up on the beach
It set off questions in my mind of places far away
The years it could have crossed the world
The oceans it had inhabited
And how long it had been left to float astray

And now, to lie on golden sand and dry in mid-day heat
To warm under a blazing sun for many years to come
To please the many tourists
That stroll along the shore
Not floating around the oceans, not travelling anymore

Phil Soar

Drivel And All That

I'm listening to banality
It drives me quite insane
People talking drivel
And they do it every day
It's no wonder I'm a loner
And keep myself in check
As most of what I'm listening to
Gives me an aching neck.

Phil Soar

Drones

Our skies will soon be full of drones
Flying over all our homes
On their way to drop things at our door
Let's hope they get the postcode right
And don't arrive around midnight
Or else they might get smashed upon the floor

Phil Soar

Droppings On My Car

My car is target practice
And their aim is off the mark
They drop their 'bombs' from up on high
And sometimes in the dark
They wait until I've washed the car
And then they all let fly
I haven't usually got that far
When missiles leave the sky
And though I move to wash it off
The splatter hardens fast
I know that it won't last that long
Till there's another blast
There must be something radar-like
That tells them when to start
They never hit my motor bike
Or just let out a fart
The time has come for me to learn
And hide my car from sight
And maybe then they'll go elsewhere
And drop all of their shite

Will

Phil Soar

Drowning In Life

Sometimes I drown in life
On seas of emotion
At times of strife
Sometimes I sink without trace
Plunging to depths
With expressionless face

Sometimes I dive into chasms
Where meaningless tasks
Wear invisible masks
Sometimes there's no rhyme and no reason
For intrinsic distress
That I cannot redress

Sometimes I have no useful direction
And feel lost in a dream
With no self-esteem
Sometimes I am not that effective
And the wondering mind
Is a little unkind

Sometime in the future, maybe
In a flush of guilt
My life will be re-built
And sometime I will come through this time
With a satisfied smile
That lasts all the while

with thanks to Mauva Kiffin for the idea.

Phil Soar

Drugged

I lost my way this morning
On the way to who knows where
I tried to climb aboard the train
That leads to over there
But over there was everywhere
And close to where it led
I must stop taking that cocaine
Or else I'll end up dead

Phil Soar

Drugged Up

I burnt the toast this morning
I dropped my cup of tea
I tripped as I went out the door
So what is wrong with me?

It seems I've lost my mojo
And the day has caught me out
I'm doing things I shouldn't do
And my hair is falling out

Perhaps I should go back to bed
Re-boot my aching brain
For since I took that crack Cocaine
I haven't been the same

Phil Soar

Drunk

She came in search of paradise,
And knocked upon my door,
She'd seen me in a local bar,
Lying on the floor,
She taken pity on my soul,
And drove me to my home,
She'd made sure I was safe and sound,
And wasn't left alone.

She left without me knowing,
And had gone to fetch my car,
With keys she found around the house,
I kept them in a jar,
She drove back from the local,
A trip through winding lanes,
She'd even cleaned the bathroom up,
Where I'd left lots of stains.

I woke to find this stranger,
Sitting by the pool,
With the radio playing some old song,
Relating to a fool,
She spoke with calm assurance,
Said 'morning, how do you feel',
I couldn't make her out at first,
And wondered, was she real.

She'd made herself so comfortable,
I guessed she was my wife,
And yet I don't remember,
If I'd known her all my life,
Her face was not familiar,
But then again, who's is,
When you've been rat-arsed down the pub,
And are usually three parts pissed! .

Phil Soar

Drunk Again

I forgave the way she looked at me
When I came home last night
I looked like quite a zombie
And that gave her quite a fright
One too many tots of gin
And several shots of rum
My mind a mix of spirits
My nose looked like a plum

And so I spoke in riddles
When I explained where I'd been
Slurring every noun and verb
And looking very green
She told me to lie down a while
As she tucked me up in bed
And when I woke next afternoon
She'd packed her bags fled

Phil Soar

Drunk And Disrobed

'Take the weight off your shoulders', the doctor said
'You are too stressed, please get undressed, and lie upon the bed'
I did just what he asked of me, but he got undressed too
It left me even more upset, and unsure what to do
It turned out alright in the end, he was a naturist
And I been down the pub a while, and am sure that I was pissed

Phil Soar

Dubai Heights

I gazed out of the window of the towers in Dubai
I felt a little dizzy, as I looked into the sky
So high into the atmosphere, without a safety net
Even though I was inside, I felt that I was wet
The reason for my dampness, was evidently seen
A bit like some excitement, in the middle of a dream
A little more embarrassing, in a man of sixty two
Almost as bad as the time I had, no time to have a pool!

Phil Soar

Dull Days

A steady drizzle on a grey winter day
Soaking the ground
Leaving a dull ache in the bones
Seeming to have no end
Taking away your smile
Your spirits only lifted by the thought of spring
And at those times,
Your smile returns

Phil Soar

Each Day

Each day a part of me begins to ache or fall apart
I don't know where the day will end, or when the pain will start
The frame that I began my life in, aged beyond compare
The things I treasured in my youth, are now no longer there

The way I move is testament to how I've spent my days
Resulting in more effort, and attempts to change my ways
And as the hours just tick away, Reminds me how I look
An ageing shell, as folk can tell, a tattered well-read book

Phil Soar

Each Other

The shore was so inviting, clear white sand and warm blue sea
With nothing in between us but the spirit of you and me
Our lives held for a moment, in a pure and simple way
And nothing to disturb us, and no other cards to play

The silence had a magic touch, and the light was effervescent
Everything was as we wished, treasured and so pleasant
And as the minutes passed us by, our lives were inter-twined
We shared the time together, and our love was underlined

The ease with which we settled in, was comfortable too
No phones to interrupt us, nothing to spoil the view
The time zone difference meaningless, the days not long enough
Just us, and life and love around, and we both loved that stuff

We locked away these treasures, in a place where so much rests
Where time is locked in capsules, glazed with stars and happiness
Where angels seem to hang around, and our love is burning bright
And all we have is each other, and clearly, that's alright.

Phil Soar

Earphones

They walk around with earphones on
Oblivious to all
Smiling as they listen to
The latest music drawl
Listening on the way to work
Or sitting on the bus
Not tempted to strike up a chat
Because that's too much fuss
No two-way conversation
with anyone around
Just listening to a steady beat
And that god awful sound
The social skills have vanished
There's stillness in the air
The language almost disappears
And they don't seem to care
Earphones on at six a.m.
And all the world blocked out
The only way to speak to them
Is maybe when we shout
Or make insane hand gestures
That grab their short attention
And try and make light talking sense
To add as some prevention
I fear the Ear has lost the need
To listen as we speak
That music's taken over
And that Earphones killed the speech

Phil Soar

Earth

A desert

Dry as dry could be

A wave

Upon a violent sea

An acorn

Grows into a tree

The Earth

Oh what a sight to see

Phil Soar

Eat My Shorts

A light bulb moment
An invention of sorts
What if the words of Bart Simpson
Were turned into edible shorts?

We could wear them until they got thinner
And then eat them up with our dinner

Phil Soar

Eating For Fun

A cereal for breakfast,
and fast food for my lunch
A chocolate bar as comfort food,
and a beef burger as brunch
A cake just after 2 o'clock,
I'm not getting any thinner
A biscuit with a cup of tea,
and a pie and chips for dinner

All hail the obese champion,
I won the prize again
I weigh more than an Elephant,
and have a similar brain
I cannot stand for very long,
my girth is quite abhorrent
I can drink like a fish when it comes to beer,
and my urine flows like a torrent

Phil Soar

E-Bay

There are many folks on e-bay
Selling all their wares
From things that pass the time of day
To sexy underwear
Be careful its not BNIB
Or Used a little while
Be prepared to pay a lot
For something without style
Watch for dodgy sellers
Who aren't triple A rated
The goods they often advertise
Are often not as stated
You're better off just browsing
To keep hold of your money
Because the shit you buy
Just really is not funny

Phil Soar

Eccentrics

Eccentric people line the route since time began
And usually the way they live, is not yet planned
Living in their bubble, making nothing of their world
Yet driving for perfection, as their nonsense is unfurled

Walking through the walls of crazy thoughts and dreams
Making nothing from the daily grind of crazy hopes
Talking in some random language no-one knows
And jumping through their dodgy minds like antelopes

The nauseating cause of all their eccentricities
Would bring a lesser being to their weak and wobbly knees
And yet on some occasion they will have a grand idea
And formulate a plan to suggest why they were put here

Phil Soar

Echoes Through A Cave

The echo had a depth to it that sent my pulses racing
The cave and all its occupants not known to me
The deep unwelcome darkness shouted out to me
"Come see my secrets, hiding in this encasement"

The darkness held an interest that was unmistakable
Calling out for more investigation
And so I braved the widening gap and couldn't fake my interest
The tension causing quite a damp sensation

My stride a little slow at first, my torchlight shining brightly
Casting shadows on the wall in black
The deafening noise of silence took my breath away
Engaging worries, knowing I'm not turning back

The smell of Guano from the deep cave residents
Catching at the throat and nostrils too
And catching light of a trillion eyes in torchlight beams
Gave a sense of horror to the route

And yet the distance traveled seemed to capture me
And draw me to the core where beauty waited
A thousand stalactites like glistening jewels there
Shining through and leaving me elated

Phil Soar

Eclipse

And so the sun was blotted from the sky
And those of you who viewed it were amazed
Like crazy people you rushed to watch it shy
Away from the moon's dark and blackened haze

Phil Soar

Economy

On a visit to the butcher's
I saw some Shin of beef
I asked him for the price of it
It was beyond belief
His stewing steak was even more
His liver, astronomical,
So I bought a pack of Cod in sauce
Now THAT was economical!

Phil Soar

Eider Duck

The duck had made her nest in Sweden's coastal bay
Her eggs were tucked up nicely and she knew that she would stay
And then a host of people came and stole her eider down
And left her with a paper nest, and quite a woeful frown

Phil Soar

El Nino

No birdsong at the moment
Just the wet and windy scenes
No colour sets the heart alight
and nothing's as it seems
El Nino has inflicted us
with weather we can't cope with
it's left us feeling jeopardised
and a thought that there's no hope with

Phil Soar

Elephants

Why don't Elephants pack their trunks?
And catch an aeroplane
And go where poachers don't exist
And start over again

Phil Soar

Elizabeth Kringe

Elizabeth Kringe
Made a mess of her minge
When she tried her hand at a Brazillian
She made quite a hash
Of her intimate gash
And repair would cost her half a million

Phil Soar

Emily Foo

Emily Foo, used a chinese loo
And left a small deposit in the hole
Then she looked around for tissue
There was none, which was an issue
So she had to wipe her backside on a pole

Phil Soar

Emotion

Why do the people that I meet pretend to care
when nothing is much further from the truth
alone and sitting quietly I'd like to share
I'd question their commitment, like a sleuth

I spend a lot of time with deep emotions
trying to imagine why they do
start friendship with such meaning and devotion
but leave a empty space for me to stew

It's not that I need people all around me
I'm more that happy with my own persona
I don't need anyone to come and find me
I'm happy that I'm seen as such a loner

Forgive me if I wallow in some cavern
filled with darkness, emptiness and doubt
I'm happy there, it's like a welcome tavern
and when I feel I'm free, I will come out

Phil Soar

Emotions

Emotions on a tightrope looking like they'll almost fall
Emotions of a kind that we would not wish to recall
Emotions flowing fiercely like a violent waterfall
Emotions stirring undercurrents, smashed against a wall

When faced with such a feeling, and without a place to stand
Churning up the thoughts you had, that they are underhand
And mixing up concoctions, which can only do no good
It's then that you should hide away, and soothe your heated blood

Emotions seeking no redress, just turning back the time
Emotions helping nothing but the past and all its grime
Don't dwell on all those yesterdays, and live just for the now
And pray that god will light your way, and really show you how

Phil Soar

End Of A Day

Another day draws to a close
I must go home and change my clothes
I must take off my underpants
And pray that they can't do a dance
And waddle round the bedroom floor
Before I bolt out of the door
I've left a dirty mark in there
And you know what?
I do not care

Phil Soar

Energy

Where has all my energy gone?
Is my battery running low?
Where can I plug in my charger?
Have I got one, does anyone know?

My walking is laboured, my arms hanging limp
Making me look like a bit of a gimp
Dragging my hands on the floor as I go
Do I need a booster, does anyone know?

I slept overnight like an owl with the Flu
Needing to eat, but no energy to
Trying to make myself get up and go
Needing to fly and just go with the flow

There's a light telling me I should plug myself in
Or maybe I ought to just go for a spin
Run around like an athlete, until I am full
And maybe then, life wouldn't seem so dull

Phil Soar

Enough

She left a big impression
when she stomped upon my face
a kick so hard it poleaxed me
and out me in my place
I guess she'd had enough of me
and me enough of her
and so she kicked me head in
how very brave of her

Phil Soar

Envy

I envy those whose infancy can be recalled at once
Whose first steps are balanced and recorded
Those whose first words brought smiles
Whose memories revive the innocence of youth
Where moments of hurt are soothed by mother's healing hands
Whose father's held them up to the sky on sunny days
How many times they shared birthdays together
Shed tears during hard times
Made learning fun
and watched the results cause exuberance
And cried when they left
But still come home to share their love
Yet remember their infancy
The building blocks of life cemented by loving parents
I envy them

Phil Soar

Episodes Of Life

A chorus of echoes and paintings of hills
Memories of childhood and all of its thrills
Stories of wonder and an excellent cast
Play out like a film from a long distant past

A series of episodes, chapters astound
Of epic proportions in high Dolby sound
Compositions of beauty and wonderful sights
Blown in on a mixture of warm summer nights

The series finale, a climax of sorts
Leaving a message and leaving you taught
Waiting for more of the same thing to come
Leaving you happy and just a bit numb

Phil Soar

Epitaph

I like to read an Epitaph
Some make me sad
Some make me laugh
And when I'm dead
I wonder who
Will read my Epitaph for you

Phil Soar

Erasure

Traces of energy too hard to see
Dressing my image and pleasing to me
Clusters of memories fall into place
Empty promises drift into space
Waves of emotion that glide through the mind
Friends limitations too pure and refined
The meaning of life such a difficult phase
This rhyme and its content, I think I'll erase!

Phil Soar

Eric Muncaster

Eric Muncaster was afraid of white plaster
He would scream at the slightest impression
Then he fell in some paste, and got white on his face
And joined cirque de soleil for a session

Phil Soar

Escapology

I know an escapologist
He's very rarely home
And when he's in, he isn't
As he wanders off alone

Phil Soar

Every Day's A Bonus

He gathered his belongings from beneath the tree,
And set off on another walk across the fields,
Searching for something to brighten up his day,
And somewhere late at night, where he can rest again

He distances himself from all the corporate greed,
He once was quite the businessman, and did succeed,
Then life caught up with him, and one dark afternoon,
His heart gave him a shock, and it was just too soon,

He removed himself from everything that caused him grief,
And settled for the world outside of self belief,
And now he wanders everywhere with no such pain,
And welcomes every bright new day, or pouring rain,

He sets up home in woodland or by waterfalls,
He walks for miles, and feels the breeze and never stalls,
And nature throws it's arms around his heart, and then,
He wakes, and smiles as a new day begins again.

Phil Soar

Every Dog Has It's Day

Every dog has it's day, so they say
Except maybe the odd stray
It's day would be locked in some dogs home
locked up, not allowed to roam
so get down to the pound
and rescue a hound
then every dog would have it's day

Phil Soar

Everybody's Laughing Place

Everybody has a laughing place
Where they can go and hide a while
With a myriad of wondrous thoughts
That makes them laugh and raise a smile

Everybody has a place to go
When things get rough and troublesome
Where the world seems just an obstacle
That needs to be less cumbersome

Everybody sheds a tear or two
At times when they are tested
And the times they spend in their laughing place
Are justifiably invested

Phil Soar

Examining My Love For You

Examining my love for you
There is no explanation
Its all I have and I all I know
A means to affirmation
There really is no topic
So engraved upon my heart
I only know I love you
And have done so from the start

Phil Soar

Exams

Maths was not my strong point,
when I was just a lad
My spelling was atrocious,
and my history was bad
I was no good at geography,
and often went astray
I'd wander off to somewhere strange,
and lose a complete day
It wasn't a surprise to me,
that I failed my exams
it's probably why throughout my life
I've ended up in jams

Phil Soar

Excess Hair

I'm getting hairs in places that I've never seen before
as I get on in years they seem to appear even more
They grow out of my ears and nose with consummate delight
I think they put a spurt on in the middle of the night

I wake to find my face has taken on a brand new look
Like something from a horror film, or Stephen Kings new book
I go into the bathroom and and scare myself to death
I look just like a werewolf with extra ordinary bad breath

I even scared the children as they started off their day
Their only thought was terror and they tried to run away
I feel if I don't fix this, I'll end up in despair
Wondering what I'm going to do, with all this bloody hair

Phil Soar

Exclamation Mark

I'm over-used, I'm over used!
Said the exclamation mark
I'm better than a comma
The relationship is stark
So please use me quite lightly
And don't you emphasise
The need to not exaggerate
And judge me by my size

Phil Soar

Expressing Myself

How do you best express yourself?
when you are sixty-three
and you are just a little odd
and as mental as a tree
when just a mere ambitious thought
might drive you round the bend
and the rabbit that lives down a hole
announces he's your friend

How do you best reflect on life?
when yours is complicated
your thoughts and deeds examined
which can make you feel deflated
when every nook and cranny
seems to hide a secret thought
when life's a contradiction
of all that you've been taught

How do you reconcile these things?
and put them in perspective
when you cannot remember things
and are no life detective
how do you best express yourself?
if you can tell me that
maybe I can get through life
and not look like a prat.

Phil Soar

Expression

Redeem yourself, express yourself
do not leave stones unturned as you walk through life
and pace yourself
for the steps you take
should help you to your goal
and should have depth and meaning
as you stride towards your challenges
meet them with the same enthusiasm you would for a kiss
an embrace
a smile
for all we do in life is a measure of the person inside
walk slowly with meaning
sleep soundly with feeling
speak only in whispers
and your days will be blessed

Phil Soar

Extinct

We destroy animals like we throw away our rubbish
we don't distinguish them as viable
only for what we believe they should be used for
and we should be disgusted for the vile way we treat them
but so few of us call for an end to the cull
the outwardly cowardice of the poachers and hunters
blot the copybook of those who care
but still it continues and they become extinct
and future generations may never know their beauty
never understand their right to be here
and we go down in history as survivors
whilst we had scant regard the those we share the planet with
until they are no longer here
we should be ashamed

Phil Soar

Extra Time

When I'm tired, it seems there are too many problems
I feel the world owes me some extra time
But then I realise that we don't know how long we have
And try to keep that thought deep in my mind

When looking through rose tinted glasses, it seems great
And the way the eyes review the world is open to debate
But none of us have knowledge of how long we have
So we ought to live our lives without regret

Maybe a prayer or two would make it all seem fine
Even though some days are less than that
And all we need to get us through are hosts of smiles
Without them, every day seems rather flat

Phil Soar

Extra-Terrestrial Experience

You may float into oblivion if you're caught in outer-space,
Without your safety gadgets and your underwear in place,
You'd fly through unknown galaxies, at twice the speed of sound,
Screaming that you'd left your keys and credit cards around.

Unable to get back to earth, you'd hurtle passed black holes,
And maybe even passers-by, looking for their souls,
And on your way to heaven, for that's where heaven's supposed to be,
You'll be sick in your space helmet, from the stuff you ate for tea.

Phil Soar

Fabrication

I fabricated evidence
The police were not amused
I said I'd been molested
A celebrity accused
I climbed on a band wagon
To try and have some fame
And now I'm locked in Prison
With just myself to blame

Phil Soar

Facebook

I must get onto Facebook,
And share my every whim;
Tell people when I've had a shit,
Or just been down the Gym;
I'd open up my heart and soul,
And spread eternal joy;
And tell the world how much I wanked,
When I was just a boy.

Id fill my site with Happy Thoughts,
And even product placing,
I'd photograph the skid-marks,
On my pants that need replacing;
Each day I'd write a daily blog,
With banal thoughts and ditties,
Post photos of me on the bog,
And flaunt my manly titties.

I'd keep the world a-breasted,
About everything I'm doing,
I'd keep my page updated,
Whilst I'm sitting down and poo-ing;
MY LAPTOP resting on my lap,
That's how it got its name,
My finger rips the toilet paper,
Now that is a shame.

An accidental Fingering,
Whilst sitting on the Loo,
Not the sort of thing I'd share,
Will all the Facebook crew;
But someone sends a link to me,
That takes me somewhere crude,
A site of toilet paper holes,
And fingers brown and stewed.

I can't believe the sort of stuff,
That people share out there,
Who tells the world their every move? ,

Do people really care? ;
And, Do we need to know all that? ,
Our lives all stripped and bare,
With every move and the things we do,
Why feel the need to share? .

There are those who also twitter,
Their lives awash with Twits,
Sharing every thought they have,
And getting on our Tits;
From stars of stage, and sport and news,
And those who live alone,
Tweeting when they've woken up,
And lying there alone.

They've all got their own followers,
Like some religious cult,
Tweeting crap and talking shite,
And writing to insult;
The need to reach out daily,
To tell the world their news,
To txt, to tweet, words from the street,
And all their insane views.

On second thoughts, I will not join,
Or share my daily grind,
I'll leave it all to those of you,
Who are out of your mind,
You tell the world your secrets,
You share most every day,
With people you don't really know,
Who might live far away.

So if you are on Facebook,
Or hashtag your life on twitter,
I hope the words you share out there,
Don't end up I.T. Litter,
I Do declare, that I don't share,
My feelings, thoughts and deeds,
Or try to share my drivel,
Till my brain explodes and bleeds.

Facebook - Chapter 2

I wrote about Facebook a few years ago
Of how it annoyed me, and quite rightly so
I said I would never give it one more thought
So Bugger it!

Phil Soar

Facebook - Re-Visited

I don't log onto Facebook
I don't have an account
I guess I don't have that much news
To tell the world about
My life is not some chapter
In an autobiographic study
If I need to share my every thought
I'd just call up my buddy
There really is no reason
Why I need to write such shite
To share it with the whole wide world
Almost every night
I doubt someone in Istanbul
Would like to hear me say
That I might wank myself to sleep
Or that I might be gay
I'm not, but that is not the point
I can't see that they'd care
Or want to see the latest stain
Upon my underwear
Some people share their every trait
And put it on their pages
Illiterate folk, who laugh at jokes
They go back through the ages
Announcing that they've been away
And sharing their reviews
Photo's of their bright red flesh
And how they've had 'The Poos'
Friends all join in with the streams
And wish that they'd been there
How they lost their cash, and got a rash
Beneath their underwear
There's nothing Facebook hasn't seen
And nothing that they block
To find something that's quite obscene
Sign on at 12 o'clock
And if you are offended
Perhaps it serves you right
Maybe you should get out some more

And avoid all of this shite
So I don't log onto Facebook
Or any other social media
I'd rather write a poem
Or browse and encyclopedia

Phil Soar

Facing Up To It

I saw my face reflected in the mirror on the wall
I felt like it was not my own, a face I can't recall
Wrinkled, drawn and weary, like age had taken hold
A pure white alabaster, that looked so used and cold

It made me question everything, and dwelt inside the mind
The things I'd put my fizzog through, appeared to be unkind
A face that showed an anguish, and told a tale of woe
How was I going to live with it, I really didn't know

That mirror on the wall had caused a shock that made me think
My youth had left me years ago, and almost in a blink
My understated values, were now in disarray
I stared into that mirror, and shouted 'Go Away! '

Phil Soar

Fairies

There were fairies at the bottom of our garden
That's what our mum would say,
Until the men in white coats came
And took our mum away

Phil Soar

Faking It

Making sense of what lies ahead
I turn to astrologers

They seem to echo my feelings
Or am I reading too much into their words?

Do they read my stars and know me?
Can they predict my future?

Only I can implement the route they think I should turn down
And yet, should I take that path?

Better to resolve to wake each day and follow my heart
I like that route the best.

Phil Soar

Fall In Love With Me

You didn't laugh, you didn't cry
When I told you my life flew by
You didn't judge, you never knew
That I was deep in love with you

You missed my heart, I gave it you
It lay there in your eyes of blue
And eased along love's highway till
It came to rest on cupid's hill

I've lived in hope that pretty soon
Under a deep and well lit moon
You'll see our love was meant to be
And you will fall in love with me

Phil Soar

Fallen

I fell where none had fallen
amongst the weeds and grass
lying there, lost and forlorn
just sitting on my ass
I wondered how I landed there
And then I did recall
I tripped upon a fallen log
and now was one foot tall
the image wasn't pretty
and so I took my phone
Took myself a selfie
and then 'whats apped' it back home
my family had a laugh at me
they saw me lying there
chuckling at my accident
whilst sad at my despair
I lay there for a moment
as the ants crawled up thigh
And wondered if my leg was numb
or maybe I was high
That Dandelion drink I had
Down at the dog and trumpet
made me think my family
could all stay home and lump it!

Phil Soar

Fallen From Grace

They poured scorn on her
From a ladle of guilt
Never knowing the life
That she struggled to build
They doubted her innocence
And watched from afar
As she once fell from grace
Now no longer a star

Phil Soar

Falling From Grace

I fell from grace the other day
She wasn't very pleased
I had been on the top of her
Her ample breasts I'd squeezed
She touched me on the anus
Right where I'd not expected
I'm sure she must have felt me twitch
I guess she had detected
My legs began to shake a bit
I fell with such a thump
The insertion of her finger
Had made me want a dump!

Phil Soar

Falling In Love With Nature

I can't help myself
I fell in love with nature
There's so much to enjoy
So many things to entertain the senses
From all that is available
I have no favourites
Not one
It all speaks volumes about the world we live in
And the noise makes up the journey I'm now on

I sometimes sit and look at all that wonder
Imagine life without it, and recall
When I was young it really passed me by I think
And now it's very nature spurs me on

Not asking me to venture out to find it
It waits for me each morning, says 'Hello'
No matter how the weather is behaving
This is the greatest feeling that I know.

Phil Soar

Falling Star

If I could catch a falling star
I think that it would change my fears
Perhaps inject some optimism
Stop a flood of worrying tears
If I could catch a falling star
I'd like to think I'd feel brand new
And start remembering all the good
That catching stars can really do

Phil Soar

Familiar Feelings

What happened to that old familiar feeling?

Where did emotion lead those feelings to?

How much of my resolve was tested, leaving my heartache reeling?

And how was I supposed to cope, when feelings left you too?

Phil Soar

Family

The times I cherish most in life are family oriented
And these can be so cosmic that I feel they're complicated
But without times of strife and battles that we all must face
The world and all around us, would be quite a different place

Phil Soar

Family Archipelago

My family are like islands
Now the kids have left the home
Like archipelagos clustered around us
Volatile at times, as if volcanic
Spouting vitriol at the endless turmoil
When separate lives become complex
Returning home, they make for the comfort blanket
That is the nest they began in
Loved in
Lived in
Laughed in
Cried in
Then only to return to their own island
They created for themselves
Knowing solace isn't far away

Phil Soar

Family History

I Traced my family history
Looking through my family tree
I found a trail of rogues and thieves
That disgraced themselves in twos and threes
And for those conceived along the way
There wasn't really much to say

Phil Soar

Family Tree

I traced my family tree back centuries
found my long lost relatives and mysteries
sought out things about my ancestors
and all the things that hunting them incurs

from 18th century whores to highwaymen
a 1600's peasant from bridgend
and up to date, I found a uncle who
had run away from home and moved to crewe

Phil Soar

Famous

To rocket from obscurity to worldwide fame
Where everyone from around the globe can speak your name
To write a book or pen a song in record time
Makes you very special, for a spell in time
You dwell in social media and modern contact sites
You're more or less their equals now, both day and night
No escape for you now that you're on their mind
They search for every crumb of you that they can find
You rose into their daily lives and now they're in your mind
You rocketed into their lives one day and then
You find yourself resisting, and want freedom again.

Phil Soar

Fancy That

The moon was deep in Uranus
The stars were all on the wane
When a man dressed up like a werewolf
Came strolling down the lane

He showed his teeth to passers-by
He snarled at Dogs and Cats
He frightened all the neighbourhood
Including several rats

He was joined by a well built gorilla
A lion and a grizzly bear
And a man dressed up as a woman
With jewellery tied in her hair

They boarded a bus to the city
Where they met up with several macaws
Then a woman dressed as a hyena
Arrived on a pantomime horse

The party was held at a freehouse
Where the beer was drunk by the gallon
And a man in a suit like an eagle
Kept pinching the hares with his tallon

In the city around about midnight
The strangest of sights then occured
A load of marauding drunk cattle
Came down the High street in a herd

The place was an utter disaster
The police tried to calm the crowd down
But a man posing as Chief Inspector
Made the constables sit on the ground

They had all left the city by morning
The stragglers had stayed there for lunch
The conclusion to draw from this story
Is that Revellers are a strange bunch

Phil Soar

Farmers Yield

I took a walk in a farmers field
I placed my hand across the wheat
To see If I could tell his yield
Was better than it was last week
Although it's not my expertise
It's height had reached above my knees
And months from now he would be pleased
By the yield there was in this farmers field

Phil Soar

Farmyard Anitcs 152

Cows and sheep and pigs and geese
All lined up in a row
Dogs that herd and the odd bird
And some I just don't know
The sights and sounds of Farmyards
Across the countryside
Fills my heart with so much joy
And just a sense of pride

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics

I strolled into a farmyard
When no-one was about
I took a goat out for a walk
And a pig began to shout
The oink's were heard from miles away
So I didn't get too far
I returned the goat to find a bloke
Had driven off in my car!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 10

I strolled into a farmyard
The farmer was quite dead
He'd stopped a bull from having fun
It kicked him in the head

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 100

I strolled into a farmyard
For the 100th time I guess
The farmer was in conference
With a maid who was undressed
I think he didn't see me
As I hid among the hay
So I watched this social intercourse
And then I ran away

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 101

I strolled into a farmyard
Just after break of dawn
Just after roosters crowed out loud
And before the sun got warm
The day was just beginning
And the livestock woke to see
A stranger looking down at them
That visitor was me

Armed with just my camera
I looked through the viewfinder
I focused on a milking maid
As I crept up behind her
She sat there on a milking stool
The goats were all around her
So I did not look a fool
I stayed where I had found her

And as she squeezed those little teats
I felt like peeping Tom
My knees were weak
I couldn't speak
I was almost overcome
I swear the goats all winked at me
As I composed the frame
And new after I took the shot
I'd never feel the same

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 102

Cesspits full of excrement
Green Fields full of Pats
Sheep all standing aimlessly
And farmers in weird hats
Chickens laying everywhere
No egg upon their faces
Who'd have thought the farmyards
Would be my favourite places

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 103

I strolled into a farmyard
And there was no-one there
Just a herd of Friesian cows
All with a vacant stare
They looked a little anxious
They'd not been milked for weeks
And at their feet, the milk had seeped
There were puddles everywhere

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 104

The farmyard was quiet
Like a graveyard, in fact
With sacks full of manure
All labelled and packed
Waiting collection
By gardening Connoisseurs
Who loved to immerse themselves
In farmyard manures

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 105

I strolled into a farmyard
The air was rank and smelly
The farmer was on strike you see
And sat watching the telly
Whilst animals all defecated
To their hearts delight
And by the time they'd finished
The yard was full of shite

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 106

He wanted an organic farm
But didn't understand it
He filled a barn with organs
But not as he had planned it
To him it was just music
And the sounds of keyboard strokes
He wasn't that amusing
Just one of those strange blokes

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 107

I strolled into a farmyard
Where I'd been so many times
The sounds that welcomed me inside
Were like a poets rhymes
And as I felt so peaceful
I lay down for a sleep
And woke covered in droppings
From a herd of passing sheep

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 108

Those farmyard smells that waft across the fields
As farmers try to improve all their yields
Can set your throat on fire and make you gag
Like someone held your farts inside a bag
So maybe we should give the fields some space
And not let all those smells drift by our face

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 109

I strolled into a farmyard
On a drizzly summer day
The rain that slowly fell on me
Would never go away
And so I worked in wellingtons
And also wore a coat
I should have read the forecast
And arrived in a boat

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 11

I strolled into a farmyard
And I trod in some muck
In my new shoes
It gave me the blues
And a little bit of luck

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 110

I walked into a farmyard
So happy to be there
And all the many animals
Began to stir and stare
I wasn't that experienced
A candidate and novice
The farmer introduced me
And he took me to his office
He said: 'there is a lot to learn
And also lots of Sh*t
There will be many accidents
When you will step in it'
It was a quick baptism
I learned to stay alert
For everywhere you looked or stood
Your boots got caked in dirt

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 112

I strolled into a farmyard
On a sweltering summers day
No sign of much activity
Like all had gone away
Yet off there in the distance
I spied a random sheep
Sitting on a deck chair
And almost fast asleep
The sun was beating down on him
No sign it would go dull
And he was just relaxing
While he grew a coat of wool

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 113

I strolled into a farmyard
Among the Baa's and Moo's
I saw a lot of quadrupeds
Who seemed to have the blues
Standing deep in their own mess
The farmer was away
And left them feeling in distress
For more than a few days
A Bull took up the mantle
Of covering the farmers ass
He guided them into a field
And left them eating grass
And then he took advantage
No sign of much remorse
And had his way with every cow
In farmyard intercourse

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 114

I strolled into a farmyard
As a cockerel crowed out loud
The livestock woke too early
And they gathered in a crowd
They came up with a master plan
To stop these early calls
By searching for that cockerel
And cutting off its balls

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 115

I strolled into a farmyard
Whilst the harvest was on-going
I trod in something nasty
Without ever really knowing
I took the smell around with me
Not knowing what it was
And when I left, I took it home
And then upset the boss

She wasn't happy!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 116

I strolled into a farmyard
Just as the day began
There was no-one there to greet me
Except for a very old man
He was standing in a field of sheep
Looking like he was asleep
He wasn't a scarecrow, although he was scary
And the sounds that he made were uncomplimentary
He told me go leg it, and get off his land
And was waving the tail of a cow in his hand
I thought how absurd was this scene on this day
But nevertheless thought that I'd run away

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 117

I led a horse to water
But I could not make it drink
So I left it in the river
Not too nice I think

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 118

I strolled into a farmyard, while the pigs were in a shed
When a bale of hay, left in the way, dropped upon my head
It knocked me into kingdom come, at least that's how it felt
And when I woke, I'd shit myself, at least that's how it smelt! .

(Could have been the pigs I guess)

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 119

I strolled into a Farmyard
And my senses came to life
Smells I'd not encountered
Since I met my 'Earthy' wife
She lived inside a commune
With fellow raconteurs
I wondered where the smells came from
And then noticed it was her

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 12

I strolled into a farmyard
When the cows were all asleep
The pigs had got insomnia
And lay there counting sheep
The time was almost midnight
I was a little pissed
I tried to have a toilet break
But squatted down and missed
The small deposit that I left
Was mixed in with manure
I think no-one had noticed
But I couldn't be quite sure

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 120

I strolled into a farmyard
At the age of Sixty three
I wondered if they had some eggs
That I could eat for tea
And as I wandered around the place
I couldn't see the hens
Just lots of Cows and sheep and Pigs
All gathered up in pens
So meat wasn't the problem
I could even choose my cut
And then from out of nowhere
A goat hit me in the butt

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 121

I strolled into a farmyard
And I felt a warming glow
I'd trod in something 'gooey'
And had nowhere else to go
I stood there, frozen on the spot
The 'goo' was all around
And then from somewhere in a barn
I heard a laughing sound
A sort of giggling moo-ing
I couldn't make it out
Until the farmer spoke to me
And then began to shout
' You're standing in a pile of muck
And I don't care a bit
My friend, you're really out of luck
And up to your knees in shit! '

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 122

I strolled into a farmyard
In the early morning mist
I fell into a pile of dung
As I was very pissed

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 123

I strolled into a farmyard
As the cockerel crowed out loud
They didn't like the look of me
I drew a rowdy crowd
Pushed around by friesians
Butted by the rams
Causing me a seizure
And cocking up my plans

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 124

I strolled into a farmyard
And all around was dark
The cows and sheep had broken sleep
And the dogs were in the park
In fact it was chaotic
Like everything was drugged
The pigs and goats don't get a vote
And neither do the bugs
The farmer stood in mild despair
Not knowing what to do
Until a cow called Fred got in his bed
And all he could say was Moo!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 125

I strolled into a farmyard
While the chickens clucked and laid
And a Chinese pig ate a ripened fig
And the goats and kids all played
It really was a happy farm
And no-one was judgemental
And the local vet hadn't been there yet
As the farms problems were dental

The Farmer loved his sweets and buns
And would share them with the cattle
And a group of passing Irish nuns
Joined in with the eating battle
The happiness was infectious
And the news spread through the town
Until a local animal protest group
Tried to shut the farmyard down

The livestock recoiled at the sight
Of protestors on the land
And the locals heard of the farmers plight
And took things all in hand
They built a sort of fortress
Out of cakes and buns and sweets
And the very next day they were in dismay
At the social media tweets

The news had 'views' across the globe
And the happiness then went viral
Around the world, all hell unfurled
And events began to spiral
The farmer found this world wide fun
Too hard to comprehend
It wasn't too long, before it all went wrong
And it drove him round the bend

So when I left that farmyard
I was just a little sad
For the livestock all were overweight

And had a Nutter for a dad!

Footnote:

With apologies for the crappy end, I was running out of ideas! .

Phil Soar

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 126

I strolled into a farmyard
There was nothing else to do
I wandered round for hours
Watching Livestock passing through
I couldn't help but marvel
At the way the farm was worked
No time for sitting drinking
No job was ever shirked
It's a wonder that the scant rewards
Make farmers carry on
But then, where would the public be
If all the farms were gone?

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 127

The farmer loved his cows so much, he slept with them at night
Underneath the moonlit sky, he felt that it was right,
The Heifers were quite curious, but never thought to doubt him
For after all he slept with them, and they lay down around him
Until one fateful Autumn night, while sleeping in the hay
Rustlers came to raid the farm, and took the cows away
And when the farmer woke next day, there was nothing he could do
Except yell out a worried scream, and an angry Moo or two

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 128

The farmer stood in fields of gold
The rape seed now in bloom
He'd like to grow some more of it
But didn't have the room

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 129

I strolled into a farmyard
On the lookout for some drama
When from inside a cattle shed
There came a trainee farmer
He looked a little worried
As he ran across the yard
He never saw me standing there
As I held my business card
I shouted as he ran away
'I want to sell some sheep'
But he ran so far, sat in a car
And then he fell asleep
It seemed he'd worked all through the night
Delivering new born calves
And eating fresh bananas
That he'd neatly cut in halves

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 13

I strolled into a farmyard
And among the bales of hay
I found a little dormouse
Who had settled in to stay

He had a thousand neighbours
Who had also built their nest
To raise their many families
They liked the hay the best

And as the farmer used the hay
They moved themselves around
The neighbourhood began to shrink
And new ones had been found

And when I left the farmyard
The mice had left there too
When faced with a demolition
What else was there to do?

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 130

I watched him milk the cattle
Through a telescopic lens
I sent him all my photographs
To drive him around the bend
He'd sacked me as his farmyard hand
And I thought I'd turn him in
For milking cows in secret
With a stupid silly grin.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 131

We strolled into a farmyard
My wife and I and kids
Just to see how farming worked
And what the farmer did
And much to our amazement
After watching him perform
We went back home, and sat alone
And ate a bag of corn

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 132

I strolled into a farmyard
As the working day began
When the farmer shouted over
And he asked me who I am
I made up quite a story
And made it seem the truth
That I had hopes to buy a farm
When I was in my youth
He took me to one side and then
He told me quite a tale
Of how he gets by every day
With a couple of kegs of ale
He did seem rather plastered
For this early time of day
And by the time he'd told his tale
I'd upped and ran away

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 133

I strolled into a farmyard
As a frost had chilled the air
I walked around the barn a while
Without a thought or care
And just as I felt right at home
There came a frightened shout
The farmer had got out of bed
And told me to get out
He said I was trespassing
And was not welcome there
And then he set his dogs on me
I thought that wasn't fair
I left with teeth marks on my thigh
And a feeling of remorse
And just as I walked out the yard
Was kicked by an angry horse

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 134

I strolled into a farmyard
With a happy smiling face
There was no sign of anyone
Around the flipping place
No sign of any animals
Or anyone who cared
Except one horse with a gammy leg
Who just stood there and stared

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 135

As I wandered past the farmyard gate
I wondered why the farmer's late
He usually opened up at dawn
It looked like he had up and gawn
Dyslexic as I thought I was
I couldn't fathom what it was
That led me past that gate today
When that poor sod was far away

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 136

As the winter is upon us
And the hay is piled up high
And the cattle gather in the barn
And none of them wonder why
When the option is, be warm as toast
To be indoors, and not out
This is where they want to be the most
Not wandering about
Though the barn is overcrowded
There is nowhere else to go
Except outside, where the sheepdogs hide
And its four foot deep in snow

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 137

I strolled into a farmyard
At the start of a New Year
I looked around, but all I found
Was there was no-one here
They animals had partied
Until the break of day
And then the abattoir van arrived
And took them all away.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 138

I strolled into a farmyard
And I felt like I was home
Watching cows and sheep and pigs
Wherever they might roam

Brought up in a ranch down south
I knew how animals think
Like milking cows and foot and mouth
And shit that really stinks

But now I felt quite whole again
And back where I first started
And loved the sound of shattered ground
And the noise as cattle farted

I'd gone there for an interview
To work there through the seasons
I felt that everything was new
For the right sort of reasons

But as the farmer spoke to me
He looked me in the eyes
He touched my knee, and made me flee
And I didn't say goodbye

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 139

Across the land, in fields of green
Where the public think it's so serene
The sheep all carry scars they've had for life
When they see the farmers wellies
Their legs all turn to jellies
As they know the farmer hasn't got a wife

Authors Note: Wellies is an English nickname for Wellington Boots

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 14

I strolled into a farmyard
Full of clucks and bleats
And lots of random Moo's and such
From cows whose udders leaked

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 140

I strolled into a farmyard barn
At the start of the moonlight
The barn in total darkness
And I got a sudden fright

Hanging from the beams above
A truly awful sight
A thousand little tiny bats
All ready to take flight

They whizzed over my hatless head
And filled the barn with shite
Amounts that filled my heart with dread
This early in the night

It wasn't long before my head
Was a permanent target for
A thousand little tiny bats
And Guano by the score

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 141

I strolled into a farmyard
When no-one was around
I tried to steal some fresh laid eggs
Without making a sound
And then a cockerel saw me
And began to scream and shout
The hens joined in, with such a din
The farmer threw me out

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 142

I strolled into a farmyard
My children with me too
To show them what a cow looked like
And why they all said 'moo'

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 143

I strolled into a farmyard
My children came along
They seemed to be inquisitive
And asked, 'What is that pong? '
I said it was the 'country air'
And it made the sky turn blue
My youngest said 'That's funny dad'
Cos to me, it smells like poo! .

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 148

I strolled into a farmyard
Having written several rhymes
Most of which are nonsense
And are twisted in my mind
And then I see a little lamb
And I feel like a winner
Then wonder how that lamb will taste
when he becomes my dinner!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 149

I strolled into a farmyard
Where I hadn't been for weeks
I tripped up on a cattle grid
And fell in a cows butt cheeks
My nose got full of cow dung
And much to my dismay
I smelt of something awful
That I could not wash away

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 15

I strolled into a farmyard
When the harvest was complete
The cows had left some messages
I trod in with my feet
So many 'Pat's' I stood in
Too many for my psyche
I wish I'd worn my wellington boots
Instead of shoes from Nike

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 150

I strolled into a farmyard
An organic one at that
Where everything was Au natural
And the farmer was a prat
He strolled around stark naked
With his tackle all on show
And what he did in the barn at night
I really wouldn't know

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 151

I strolled into a Farmyard
Behind a herd of sheep
To find the farm hands lying down
All tired and fast asleep
The sheep were there for shearing
And stood in pens while bleating
But the farm hands were not hearing them
And the sheep wore central heating

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 152

I strolled into a farmyard
On a lovely summer day
Grinning as I watched the goats
Playing in the hay
And as I strolled around the place
I couldn't help but think
Why do we say 'I'm sweating like a pig
And need a drink? '
The pigs I know are sweatless
At least, that's how it looks
The only time they look too hot
Is as the bacon cooks!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 153

I strolled into a farmyard
My mind on other things
Like naked ladies dancing
As a cabaret begins
I couldn't get my mind off that
And as I was distracted
A cow left me a great big gift
All runny and compacted

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 154

I strolled into a farmyard
My mind on other things
Like naked ladies dancing
As a cabaret begins
I couldn't get my mind off that
And as I was distracted
A cow left me a great big gift
All runny and compacted

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 155

I strolled into a farmyard
And heard a funny sound
A bull was being rampant
And was stomping on the ground
The cows were not accepting him
Just stood there eating grass
Feeling miffed he thought he'd take
His brother up the ass!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 156

I strolled into a farmyard
That seemed to lack panache
Loads of crap around the place
The business leaking cash
The animals were not aware
And yet the farmer smiled
After all, he loved his work
As all his troubles piled

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 16

I strolled into a farmyard
My eyes saw nothing new
Cows and sheep
And goats and hens
And lots of animal poo

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 17

I strolled into a farmyard
I saw a thousand sheep
I tried my best to count them all
But then I fell asleep

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 18

I strolled into a farmyard
My eyes were all aglow
I drank a little too much Gin
And words began to flow
The animals were mystified
As I stumbled about
I knocked upon the stable door
But everyone was out
I guess they had gone AWOL
As they'd seen me stagger round
And at six am next morning
I was nowhere to be found

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 19

I strolled into a farmyard
and lay down in some hay
and then the farmer took his fork
and plunged it all the way
he stuck it in my derriere
and then he heard me shout
he hadn't expected that when he
turned all the hay about

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 2

I walked into an open barn
And someone shouted 'HAY'
I said 'yes I can see that'
And then I ran away

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 20

I strolled into a farmyard
Thinking everything was great
Until a bull escaped a field
Through an open gate
It chased me round and round the place
I think he'd got the horn
I'm sure if he had caught me
I'd have wished I'd not been born.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 21

I strolled into a farmyard
As high as a large kite
The drugs I took, left me in muck
And I gave the cows a fright
I danced around the barn a while
I was quite off my face
Until the farmer found me there
and threw me out the place! .

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 22

I strolled into a farmyard
At the dawn of a new day
The chickens and the many pigs
Had lots of things to say
Announcing my arrival
Was like a howling dirge
Starting as a gentle cluck
And building to a surge
And once the farmer spotted me
He chased me through the muck
I fell and was face down in it
And became rather stuck
He picked me up and led me off
Without a 'by your leave'
I went back home with a dirty face
And pig shit on my sleeve

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 23

I strolled into a farmyard
In the middle of the night
I trod in something 'icky'
And the feeling wasn't right
The mess coated my slippers
With a sorted of matted pat
I threw them in a haystack
And that was the end of that

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 24

I strolled into a farmyard
And much to my despair
There was some foot and mouth disease
And there was no-one there

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 25

I strolled into a farmyard
The dogs began to bark
I hid inside an outhouse
Until it went quite dark
And when I sneaked back in the yard
I lost my way, and then
The dogs began to bark again
So I moved in with the hens

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 26

I strolled into a farmyard
And the hens all looked dismayed
As I was armed with a bag for swag
And I stole the eggs they'd laid

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 27

I strolled into a farmyard
My thoughts had turned to Lamb
And Steak and Pork and Chicken
That's the sort of bloke I am
I don't think I cold handle it
If I Owned all that meat
And taking them to slaughter
Wouldn't be quite up my street

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 28

I strolled into a farmyard
Around about mid-day
A massive barn conversion
Was clearly underway
The building was an outer shell
With scaffold all around
As brand new rooms were taking shape
Above and on the ground
The animals were standing still
As work was done in haste
The cows and pigs had puzzled looks
The sheep thought 'What a waste'
Rooms for ailing travellers
To rest their aching backs
Old barns turned into resting places
Papering over cracks
And when I left this farmyard
I felt a little guilt
I'd stolen several window frames
To stop it being built
I strolled out of that farmyard
A smile upon my face
I'd led the cows into the barn
And they shit over the place

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 29

I strolled into a farmyard
There was not a soul in sight
The farmer, Bill, had took a pill
And was on the go all night
He had a large erection
The sort that lasts a while
And when he re-appeared, his face
Was lit up with a smile

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 3

I strolled into a farmyard
Just as milking had begun
Lots of cows with udders full
And standing round for fun
And when their teats connected
With the functioning machine
The relief on all their faces
Was there for all to see

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 30

I strolled into a farmyard
Just as a silo blew
I left a little smelly
Smothered in lots of poo

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 31

I strolled into a farmyard
I was staggered by it's size
And all the piles of cow dung
And the many thousand flies
I thought that I could work there
And train as a farmhand
I went to see the farmer
But it didn't go as planned
He'd just delivered early Lambs
And was a little stressed
I asked him, 'Are there vacancies? '
Seems I was too well dressed
So I left there quite deflated
My clothes now stank of shit
My attempt at working on a farm
Has put me off a bit!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 32

I strolled into a farmyard
A rooster made a crow
I chopped its bloody head off
So that no-one else would know

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 33

I strolled into a farmyard
At the age of sixty three
I found a herd of heffers
Looking very strange to me
Their udders hung like space hoppers
About to burst their seams
And as I watched they blew apart
And all I could do was scream

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 34

I strolled into a farmyard
Where the air was rather choice
The farmer greeted me with such a strange and flustered voice
It seemed that he could hardly breathe
From the smell of cow manure
It's something you don't get used to
And your throat gets rather sore

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 35

I strolled into a farmyard
and the farmer looked perplexed
I thought I was at the doctors
waiting for him to say 'NEXT! '

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 36

I strolled into a farmyard
The sheep were being penned
Dipped in disinfectant
Time and time again
They bleated their annoyance
All to no avail
They'd been locked up for ages
And soon it was about to end

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 37

I strolled into a farmyard
On a clear and sunny day
The sheep were grazing
Cows were lazing
As I walked their way
And yet I felt a sudden urge
To roll around in hay
So I took all of my clothes off
And shouted out "hooray!"
The farmer wasn't too amused
I'd left the gate ajar
And a goat with a key fob in his mouth
Drove away in the farmers car.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 38

I strolled into a framyard
Dyslexia was rooling
I felled a littel perplecksed by it
And fowned that i was droowling
After thurtee minittes
I'd lost my way and then
I warked a wile arownd the plaice
and strolled bak owt again

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 39

I strolled into a farmyard
where the air was thick with muck
I fell into a silo
which was just my blooming luck
I climbed out feeling stupid
and dripped from head to toe
I strolled out of that farmyard
but had nowhere else to go

I lived there.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 4

I strolled into a farmyard
And the smell was rather rank
They kept the silage in the yard
In a great big dirty tank
And when they spread it on the land
You better block your nose
The smell will linger in the air
Until the produce grows

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 40

I strolled into a farmyard
And shouted 'hip hooray'
The animals looked startled
And then they ran away
Except for an old sheepdog
Who lay down at my feet
It was his 16th Birthday
And he just wanted a treat.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 41

I ran into a farmyard
Not like my usual stroll
I ran around like crazy
And then fell down a hole
I wasn't being careful
Did not notice the well
I must go back to strolling
Otherwise I'll fall to hell

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 42

I strolled into a farmyard
And all was quite insane
The cows had been imprisoned
In the depths of winter rain
They all looked utterly miserable
Just standing in their muck
It looked like they were bored to death
And couldn't give a f**k.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 43

I strolled into a farmyard
There was a big affray
The geese had had their wings clipped
So they couldn't fly away
The bull was looking puzzled
As the farmer had him penned
He saw two bricks in the farmers hands
And he thought it was the end
So imagine the kerfuffle
When the farmer shut the gate
The cows began to laugh a lot
The Bull guessed it's his fate
The farmer then surprised him
By mixing up some mortar
Maybe the bull showed some relief
As the cows went off to slaughter

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 44

I strolled into a farmyard
Just as the day began
A bull rushed at me angrily
I ran, and ran, and ran

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 45

I strolled into a farmyard
The fields were being ploughed
I couldn't hear a bloody thing
The decibels were loud
Tractors churning up the ground
Birds flew round in groups
Making such an awful sound
And eating worms like soup

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 46

I strolled into a farmyard
And walked up to a tractor
Forgetting it was harvest time
I fell in a compactor
It chewed me up in pieces
And churned me out in blocks
And all that there was left of me
Was a pair of tattered socks

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 47

I strolled into a farmyard
At the turn of spring
The landlord had reclaimed the farm
And I couldn't find a thing.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 48

I strolled into a farmyard
To find it had such flare
Animals in herds and flocks
Just standing everywhere
The farmer had slept in this day
And none had got a clue
Where they should be standing
Or what they were supposed to do.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 49

I strolled into a farmyard
Where the smell of poo was strong
I trod in it
And in a bit
I didn't stay too long

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 5

I wandered through the farmyard gate
Stopping at the cattle grid
Stepping carefully at first
Then rushing as the cows approached
Not relishing the thought of the stampede
And being crushed among the udders
Cows with milk just swishing round
And looking like they're nutters

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 50

I strolled into a farmyard
The sheep had all been shorn
They once looked fair
But now they're bare
Just like when they were born

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 51

I strolled into a farmyard
Singing E.I.E.I.O
But it wasn't old Mcdonald
Who told me where to go!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 52

I strolled into a farmyard
To find my time was wasted
I found it was a Turkey farm
And the birds had all been basted!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 53

I strolled into a farmyard
On a glorious summer day
I walked around the pens and sheds
Until I lost my way
I found myself surrounded
Like a George Orwell encounter
It left me quite dumbfounded
And I left there at a canter

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 54

I strolled into a farmyard during lambing
That wasn't something that I had been planning
The sight of all those ewes with labour pains
Made me want to leave the farm again

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 55

I strolled into a farmyard during calving
The cows were late gestating, and were starving
And faced with lunch of hay and nothing more
They looked as if they all could eat the floor

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 56

I strolled into a farmyard
In the early morning light
I'd come to clean the cesspits out
To a chorus of delight
The animals all had gas masks on
They all looked pretty stressed
So I worked to clear the cesspits out
Of all the smelly mess
They watched me as I worked away
Up to my waist in poo
I couldn't help reminding them
This is all because of you!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 57

I strolled into a farmyard
The donkeys said 'He-Haw'
The cows were taken to the abattoir
And now they are no more

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 58

I strolled into a farmyard
No sign of man, nor beast
I guess they'd gone for slaughter
And we all can have a feast

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 59

I strolled into a farmyard
And my world turned upside down
For there stood Farmer Giles
In a blue hospital gown
He'd left the town's asylum
Where he'd been since early May
And when I said 'Hello' to him
This is what he'd say:

'Cows and sheep and things that bleat
And things tractor related
Lambs and piglets in my stew
And paddocks that are gated
I've been a bloody farmer
Since I first turned Twenty Three
And now that I am Seventy
I've come home for my tea'

I ran out of that Farmyard
Being chased by Farmer Giles
And I ran at speed, down country roads
For miles and miles and miles.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 6

I strolled into a farmyard
Just as the dawn arose
I walked and hid behind the barn
Where I could pick my nose
My father hates that sort of thing
His name is Arthur Growgie
If he should catch me doing this
He'd make me eat the bogie!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 60

I strolled into a farmyard
When the night was turning cold
And everything was dark
And all the cows were looking old
Their udders full to bursting
They waited in a line
Until the farmer hooked them up
Just in the nick of time
If he was not proficient
And the master of his craft
The Milk may have got frozen
And that would have been plain daft

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 62

I strolled into a farmyard
As the sun began to rise
The cockerel crowed
It had just snowed
The whiteness hurt my eyes
And laying in a corner
Wrapped up in sheepskin coats
Were a gaggle of hens
Out of their pens
And mixed in with some goats

I ambled through that farmyard
Amazed at what I saw
It should have been, a silly scene
But I'd been here before
They called the farm 'Asylum'
And I was now back home
In my hospital gown
I had to frown
As I wasn't on my own

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 63

I strolled into a farmyard
There were children everywhere
Giggling at the antics of the animals that were there
Out of school on day trips
And having so much fun
Oh to be a child again, and enjoy being young

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 64

I strolled into a farmyard
The day had started well
Until, that is, I cleaned the barn
And recognised a smell
The dung had quite a stench to it
It wasn't all that funny
I wondered how the farmer copes
Whenever it gets sunny
The heat that's generated
By the summer sun is great
And so I made a run for it
Before it got too late
My nose is not that tolerant
Of the farmyard aroma
It even gets behind my eyes
And plays with my glaucoma
By the time I reached the hillside
And tried to breathe fresh air
I thought that I was going to faint
And be sick everywhere.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 65

I strolled into a farmyard
All hell was breaking loose
A cowboy in a stetson hat
Arrived in a caboose
Quite how he had arrived there
When there was no railway track
Is still a mystery today
As he never has come back

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 66

I strolled into a farmyard
With nothing on my feet
To feel at one with nature
And to make my life complete
I'd always held the notion
This was the place that I should be
Until I trod in cow pats, and a pool of cattle pee.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 67

I strolled into a farmyard late at night
And gave the residents an awful fright
I was in fancy dress, and don't know how
The farmer thought I was a rabid cow!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 68

I strolled into a farmyard
There was chaos everywhere
The bulls were free
The cows did flee
And the pigs just didn't care
So I watched as all the panic
Began to infiltrate
I rushed up to the entrance
In an attempt to close the gate
But as I turned my back on them
The Bulls had chased me down
They left me with some soreness
And a rather painful frown

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 69

I strolled into a farmyard
And memories flooded back
Of when I was the subject
Of a random 'Pig attack'
I'd interrupted dinner
And the sow was not impressed
It chased me to a cesspit
And left me quite distressed

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 7

A crisis in the farmyard
The chickens fled the coop
The neighbours caught them in the street
And put them in their soup

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 70

I strolled into a farmyard
And there stood Farmer Jim
He was built like a brick out-house
There was no point in meeting him
He asked what I was doing
Did I know I was trespassing?
And then he knocked me to the floor
And kicked my ample ass in! .

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 71

I strolled into a farmyard
Where Dairy cattle wait
To have their udders emptied
Before it gets too late
There's nothing like a herd of cows
Standing around in groups
It's like a crowd of homeless tramps
Waiting for some soup
They have a certain pained expression
While chewing on the cud
They only have the one possession
And it pours out in a flood
And when the churns are full of milk
The waiting then is over
It's back to the fields to eat the grass
And the odd few tons of clover

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 72

I strolled into a farmyard
The air was full of mist
I wandered around for ages
I guess that I was pissed
I strode on legs of jelly
I fell into a stall
The horse looked up and kicked me hard
And I began to fall
I mumbled something angrily
In the hope I'd come around
But the world was spinning relentlessly
I didn't make a sound
I'd strolled into this farmyard
while I was three parts cut
I'd fallen by the wayside
And a Horse had kicked my butt!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 73

Those farmyard sounds we all know well
The barns, the sheds, that farmyard smell
All have a place in the countryside
And we take them all within our stride
A Sunday afternoon with sheep
Makes you want to fall asleep
While a day with pigs is not so pleasant
Makes you want to shoot a pheasant

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 74

I strolled into a farmyard
While no-one else was there
The farmer's at the market
And his wife just doesn't care
She's naked in the bathroom
I can see her through the blinds
My thoughts are racing everywhere
And are of the dirty kind

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 75

I strolled into a farmyard
On a whim, one summers day
I met my lover in the barn
We frolicked in the hay
And as we re-arranged ourselves
I noticed several marks
I'm sure that they were not some burns
Created by love's sparks
Our loving isn't frantic
Now that we are old
Probably a cherished waltz
To help us not feel cold
The marks were purely little bites
From ticks or fleas and such
They itched like hell all through the night
Especially around the crotch

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 76

Where cows and sheep all fall asleep
And mice come out to play
Barns are night time playgrounds
For some Antics in the hay
Owls can hunt for dinner
Foxes search for rabbits
There will only be one winner
For Farmyard night time habits

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 77

I strolled into a farmyard
One Sunday afternoon
It was quite late, I pushed the gate
By the light of a clear new moon
It was eerily quiet as darkness fell
When a pig began to squeal
It scared me to the depths of hell
And I shit myself for real

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 78

I strolled into a farmyard
Underneath a cloudless sky
With bats emitting sonic sounds
Like music as they fly
They flew around so frantically
I thought they'd all collide
So I ran into a nearby barn
And spent the night inside

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 79

I strolled into a farmyard
On a lovely summer day
Grinning as I watched the goats
All playing in the hay
And as I strolled around the place
I couldn't help but think
Why do we say 'sweating like a pig
And need a drink? '
The pigs I know are sweatless
At least that's how it looks,
The only time they look too hot
Is as the bacon cooks

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 8

I strolled into a farmyard
The air was thick with fog
I opened up the toilet door
The farmer's on the bog
I thought there was an awful smell
He said it was manure
I took a breath, collapsed, and said
'Manure? , are you sure? '

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 80

The farmyard looked so derelict
I couldn't help but enter
And as it rained when I walked in
I searched to find some shelter
I passed an empty stable
And sat awhile and waited
Until the day had brightened up
And the rain had all abated
Just then I thought I saw it
The ghost of Farmer Giles
Sat astride a tractor
That had traveled many miles
He looked like he was working
Yet I knew it wasn't so
As there was nothing practical
To Harvest or to sow
He drove off in the distance
Vanished without trace
And I was left to contemplate
This defunct working place

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 81

I strolled into a farmyard
Where only beef was bred
As I'm a vegetarian
I went back home instead

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 82

I strolled into a farmyard
My mind on other things
Like naked ladies dancing
as the cabaret begins
I couldn't take my mind off that
and as I was distracted
A cow left me a largish gift
All runny, but compacted

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 83

I strolled into a farmyard
And heard a funny sound
A bull was really rampant
And was stomping on the ground
The cows were not accepting him
Just stood there eating grass
Feeling miffed, he thought he would
Take his brother up the arse!

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 84

I strolled into a farmyard
In the early morning rain
The barnyard was all flooded
And the water floods the drain
The cows and sheep were all inside
All snug and warm and dry
And the farmer worked in the pouring rain
And it made me wonder why

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 85

I strolled into a farmyard yesterday
Although there was a donkey in the way
I slapped this ass and told him to be gone
It wasn't there when I left later on

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 86

I strolled into a farmyard unannounced
A dog was hiding there waiting to pounce
It chased me all around the bloody farm
Like it was herding sheep into a barn
It cornered me beside a random plough
I wondered what the hell would I do now
And then I thought of quite a little trick
I bent down and picked up a wooden stick
I threw it very hard across the yard
Knowing it could be my escape card
And yet the dog just stood there after all
How was I to know it just liked rubber balls?
I stood there, trapped and waited for relief
So that I might be saved from painful grief
And just as suddenly, the nightmare eased
The farmer came, the dog had got some fleas
And seeing his master armed with some flea spray
The bloody dog just turned and ran away

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 87

I strolled into a farmyard
The cows all stood in rows
Waiting with their udders full
Under the farmers nose
There was a sense of urgency
They felt like they'd explode
And send a flood of mothers milk
Down by the farmyard road

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 88

I strolled into a farmyard
And all my troubles ceased
A bull astride reluctant cows
His sense of fun released
I watched him mate with all of them
A quite substantial herd
And when the task was over
He couldn't Moo a word

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 89

I strolled into a farmyard
Free range hens all clucked
The farmer was exhausted
His work had left him tired! ..

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 9

I wandered past the fields of grain
My life would never be the same
I slipped on cow dung lying there
And both my legs flew in the air
I landed with a sudden thud
That hurt my back and chilled my blood
I lay there all manured and smelly
Deep in shit and on my belly
And when I raised my head up high
All I saw was cows and sky

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 90

I strolled into a farmyard
My eyes were all a daze
A little too much alcohol
Had misted up my days
I thought I saw some wayward goats
Among a herd of sheep
I tried to count them at the time
But then I fell asleep

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 91

The sheep had been shorn
One warm summer morn
Without coats they all looked distressed
Yet no-one was stressed
By the way they weren't dressed
And their 'bits' were on show for us all

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 92

I strolled into a farmyard
Beyond it lay the lake
And in this quiet countryside
He made his first mistake
The Farmer liked his Milking maid
She stroked the teats with joy
He wondered what he'd have to do
So that she would stroke his 'boy'
He ambled up beside her
Took her by surprise
But all he got was a squirt of milk
That shot into his eyes

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 93

I strolled into a farmyard
The wind had blown a gale
The bales of hay, had blown away
The farmer looked quite pale
I suggested I might help him
He said he wondered how
I said, "Just sell your cattle
And I will be your cow
I once was 'milked' for all my worth
And was a homeless person now";
The farmer thought about it
Declined my cry for help
He kicked me in my udder
And I gave out a yelp.

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 94

I strolled into a farmyard
And was greeted with dismay
I'd forgot to put my trousers on
So I turned and walked away

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 95

I strolled into a farmyard
All I could smell was dung
I was standing in a dark brown mess
I guess that was just wrong
My boots were awfully sticky
And squelched when I strode on
I think I'll leave and wash them
And come back when the dung has gone

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 96

I strolled into a modern farm
Technology abounded
Machines that could do everything
It left me quite dumbfounded
Cows that almost milked themselves
And Pigs that 'cured' each other
Sheep that knitted woollen clothes
And Goats that had no mother
I walked around that farmyard
And wondered what was next
And then I saw a collie dog
Was sending the sheep texts
The Chickens using twitter
The Geese had facebook pages
Maybe this is how the future looks
And could be like this for ages

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 97

I strolled into a farmyard
Gutted and dismayed
I hadn't had a decent egg
From all the ones the hens had laid
So I called them all together
And warned them what I'd do
If they laid another batch of eggs
Covered in all their poo! .

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 98

I hung around the farmyard
Waiting for the day to break
Listening for that Roosters crow
That would keep us all awake
So when I didn't hear it
I assumed it was still night
Went back to bed, and slept instead
And thought that was alright
The farmer didn't quite agree
And sacked me on the spot
For sleeping in the daytime
When I should have not

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics 99

I strolled into a farmyard
And the cows were all on strike
Renegades formed picket lines
A scene I didn't like
Milking the scene for the TV crews
All crowding at the gates
They herded together Mooing
And demanding better rates
They made their point protesting
And left some random 'pats'
Some even left their calling cards
In several farmer's hats
Some guy thought that he'd arbitrate
And called a meeting too
The Cows then held a conference
But all they said was 'Moo'
Failing to find some answers
The farmer's just delayed
They left the herd just standing there
Until they looked dismayed
By then their udders stretched a bit
And looked like they would burst
The bull who'd led the protest
Claimed he should have known this first
And so my trip was over
As the cows gave up in pain
And when they reached the milking pens
The Milk just flowed like rain

Phil Soar

Farmyard Antics And Dementia

He strolled into a farmyard
He didn't quite know why
His mind was full of nothing
All he could see was sky
He took a step towards a barn
He thought was full of cattle
His doctor had said "dementia"
Then started quite a battle
He didn't know a single thing
He wandered off alone
Until the Police had found him
He had made that farm his own

Phil Soar

Farmyard Memories

I strolled into a farmyard
The memories flooded back
Of childhood games among the hay
And yards all full of cack

Brought up on a working farm
With all it's woe and strife
Reminds me of the high points
From my very early life

As I strolled into this farmyard
The memories I recalled
Gave me such a welcome glow
The daily grind just stalled

I looked into a clear blue sky
And when I raised my head
I realised I'd work this land
Until they found me dead

Phil Soar

Farting

I let a little tremor out
As I just wandered round about
And those behind me held their nose
Whilst others ended comatose

Phil Soar

Fascination

Out of fascination
I sat out in the cold
Watching moonlight travel
On a universal road
Across the sky in darkness
The comet cast it's light
My eyes caught sight of shooting stars
I wondered about their plight
When they complete their journey
What waits for them right there?
I looked above into the sky
And the beauty held my stare

Phil Soar

Fast Food

He turned a slice of history, into a wild adventure,
He circumnavigated life, his every single venture
He capitalised on Mcdonald's fries
As he passed their many outlets
Who would have thought they were everywhere
What a well invested outfit

Phil Soar

Fate

I guess when I began my life
I never really knew
How fate would line up things for me
That I would later do

My early years just flew on by
I don't remember much
No schoolyard pranks that caught my eye
No classroom teacher crush

I spent my hours in daydreams
I learned the alphabet
And now I stare at the screens a lot
And trawl the internet

So many things have changed and now
I search google for facts
I sit here with a furrowed brow
While my memory's intact

And sometime in the future
When fate will intervene
I'll wonder if I've missed the bits
That passed by in between

My kids tell me to watch my step
As they will choose my care
And stick me in a place call 'home'
And perhaps visit me there

However Fate chooses the way
And how it all might end
I know that since it started
Fate has always been a friend

Phil Soar

Fate?

When faced with disaster or an ominous fate
Take things in hand and then masturbate
It'll make you feel better, and raise your blood flow
And when you are gone, no-one will know

Phil Soar

Fathers Day

As Fathers Day approaches, I recall my childhood days
Of paper planes and football games, and superstitious ways
Of miles of golden beaches, where holidays were spent,
And of the many many times I heard my dad called a true gent.

As father day approaches, I recall my years at school
Unable quite to comprehend, why I was thought a fool,
The times I pledged my ignorance and not heeded his quotes
And how I would have pleased him, had I just read all his notes.

As Fathers day approaches, I recall my early teens
How I floated of to la-la land, perpetually in dreams,
On how dad's disappointment didn't matter at the time
And how he must have thought my ignorance was such a crime.

As Fathers day approaches, I recall those tears we wept
When he was gone too early, and how I never slept,
How I tried to piece together, why his time was oh so short
For God to call him to his side, must have been a last resort.

So as Fathers day approaches, and my thoughts turn to this man
My own attempts at fatherhood, have somehow gone to plan,
He'd taught me all he knew he could, did not think I had listened
My life has turned out as he'd hoped, just one thing now is missing.

Phil Soar

Fathers Day 2

He never let his wisdom overwhelm his sense of good
I never saw him shirk a deed, or not do as he should,
I only have great memories of such an esteemed gent,
I cried forever after when the lord called, and he went.

Phil Soar

Fathers Day 3

I looked upon the picture on the fireside hearth,
Wondering where you are, outside my heart,
Wishing that you hadn't gone away,
Yet knowing that you'd had your yesterday.

I look upon those days of lasting joy
Of all the things you taught me, as a boy,
How nothing held you back from showing me
That every heart and soul should be set free.

I stare up at the sky in times of need
To look for signs that you yourself are freed
I only wish I could see you again,
Perhaps in tears of joy through falling rain

Phil Soar

Features

Redeeming features
scattered across a line of grasses
blowing in a wind of silence
Your endless beauty
fabricated in windswept fields of green
All of these are mixed
in seemingly chaotic visions
filling up the mind
And crossing hearts and missing dreams
and there all of the time

Phil Soar

Feelings

I questioned my feelings when I first met you
I answered myself with a answer or two
I had visions of someone that I could undress
My emotions were tacit, my mind was a mess
You were all that I wanted and maybe some more
I imagined your underwear strewn on the floor
And a little part of you, just staring at me
And suggestions of lust, to a certain degree
But my reasons and feelings were not those of a gent
So instead of me coming, I'm afraid I just went.

Phil Soar

Feelings 2

Sitting by the stream
Listening to the steady flow at waters edge
Soothing
Standing alone in bluebell woods
Listening for Cuckoo Calls
Relaxing
Watching for signs of the northern lights
From a bedroom window late at night
Waiting
Dreaming of love that might come my way
After meeting her the other day
Exciting

Phil Soar

Feelings 3

There was a time when things would make me angry
And my thoughts were overtaken by pure hate
But now I've learned a little bit of patience
And taught myself to sit and contemplate

Relax my mind and save my thoughts for goodness
Don't regret a moment from my past
Love every single minute that I'm given now
And hope that happiness is planned to last

Phil Soar

Feelings Today

I look to my past whenever I'm blue
Because there are times that I wish were brand new
And all of my cares were a lifetime away
Sadly, these feelings don't happen today

Phil Soar

Feet

My feet have got a certain smell,
That takes my breath away,
I cannot understand it,
As I wash them twice a day;

I went to see my doctor,
His name is Dr Cox,
He fainted on the surgery floor,
When I took off my socks;

It took a while to bring him around,
His face had gone quite green,
He said my feet were probably,
The worse he'd ever seen;

He then went to a cupboard,
To look for well-known bleach,
But as he was only four foot two,
He tried, but couldn't reach;

I said that I could help him,
And handed him a chair,
I said "you need to stand on this,
To help you reach up there";

He tried his best to reach it,
But he fell onto the floor,
By now I'd had enough of this,
And walked out of the door;

I walked past the reception,
And everyone stood still,
They could smell my feet, as I walked by,
And it made them all feel ill.

(Fortunately, they were in the right place!)

Phil Soar

Feet 2

The socks are full of feet,
The crazy Chiropodist said
Toes and heels and ankles
And Gout that's glowing red
My back is really aching
From all the bending down
I need a chiropractor
Is there one around?

Phil Soar

Festive Joy

The Festive season's on the way
The tree is coming out today
And maybe we will all be fascinated
To stand and brighten up the room
As Christmas always comes too soon
And all things non-festive are un-related

The decoration takes all day
As we have put them all away
And every year we don't know where to find them
We gather around that bloody tree
And argue where each piece should be
As we left all the good tidings right behind them

With the tree in it's position
It's the end of one more mission
As the next 10 weeks should get us in the mood
But as far as I'm concerned
The bloody lot should have been burned
And I'm sorry if my feelings are quite rude

Phil Soar

Fibre Gas

So I increased my intake of fibre
Because I thought I should be well
But the gas that the greens then created
Caused quite a bit of a smell
My belly blew up like an airship
I constantly felt I would fart
And the excess wind deep in my bowels
Almost blew my ass apart
It caused some embarrassing moments
These explosions I could not control
And the stuff that I left in the toilet
Left dirty stains on the bowl
So I guess that it should have been gently
That I introduced fibrous rich food
For the noises I made, and the odour
Was MORE than a little bit rude!

Phil Soar

Final Curtain

The final curtain came down
And now you're gone and I'm alone
Visits no longer looking forward to
Sitting by the fire drinking hearty soups
Warming the feet by the hearth
Warming the heart with your smiles
Seeing the stars through the lead lined windows
Watching the trees sway in the breeze
Waiting for dreams to please me in sleep
And seeking solace among the quietness
The curtain fell, and so did my heart

Not personal, just for those of you who have lost someone - Phil Soar

Phil Soar

Finding Myself

I lost touch with myself yesterday
I was trying to 'find myself' and came unstuck
I looked at every angle of being
But didn't find myself, had no such luck

I wonder where I am in times of trouble
I seem to vanish in a cloud of dust
Maybe I'm away with many fairies
At least they seem to be the ones to trust

They visit me when I am in the garden
Appear in shadows from the garden pond
I saw one yesterday among the undergrowth
Sitting on the edge of a green frond

I asked it if it knew where I had come from
If missing myself was a sign of madness
It looked me in the eye and its expression
filled me with a sense of calm and gladness

So looking for myself was quite exciting
But all I found were feelings and some pride
And if I'm seeing fairies in the garden
Maybe I should just remain inside

Phil Soar

Fine Weather For Some

What fine weather for slugs and snails
Easing themselves out from under pots and pails
Slivering across the garden on slime trails
Slugs and snails

What decent weather for Ducks and Geese
Landing on the water with such ballet like ease
With water flowing off their backs like it would never cease
Ducks and Geese

What horrible weather for us
Standing waiting for the bus
Moaning, Groaning, with lots of fuss
Us

Phil Soar

First Kisses

I blew her a kiss, but it caught on the wind
Like a Tornado, it flew by her face
By the look that she gave me I thought I had sinned
But she blew me one back, and it shot into space

Now neither of us can remember that day
Or how our first kisses blew so far away
And although we're together, we both have dismissed
How far we'd have traveled in search of that kiss

Phil Soar

First Love

Do memories of first loves fade?
The kisses that were caught by lips so young
Wondering why this required the tongue
Like a squirming snake
Where just the sensual touch would be enough
To set the heart racing
To make you feel there were butterflies in your gut
Do memories of first loves fade?

Phil Soar

First Relations

'Turn your eyes away' she said
'I need to get undressed'
That first hotel room secretly
Where your first kiss was blessed
And then the fumbling awkward bit
When both of you were new
Delicate places you both fit
And forever will do

Phil Soar

First Schooldays

She waved as I left her at the gate
I just broke down as she turned away
I hadn't the will to contemplate
She wouldn't have had a thing to say

So hand in hand she walked away
The teacher smiling at my tears
And whispering 'she'll be okay'
To help me with my doubts and fears

That day began with a worried brow
But she never showed a moments worry
She didn't doubt what was happening now
And her Mum and I didn't want to hurry

But we left her in the hands of those
Who knew how hard it must have been
To see her in her first school clothes
And she turned from a princess into a queen

Phil Soar

First Words

The first thing my daughter said
Wasn't mum or dad
Just 'Where's My ***** dummy'
So I knew that she'd be bad

Phil Soar

Fishing

Far away in the land of nod
Beyond my wildest dreams
There lives a man with a fishing rod
And he's angling by a stream
He has a net with fish in
And a box full of some maggots
And for his tea, he ate a flea
Along with some 'Brains' Faggots

Authors note: Only readers in UK will understand the 'Brains' Faggots line.

Phil Soar

Fit Or Not

On many visits to the gym
I stared at her, she looked at him
My six pack wasn't what she saw
As I did my press-ups on the floor
Just a glimpse of my big fat ass
Made her leave the fitness class

Phil Soar

Five Hundred

Five hundred times I've put the pen to paper
Or touched the keyboard, setting words in stone
Five Hundred times I've written down emotions
Sat down in a room, and been alone

Five hundred times, I've touched the mind of others
Or set a tear upon a smiling face
Five Hundred times I've led you on a journey
And left a memory in a special place

Five hundred times I've thought of unique secrets
And set them down, to be found in your brain
Five hundred times I've left you with a puzzle
You need to visit time and time again

Five hundred reasons that I feel are valid
To keep me writing more and more for you
Five hundred reasons that I will not squander
Unwritten words I'll think of, Till I'm through

Phil Soar

Flames Of Love

I left my bridges burning
While my life turned to dismay
The fires that raged around me
Just got in recoveries way
I only seemed to fan the flames
With everything I said
Until the fire had burnt to ash
And words turned love upon its head

Phil Soar

Flatulence

I ate some mashed potato
With some cabbage and some Sprouts
And after I had ate it all
I began to have some doubts
My tummy seemed to swell a lot
And gurgle really loud
And then the smell that left my bum
Began to draw a crowd

Several indications were
That Methane was the gas
That left me in a hurry
From the hole that was my ass
I think that I should leave the greens
From off my 5-a-day
And eat something that's less obscene
In a random sort of way

Phil Soar

Flavoured Tea

I've taken to some flavoured tea
Why is such a mystery
From Honey & Vanilla
To Apple (That's a killer)
I wonder why it influences me?

I'm drinking it most every day
I think I'll drink the tea away
Sweet and potent
I'm content
To drink all of my life away

Phil Soar

Flee My Mind

If I could flee my mind, where would I go?
Roam across an area devoid of thought?
Run through fields of abstract nouns?
Meander through lanes complete with verbs?
Or try and acknowledge the nothingness?

If I could flee my mind

Phil Soar

Flight 1

On a flight to Istanbul
The conversation turned out dull
And so I watched a film that made me sleepy
On the return flight to New Delhi
I had rumblings in my belly
And my visits to the loo, were felt too deeply

Phil Soar

Flight 10

On a flight that I took to fort Myers
The aircraft burst two of it's tyres
The Pilot said 'oh
We've a distance to go
Let's hope that the plane don't catch fire'

Phil Soar

Flight 11

On a flight to Costa Rica
A man screamed out 'Eureka'
I thought it was a thing he loved the most
But sadly it just meant
That his money was well spent
He was sitting in first class instead of coach

Phil Soar

Flight 12

On a trip to Guadalajara
We flew over the Sahara
Which was strange, because the plane was not off course
As we flew over Sudan
The pilot said 'it's not to plan'
And he wished instead he'd ridden on a horse

Phil Soar

Flight 13

On a flight to Singapore
An airline hostess paced the floor
And she worried everyone in upper class
There were men who didn't think
That they'd end up in the drink
They were busy staring at her buxom ass

Phil Soar

Flight 14

As the flight approached New York
I lost my plastic fork
And the airline food went cold upon my tray
Which was maybe for the best
As most ended on my chest
As some turbulence threw most of it away

Phil Soar

Flight 15

The flight in the balloon
Was over far too soon
As an eagle stuck its Talons in the canvas
And it plummeted like hell
We all screamed out, as it fell
As we landed with a bump, somewhere in Kansas

Phil Soar

Flight 16

On a flight to Mozambique
I heard the wings begin to creak
And I stared out of the window all the way
I don't know what I thought
But hoped the flight would not abort
Or things wings fall off, or see the hostess pray.

Phil Soar

Flight 2

On a flight to Katmandu
I had nothing else to do
So stared out of the window at the sky
It was grey and overcast
As the clouds whizzed their way past
And it didn't make me wish that I could fly

Phil Soar

Flight 3

On a flight to Alabama
Was a chap who had a stammer
And when he checked his bags it took him ages
On the flight he read a book
And I couldn't really look
Cos it took him hours to turn the bloody pages

Phil Soar

Flight 4

On a flight to Alicante
Was an infant with his auntie
And he screamed from the first minute they sat down
So I took him by the collar
In an attempt to stop the holler
And held him there until we reached the ground

Phil Soar

Flight 5

On a flight that I took to Tangiers
The pilot reduced me to tears
He said: 'we're going to crash
And you might here a splash
But we won't be alive, so no fears! '

Phil Soar

Flight 6

On a flight that I took to Mauritius
The food for the crew was delicious
But us folk back in coach
Were hard to approach
As we'd all been quite sick in our dishes

Phil Soar

Flight 7

On a flight to Sudan and Khartoum
There wasn't a lot of spare room
There was only two feet
In front of my seat
And a place where they kept a spare broom

Phil Soar

Flight 8

On a flight to the isle of Saint Kitts
A passenger got on my tits
She kept asking for drink
And before you could blink
She looked like she was having fits

Phil Soar

Flight 9

On a flight that took me to Quebec
I wore a cravat round my neck
Then a man from Nepal
Who was wearing sod all
Was ejected for being a wreck

Phil Soar

Flight Migration

Flying as a group in V formation
Ready for a trip to some far away destination
Their radar not quite focused on the job at hand
They wait in groups of thousands in a ploughed up land

And who knows what signals them to begin the epic flight?
Some sunlight in the morning, or the darkness of the night?
But when that signal comes, they follow all without a thought
A flight of such proportions, a route that they've been taught

Phil Soar

Flightless

They stood in rows with bags in tow and looked up for their flight
The TV screens were empty and they realised their plight
The airline lost it's data, and the passengers looked lost
That's what you get for traveling at a really awful cost

Phil Soar

Floating

The Parachute opened
I floated around
Nothing below me
Except open ground
I glided in slowly
And took in the view
While hanging politely
Straight above you

Phil Soar

Flotsum

The driftwood floated past my lodge
On its way to somewhere new
Along with plastic bags and such
And the remnants of the crew
The ship that sank without a trace
Appeared to pass me by
And on it's way to somewhere new
It made me wonder why

Phil Soar

Fly Fishing

The rod I cast made ripples on the water
as the fly selected dipped under the wave
hoping to entrance the target lurking there
like drug filled youngsters at a recent rave

Phil Soar

Fog

I wandered off into the fog and lost my way back home
I walked three hundred metres and forgot my bloody phone
I couldn't call for help or ask someone to search for me
So I stopped beside a lamp post and then climbed a nearby tree

I waited in the branches and to call out for attention
I made some funny noises that were too insane to mention
And then I found that I was stuck and quite afraid of heights
I ended up a prisoner for quite a lot of nights

The fog had hung around a while and so had several cats
I tried to avoid contact, fending them off with my hat
And then I tried to climb back down, and much to my dismay
A policeman then arrested me, and kept me locked away

Phil Soar

Footprints

I left my footprints etched into the sand
until the tide left nothing in its place
and no-one would have know that I'd been there
It left a saddened look upon my face

But still, I have such memories of setting suns
across a beach and glowing crimson red
why should my missing footprints worry me?
when I have lots of memories instead

Phil Soar

Footsteps On Meadows

Where footsteps trod on fields of green
And distant meadows call to me
I dance barefoot among the grass
And morning dew sets my heart free
In visions I see epitaphs
Of annuals that stood high last year
And new growth lifts my senses
As the warming sun burns everywhere

Phil Soar

For A Father And Son

Just as that one light faded, so another one began to glow,
Just as our hearts began to ache, a remedy was soon to show,
Just as the night will follow day, the certainty will be,
That all of us will love and be loved, until eternity.

No heart that's beaten, never loved, nor ached for one that's missed,
No dreams fulfilled are ever lost, nor children ever kissed,
No eyes of those who love with honesty, ever lost for tears,
For those who have their memories, there are such happy years.

In all we say, in all we do, there are no solid rules,
In every man and woman here, there are as many fools,
In every moment captured, there are those that pass us by,
And once they've passed, are gone, on that we can rely.

Just as a son was born to us, another one was lost,
Just as I wished I'd said 'I love you', now I count the cost,
Just as My Father knows no more, of that which I am proud,
I know he'd want to join with me, and shout my joy out loud.

No-one can ever tell me, that the good become the strong,
Nor preach to me of good and bad, of what is right or wrong,
No-one can ever tell me that the world is not that bright,
For as that one light faded, one more spark was set alight.

Phil Soar

For A Neighbour

It's stretched my imagination,
Now my neighbour's gone
it was over in a sudden flash,
That memory lingers on
One minute he was standing there,
And making life such fun
But now the silence hurts the heart,
The sorrow has begun

No pain, no strain, just suddenly
One minute he was there
And then his tools were falling
As he tumbled through the air
His stricken heart restricted
His breath faded away
We stood and stared at nothing
He was already on his way

So nothing quite compares the mind
For what your sight beholds
A person who was warm and kind
So lifeless and so cold
But never quite examining
Why life can be so grim
No more a life and future
That would stand in front of him

But now he's gone, And life moves on
The mind no longer grieves
And endless happy memories
Are what his memory leaves
And as we said our fond goodbyes
And everyone agreed
The fellow was a gentleman
A very fine man indeed

In Memory of Nick Hone.

Phil Soar

For Dad

The night is such a dark and lonely place
I close my eyes and see your haunting face
Again I reach for you in broken dreams
At times like this, life isn't all it seems

My memories of you I can reveal
My mind is like a photographic reel
The smiles, the pain, the heartache, will not fade
But leave all my tomorrow's in the shade

I cry a tear or two for memory's sake
These feelings deep inside I cannot fake
A part of me has gone without a trace
Until I close my eyes and see your face

Phil Soar

For One Moment

Could I hold your attention for a moment?
Can the words I write have impact on your day?
Can the steady stream of images that I create
Please you in an existential way?

Can you extract any meaning from these stanzas?
Although sometimes all my words seem so obscure
Can you see the image that I am describing?
As the picture that it paints, meant to be pure

To describe one moment, drawing you a picture
That gets you thinking, leaves you wanting more
Is all that I can do within these poems
So thank you, I hope I've let your mind explore

Phil Soar

For You Are Here

There's nothing to feel sad about, so lift your head up high
You're here, and things are wonderful, and here's the reason why
No matter what the season is, or how the day might start
You woke, the world is by your side, and you have a caring heart

Phil Soar

Forgiven

For far to long it all seemed so much effort
And the way the years flew by increased the pain
The way I felt, I thought that we had lost it
And maybe we would not be friends again

Yet somehow we have overcome that obstacle
And after brief encounters, we were spared
The nature of the friendship has recovered
And all along we knew that we both cared

Phil Soar

Forsooth My Tooth

Forsooth, my youth, a wobbly tooth
A stout member of the community pulled it out
I didn't ask him to, he just did
He called to deliver a parcel and offered his help
Tied string to my tooth and around the door knob
Slammed the door
Tooth on the floor
Forsooth, no more tooth

Phil Soar

Four Years Old

Her redeeming features cause the greatest pleasure,
The words she speaks, bring nothing but pleasure,
The things she does, bring mountains of tears
She has such authority, for a child of 4 years.

Phil Soar

Foxgloves

I love the foxgloves invitations
Flowers with an entrance of hope
Keeping the sugary nectar for its visitors
Yet managing to keep its beauty
Until all is spent
And then setting up the next generation
With thousands of seeds
Perpetuating more
And just sitting watching this spectacle
Pleases me so
They are my relaxation
Though bees would probably not agree
As they extend their visits
Until their knees tremble under the weight
and all is gone.
Foxgloves
One of my favorites.
How I love them, as a bee.

Phil Soar

Freda

Freda left a money box beneath her sofa bed
They found it tucked away in there
Just after she was dead
Then someone opened up that box
And counted all the notes
And ran away with all that cash
And live in John O'Groats

Phil Soar

Freedom

Flowers in the garden
Berries in the trees
Acorns lying on the ground
Sticking in my knees
Nettles stinging all my parts
Perhaps I should have thought
Running around naked
I will probably get caught!

Phil Soar

Freezing Cold

The day began in silence
No birdsong filled the air
The freezing cold
Had taken hold
There was ice everywhere
No sign of life of any kind
As people stayed in bed
Too cold to venture out today
Just snuggle up instead
And when the sun began to rise
The wildlife sprang into gear
And as I watched it come alive
I was so glad I am here

Phil Soar

French Nonsense

I strolled Into a café
On the Rue de la Fontaine
I ordered a small latte
And I sang a soft refrain
The waiter took my order
And asked me to shut up
Then stuck a piece of truffle
Into my coffee cup

He spoke to me in broken French
I didn't understand
I looked at him with some dismay
He took hold of my hand
He wiped away a tear or two
And then he asked for monet
And as I pushed his hand away
I found it rather Funnaye

Phil Soar

Fresh Baked Bread

'Eat your crusts', my mother said
Oh how I loved that fresh baked bread
And toasted too, with butter on
A loaf left out, would soon be gone
And now I'm older I still feast
Upon my favorite, full of yeast
With bacon, mushrooms on the side
And filling me once it's inside
And no crusts left on the kitchen top
I love my bread, and just can't stop

Phil Soar

Friends

You may not realise that you mean a lot
You may not feel that you deserve the fame
But there's a place for you inside my mind
If you vacate that place, that would be a shame

From a problem start, we now share something strong
A friendship that we both should treasure now
And if we smile as we both go along
The friendship will be like a welcome vow

Phil Soar

Frigid Notes

The reminder on the notepad was a poignant metaphor
Childlike words account for all my innocence and more
I'd written down such nonsense, just to make a reader smile
And cheer them up a little, whilst I walked a country mile

The refrigerator doubled as a place to quite inspire
Icy cold inside, outside a note that starts a fire
And all I ask is that my words can motivate the few
Who pass the fridge at breakfast time, and read something that's new

Phil Soar

Frogs

Frogs

Hopping about

Unless they are mating

When they are tired out

Phil Soar

From A Distance

I watch from a distance as my life unfolds
With the trials and tribulations as I grow old
And I see myself alone in the dark and cold
With an aching heart and a cold lost soul

All my hapless misfortunes have led me astray
To a place where I seek some 'me time' each day
And the hope that I can wash my troubles away
With a shot of Scotch whisky and a pill on the way

Phil Soar

From Infancy To Teens

The nursery rhymes made up their day
Those infants who had time to play
Too fast the days of infancy flow
When children have somewhere to go
And the laughter fills the classroom walls
Their life flies by and seldom stalls
From an early age they have routines
And learn so much, up until their teens
When the phone becomes their only tool
And their thumbs type quickly at the school
No nursery rhymes, just Facebook rules
Across the country at endless schools

Phil Soar

From Poltergeist To Ghost

In the move to my transition from a poltergeist to ghost
I had to traverse areas that would have frightened most
I'd always been invested in my will to scare your wits
But now I just can drift about and get on all your tits

Phil Soar

From Where I Stood

I watched as mist cascaded over streams and grass
And staring at that view, it raised a tear
For as I witnessed morning light, and saw it pass.
The deer out in the park came into view

The scene began to take on such a perfect sight
From where I stood, it took my breath away
And so I sat and waited for the day to turn to night
From where I stood, it was a perfect day

Phil Soar

Frozen Chocolate

It lay there in the freezer like Walt Disney
Waiting for a cure or something warmer
And even though 12 months might seem a lifetime
I guess that it would quite prefer the former

A chocolate bar that's almost been forgotten
Laying on the shelf close to the back
Gone a little mouldy and disfigured
Developing some quite external cracks

Yet still for Chocoholics it is wasteful
To throw it in the waste and not regret it
So a quick defrost will make it all seem better
And teach you never ever to forget it

Phil Soar

Fruit Fall

I picked up an apple that fell from a tree
I looked up to thank it, but the rest fell on me

Phil Soar

Future Insanity

I only noticed yesterday, today had seemed a mile away
And yet it's here and so am I, my biorhythms gone array
And now tomorrow's on my mind, and sending me insane
The future is upon me, and there's no-one I can blame

Phil Soar

Garden Blasphemy

He spoke for a while about livestock and 'things'
How we need pollinators, how a skylark just sings
He was so influential, and chose his words well
Then he slipped on the wet floor and said: 'F***ing hell! '

Not used to blaspheming, he said 'I beg your pardon
Who left this much water on the path in my garden? '
Reminding him that he had left the tap on
His wife said 'oh darling, I think your mind's gone! '

Phil Soar

Garden Nonsense

Hawthorn trees and blackbirds knees
Slugs and snails and tadpole tails
Worms and ants in gardeners pants
And all things horticultural
If I had the skill and could pay the bill
My garden would be more structural

Phil Soar

Gardener's World

I've been afraid of darkness,
since I was just a lad,
Of ghouls and Ghosts and woolly coats,
and things that turn out bad,
I've never liked the dentist,
And I'm scared of Monty Don,
I've seen him in my nightly dreams,
Gardening with nothing on;

He's running around with Secateurs,
He looks like he is ill,
His willy look just like a slug,
His arse looks like a hill;
And yet he darts from tree to tree,
Cutting back the growth,
Watching he don't cut his balls,
In case he lost them both;

He's planted lots of tulip bulbs,
And many Daffodils,
He's got a Plethora of plants,
On all his windowsills;
He's never short of Gardening Tips,
And has a compost heap,
And when he goes to Wilkinson's,
He gets plants on the cheap;

His greenhouse isn't all that green
It's more a stately manor,
He once attacked a Chestnut tree,
With loppers and a Hammer;
And all his Rhododendrons,
Have a blue-ish glow,
He had an affair with Fred Astaire,
And his mother was a hoe! ;

I've been afraid of darkness,
Since I was only three,
And scared of Monty's garden,

Since he asked me around for tea;
He sat out on the patio,
Surrounded by his plants,
He had a strange mysterious worm,
Emerging from his pants;

He said he'd cultivated it,
And fed it twice a week,
It grew so fast with Miracle Gro,
That he could hardly speak;
He tried his best to tie it up,
But nothing stopped it spreading,
I guess it's not the sort of thing
You use for summer bedding;

I'm now afraid of Gardener's world,
It's got a twisted Host,
His Latin names for everything,
Are what scares me the most;
He keeps a Helianthemum,
Next to his Hiscussparcus,
He has a small herb garden,
Which he uses just for starters;

I won't be tuning in again,
That is my solemn pledge,
The thought of Monty naked,
Almost pushed me to the Hedge.

Phil Soar

Gas

The gas from my rear end
Is really not my friend
It smells like I have eaten something off
And the resulting cloud it forms
Has been like a crazy storm
And made a few of my friends start to cough

Phil Soar

Gayle

She blew in on a northerly, one day in late September
I saw her swirling through the field, of that I can remember
A wind of such intensity, it made me feel quite frail
She held me in a spin a while, I heard her name was Gayle

Phil Soar

Georgina Clark

Georgina Clark, had a bite and a bark
And would howl at the moon in the evening,
She would stand by the door, and pee on the floor
If she thought that her parents were leaving

Phil Soar

Getting Old

It takes a breath of air to make me feel alive
To chill me when the weathers rather cold
And so as days go on I try to pass my time
Imagining that I'm not getting old

Phil Soar

Getting On (2)

When the hole in your pocket leaves you feeling yourself
And the mark on your underpants stains and it smells
When the spots on your face make a mess when they're squeezed
Or that pain in your arse, brings you down on your knees
Just accept that you're older, and that's no disgrace
All the things now affecting you are commonplace
And when they get worse, you will wish you had died
And not sit there farting, from the terrors inside

Phil Soar

Ghostly Apparition

I woke to find an apparition standing there
watching me from high upon the ceiling
it scared me and I soiled my nice clean underwear
and now I have a kind of dirty feeling

Phil Soar

Ghostly Apparitions

I call out in my sleep, and scare myself to death
I sit up straight and panic, struggle for some breath
I have no reason why I do, perhaps it's all a dream
Although my dreams are scary, and not all that they seem

Instructions from those close to me, about the nightly scares
Mean little when there's apparitions, standing by the stairs
They frighten every part of me, and wake me all the time
I'd like to cast them somewhere else, but that would be a crime

Inflicting ghostly figures on some others sleeping soundly
Would only mean the apparitions crossing one more boundary
Haunting people elsewhere, would not mean peace for me
But only scare somebody else, and I would not be free

I call out in my sleep, and everything is so intense
I feel the need to scream out loud, and not sit on the fence
So maybe I'll just crawl into the space under the stairs
It's where the bogey men abide, yet no-one really cares

Phil Soar

Ghostly Love

A ghostly figure stands beside my bed
a vision of someone I thought was dead
I never thought I'd see them once again
and now there's a return to grief and pain
no matter it's my father standing there
and only back to tell me he still cares
and yet it seems surreal and complicated
he's been gone for so long, why has he waited?

Phil Soar

Ghostly Melody

The melody played on in overtime
I hear it nightly all the while
A chilling melancholy tone
A dance inspired and lowly drone
The dance a waltz for two in love
A ghostly shadow casts its spell
Moving around the cellar well
Where once a lover met her fate
And fell into a watery hell
Her screams, no longer resonate
The song however plays till late
It haunts his soul and irks his mind
That melody plays on in overtime

Phil Soar

Ghoulfest

They walk the streets in the dead of night
At a certain time of year
Dragging their parents around with them
A casting a spell of fear
With pumpkins and elaborate clothes
And made up like the dead
They put the fear of god up me
And fill my life with dread
A Frankenstein, A Vampire
And perhaps a ghost or two
Perhaps a witch, an invisible man
That I can see right through
And all they want is tricking
Or maybe it's just a treat
And when I faint, then it's too late
They run off down the street
It's not that it is just one night
The frights go on for days
But only in the darkness
As the light begins to fade
There's really no escape from it
So perhaps I should join in
Take dustbin lids, because I don't have kids
And make a scary din
I guess I'd be arrested though
For making too much noise
It's okay if your Frankenstein
Or a thousand screaming boys
So prepare yourself for Halloween
And a ghoulfest quite extreme
I hope you have no sleepless nights
And aren't afraid to dream

Phil Soar

Give A Job To A Man

The sun should have shined, but it rained
The moon should have waxed, but it waned
I should have smiled but I groaned
She should have been pleased, but she moaned

It should have been right, but it's wrong
I knew that I'd fail all along
It all started with a smart plan
But she gave all the tasks to a man

Phil Soar

Give Me Time

Give me some time to pen a rhyme
To contemplate the words I'll make
And hope to write without mistake
Give me some time to pen a rhyme

Give me the mind to then express
An inner thought, an epithet
And time to show my happiness
To all who would receive it

Give me a way to start my day
To write a poem every day
To sit back, thinking of my style
And should I remedy my thinking for a while?

Phil Soar

Given

Given time, there could be a solution
Given will, a difference could be made
Given hope, the world could be a better place
And all our troubles be put in the shade

Phil Soar

Giving Her Away

The ultimate affection overcame me on the day
I walked the walk of a fathers dreams, and gave my girl away
And tears of joy flowed from my eyes, and memories flooded back
Of childhood years, and growing up, and never looking back

These moments I will cherish, though they hurt me at the time
Seeing that another man had wed this child of mine
But knowing that the partnership would go from strength to strength
And that their blissful married life would really last in length

Words are really not enough, or show how great the day
Or the steps we take in helping our dear children on their way
The feelings never falter, and emotions do run high
But when you look upon these times, no wonder that we cry

The next few days will settle and our lives have set there course
And they have made their loving vows, for better or for worse
And now their journey on through life, we hope is blessed with fun
For now the brightest chapter of their lives has just begun

Phil Soar

Giving Your Best

Make sure you make the most of time
It doesn't hang around
Make sure you take the best from it
Do things that make you proud
Take time to see the best in those
You otherwise might ignore
And choose to be the best you can
Or just better than before

Phil Soar

Glacial Beauty

The glacial forms stretch out to touch the sea
Breaking waves as the sunlight helps it calve
The force of breaking ice creating mini tsunamis
Rocking the tourist boat we stand on
And replenishing the ocean with fresh water
Being replaced by more from the ice cold wilderness
That stretches back to land and the mountains
As the day gets older the captain insists we must leave
I wish I could stay awhile and listen in darkness
To the sound of the berg creaking as it floats away
My idea of heaven and nature's way of keeping me transfixed
By its beauty

Phil Soar

Glacial Calving

I watched the glacier calving
Returning the fresh water to it's sea
Absorbed the energy as the crash exploded
Like canon fire, the sound took my breath away
And our boat was shaken by the force
Until all became calm again
And we would wait for the warm air to start the cycle again

Alaska, Meares Glacier. July 2013

Phil Soar

Glacial Places

Across the stream that flows through glacial places
The scene is one of pure white ice and distance
And though the melt is underway, the calving stirs the faces
Of all the wildlife struggling with existence

Might years wipe out these scenes and call time on them?
Will all the frozen water turn to sea?
Will everything just slip away and flow back where it came from?
Never to be seen by you or me

Phil Soar

Global Warming

As April ends it's fooling me
So cold and snow falling
Yet the plants and shrubs speed through each day
Reaching for the sun
Growing by the day
And I spend my time covering them
Helping them to survive

Global Warming?
We gardeners need to understand it more
The science of it
Would it help?
I doubt it
One day the sea will reclaim the land at waters edge
And then we will retreat
Until there is nowhere else to go
And we drown

Global Warming.

Phil Soar

Gloria Cuttlebank

Gloria Cuttlebank lay awake and watched the spider make its web
It spun its thread along the wall, just above her head
She had a hate of creatures that she couldn't understand
And lay there rigid as a stone upon a barren land

Phil Soar

Goals And Targets

I did not set my goals
as my adviser's said I must
I chose my friends so carefully
the one's that I could trust
I dwelt on all my actions
never knowing right from wrong
I had no sense of purpose
and my feelings were not strong

No sense of the adventure
that was there before my eyes
the sky was not my limit
and my mind was full of lies
my values not important
as I searched for love and hope
no sense of the perspective
that might help myself to cope

The targets set by others
as I worked through life's extremes
the splinters on the driftwood
that had shattered many dreams
the way I should compose myself
in matter of distress
were all a test and challenge
on my way to my success

Phil Soar

Gone

Will you be there to meet me when I'm done?
Will you accept me back into your arms?
Will everything then be back as it was?
Maybe then, I'll cope more with the loss

Phil Soar

Gone 2

"Tidy up your bedroom", mother said
"I'd rather lie in bed", I said
"You can do that when your dead", father said
"Or maybe go to school instead";
I was sixteen
Parents! .
I don't see them anymore,
Since I fell from the fourth floor
The policeman said "He's dead,
So he can't hear you anymore";

Phil Soar

Good Morning Sunshine

The sun that rose this morning like a fireball
Brightening up the early morning scene
Slowly heating up the inner atmosphere
Making everything look so surreal

The redness of the sky and fading of the stars
Told me the evening darkness was abating
And while I slept, the world was springing into life
And all of it was really worth the waiting

Phil Soar

Good Times Vs Bad

In a world full of horrors,
And a life full of tears
Where the pain of your sorrows
Can go on for years
From the time we are born
Until our life turns to dust
We can try to be good
And learn how to trust
When the lord calls your number
Amid all the despair
Just remember the good times
And that you were there

Phil Soar

Goodbye In Her Eyes

The years we spent together and the times we shared were great
No thoughts of either leaving, were not things we'd contemplate
But lately there was evidence of imbalance in the air
But when we were together, I could sense that you weren't there

We trusted in our feelings and we shared so many friends
And knew that love was on our side, and it should never end
But somehow as the days flew by, we lost a little flair
And when we were together, I could sense that you weren't there

When the moments that we shared together, seemed to drift away
And the words expressed between us, meant there wasn't much to say
That effervescent sparkle that we once had time to share
Became like some still waters, as I sensed that you weren't there

And so those times we spent together, had now made me realise
That the look you had was empty, you had goodbye in your eyes
You looked at me as if you did not have the time to care
And as we sat together, I could tell that you weren't there

Phil Soar

Grab A Beer

Grab a beer and join me, down among the down and outs
Where nothing has perspective, and everybody shouts
Where nothing really means a lot, and time seems to stand still
Grab a beer and join me here, and we can both get ill

Phil Soar

Graffiti

I wrote on the wall
The police found out
They gave me a call
Said I must rub it out
So I worked out my sentence
re-painting a wall
And for daily attendance
It taught me **** all!

Phil Soar

Grandchild Snuggles

He snuggles in, and makes my day,
My Grandson takes my heart away,
Whenever I go to help him play,
He takes a piece of my heart away

He has no qualms about stealing hearts,
I can't tell where this loving starts,
And yet, with him, I lose a part
He snuggles in, and soothes my heart

His feelings may be incomplete
The years will help achieve this feat
And though our ages are far apart
He gives me strength to play my part

The world, to him, is very small
He has no worries, none at all
He makes us feel we're ten feet tall
Although, to him, the world is small

So if he snuggles you by chance
I bet your heart will do a dance
Like mine, it makes me so complete
Which I know now, is some kind of feat

Phil Soar

Grandma

I never knew my grandma
I never saw her face
I never knew her growing up
Or growing old with grace
I only have the photographs
That mother handed down
And now my poor old grandma
Is buried in the ground

Phil Soar

Grandma's Rocking Chair

I rocked my grandma back and forth
Upon the porch that faced due North
Her rocking chair had creaked for many years
But I pushed the chair too hard
And she flew into the yard
And she fell onto my stack of cans of beers

She cursed as she came too
Called me quite a thing or two
Then insisted that I cracked open a can
But the tag flew in her eye
And the beer began to fly
And she said that I was just a useless man

Now, my grandma wasn't kind
Tore a piece from off my mind
But by now I'd got her back into the chair
So I rocked the chair much faster
The result was a disaster
As my grandma now went flying through the air

I waved as she went by
Like a rocket in the sky
And she landed in the cesspit out the front
After several hours in there
There was a stench that filled the air
And my neighbour said it was a stupid stunt

Well, I thought that's what he said
As I'd got an aching head
From the laughing that she thought just wasn't fair
And then when I dragged her out
Poor old grandma kicked me out
And she set on fire that creaking rocking chair

Phil Soar

Grandpa's Stories

My Grandpa used to tell me funny stories
With a twist of something evil at the end
And I used to repeat them at our church on Sundays
To try and send the vicar round the bend

Phil Soar

Granny

My gran passed away in the hospice
I wish that I wasn't related
I promised her that she'd be buried
and the vicar has had her cremated

He gave me an urn with her ashes
and apologised for the mistake
but that was no good for poor granny
she'd been put in an oven to bake

I was left with an awful dilemma
Do I bury her under the ground?
Or do I go down to the spinney?
and scatter her ashes around

I thought very hard for a fortnight
and I left her remains in the shed
there were all sorts of feelings inside me
and so many thoughts in my head

I finally made my decision
and I felt that the time was now ripe
but my grand dad mistook grannies ashes
for tobacco to put in his pipe

He'd smoked her while I made my mind up
and he seemed quite devoid of all feeling
as he puffed on his trusty old clay pipe
It was gran who was staining the ceiling

Phil Soar

Grave Circumstance

I stood beside the grave with lots of roses in my hand
And as the vicar said the prayers, I knew she'd understand
The Roses were not for the grave, but for my new girlfriend
And as they filled the hole in, I left for the weekend

Phil Soar

Grave News

Do not stand by my grave and weep
I'm dead, I'm not asleep
Your sorrow will not raise me from my bed
because I'm not asleep, I am just dead

Phil Soar

Graveyard Fright

A short cut through the graveyard, on a cold November night
Is sure to give you goose bumps, and Occasionally a fright
There's nothing much to scare you though, the occupants are dead
And the images you conjure up, are really in your head

Phil Soar

Graveyard Walks

I like to walk through Graveyards
On a weekend afternoon
Just checking that if I popped my clogs
There still is plenty of room

Phil Soar

Greek Restaurant

I strolled into a restaurant, and sat down at a table
I waited for a waiter, and I read what I was able
The menu was enlightening, although it was in Greek
I couldn't understand it all, or know how I should speak
I ordered some moussaka, and asked for fries with that
The waiter threw a plate at me, and said I was a prat

Phil Soar

Grief

To share a thought or two, at time like this
Is not so hard
You can send your Heart-felts sympathy
Accompanied by a card.
But cards can never say enough
When someone close has gone
It's the memories you cherish
That will keep you going on.

No warm and tender feelings
Can express the hurt and pain
No arms can hold back anger
That you fight hard to restrain
The only comfort you can take
In the days that lie ahead
Is friends are close to lend a hand
When life is full of dread.

Your memories will keep you strong
Your sorrow will be shared
In future weeks, as time goes on
Be sure that we all cared
The light may have gone out for now
But only for a while
When you recall your memroies
One day, I'm sure you'll smile.

Phil Soar

Grief And Poem Hunter

There is so much grief and pain
On this site now and again
And not much humour there to make you smile
So I'll make up silly rhymes
And add them on from time to time
And hope they raise a laugh once in a while

Phil Soar

Grieving

They smiled awhile
They cried awhile
They shared the memories awhile
They talked awhile
They walked awhile
And mourned the love they had awhile

The trembling hands that sought each other
Arms wrapped around the ones that loved
No words expressed the swell of emotion
As much as the sum of the loving devotion

They smiled awhile
They cried awhile
They shared the memories awhile
They talked awhile
They walked awhile
And mourned the love they'd had awhile

Gathered in search of the right thing to say
Stuttering uneasily as they stood up to pray
Guessing that nothing could stand in the way
Of the pent up emotions, let out on the day

Laughter awhile
Tears for awhile
Memories made from yesterday's thoughts for awhile
Talking awhile
Walking awhile
Goodbyes filled with thoughts of the pain for awhile

Sympathy sits lonely on top of a cloud
The rain falling lightly but seemingly loud
Discussions of love and affection galore
Remembering loved ones, with us no more

Phil Soar

Growing

Cast aside those adverse thoughts
Waste no time in living life
Walk the journey carefully
And take in all the sights and sounds
For no-one knows the future
How long your journey lasts
How much you will remember
As you recall your past
Strive to be a better man
And feed your days with joy
Enjoy the times of yesterday
As if you were still a boy

Phil Soar

Growing Up

We played Cowboys and Indians
When I was just a lad
You couldn't do that any more
Which makes me rather sad
We played Doctors and Nurses
In our early infant school
Now they just play on I-pads
In case they look like fools
No dressing up as Geronimo
Or even the Lone Ranger
No using bows and arrows
In case they hit a stranger
And as the days in school go by
And everything has changed
There is no joy, for girl or boy
In case you seem deranged
We've took away their childhood
By restricting all these games
And giving kids no time to live
And even stupid names

Phil Soar

Grumpy And Glum

He was grumpy, he was glum
And quite often sucked his thumb
He was trouble, yet the cause of so much laughter
He would stand in just his pants
And perform an erotic dance
And make sure that he had a shower after

Phil Soar

Grumpy Me

When all around me, people stare
My lack of tact, my lack of hair
They seem to see a grumpy man
Of course they do, it's what I am
They can't however read my mind
Or know when I have just been kind
They don't see what my family see
And that's okay with grumpy me

Phil Soar

Guilty

The secrets that we hide
when we lie, stay in the mind
But only in the guilty
as the words lie far behind
Maybe said
but often written down in hidden notes

When it comes to lying
mystery will get the votes
But then
when fraught with guilt
it spews from open mouths
from people who should keep the secret
but are not bound by the same guilt
and so
the hidden word is thrown around for all the world to hear
From whence it came
it still exists
and the guilt is ridden like a bolting horse

Phil Soar

Guilty Dream

'Go silently', she said as I got dressed again,
'Don't wake the kids, they don't know that your here'
So I climbed out of the bed an through a window pane,
And snagged my pants a cut my ample rear.

I fell down on the lawn and hurt my pride a bit,
Then I remembered that I'd left my phone,
Except I'd been a fool and had been dreaming,
The window I'd leapt out of, was my own! .

Phil Soar

Gym Crazyum

I placed my face against the glass
To see the sight within
Lots of people exercising
Trying to get thin
Lots of frumpy bodies
Pacing up and down
Wobbling, with their earphones on
And sweating from the brow
Striding on the treadmills
Like they're off to Timbuktu
Stopping off at Starbucks
Whilst they are passing through
All these crazy people
With nowhere else to go
Running round like crazy
Come sun or rain or snow
The smell of sweat and effort
Can result in quite a haze
Whilst people sit in bubbling baths
A sort of social craze
I looked into that window
Outside my local Gym
Then went to buy a cake from Greggs
I wasn't very thin

Phil Soar

Gypsy Or Witch?

I recall a gypsy woman
Knocking at my door
Trying to sell me heather
With the threat of something more
Perhaps she put a curse on me
For not purchasing same
I fell and broke my arm today
And I think she is to blame

She had a rather 'angry' look
Like she'd been struck by fate
I thought I better shut the door
Before it got too late
She gave a little cackle
Flew off down the road
On a broomstick made of lizards legs
And a hat made from a toad

Phil Soar

Gypsy Rosalee

I crossed her palm with silver
That Gypsy Rosalee
She spent her life just reading palms
In a tent down by the sea
She told me of my future
From the lines upon my hands
And took my money happily
As she sat upon the sands
I believed all of her comments
And then I left the tent
Went back to my apartment
And forgot to pay the rent
The next thing I was homeless
Went back to where she'd been
But all there was were miles of sand
And the waves upon the sea
I'd crossed her palm with silver
Now she was filthy rich
And I was living on the beach
That flipping gypsy witch!

Phil Soar

Hacked Off

I think someone has hacked my phone,
And stolen all my data;
Along with many recipes,
For beef and mashed potater.

I bet it was Rebecca,
She did it on a whim,
She's taken all my contacts,
And removed them from my SIM.

She sent erroneous messages,
To people I don't know,
And told them I'm a nincompoop,
But most already know.

She's even text my mother,
And she's been dead for years,
I called to warn her yesterday,
But she hasn't any ears.

The call just went to voicemail,
And no-one did reply,
I can't delete her number now,
Rebecca has it. Why? .

I hash-tagged warnings to my mate,
(As I have only one) ,
He tried to call me back, but said,
My answer-phone went wrong.

He spoke to someone in Tibet,
Who said something Tibettan,
"That' weird" I said, 'cos calls from there
Were all that I've been gettan (?) .

I notice that she's now in court,
For so much serial hacking,
I'm off to Salford to protest,
'Cos someone there is Fracking! .

Phil Soar

Hair

I have hair in my nose that constantly grows
And gets longer the older I get
And the hairs in my ears have uncovered my fears
And that maybe I should see a vet

For my looks are quite scary, I am almost all hairy
And look like a yeti on speed
So if this is the trend, from beginning to end
I'm sure it's not what we all need

Phil Soar

Hairy

It seemed he cut my hair with garden shears
left my locks upon the floor
and me in floods of tears
the barber at the corner shop
who made me feel so horrid
chopping off my curly hair
from the apex of my fore head

Phil Soar

Halloween

Before they come and knock my door
With all their tricking and treating
I think I should write upon the floor
A welcome Halloween greeting

They always scare me half to death
I guess that is the game
And I think to help me catch my breath
It should not be them I blame

I get myself in such a state
When I hear my doorbell ring
It's not an event that I can relate
To me, it's not my thing

So my wording will be quite succinct
And leave them in no doubt
That I wish this night would be extinct
And that I'm probably out

Phil Soar

Hand In Hand

Hand in hand, we walked on the pier
Only the seagulls and ocean were near
As the waves rolled in underneath the deck
You lovingly kissed the nape of my neck
The two of us deep in a moment or two
Watching the birds fly, over oceans so blue

Phil Soar

Hanging Out The Washing

Hanging washing out to dry
Is hard for me, I don't know why
It usually rains ten minutes after
Which makes the hanging a disaster

Wetter than when it left the tub
It has been known to make me blub
A crying man out by the line
I'll use the tumble dryer next time

Phil Soar

Hanging Washing Out To Dry

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Phil Soar

Hangman's Noose

The rope was taught
The hangman's noose
It would not work
If it was loose
Just dangle the legs
Of the bloke on death row
While they wait for the blue
To envelop his toe

Phil Soar

Hannibal The Cannibal

Heads lay on the kitchen table
Eyeballs all around
And seeing all the pots and pans
They never made a sound

Arms and legs were everywhere
And toes were diced and split
Lots of knees and spots all squeezed
And mixed a little bit

The menu was classed as a la carte
And prices were astronomical
And the dessert was a sweetened tart
With a filling of abdominal

When Hannibal cooked, then no-one looked
If you wanted to keep your head
As he served his courses with a plomb
And a round of buttered bread

Phil Soar

Happiness

Happiness comes fleetingly and when it arrives, should be harnessed
Drifting on clouds of innocence, we wait for it to pass by
Reaching out, we clutch it's smiles and draw them to our heart
Hoping they will not be released and remain to brighten ever day

Phil Soar

Happiness And Depression

To lift the brief depression that inherits peoples thoughts
Just take a look how silly life can be, and what it's taught
It really is a lesson in how stupid things can be
So why not turn your life around and pledge to be happy.

Phil Soar

Harbour Light

I sat on the pier as the harbour lights began to glisten on the stillness of the water

Boats tied up and their catches embarked, the smell of the ocean so strong

Teak stained decks being washed

And the sound of gulls beginning to echo in the distance

I shut my eyes as the sun was setting above me

Opening them to see a red and warm sky

Delightful

Phil Soar

Harbour Lights

The harbour lights as dusk begins will shimmer at the water's edge
And gulls, so loud in daylight hours, will quieten as the day now ends
As boats tie up along the piers, and time is called on leisure trips
A lone and empty vessel sways a little as the waves caress its tips

The bow and stern waltz on the water as the tide draws out to sea
And as we sit and watch the dark invade our space, it's comforting
To know that all are safe and back at home, until the dawn arrives
And harbour lights then fade away, and the tide invites them out again.

Phil Soar

Harbouring A Stranger

She sat astride the harbour wall
Until the tide came in
Then vanished underneath the waves
Because she couldn't swim

Phil Soar

Hard Love

My heart beats faster whenever you're near
My trousers bulge outwards when I see your rear
I'd take you out walking but I have this strange fear
That a strange and hard object would soon appear

Phil Soar

Hare Brained

Out on the windswept moors, among the gorse
I waited for some help of course;
Lost in a gale of rain, and in some pain
I called for help, but no-one came;
And so I drifted into comatose
Until I felt a chill across my toes;
Some git had nicked my boots, while I was out
And yet there was nobody thereabouts;
And in the distance ran a lonely hare
He'd got my boots, and plainly didn't care.

Phil Soar

Hashtag Nonsense

He posted some nonsense on twitter
A hashtag, whatever that means
I can't say he sounded that bitter
As a hashtag is not what it seems

It seems to have replaced the queens English
It's absurd and means nothing at all
And it's hard for us poets to distinguish
If this hashtag means something at all

Phil Soar

Haunted

A rickety old staircase
A squeaky old door
Weird eerie sounds
A noisy wood floor
Bats in the loft
A flickering light
You think you are soft
Strange things in the night
Ghostly impressions
Which walk down the hall
Skittering feet
Behind a false wall
Whistling winds
Though the windows are closed
Smells that are foul
And assault the nose
Hauntings and Poltergeists
In your mind's eye
Hearing strange noises
And wondering why
Ghastly imaginings
Seep through your brain
No sleep tonight
Whilst there's thunder and rain
Outside even more so
It's dark and it's cold
No place for the young
No peace for the old
They are coming to get you
The Zombies and Ghouls
No place for the nervous
But for strong willed fools
You dare to stay out there
Whilst others remain
Locked inside rooms
To stop going insane
Their nerves in tatters
Shaken to the core
Just sat in the corner

Curled up on the floor
Ghostly events
Haunted by doubt
What do they get up to?
When everyone's out

Phil Soar

Haunted Hunter

The target did not move, the hunter had it in his sights
It turned and looked straight at him as his finger was uptight
The beauty of the animal was not lost on this figure
And moments after this embrace, he could not pull the trigger!

Phil Soar

Haunting Words

Don't write about the sadness if it haunts your very mood
Try something that might make you smile, or something very rude
You need to smile within yourself, and let go of the pain
Don't write about the sadness, when there's so much else to gain

Phil Soar

Have You Seen Nature?

Have you seen the way that nature leaves its mark on you?
Have you gloried in the way it makes you feel?
Have you witnessed things you never thought that you would do?
And watched as winter blends so soon to spring

Have you placed yourself upon a hill and watched the rain?
And marveled as the dullness makes you smile?
For even in a sky of grey, there's something to retain
Your joy of sights across a country mile

Phil Soar

Hawkeye The Noo

Hawkeye the Noo
was a scotsman too
but he lived in the wild wild west
in a strange request
he ordered a vest
in the colour of white and blue

Phil Soar

He Needed The Break

He flew in on a jet bound for the beaches
The warmth and all the depth of sea it reaches
And when he left the stress of life had eased
For which he was more than a little pleased
On reaching home it all began again
The work, the family, all that daily pain
Again the worry and the weekly strain
It made him want to jet off their again

Phil Soar

He Wrote Of Roses

He wrote of roses, deep in bloom
Of love inside a crowded room
The words he penned so ruthlessly
Became his true loves fantasy
And after words had paved the way
He threw his anxiousness away
And raised her hand and kissed her face
Held her in a warm embrace
Told her she was his whole life
Proposed, and made her his new wife
And then he wrote of Butterflies
Tears filled her eyes

Phil Soar

Headphones

It really was misfortune that led my mind astray
I was listening to the radio and had fallen by the way
Wrapped up in all the music, and bopping to the beat
I forgot to put my shoes on when I walked out in the street
I didn't really notice until I had to break my stride
The bus I should have caught for work was early to arrive
And as it sped away and left me humming to a tune
I realised the next one wasn't due until twelve noon
So I tried to run and catch it, but my feet refused to cope
The paving slabs uneven, so I hadn't any hope
So I think I learned a lesson, as I very soon found out
When I'm due to put my shoes on, I should take the headphones out

Phil Soar

Headphones On

Everyone's wearing headphones
Where has communication gone?
Listening to something for the sake of it
Not talking for very long
But miming to the words of a song
Sometimes singing out loud
Not really feeling that strong
No reason to be proud
Listening life away
Ignoring an interesting life
Head down, sound on loud
Blank looks
Apps have them hooked
Everyone's wearing headphones

Phil Soar

Healing The World

Wouldn't it be great if we could heal the world with love?
Banish every hateful thought, and pray to god above
If everyone just got along, how magic would that be?
And love would heal the world for us, and everyone would see

Phil Soar

Healthy Water

Drinking 8 litres of water a day
Should help your digestion, the medic did say
So I drank it with breakfast, and for 24 hours
My wee just exploded like spring April showers!

Phil Soar

Heart Beats

My heart beats with the aid of a pacemaker
Electric currents running through my veins
To think about takes a lot of doing
And leaves my underpants covered in stains

Phil Soar

Heartaches

There are heartaches we get over
And some we just can't win
And when your heart is broken
Can you find a way back in?
Some say it hurts and time can heal
But at the time it's tragic
Yet there's nothing that hurt reveals
That couldn't be healed by magic

Some hearts can be hurt lots of times
Yet still we try again
To find a love that suits our needs
And is easy to maintain
But if we don't choose carefully
And try hard to succeed
How can the hurt be banished?
And emotions all be freed

Phil Soar

Heartfelt Introduction

Introduce my heart to love, and I will be impressed
Show my heart your feelings, and I know I will feel blessed
Imagine life so full of love, and we shall ever be
Partners in a loving friendship, until eternity

Phil Soar

Hearts Do Not Shed Tears

Empty hearts do not shed tears
Eyes become glazed after hurt
Time becomes lost when romance is on fire
But after a blaze, the ashes fall like rain
And across dreams, grey clouds form
And the past is just a memory
Assorted snapshots in history

Phil Soar

Helping The Birds

Hidden among the branches
Waiting for the coming dawn
Searching for suet balls hanging
From the feeding stations installed
Each feathered angel so needy
And looking for something unique
I sit watching nature before me
Wishing that all birds could speak
I'd love to have smart conversations
To see how my feeding could be
The effort that helps them encounter
The things that I hang on the tree

Phil Soar

Helpline

I rang a helpline yesterday, I'd locked myself outdoors
I waited for an answer, and I paced around the floor
They took my information and kept me holding on
And without warning, cut me off, so all contact had gone.

Phil Soar

Her

She Rises,
More than likely before me
Even though we are not together
We are as one
In mind and friendship

The day begins with thoughts of her
And how, although far away
She is close
Warming the base of our friendship
Stirring the thoughts of the day
Starting again

Whether she thinks of me is irrelevant
She is there
Blessing each day with her presence
Warming the heart with her words
Tracing memories in the mind with her feelings
Her covert movements a mystery to me
But she is there

Deep within a place where love lies waiting
Her voice lingers and her words caress
And where blossom might fall
Her petals remain intact
All year she blossoms, and doesn't fade
Her scent is like a rose
That one might encounter in summer

And as each day ends she remains
Not physical,
Just hovering like a humming bird
Seeking nectar
To keep her youth and look her best
And as she sleeps, she remains beautiful
No loss of charm
Just her refreshing glow
That seems to draw on night air
And when she wakes

She ignores the dark, engages with the morning
And I call out to her
And though she doesn't hear
I know she is there.

A friend and an angel.

Phil Soar

Her Beauty

Her footsteps left a pattern in a patch of fairy dust
A voice that echoed innocence was something I could trust
Her lips were soft and velvet and silky to the touch
There was something special with this girl I wanted very much

Her shape almost so delicate, a worry she might break
To doubt that she was magical, clearly a mistake
Her beauty effervescent and her poise a sheer delight
And when she smiled it filled the room with incandescant light

Phil Soar

Her Bitterness

The bitterness travelled beside her
No matter the distance she drove
And the love she once knew, was no longer in view
And the hurt and the lying don't lie

As she sped past the memories around her
No longer she smiled but just cried
Where the crossroads and highways turned biblical
She would drive and recover her pride

And when all the roads turned so dusty
That she couldn't see comfort in view
It was then she aspired, to no longer feel tired
And map out a journey that's new

Phil Soar

Her Boyfriend

I shook his hand so tightly, that his eyes began to water
I wanted to make him aware, she was my only daughter
And just to reinforce my aim, I stood upon his toes
And told him if he broke her heart, he would soon decompose

Phil Soar

Her Face

Her face reflected on a pool of quiet relaxation
A mist embraced her like a kind of wistful infestation
The aura that surrounded her was ambient and light
And even sparked such beauty in the middle of the night

Phil Soar

Her Foundation

She keeps her cosmetics line up in a row
From lipstick to blushers, too many to know
She paints on foundation until it's like paste
And the glow from her face you can almost taste

She uses mascara to fluff up her lashes
Uses the blusher in waves and in flashes
You can smell all her fragrances from far away
And it takes her forever to start off her day

Phil Soar

Her 'getting Older' Years

Reflected in her pool of tears
Were all her 'getting older' years
And if behind those eyes of blue
She saw the things that she should do
Maybe her tears would dry and then
She could rework her life again
And those mistakes that caused those tears
Could slow those getting older years

Phil Soar

Her Hair

A trick of the mind
an act of despair
the wife came home
I missed her hair
the beauty salon
the style and class
I missed it all
what a silly ass!

Phil Soar

Her Knickers

She flew into a rage when her knickers went astray
She'd hung them on the line but they'd gone missing yesterday
Maybe they had blown away, as there had been a storm
She had no spares that she could wear, and it wasn't very warm

She had to 'go commando' and a chill was in the air
And only yesterday she'd had a haircut way down there
So a draft up to her anus and her very private place
Has left her with a chilly snatch and anger on her face!

Phil Soar

Her Lithp

She had a little gentle lisp
She gave a little whimper whenever we kithed
Her 'TH' sounds were more or less
Like random 'Efs' I must confess
Her episodes of disarray
Were mixed in with the words she'd say
She never blushed or fell apart
Her vocabulary was not that smart
But still I loved her every ounce of her
Even though her mind was everywurr

Phil Soar

Her Pants

Her pants were lying on the floor
When I came home through the front door
Accompanying them were red rose blooms
And noises from an upstairs room

I slowly crept upstairs to find
The sight of a naked behind
Sliding around our mutual bed
And a face that looked a tender red

'Caught in the act', I screamed out loud
And she looked surprised and not that proud
For the roses I sent, that the mail delivered
Had wet her senses, and made her quiver

And faced with a wait, till I got home
All excited, and all alone
She retired upstairs for some self relief
Not knowing I was there and still in my briefs

Phil Soar

Her Place

I listen to her breathing, though she doesn't know I'm there
I watch her heaving bosom rising slowly in the air
And as I watch her soulfully, I reach beneath the sheets
And stroke her little cabbage patch, where thighs and legs must meet

Phil Soar

Her Present

In a rush to buy her present
I tripped upon a stone
I gashed my leg and cut my arm
And hurt my funny bone
I trampled on the footpath
As I strained to get in-store
But the gift had gone from the counter
And was not there anymore
So I cursed my luck and left there
And limped all the way home
And promised I'd try tomorrow
And be less cumbersome

Phil Soar

Her Smile

She smiles at me, I turn to jelly
I get some butterflies in my belly
And when she blows a kiss to me
I know she means the world to me

Phil Soar

Her Teddy Bear

She hugged the teddy bear as she slept
Tightening her grip as her dreams became nightmares
Her scream brought me racing in
And yet she still slept
Clinging on tightly

An outpouring of love
From me to her
And yet she knew nothing
Just ogres and ghouls in her thoughts
But the Bear was her comfort
And daddy went without sleep
Until morning
When she woke
And he didn't!

Phil Soar

Herbert Schnott

Herbert Schnott was a bit of a clot
He lived in a mountainous region
He would fish all he could
And chop lots of wood
And once joined the French foreign legion

Phil Soar

Here I Am

Don't question me, for I have no true answers
Don't see in me some influential soul
For nothing that I write or say has meaning
I write because it makes me somehow whole

Don't think that I have some subliminal message
That I hide in rhymes that seem to state my case
For there is just an honesty inside my words
That nothing that I say could take its place

The strengths I have are limited inside my mind
At least that's what my life had planned for me
And I will keep on writing until words evade my mind
Then maybe all I have will set me free

Phil Soar

Hérons

Hérons

Long beak-ed things

With wings

And fishing skills

Accompanying ducks

In ponds and streams

Catching Bream

And sticklebacks

Sleek skilled attacks

From on the shore

Or standing in the water for

An hour or two

Until the fish come into view

And then they're through

Hérons

Phil Soar

Hidden Prey

The tracks he left behind him
were meant to be unseen
hidden in the undergrowth
beneath the brown and green
to hide his every movement
was really his intent
so hunters wouldn't find him there
or know which way he went

Phil Soar

Hiding From Shopping

I strode a thousand steps to where my feet met with sea
Staying as I was in a small beach hut, furtively
I'd hidden from the Misses, while she was at the shops
I aim to just stay hidden, until her spending spree has stopped

Phil Soar

Him

As a boy, he tickled me,
As a man, he set me free,
When lost, he was my guide,
As a father, he inspired,
Without him now, I feel bereft,
I wish to God he never left.

Phil Soar

His Best Friend And The Trip

Although the teddy bear hadn't a stare
The child smiled so vividly, seeing it there
Sitting alone in the back of the car
Waiting to cuddle that bear once more

The trip to the seaside would not seem that far
With his furry best friend in the back of the car
Many miles to the sound of the funfair and sea
Where happiness waits, and the smiles are for free

Phil Soar

His Cup Runneth Over

'My cup runneth over'
The vicar had said

That'll teach you to drink wine with your bread, I replied

Phil Soar

His Giggles

His giggles make a dark room bright
They brighten up the darkest night
And when they take the grandson home
We're left in the darkness, all alone

Phil Soar

His Own Obituary

He wrote his own Obituary
Before he passed away
He just needed to say the things
He'd always dreamed he'd say
So he wrote down all his feelings
And the thoughts about his past
About the people he had hated
And the friendships that might last
No sooner had he finished them
And before he went to bed
A Burglar broke into his house
And shot the old man dead
The burglar was arrested
A policeman found the old mans notes
And at the old mans funeral
He read what the old man wrote
The silence from the mourners
As the Policeman had begun
Was more than just a stifled breath
From almost everyone
The old mans brash opinions
Were dark and more than crass
He'd written that the people there
Could kiss the old mans ass!

Phil Soar

His Paintings

With Pastel colours he painted scenes
I could feel the wind that blew across the trees
I can see the air he coloured in deep grey
His artistry had took my breath away

For all the canvasses he did possess
And how he painted all the wilderness
He captured nature at it's very best
And added his own style to just impress

I hung his paintings in a pride of place
They always put a smile upon my face
And with each stroke, he left a certain style
That kept me going back to them awhile

Phil Soar

His Pee

He left his mark upon a tree
Lifting his leg to have a pee
Except he missed, and peed on me
That silly dog that had a wee

Phil Soar

His Will

Returning to the place where it began
Where complex issues drove this willing man
To build a new life where the problem lay
Without the need to go to church and pray

If armies could get through time un-defeated
Why shouldn't he find something he could do?
To overcome the stress and come to terms with
The troubles that have made him feel so blue

So he took his will and set himself a target
And began to build a new and welcome home
And when he reached for wisdom someone found it
And made sure he would not be on his own

Phil Soar

His Words

He spoke to me with words of such aplomb
It made me wonder where those words came from
They touched me in a way I'd not expected
Maybe it was the words he had selected?

Though written in a way that he had stressed
My thoughts were moved, and I was so impressed
That somehow he had read my mind and then
Put his words to use, with ballpoint pen

I sat alone and read them several nights
And quietly they put my world to rights
And through his words I felt so grateful too
What a thoughtful thing for him to do.

Phil Soar

History Repeating

Is the long and distant past a history worth repeating?
Or shall we just move on, leave it behind?
Not show an interest in what went before us?
Not concern ourselves with all the daily grind?
Will nonchalance determine how we seal our fate?
Or can we see our faults and put them right?
Will all that went before us stand for nothing?
Or will we recognise this as our plight?

Phil Soar

Holes

There are holes in my willy
Holes in my nose
Holes in my ears
And holes where hair grows
A hole in my face
Where the words often spout
And a hole in my ass where the rubbish comes out

Phil Soar

Home

It felt like home, so I made my bed
I had a feeling this was somewhere
my mind had led
When I settled in,
the comfort was an exceptional delight
I had made my bed to lie in it
and Ill sleep well tonight

Phil Soar

Homelessness

Sleeping under bridges
Cardboard boxes filled with grime
Haunted visions all the time
Drugged up people in despair
Why is it that we don't care?

Passers by walking away at such speed
Not stopping to help or sharing their time
Retreating when faced with the obnoxious grime
Lost lonely people broken apart
Why is we can't just show heart?

Sitting in doorways
Blankets so dirty and worn
Passers by looking at them with scorn
Homeless people so lost in despair
A pity that nobody passing can care

Phil Soar

Homeward Bound

I gather my belongings
To take them with me home
I've been away for far too long
I had the need to roam
But nothing draws me homeward
Like the love of my home town
So I have to go back home now
With nothing like a frown

Phil Soar

Honour Myself

If I could control my thoughts,
and not give in to them
If I could monitor the swell of moods
that take me far away
If I could honour who I am
and how the chapters of my life tell my story
Then I perhaps might find some peace
in time of need

Those times I dwell on small obstructions
on my route along life's roads
tell the tale of how I've struggled
to offset this heavy load
When maybe if I held myself on pedestals of hope
And built myself a treehouse of happiness
Perhaps then I could find some peace

At an age when life should have settled me
Should have tested me, and not found me wanting
By now the haunting images that craft my every day
Paint pictures that no artist could convey
And yet underneath it all, there is a light
Amidst the darkness that invents itself at night
Leaves my soul empty and my heart alone
Until tomorrow
When I start my trip to an epilogue
Not yet written
Waiting for me to finish the story
No second series planned
It needs a happy end.

Phil Soar

Hoots Mon

He wore his tartan skirt as he tossed cabers at the fair
Until a buxom maiden asked what he had under there
He moved his tartan sporrán, so that she could have a peak
And what she saw from down below, meant that she couldn't speak

Phil Soar

Horror

I hid behind the sofa in the dark
as horror upon horror filled the screen
and all I did was hide my worried eyes
and every now and then let out a scream

Phil Soar

Horse Play

My Horse has got no shoes on
He creeps around the stalls
He surprises the other stallions
And kicks them in the balls

Phil Soar

Horses For Courses

The school had several courses
How to train and own race horses
And I joined to see if I could train a winner
But the horse I bought was slow
And I couldn't make it go
So I killed it and then ate it for my dinner

Phil Soar

Hospital Angels

Angels making sure that every day you feel your best,
Even though you have those pains that hurt inside your chest,
Doctors and Consultants working tirelessly to find,
Results which might reduce the stress, inside your worried mind.

The days of feeling there's no end to all your doubts and fears,
Seem to drag along, and every day just feels like years,
Samples taken every day, the wait to hear the news,
Results that multiply each time and lots of bed reviews.

The ever present volunteers, and those who tidy up,
The visits with the daily drinks in little cardboard cups,
Crazy gowns to wear when your procedure is that day,
Your arse on view, for everyone to see along the way.

Dracula on rounds removing blood with such a smile,
"Just a little prick" she says, as she fills up the vial,
How did she know, you think, and has she got an x-ray skill? ,
You'd like to think that it has shrunk, because your feeling ill.

Teams who operate and teams who greet you as you wake,
The best there are in all the land, of that make no mistake,
You really should feel grateful, you are in the safest place,
They're probing every orifice, with smiles upon their face.

And when you're feeling better and hear you're going home,
Back to where you feel the best, and the settee is your throne,
Think of all those angels, working hard most every day,
Restoring you to health and helping you during your stay.

Regardless of the pressures, when you're with the NHS,
Everywhere you look, there's someone giving of their best,
People with such talent, and such great determination,
Making us so glad they help us all, in this great nation.

So when you're lying in that bed, your tackle all on show,
Even though it makes them laugh, you wouldn't really know,
They're angels in disguise, supported by a team of greats,
So smile and just be grateful, when you leave those car park gates.

With thanks to New Cross Hospital, Wolverhampton, UK.
On my way to recovery I will always be grateful for their help and expertise.

Phil Soar

Phil Soar

Hot Air

A hot air balloon passed overhead
It silently moved slowly
Until it got a hole in it
And soon became quite holey!

Phil Soar

How Sweet

How sweet the taste of loves embrace
How kisses warm her loving face
How words can mean the world to those
Who take their time when writing prose

Where thoughts we share make lovers bloom
A wink across a crowded room
A taste of salty perspiration
Along with words of deep persuasion

When you need something warm and sweet
Words that sweep you off your feet
How sweet the taste of loves embrace
With every kiss upon your face

Phil Soar

Hughie Mcfoeey

Hughie McFoey had something to hide
He found things so silly, he sat down and cried
Then Hughie McFoey would run out of tears
And sat there all cried out, for years and for years

Phil Soar

Hugs From Archie

The cuddle means a whole lot more, now he's a little older
That hug grandparents yearn for, with his head upon your shoulder
The fingers that embrace yours too, enough to raise a tear
The feeling of enjoyment, now that it's almost a year

The look that takes your breath away, and always makes you grin
When something's missing by your side, you realise it's him
The memories of that child of yours, who gave such pleasure too
The cuddle means a whole lot more, and always touches you

Phil Soar

Humpty Dumpty

Why did you sit on that wall?
When you knew that you might fall
Were you just testing if you could resist
Or had you been drinking?
And just got too pissed.

Phil Soar

Hunted

I broke away from the pack and ran
Avoiding as I did the following hunter
After several miles I looked back
Nothing

Until the cheetah said "Boo! "
From behind the bush
He lay in wait
And had run on ahead
I would be dead
Swiftly
With a bite to the neck

Phil Soar

Hunted?

Mystified,
The heartbeat faster at the thought of terror
Staring,
Wondering if the killer would pounce
Sweating,
As the prospect of flight or fight was evident
Humming,
To try and circumvent my fear
Deciding,
What the options are
Running,
Not looking back for fear it might be following
Collapsing,
As my heart could not take anymore
Waking,
To realise it was all a dream
And I felt a fool

Phil Soar

Hurt

Released from a cavern of pessimism
Released from the grip of doubt
And now with a new experience
It's time to move things about
The start of a course of renewal
And a lesson in love now adjourned
Nothing like a period of optimism
For a soul that's just been burned

Phil Soar

Hypochondria

"The problem is", the doctor said
"That all this stuff is in your head
You're like a Hypochondriac but more so,
Now climb onto the bed
And I'll examine you instead
And see if there's a problem with your torso"

Phil Soar

I Am Guilty

I am guilty of watching nature
Of staring into an abyss
If I was not watching nature
Think of the beauty I'd miss

I am guilty of seeing such wonder
Sometimes it compels me to tears
Just the thought of a bee, or the smell of a tree
Can enrich many decades and years

I am guilty of sitting in silence
In the garden of all I survey
Listening to sounds, in the world all around
And knowing they've something to say

I am guilty of wishing tomorrow
Would just wait a moment or two
I could just overstay, so much more of the day
And be staggered by what nature can do

I am guilty of staring at treasures
That I hold very close to my world
To watch a bats flight, in the dead of the night
Or to watch the day as it unfurls

I am guilty of wanting each minute
To be stretched into hours or days
To sit in the sun, with my senses switched on
And to watch all the graphic displays

I am guilty of wanting this journey
And my life, form a pattern of such
That each day as I rise, when I open my eyes
They are blinded by ever so much

I am guilty of smiling at nothing
Just the thought of each day has that feeling
And I know that my trip, on this landlocked cruise ship
Has a way of sending my senses reeling

I am guilty of trance like emotions
I hope that they don't ever fade
For the moment they do, my existence is through
And the light with me now, turns to shade

Phil Soar

I Blew A Kiss

I blew a kiss across a crowded room
And hoped she knew that it was aimed her way
She smiled and caught it sweetly with her fingers
And held it closely as she walked away

She moved with such an elegance and posture
It wasn't hard to spot her in the crowd
And so I moved with purpose and to find her
I moved with all the speed my frame allowed

And when we met the signs were almost instant
Our looks were almost mirrored by our smiles
The love was there within that brief encounter
And we'd fit together like mosaic tiles

Phil Soar

I Cannot

Can you recall your early years?

I cannot

Or remember the days before you first talked?

I cannot

Or when you took your first step?

I cannot

Or how you first tried solid food?

I cannot

Some people claim they remember those things

I cannot

I would like to recall those and much more

I cannot

Not because of any impediment or disability

I just cannot

I wish I could

But I cannot

No unhappiness, no happiness, nothing there

I just cannot

Yet I do not longer for it, just want to know

But I cannot

I shall not dwell on it because

I should not

Life is good and happy and what's wrong with that?

I shall not repeat that I cannot

I just cannot

or it might consume me

But it cannot

Phil Soar

I Caught A Silver Lining

I caught a silver lining
In a cloudy darkened sky
At first so unexpected
But it made me wonder why
No sense of its departure
From a deep and saddened gloom
Like a piece of deep depression
In a cold and dampened room

No path of doubt to walk upon
As spirits filled the air
And though I felt accompanied
In truth, she was not there
I left that silver lining
As I found it in that cloud
And she wrapped her arms around me
Like a lovers passing shroud

Phil Soar

I Close My Eyes

I close my eyes and still can see you there
The smile that warms my heart, the way you care
The moments of sheer pleasure that our time together gains
The starlight shining endlessly, the memories remain

I close my eyes, and though it's dark, I see your face
Those clear blue eyes hold mysteries that time cannot replace
The welcome way you paint love's picture like a tapestry
Means more than any words convey, and mean so much to me

Phil Soar

I Closed My Eyes

In the brightness of the day, I closed my eyes
I could imagine almost anything
The warmth of the sun like a soothing lotion
And as a soft breeze traced patterns across my face
I saw nothing
But thought about everything
When I opened my eyes again
Nothing mattered

Phil Soar

I Contemplate The Moon

I sometimes contemplate the moon
Wonder how it controls me
Seeks out my sensitive moods
And plays with my emotions

I sometimes watch for comets in the sky
And wonder where their journey ends
No matter how they hurtle by at speed
Eventually the life ends for them

Standing underneath a willow tree
Through strands of branches I see darkness
And the stars shine bright for me
As around them, the universe dances

I sometimes contemplate my fate, and I
Become unsettled by the doubt I feel
But still the moon has control over me
And without it, nothing else seems real

Phil Soar

I Cried

I cried a million tears so I could wash the pain away
I smiled a million times and wondered why I felt that way
I walked a thousand steps to be where silence eased my mind
I lay awhile in fields of green, to satisfy mankind

Phil Soar

I Cried A Tear

I cried a tear
You wiped it dry
I lost my way
I don't know why
You kept me sane
When hurt had called
And helped me through
After a fall

I saw the pain
within your eyes
Seeing me strain
You realised
I couldn't cope
you helped me through
I have recovered
Thanks to you

Phil Soar

I Cry

I mention this only to see if you hear me cry
As I shout from the rooftops
And still you do not hear me
Do you want to hear me?
I resist the temptation to open my heart to you
Because you don't return my call
You don't hear me at all
I cry

Phil Soar

I Died

The plans I made were scuppered when I woke to find I'd died
I'd floated off to heaven and had woken there inside
The place was almost empty, and not as I expected
It left me feeling pretty down, and just a bit neglected

No one was at the pearly gates to help me find my way
Except a man in white, with a gentle smile, and nothing much to say
I passed him with a nervous grin and said a short 'Hello'
And wandered into heaven with no sign of where to go

And now I'm just a hermit living close to where I woke
Surrounded by these fluffy clouds, and some old random bloke
If I had known the ending, I think I would have said
Choose your lifestyle carefully, it's no good when you're dead

Phil Soar

I Don'T Care

She,
May have a face like Fred Astaire
She may have diamonds in her hair
She may have pimples on her bum
But I don't care
She
May have a healthy wholesome bust
Be someone that you always trust
May have an energetic lust
But I don't care
She
Has had a little on the side
That's broken all my sense of pride
And now I'm all churned up inside
So I don't care
She
Can go around the block and back
And be addicted to some crack
Have moods that now have turned to black
But I don't care
She
Has blown all chances that she had
Her tears are lost on me and sad
She should have known that this was bad
She didn't care
She
At times is beautiful to me
But now my dreams are all at sea
At least this moment I feel free
But I don't care

I just don't care

Phil Soar

I Don'T Know Why

I dream but never wake up knowing why I do
I sleep erratically but don't know why I do
I run from things but don't know why I do
I do not understand these things I do

I whisper when I don't want you to know
I hide things when I don't want you to know
I spend time alone and don't want you to know
I hate it when you do not really know

I hesitate to tell you how I feel
In case you might not think my love is real
I dream of you and don't know why I do
I want to be the one you should turn to

Forgive me if I leave your love behind
It seems the one solution in my mind
I'd leave but then that would be so unkind
I love you and I don't know why I do

Phil Soar

I Don't Remember That

I guess my parents loved me
Although I don't remember that
I guess they cared how my life panned out
But I don't remember that
It seemed they spent their lives alone
One in the garden the other by the sink
Makes me wonder how their minds would think
I don't remember that

No love shared with a hug or a kiss
Sharing the words 'I love you'
Was something that I'd miss
I don't remember that
Did that make life a misery or dark?
I don't remember that
Is it the reason I have so much doubt
About the way that my life's panned out?
I don't remember that

Now I'm a parent of two, and love abounds
Is that because of the missing sounds
Of a parents words saying 'I Love you'
Or is it just that I don't remember too
Whether I miss those days is abundantly clear
I'm living those days right here
And not doubting my ability too
To tell the kids that 'I love you'

I guess my parents loved me,
I don't remember that

Phil Soar

I Dreamt Of Angels

I dreamt of angels circling overhead
While I lay sleeping in that lonely bed
And now you've gone, the devil visits me
And turns my dreams into a flame filled sea

And while the fires burn, my dreams ignite
The angels that I saw all take their flight
And hurt and pain take over in my sleep
Then when I wake, all I do is weep

And now my days and nights drift into one
I sit and wonder where my thoughts belong
I piece together how love fell apart
And try to mend my broken aching heart

Phil Soar

I Fell

The last time that I tripped and fell
I think I broke my nose
I fell into a prickly bush
I think it was a rose
My face became all bloody
I thought I would bleed out
Whenever I seem to hurt myself
There is no nurse about

Phil Soar

I Grew A Tree

I grew a tree in my backyard
The wind began to blow too hard
Reduced that tree to broken branches
I ask you, what were the bloody chances?

Phil Soar

I Grew Up

I grew up thinking Cuckoos lived in clocks
That eskimos wore fifteen pairs of socks
That instant coffee was a magic trick
That eating lots of chocolate made me sick

I grew up thinking fall was when you fell
Not some season that my school forgot to tell
I thought that buses came along in threes
And can't explain why things can be bees knees

I grew up thinking that I was a dunce
I should always eat my greens all at once
I never knew what Greenwich meantime was
That clocks go forward springtime, just because

I grew up thinking I could write a rhyme
No matter where I was at any time
And this one proves that maybe I was wrong
I couldn't write a poem all along!

Phil Soar

I Grieve

I grieve, I weep
It saddens me
Hunters killing just for fun
Taking life from the sacred beasts
I hate the way they run
Away from the devastation
They do not realise
That the animals we love so much
Will vanish before our eyes
No turning back on extinction
No more our eyes can see
The beauty all those animals
Instil in you and me
We are lesser than they
We are the holders of their destiny
And we betray their trust
I grieve
I weep
It saddens me.

Phil Soar

I Hope My Dad Was Proud Of Me

I hope my dad was proud of me
Because he didn't show it
And now that I am old and grey
It would be nice to know it

He worked so hard to build a home
And never shirked his duty
And there was never evidence
He wasted it on booty

I don't think there's a day goes by
When He's not on my mind
You see, he was a gentle man
And very, very kind

He never swore in front of me
He always put us first
Except when he was working hard
To fill my mothers purse

His garden was his leisure place
I share that habit too
He took to life at it's own pace
Which I find hard to do

He never said he loved me
But I knew he cared so much
We seldom shared his company
Or a welcome summer lunch

He spent his time just working hard
On everything he did
I knew that he had marked my card
When I was just a kid

But I hope my dad was proud of me
As it would mean so much
And a comfort in my latter years
If he had kept in touch

In my dreams I see his face
In mirrors, it's reflected
And I hope that in his resting place
I am loved and now respected

For Thomas Henry Soar
Died January 1985

Phil Soar

I Journeyed Alone

You didn't take me there
Where memories fade and life is real again
Where no obstacles barred the way to future events
And everywhere the lights that shone my way
Were brighter than the brightest star
Instead you left me in the dark
Where my demons haunted the corridors
Not investing anything in my future
Just enveloping my past
Creating a heavy cloud of doubt in my mind
And making me sink into the abyss
You didn't take me there
I journeyed alone

Phil Soar

I Knew

I knew that I was simple
I knew that I was touched
I knew there was no way for me
I knew I was loved so much
I knew there was a mindset
I knew they worshipped me
I knew my life was truly mapped
I knew it welcomed me
I knew it would be endless
I knew it came with ills
I knew I was afflicted by
Other peoples wills

I looked for no answers
I knew that would be madness
I knew I was enveloped
I knew it was with sadness
I knew that everywhere I went
There would be no respite
I knew there was an endless will
I knew of flight or fight
I knew there was a point for me
I knew it was a test
I knew the lord did worship me
I knew he was impressed
I knew there was an exit plan
I knew when I should go
I knew I'd leave some broken hearts
But deep inside they know
I knew

Phil Soar

I Laughed

I lost control and laughed the night away
When she fell on the floor just yesterday
She tripped on something I had left around
And lay there crying on the blood-stained ground

I had to stop myself from laughing more
As she lay swearing on the kitchen floor
But then she took me by the throat and I
Found myself just lying by her side

Phil Soar

I Laughed, I Cried

I Laughed, I cried
When mother died
I Laughed, I cried
When father died
I held a thought
My feelings fraught
I Laughed, I Cried

I miss them so
They'll never know
I miss them so
The pain is great
But it's too late
I miss them so

Phil Soar

I Left

Leaving home at seventeen, seemed like the thing to do
On my own, I ventured to a home I built for two
But very soon the 'two' became a single solitary me
I'm still alone, and in that home, and I am forty-three

With emptiness comes sorrow, and the symptoms of remorse
But why should I feel sad when my emotions blew off course?
It should have been a minor 'blip' that taught me how to cope
Not one of hurt and worry, and the thought that there's no hope

So now I see the error of my ways, I aim to see
A better world where I can manage feelings inside me
And when the person comes along, that lifts my very soul
Maybe I will leave again and set up a new home

Phil Soar

I Like A Drink

I walked on silver linings
I strolled through clouds of white
I washed my sins in mountain streams
And slept well overnight
But though I'd kept my thoughts in check
I just could not resist
Running to the local Pub
And getting rather pissed

Phil Soar

I Love To

I love to ride my bicycle
I love to drive my car
I love a stroll down memory lane
I love a public bar
I love the sound of sirens
I love a prison cell
I love being a lunatic
I guess I'm not that well.

Phil Soar

I Love To Laugh

With a childish grin I see the funny side of things
Not funny, but they make me laugh the same
My mind is open to the most unusual
I guess my 'giggle meter' is to blame

It does not take too much to have me laughing
The crazy things we do, are so insane
And loving the eccentric has me wondering
how many of you out there are the same

I wonder if there's life on other planets
If they paid us a quick visit, would they see
Some people holding sticks and hitting objects
On some Crazy golf course down beside the sea

Or watch us standing there in small glass houses
With objects in our mouths exuding smoke
And sucking on the plastic applicators
That are the subject of a constant joke

It doesn't take too much to make me giggle
I love the fact that I am not all there
I laugh at nothing normal, and I'm special
And walk through life without a fear or care

Phil Soar

I Missed You

I missed you yesterday, I miss you now,
I miss you all the time, I don't know how,
I missed you as you left your house today,
I'd hit you but your car got in the way.

I missed you on the way to do your shopping,
I missed you at the gym whilst you were hopping,
I'll probably miss again at 6 tonight,
You see there is a fly stuck to the sight! .

I wonder why I went and bought this gun,
I think I ought to buy a better one,
I bought it on the cheap from amazon,
It seemed that all the 5 star guns had gone.

This one had scant reviews, well maybe two,
Who both said that they missed their targets too,
But still I bought it just to aim at you,
I wish I'd spent my cash on something new.

Phil Soar

I Must Confess

I sat the other side of you and gave you a confession
I'm not even religious or call life into question
But someone told me yesterday I must not be a twat
So I told you everything I know, and got away with that

Phil Soar

I No Longer Walk

My strides no longer purposeful
These days my steps are slow
I don't stray far from home these days
In case my Ankles go
Where once I walked for many miles
And rarely paused to rest
These days I stroll passed gates and styles
And feel my legs are stressed
I used to walk on cobbled streets
But now I walk with canes
I rest on local council seats
Whilst staring at the drains
My back has gone, my legs are weak
It cannot be ignored
No more the daily walk and run
Unless I'm feeling bored
And while I sit, the hair still grows
Bursting through my ears and nose
And then I soil my underclothes
I guess that's just how old age goes!

Note; This is just a rhyme, not a life experience, well, not just yet I hope.
Phil

Phil Soar

I Notice

I notice when nothing can please you, and then
I go back to bed and start over again
In the hope that some change can have happened to you
And that my silly moods can help see the day through

I notice when words are explicitly cast
Out into the ether, where time just flies past
Where the sounds of an argument, stall in the air
And the anger is palpable, mixed with some flair

I notice that when there is nothing to say
You seem ever sure that you'll get your own way
And when giving in seems the obvious plan
I have to remember, that I'm just a a man!

Phil Soar

I Painted The Scene

The wind whispered softly to me
On a warm breeze it touched my face
Passing me with the clouds
An odd drop of rain like a kiss
Melting my heart
As I was in love with nature

While the sun was hidden I was happy
Just knowing it was there
Waiting
The grey began to turn to a light silver
As the breeze moved it on
Slowly allowing the warmth through
And showing glimpses
Of that sun

Sitting on the fallen Oak tree
That somehow still had leaves that unfurled
Yet it was broken
But still had a beauty
I focused on a passing fox
That looked in my direction
But hadn't seen me
I painted the scene

And it's title was evident
I love Nature

Phil Soar

I Pinch Myself

Sometimes I have to pinch myself
To make sure it's all real
I find it hard to take on board
The things that life reveals
There's so much utter nonsense
I can't tell much apart
So many things that puzzle me
And life's an idiot's craft
I really have a struggle
Some things I can't compare
My mind becomes a muggle
I could pull out all my hair
In every waking moment
There's something all to cock
Like a man with bowl of custard
Wrapped in a well-worn sock
Standing on a soap box
In the middle of a park
Spouting utter nonsense
And the odd foul mouthed remark
Everywhere I look, I see
Something quite absurd
Someone with a wooden leg
Partnered by a bird
A nomad with a shopping bag
The type you have for life
Lying in a doorway
With a gypsy for a wife
Sometimes I have to pinch myself
To make sure I'm okay
I guarantee that something strange
Will set me off today

Phil Soar

I Remember Too

An Elephant sent me a birthday card
That Pachyderm always does
Never forgets a single thing
And lives next door to us
But nothing from that squirrel
Who sits up in the trees
He forgets where he puts his food
and never tries to please

Phil Soar

I Sat Beside A Gravestone

I sat beside the gravestone
Talking to no-one
While the birds sang to me
And the wind blew across my face
It was a place of shelter
Where my mind could wander free
With no turmoil to trouble it
No sounds other than the wind and the birds
And should someone speak to me?
I would be humbled
To think that spirits thought me worthy
And would share a minute of their time with me

I sat beside the gravestone
And though I spoke
No-one was listening

Phil Soar

I Saw The Stars

My friend bought me a telescope
So I could watch the stars
To view the moon, and very soon
I also spotted Mars
I spent my time star gazing
My wife was not impressed
She thought it was amazing
I ignored her when undressed

It must have been the atmosphere
That took my thoughts away
I gazed into the stratosphere
Most every single day
And so we drifted far apart
Just like the starry sky
She left me with a broken heart
And I never asked her why

Phil Soar

I Screamed In The Night

I lay awake last night, after a fright
A ghostly apparition in my room
It made me turn a lighter shade of white
And made me think of my impending doom

It floated high beneath the ceiling fan
A silent misty flow of neon blue
I screamed out loud and then I sort of ran
It was the only thing that I could do

I tripped upon the stairs and tumbled down
And landed in a heap upon the floor
Just in time to see a ghostly gown
Slipping through the locked back kitchen door

Phil Soar

I Should Have Been A Sailor

I dreamed I'd be a sailor
When I was just a boy
Of standing in the crows nest
And shouting 'SHIP AHOY'
But now I'm sat behind a desk
And bored to kingdom come
And wishing that my childhood dream
Had ever just begun

Phil Soar

I Should Have Stayed In Bed

I should have stayed in bed today
Everything is affecting the way I think
The way I feel
The way I am viewing others
Banality all around me
Filling the air with nonsense I don't want to hear
If I was asleep, I could dream
I could wish for things in my sleep that would be inaccessible otherwise
And it would make the day so much easier
To not live with the humdrum
To not have to share my thoughts
When they are so deep and not that meaningful
Except for me
I should have stayed in bed today

Phil Soar

I Sit Beneath The Moonlight

I traced a pattern right across the sky
Like a dot-to-dot from star to star I etched away
No-one who saw me ever asked me why
I look forward to it every single day

To sit beneath the moonlight, with a mind all of my own
And sketch on pad and paper, during twilight
I realise that I prefer to spend my night alone
With nothing in my way to block my eyesight

Heavenly bodies shed their glow, and wait for me up there
On cloudless nights, they don't seem all that far
And when the clouds restrict the view, I really couldn't care
For in my mind I know just where they are

Phil Soar

I Slept In

Where were you this morning when I fell back to sleep?
The alarm had made it's morning call, I didn't hear a peep
So where were you this morning, as I slept on some more?
I needed you to poke me, or to push me on the floor

Waking in a panic doesn't help the day begin
And knowing that I would be late, would very soon kick in
So I just lay there and said a prayer, hoping god would rule
And help me with a good excuse, or else I'll feel a fool.

Phil Soar

I Smile

I smile a lot, and people think I'm crazy
I live in clouds of guilt, that make things hazy
And when I laugh myself to sleep at night
I wonder if my mind is ever right

I grin a lot, to try and muddle through it
I say things out loud, wondering why I do it
If ever I should shed that stupid grin
That will be the time I will give in

Phil Soar

I Spy

I spy with my little eye
Something beginning with Rhyme
It's a poem of sorts
And for all the retorts
I can't help but give it my time

Phil Soar

I Strode, I Skipped, I Swam

I strode through fields of golden wheat
Better than a tarmac street
Without my shoes, in my bare feet
I strode through fields of golden wheat

I skipped across the valley floor
From where I'd never been before
And when I reached an open door
I skipped through it and smiled once more

I swam across the open sea
To find myself alone and free
And when I'd lost my energy
I sank, there was no trace of me

Phil Soar

I Take My Time When Walking

I take my time when walking
Review what I have seen
Sort it into folders
So I can later dream
I keep my mind wide open
For all the world to see
I take my time when walking
With my dogs for company

Phil Soar

I Taste Your Tears

I taste your tears when kissing your adoring face
I wipe away those patches of despair
And just as I can help you to a better place
I hope it helps just knowing that I'm there

Phil Soar

I Tried To Write A Nursery Rhyme

I tried to write a nursery rhyme
To make the kiddies smile
I gave up when my words were weak
And really quite futile

The creatures that I wrote about
To attract the child's attention
Were just a little gruesome
And too horrible to mention

Perhaps I should have wrote about
A rabbit with a stutter
Or perhaps a pig with a wobbly snout
Or a cow that just ate butter

Either way, my rhyme was poor
So I should start again
And maybe if I write some more
It'll be right in the end

Phil Soar

I Try My Best

I try my best, to be the man that I should be
I cannot help the hand that my life dealt for me
I drift from day to day with little empathy
Still wondering just what will be my destiny

I try to understand what fate may have in store
I sit and think of everything and so much more
I hesitate when using a short metaphor
And rest on laurels lying by an open door

I try each day to compensate for things I've done
Fallen by the wayside, and then soldier on
I'm always in a quandary, if I might be wrong
And think that I should realise I must be strong

I try my best to understand the man I am
I've struggled all my life and wonder if I can
Change the way I look at life and be impressed
And find a way to look at it, like I am blessed

Phil Soar

I Try Not To Wish

I try not to wish
I just try to do
I just have this image
That none can see through
I just have opinions
I leave them outside
Beyond even my reach
They might injure my pride
I try not to gossip
It tears people apart
I try to be honest
I try to win hearts
I just try and simplify
All I can do
And keep my own status
I never review
I try not to wish
For impossible things
I try to envisage
A dove's delicate wings
The peace bird fly's over
I imagine its flight
Flying for everyone
A wonderful sight
I try not to wish
It makes little sense
For nothing is guaranteed
And all life is nonsense

Phil Soar

I Used To Dance

I stopped all of the dancing when my ankles cried "enough"
The Cha Cha Cha and Jive would both now leave me feeling rough
And as the Bosa Nova wasn't favourite of the day
Maybe I should just be pleased, my hips have gone astray

Phil Soar

I Volunteered

I'd volunteered my services to help the local school
By making tea and baking cakes and making people drool
They really liked my custard tarts, my scones were quite amazing
But I found them later in a field where cows and lambs were grazing!

Phil Soar

I Wait In Line

Each Monday as I wait in line for the number 52
I look at how the morning sun is coming into view
And then I wish I was in bed, or still sat on the loo
Each Monday as I stand in line, for the number 52

Each evening as I wait in line, for the bus to take me home
I listen to what people say, and wonder, as they moan
Will they appear tomorrow, or will I be there alone
Each evening as I stand in line, for the bus to take me home

Phil Soar

I Walk In Silence

I walk in silence sometimes, when my mind is somewhere else
In dreams I stroll through meadows, and there's no-one else about
And miles into this picture perfect realm where thoughts unwind
The images I conjure up all stem from in my mind

I never think of how these things might stir unwanted moods
I just enjoy the freedom and the way it makes me feel
The air, a whisper in a sky that's full of pure white cloud
A light refreshing wind that flows, and never gets too loud

Different greens awash with dew, nothing there can taint the view
And walking through them really is a pleasure
These moments walked in silence, alive with nature's best
I walk in silence sometimes, and I stop awhile and rest

Phil Soar

I Walk Through It All

I walk through life oblivious to the hurt and pain
Crossing over borders, I miss the turmoil
Working my way through clouds of smoke and guns
I stall a while and wonder why I am so impervious to it
But I have no answer
So I carry on walking

Phil Soar

I Walked A Coastal Path

I walked the coastal path in many dreams
Where shipwrecks stretched my deep imagination
With images of pirates and the smugglers too
Reflected in my dreams with fascination

Phil Soar

I Walked The Dogs

I walked the dogs on a cool late evening in June
I guess they'd rather stay inside the room
Where beds were a more comfortable repose
And they didn't have to use their 'touchy' nose

And as they walked behind me, it got dark
And wandering on, I heard a wheezy bark
Telling me they'd really rather be
Curled up with their mum on the settee

So as we trundled back to whence we came
I felt that our short trip had turned to shame
Why did I wake them up to take them out?
When they were just happy to laze about

Phil Soar

I Wander As A Clown

I sometimes wander
lonely as a clown
with make up running down the face
merging into waves of red, white and blue
smudging the lines of age
covering the laugh lines
spoiling the lives of those who count on my joviality
but rendering me useless

At times I wander lonely
with nothing to be happy about
but knowing I will soon put on that face again
and smile
although in make belief
and for those who need me
I am happy

Phil Soar

I Was A Knight

I dreamt I was a Knight last night
And lived in a huge Castle
I felt like going jousting
But it wasn't worth the hassle

Phil Soar

I Watch From A Window

I watch from a window as nature brings
Birds that fly on gossamer wings
And the sound of the songs that they all sing
As I look out the window at everything

I stare from a window as life flies by
Under a psychedelic sky
While the pain hurts more, and the more I try
I can't stop the tears as the day flies by

I look through the window, and I say a prayer
For every single thing out there
And hope when I'm gone that I still might stare
At a psychedelic sky as I float up there

Phil Soar

I Watch The Trees

I watch the trees, hoping to witness them breath,
As a breeze rushes through them, breaking down leaves
And once the leaves fall, and lie spent on the ground
The breeze is the only thing that makes a sound.

Phil Soar

I Watch You Sleep

I watch you as you sleep and see you dream
the flicker of your eyelids telling all
that story written in the night is yours alone
although the chapters might be rather small

The plot lines make your story twist and turn
and the way your eyelids flutter I can't miss
an opportunity to watch and learn
lean into you and steal an evening kiss

I watch you sleep until my eyes are tired
and drift into a welcome rest and then
I too can fall asleep and dream myself
of how my story starts and yours does end

Phil Soar

I Will Dream All Day

If all I did was dream all day
I'd dream all of my life away
Soft warm sand slips through my hands
As blue sky dreams will comfort me
Childhood images recur
And brighten up the sleeping hours
With playground treats and kids I meet
All skipping through those April showers
Monsters in the nightmares too
It's not just dreams that help me through
The dragons slayed and heroes made
All make the nightmares vivid too
And in the darkness, sleep becomes a open door
Where I walk through
And new adventures seem less flawed
And all I do is dream the day away
A life where my imagination makes my day

Phil Soar

I Will Not Change

I spent much of my childhood with a smile upon my face
The things I would get up to, could be deemed as a disgrace
But now that I am older, and I haven't changed a bit
There a few who think that I, am quite the stupid git

Phil Soar

I Wish That I

I wish that I could sweep away my feelings
And live just as I like without recourse
Not have to struggle with what's said,
Mix up the feelings in my head
And not have to show anything like remorse

To glide through life without a doubt
Smile when danger is all about
Drift into space when the going's tough
Sleep when I just have had enough
Walk through clouds when I feel I'm left out

That somewhere there's a place I go
That no-one else will ever know
Then my deep seated fears can play its card
And after all that life can throw
In my direction as I grow
Old and careless would not seem that hard

Phil Soar

I Won'T Give Up

I didn't set out to be morose and sad
Just look at the life that I've already had
No reason for sadness, No reason to cry,
And yet there is always a tear in my eye

Never knowingly filled with regrets or doubt
Not feeling that life seems to have left me out
Yet suffering daily with low self esteem
Deflecting the praise, and the thoughts so extreme

Whoever gets close, will not stay very long
Relative harm, just feeling so wrong
Unable to think, and at times so distressed
I dare say my parents would not be impressed

Though both not around to see this despair
No warm loving arms, just some memories there
In a moment of madness, I smile for a while
Before I return to this destructive style

I'm trying to change for the better, and then
Starting to love all I have once again
The mountain I climb every day, I compete
Until I feel good, and am back on my feet

Phil Soar

I Won'T Play The Game

I'm sixty three, my mind tells me I'm ten
Except for all the pain, now and again
My aches and pains will be the death of me
I feel like ten, but I am sixty three

I feel like I'm a kid, but ageing fast
I wonder how long I will really last
My mind behaves in ways I can't explain
My body needs relief from random pain

My thoughts and memories mix into a soup
No longer do I feel so cock-a-hoop
I long for bed, but not to romp and play
Just to sleep and dream the night away

My interests are now based on how I've aged
I do things in a sort of old age rage
What once was easy now makes little sense
In matters of my state, I'm on the fence

So though I'm ten inside, I've lost the plot
A downward spiral now, is all I've got
An yet I still refuse to play the game
And love to play the fool now and again

A child is what I am, so people say
My actions really give the game away
Nobody plays along but thinks I'm mad
This is the best time I have ever had

I'm Sixty three, but I am really ten
Who knows what I'll do next, or even when
I sit on clouds of laughter, not remorse
And love the way my life seems so off course

Phil Soar

I, The Lunatic

The Lunatic inside always ventures forth at night
Underneath a magic moon my senses take to flight
I do things so erratically, I feel like such a fool
But love the way it makes me feel, as I return from school

This 'school of thoughts and actions, brought alive by a full moon
Twists my minds reactions, makes me act like a buffoon
But deep inside my feelings, there are depths of joy and fun
They cheer me up no end, when every full moon has begun

Phil Soar

Ice Cold

She danced for me on a shimmering lake of cold ice
Leaving a route, cast from blades of steel
I watched as she performed her orchestrated dance
To an audience of one, that seemed ideal

Phil Soar

Ice Cold Love

Like Ice in the Arctic
Covering everything with a chill
Your love has gone colder
And is hurting me still
Where once there was summer
And a heated embrace
All I can feel now
Is the cold on my face

Phil Soar

Ice Cream

The flavours in ice cream are cool
and welcome in the summer
but ice in your bed, when you're lying there dead
I'm afraid is a bit of a bummer!

Phil Soar

Ice Cream Headache

The Ice Cream headache burns my mind
It was supposed to be a treat
But now there is just the pain
She watched me ask for the Mr Softie
And gave me the money again
A Ninety-nine with a chocolate flake
Like a topping on a white cream cake
Like a joyous topping to a sunny day
But giving me a headache
That won't go away
Thanks Mum

Phil Soar

Ice Skater

In a figure of eight,
She skates.

Blades artistically carve motion on ice,
Watching her dance,
I shiver as she glides,
And when she spins, her grace is like a ballet.

And as the air warms,
Traces of her dance are no longer visible,
And no-one would know she had danced at all.

Phil Soar

Icebergs

Looking out across Prince William Sound
As ghostly Icebergs float on by in majesty
Their colour matching nothing but the icy sea
The deep blue and the pure white mixing magically

Sailing through the debris of the glacial pack
Wondering how long the trip will hold my gaze
I trip as if on stolen drugs and LSD
These sights, if not a dream, a soulful haze

Phil Soar

Ideas

Ideas as fresh as new cut grass
from deep inside a manicured mind
penned with such emphatic style
imagination running wild

Blossoming like a Himalayan cherry tree
words that brighten up the day
and cause the senses to rejoice
and move you in a welcome way

Phil Soar

If

If I laughed in the face of adversity
If I cried in the face of my dreams
If I rubbished my life and complexity
Would salvation be all that it seems?

If I squandered my time in it's infancy
If I grew into who I could be
If My life had been one of complacency
Would my essence make a fool out of me?

Phil Soar

If Heaven Had A Window

If heaven had a window that looked out across the globe
Would those who left us long ago, might see a rocky road?
How many tortured souls would see the world falling apart?
And hope that those they left behind, could heal the planets heart.

Phil Soar

If I

If I took your time and wrapped it up in mine
If I waltzed into the room and spoke in rhyme
Would you know that it's you who makes me complete?
If I stole a kiss and kept it somewhere secret
If I doodled love notes on an empty leaflet
Would you feel like you should just accept defeat?

Phil Soar

If I Could

If I could
I would lie amidst a field of snowdrops
If I could
I would drift on becalmed seas
If I could
I would lie in wait for summer sun
If I could
I'd stroll through bluebell woods
If I could
I sound a call to nature
If I could
I'd wake at break of dawn
If I could
I would never doubt myself
If I could
I'd sleep under the stars
And
If I could
There would be nothing to stop me
So I should
And I will
From now on

Phil Soar

If I Could Stay Awhile

I walked past fields of barley, on my way to somewhere new
I watched a skylark sing his song, and marvelled at the veiw
I stood beneath a willow, as the breeze made branches dance
And knew that I could stay awhile, If I just had the chance

Phil Soar

If I Had Wings

In a room where god stores angels wings
Amongst his many other things
I wonder if there are some for me
So that I might wear them steadfastly

For when I'm gone and arrive back there
I'll have flown on wings from who knows where
And if I can flap my wings and fly
I'd really like the chance to try

Phil Soar

If I Were Fit

If I was super fit, would it bring joy to me?
Would it take away the sadness from the boy in me?
Would it help develop self esteem, and help me reach my goals!
I don't think fitness bothers me, as does an empty soul.

Phil Soar

If We Fail

Where the sea meets the shore and the sand wets the feet
Where rainfall is epic, and has flooded the street
When the wind blows so strongly, it uproots the trees
Nature can bring every day to its' knees

Where the rivers flow faster and embankments recede
Where the cold and the snow mean our fingers will freeze
When the hottest of summers, dries up all the land
Nature is something we can't understand

Where the channels of governments block our reserve
Where we reap what we sow, and not what we deserve
When we all put our uses to help us prevail
Maybe we can succeed, or we might all just fail

Phil Soar

If You Went Away

I trust you not to leave and go astray
My feelings would be lost, in disarray
There would be little I could think to say
If you ever went away

And if you ever left and broke my will
The thought of missing you would leave me still
Unable to perform my very best
If you ever took your heart and left

If I ever gave you cause to leave
No matter how I felt, I'm sure I'd grieve
And underneath it all, I'd fall apart
If you ever left and took your heart

Phil Soar

I'M A Fool

I always have been something of a fool
I wasn't listening when I was at school
My mind would drift off into outer space
I had a vacant look upon my face

I never understood all Shakespeare's words
I thought thou art, and yonder were absurd
And please don't mention Trigonometry
That didn't mean an awful lot to me

As I grew older learning passed me by
I couldn't understand the reason why
It hasn't caused me harm, I'm sure of that
It's just that I have turned into a prat

I really am indebted to my dad
He spent all of his life going quite mad
He took me along with him, for the ride
And now I'm equal to him deep inside

So don't feel sorry for me, I'm okay
I've enjoyed every minute on the way
And now I am quite silly and a fool
For me, my whole life has been rather cool

Phil Soar

I'm Dead

I lied when I said I'd died
I'm really quite insane
I dread the thought of being dead
When no-one knows my name
And the very mention of the word
Fills me with dismay
I know the feeling is absurd
Until I'm on my way.

Phil Soar

I'm Getting Old

I stub my toe and scream aloud
I fart when I am in a crowd
And I watch as everybody thinks about it
I can ride an omnibus
And often swear and make a fuss
But I'm afraid that I cannot get home without it

My fingers bend arthritically
I ride on public transport free
I take so many tablets that I rattle
I like to pick my nose
And I am sometimes comatose
As growing old becomes a losing battle

I shout at passing traffic
As it infects the geographic
Of the place I live, and thunders by at speed
And I hate all of the rules
That have followed me since schools
First expected me to listen and take heed

There's no passion any more
I can't remember what it's for
And the thought of masturbation leaves me cold
I can shake it when I pee
And often miss the lavatory
And it's all because I'm getting very old

Phil Soar

I'm Not There

Don't imagine I'm not there
Just because you cannot see
I'm all around and I don't care
And that's what worries me

Phil Soar

I'M Tired

I drove here in a stupor
That's not a make of car,
And if it was, I'd not arrive
And wouldn't get too far,

I almost fell asleep today
Whilst standing in a puddle
I've not slept well
As you can tell
And I'm all in a muddle

I took a pill
To keep me still
And try to help my slumber
I used my phone
To call back home
But dialled a different number

A Burglar answered smartly
He spoke in undertones
He stole some shirts
And several skirts
And chilled me to the bones

I dialled the police
And disturbed their peace
Creating havoc there
They raced around
With a siren sound
But the burglar wasn't there

I'd dialled a different number
So no-one would have known
They gone to my home
And were all alone
For the burglar wasn't there

He'd robbed a stranger's property
And fled into the night

He'd took the phone
From the stranger's home
And sprinted out of sight

So if you are not sleeping well
Don't call that number too
It would be a crime
To waste the time
Of the people dressed in Blue.

Phil Soar

I'M Too Old For This

As a lover, I am gentle
As a sex god, I'm a fraud
Five seconds into intercourse
My partner's looking bored
She stares up at the ceiling
Sighs a little bit
Looks a bit orgasmic
Yet looks like she needs a shit
She doesn't mean to act that way
She's never been that sexed
It leaves her cold, and now she's old
It's made me quite perplexed
She can see a man on tv
That makes her go all sloppy
But If I dress up sexily
She'll say, 'stop being sappy'
I'm really at the crossroads
As now I am old too
And sometimes when the time arrives
I don't know what to do
Maybe I need a therapist
To show me some new tricks
To train me in the art of love
And what to do with pricks
Or maybe I should just give in
And forget intercourse
And stop the swelling in my loins
Before it gets much worse!

Phil Soar

I'm Trying

I keep on trying, though It's harder now
I'm realising that I'm lost somehow
And though I'm positive, I feel so low
An empty feeling deep inside that on the outside doesn't show

Phil Soar

Images

Images

Like memories,

Will stay forever

A photographic place we can recall

Emblems

Of emotions

Countless traces

A never-ending history of us all

Phil Soar

Images 2

Where angels tread lightly among clouds of pure white
And their stories play tunes in the dark of the night
Where elves and small pixies dance circles round trees
Where their footprints pressed softly on decomposed leaves

Where a magical unicorn prances through fields
And his hooves make impressions in grass not revealed
And the moon shines a kind of elliptical white
The images dwell in my memory tonight

Phil Soar

Images Of Old

I caught a glimpse, an image, that has settled in my mind
My shape from this side angle, was a shock, and quite unkind
I never thought that such a sight would fill me with dismay
Whoever thought, at 63, that I would look this way?

How could I store such fat reserves, that make me look unique,
I've become a couch potato, and lost all my young physique
I'd make a welcome mannequin, for Big & Tall & Fat
I never thought, at 63, that I would look like that.

I've ripples running around my frame, that wobble when I walk,
My feet are swollen from the strain, and my navel almost talks,
It moves as if it hasn't got another place to go,
And like the tide, my belly has a daily ebb and flow.

So maybe I will move all mirrors to our cellar floor
So that I miss these images, when I walk through a door,
It really is uncomfortable, when I see my reflection,
I never thought, at 63, I would lose my complexion

Phil Soar

Images Of Sleep

I sleep as I imagine horses do
Gallop through my dreams at breakneck speed
And when I reached the finish line I knew
I was a thoroughbred and champion steed

I sleep as I imagine greyhounds would
Dreaming of that hare that leads the race
My heart is pulsing, raging streams of blood
As I race around with others at some pace

I'd like to sleep just like a three toed sloth
Almost motionless and with no cares
Until I wake from sleep, I can't be both
A greyhound or a horse, but then, who Cares?

Phil Soar

Imagination

I never imagined this new situation
I thought I had seen everything through all my years
I have often seen things that bore little relation
To the things I have witnessed through buckets of tears

How do we control, when the world is in turmoil?
What do we accomplish, by just standing by?
Unless we make sense of what makes our blood boil
We solve very little, and we then wonder why

Phil Soar

Impressions On The Forest Floor

Impressions on the forest floor
Of where the beast had been before
Bones and feathers everywhere
From something that was in the air
Brought down by Buzzards for their tea
A grizzly sight for poor old me

Phil Soar

Imprints

My soles left imprints as I trod on autumn leaves
My heart was lifted by the feeling of the ground
This time of year is like no other season
I love the feeling, for that very reason

My breath was like a smokescreen from my mouth
The cold making it seem like I was smoking
The scene I set was very thought provoking
I revel in the way it makes me feel

The sound of crunching leaves as I walked on
The chillness of the ground that I trod on
The photographic scenes logged in my mind
Recalled when I feel down, from time to time

A favourite walk, in woods so close to home
Walking with the dogs, and yet, alone
I love the morning frost and the chill air
How wonderful I feel at home right there

Phil Soar

In Bed By Nine

I planned to be in bed by nine
But wasn't sleepy at the time
And so I stayed awake for 4 more hours
And when the clock struck one
The need to sleep had come and gone
And so I stayed awake through the early hours

Phil Soar

In Dreams

Was it ever comforting to be alone and let the mind be free?
Has my life been something that has meant the world to me?
Why have I been almost overtaken by my thoughts?
And how will I be able to learn everything I'm taught?

The part of me that makes me who I am, was vulnerable
So difficult to handle, and at times quite gullible
Believing that there's nothing that could keep it in control
Deep and heartfelt nothingness, infests my inner soul

I take it with me where I go, of that there is no doubt
Unable to resolve the way it tears me inside out
Sometimes I feel ecstatic, but for most I'm lost for hope
Torn apart by mind control, just feeling I can't cope

Where all else makes no sense to me, the one thing I hold dear
Is the way I handle troubles, with an element of fear
Not knowing if the words I say might steer me right off track
I stand alone, I look around, and no-one sees the crack

I keep my inner thoughts away from those who love me so
I wear the world on shoulders that have weakened from each blow
And yet I seem to amble by, in a world that's so extreme
While others plan their days ahead, my mind is in a dream

Phil Soar

In Dreams 2

You came across as someone new
When You met me, and I met you
I didn't know you were a stalker
I thought you were a random walker
You passed me by without a look
And my heart skipped a beat
Until you turned to smile at me
And tumbled off your feet
Your face then met the pavement
And my lust for you was lost
I imagine your trip to hospital
Must have come at quite a cost
The next time that I saw you
Your face was all distorted
Your smile was like an angry bull
And your stalking was reported
They asked for a description
When I dialed the local cops
All I could say was you hung around
Outside the butchers shop
And so the stalking finished
And my tale ran out of steam
I never thought that someone new
Was only in my dream

Phil Soar

In June

On a lovely afternoon in June
The sun cast light across the room
I closed the curtains, made it dark
Fell over my slippers, what a lark!

Phil Soar

In Lovers Dreams

She spoke to me in dreams from distant islands
Her words were washed to shore, on seas of blue
I see her neck adorned with flowered garlands
And her beauty had me hooked before I knew

The sand between her toes formed cryptic patterns
And left upon the beach without the tide
They cast their images, and I felt flattered
To know they'd been created by her stride

Left for me, to follow in her footsteps
To look for her, until the tide returned
Before the shore regained its lost composure
And washed away the love that I had yearned

She spoke to me in dreams from Crystal oceans
Her words an epic battle with my mind
And I awoke to find no sign or motion
The dream I'd had, has left my feelings blind

Phil Soar

In My Dreams

In my dreams, there's no escape
Details very clear of late
Where every step I take seems real
And in my dreams my thoughts reveal
A part of me that has no fear
And not afraid to shed a tear
Where scenes encountered leave a trace
Of thoughts that I cannot replace

In my dreams there's no escape
Details I cannot replace

Phil Soar

In My Youth

I may have strode through fields of green
I may have spoilt a tranquil scene
As in my youth I was a little nutter
I was known to run amok
And as a child had little luck
But they said my smiles would melt a block of butter

Phil Soar

In Pieces

Fractured pieces lying shattered on the floor
A mirror that we bought when we first met
Falling from its resting place as you slammed the door
Reflections of how bad a life can get

Phil Soar

In The Middle Of It All

In the middle of it all, is you
At the centre of my world
At the outside of my mind
Across my many thoughts
Interrupted only by my vision of you
Listening to the moods that envelop your words
Wondering if you were more angelic, would you fly?
Would I catch you?
Or would I be frightened of damaging your wings?
My heart flutters when we meet
Like a butterfly before it rests on nectar rich flowers
You are the middle of it all

Phil Soar

In The Pouring Rain

In the pouring rain I stood
In the middle of damson wood
The leaves were blown by wind and rain
Their branches bent time and again
Yet underneath nature's umbrella
I felt a very happy fella
For that is where I like to stand
Whilst nature carries out its plans

Phil Soar

In The Shade

Sitting in the dappled shade with a breeze against my face
Drinking tea and contemplating how I love this place
The garden is my pleasure, and I helped it reach its peak
It's somewhere that I treasure, and the solace that I seek

Phil Soar

In Times Of Old

In times of old
When land was sold
And settlers bought a plot
They used to tell the government
That this was all they'd got
And now they rule the countryside
with mansions built of bricks
A long way from a tent
And an outhouse made of sticks

Phil Soar

In Transit

On the way to kingdom come
I paid my way with humour
The fact I traveled with a smile
Was really just a rumour
I've always been a grumpy man
As many folk admit
I've tried my best to give a damn
But couldn't care one bit

When something really gets to me
I have to have a grumble
I find the words explicitly
And shout out loud or mumble
So on my way to kingdom come
I may have passed opinions
About the fact that folks are dumb
And are just 'in transit' minions

Phil Soar

In Your Eyes

In your eyes
I can see your dreams reflected
On your face
Your smile can light a darkened sky
When you speak
Your words show nothing but affection
And the person that is you
Shines through and through

Phil Soar

Infant Class

'You're not unique', the teacher said
'I've taught worse kids than you'
The boy looked up in disbelief
And wondered what to do
He opened up his desktop
Withdrew a straw and then
Took some rolled up paper
And blew it from a pen
It hit the teacher in the nose
The shock was almost instant
For he was in his thirties
And the boy was just an infant

Phil Soar

Infant Images

The sights were almost magical
As elves and pixies danced along
On toadstools by the garden pond
The frogs would burst into their song
The images created
Set my infancy alight
And helped me sleep and dream away
The dark and lonely night

Phil Soar

Infant School Days

Sitting on the floor, our legs had pins and needles then
Listening to a teacher read a story way back when
Attention seeking lunatics, with extra special minds
Making silly noises while the teacher read the rhymes

Keeping still was not a task that we completed well
Listening to her morbid tones and never mind the smell
Of lunch packed marmite sandwiches and little cheesy strips
And naughty words we'd like to say, locked up inside our lips

From nine till three they kept us there, when we would rather play
Not listen to these pensioners, and what they had to say
We didn't know times tables, or how to read and write
But just wanted to be released, and go home for the night

Phil Soar

Infantile

'You're not unique', the teacher said
'I've taught worse kids than you'
The boy looked up in disbelief
And wondered what to do
He opened up his desktop
Withdrew a straw and then
Took some rolled up paper
And blew it from a pen
It hit the teacher in the nose
The shock was almost instant
For he was in his thirties
And the boy was just an infant

Phil Soar

Infinite Tears

Infinite tears that touched her face
Longing for that lost embrace
And where there once was infinite faith
Her tears have washed the faith away

That innocent time when love first came
And the heart raced like a runaway train
Has travelled its course and been derailed
And the love boat she once moored, has sailed

And the infinite tears that left her eyes
Had only made her realise
That life's too short to suffer on
Now all her need to love has gone

Phil Soar

Information Super Highway

An internet super-highway where the traffic is immense
For people who want education at its' very best
And some who surf for nonsense in a world of social class
And those who search for porn so they can see a classy ass

A world of the astonishing, and the focus of our day
Teaching us such nonsense as we go upon our way
Informing and reforming, and investing in our data
Stealing all our privacy, to bribe us a while later

The knowledge we can use it for our wants, and all our needs
Just makes it very complex, and so open to our greed
For those of us who want the 'net' to open up our mind
The information we can gain, is worrying at times

So surf away the private way, and keep your secrets safe
Invest in the technology that makes sure you don't stray
And use the functions carefully, to miss the cyber crime
For there are hackers waiting for your site to go online

Phil Soar

Innocent Child

Oh Innocent child, how I dream whilst you sleep,
Of all that I want you to have, and to keep,
Of how best to steer you, and not have to shove,
Be careful I don't smother you with my love.

Oh Innocent child, What I wish in those dreams,
Is that your world does not fall apart at the seams,
That your future's secure, that you live for today,
And the good that is in you, does not go away.

Oh Innocent child, you have so much to give,
Your innocent youth, your exuberance to live,
Just to look in your eyes, is a joy to behold,
A glow that warms hearts, when the weather is cold.

Oh Innocent child, whilst you sleep, be aware,
There are those in the world who do more than care,
They watch every move with affection galore,
And are there when your feelings are down on the floor.

Oh Innocent child, though you know of no wrong,
And a minute of shopping, to you, is too long,
Whilst you sleep and dream softly of innocent things,
Be aware of the pleasure your joy of life brings.

And sleep soundly.

Phil Soar

Insane

I was told to take a leaf from someone else's book
I didn't really know just what they meant
And so I plundered on without a second look
And before I knew it, everything was spent

I've always had this notion that I'm quite insane
The voices often tell me that it's true
I've several reasons why my life is just a game
And more or less there's nothing I can do

Emotions run at breakneck speed and haunt my thoughts
The varied nature of them, leave me stressed
And every day I sacrifice things I've been taught
That's more than likely why my head's a mess

Imagination is a tortuous place for me
All sorts of themes and stories fill my days
And nothing that makes sense can solve this mystery
Of how I channel all these jumbled ways

So all I do is give in to the madness
I juggle words and try to make them flow
Sometimes it feels my life is under some distress
And how I will control it, I don't know

And yet, I feel like nothing can control it
I've come to terms with being quite the fool
Through years of countless nonsense I've established
I've been like this since I first went to school

Phil Soar

Insects Inside

Insects will become the food of need in future years
Protein packed they will fill our mouths
And many places will appear to take advantage of the craze
Insect Cafes
Insect Fast food shops
With servers asking
'Do you want Flies with that? '

Phil Soar

Inside My Shell

I draw on my subconscious
Whenever I feel blue
I try and be more positive
When I don't know what to do
I have subliminal messages
That stand the test of time
Although they need a little tweak
Of conscience at sometime
I try to measure feelings
And predict what I will do
But mind games play a prominence
In making me feel blue
So now and then I blow a fuse
To drive away the doubt
And hide inside my crablike shell
'Til it's safe to come out

Phil Soar

Instructions

'Sit up straight,
Stand in line',
Instructions from the start
'Write this down,
Read this book',
Recite it from the heart
All the world was asking,
Everyone's in charge,
Is it me, or is it time
That I was free at last?

Since infancy
The intimacy
Of people towering over me
Seemed in excess
For my prowess
and always seemed to worry me
Now all that I am asking
Is leave me well alone
Instructions never helped
Build myself a home

Phil Soar

International Women's Day

On international women's day
My wife woke up, then ran away
I guess maybe she heard me say
That all these years, I have been gay!

Phil Soar

Internet Stalking

It's like I'm being stalked
Each internet site I enter has adverts
Aimed at me

Linked to my apparent 'likes'
They seem to be in sync with my thoughts
And places I've been recently

They 'Pop-up' everywhere
And I don't even wear a bra!
Or random underwear

It doesn't seem to matter where I visit
They are there, taunting me
Inviting me with offers

Asking me if I want their newsletters
Suggesting I 'sign in'
I don't think I will

If I do, they will bombard me with brochures
Limitless pages of products I don't need
Leading to more adverts

Stalking me on the world wide web
Haunting the internet like some random salesman
Looking to get me to make a purchase

Stalking me

Phil Soar

Invisible Feelings

To watch from a distance and not be seen
As emotions run riot and shatter your dream
When the worst place is hidden, and not in plain sight
There's no chance that maybe you'll sleep well tonight

To try to establish a reason or cause
While your love seems extinguished, or captured on pause
When the trauma infects you and stirs up your grief
You wonder if there is a place for relief

Invisible feelings that haunt you each day
When the one that you love has got nothing to say
And the facts of the matter, are in front of your face
Your mind seems to drift to an unwelcome place

When all you can do is accept that it's through
There's no stopping the hurt, or the impact on you
And the rhythm of life blows your feelings astray
And your left with the fact, you have nothing to say

Invisible feelings, like a deep ocean floor
Can be like the debris washed up on the shore
No-one will know just where the feelings have been
But they've shattered your love, and flooded your dream

Phil Soar

Irritation

A drop in the ocean, and plenty more fish in the sea
Quotes that irritate my mind, what do they really mean?
I'm really not that bothered, with endless repetition
I'm going to move to pastures new, and open up a mission

Phil Soar

Is Everything Funny?

There's a funny side to anything
No matter what it is
Someone will make a joke of it
Someone will take the piss
It's not coincidental
That when life is at it's worst
Someone can see the funny side
And joke about it first

Phil Soar

Is It Right?

Is it right
That someone's shite
Should smell like they have died
Or is the mystery
Part of the history
Of what they've put inside

Phil Soar

Is My Life Trending?

When Someone says 'It's trending'
And I don't know what they mean
I realise that time has flown
And I'm not part of the scene
I don't use social media
Or rely on twitter feeds
And don't need to be found
To accommodate my needs

I don't need compensation
For my lack of social skills
I don't need health apps on my phone
To look up all my ills
I just have to accept the fact
The older that I get
That maybe I am not required
To use 'the future' yet

I see the life before me
As a challenge and a game
I know my mind has lagged behind
And will never be the same
But do I need these apps and things
To help me through the day?
All I'll say is that 'I'm Blending in'
And I'm just too old to play!

Phil Soar

Is That Necessary Doctor?

'Bend your legs up to your chest', my doctor said to me
He put a rubber glove on, and then touched me on the knee
What happened next disturbed me, he fingered my behind
I'd only got a blocked up nose, so maybe he was blind?

I must have screamed a little, as his probing went too deep
I know I will have nightmares and will struggle as I sleep
At least I know my prostate gland is really all okay
But then the doctor kissed me as he took his hand away

My mind went onto overdrive, as I went in with a cold
I never thought he was that way, or would become so bold
But as I left the surgery, I looked up at his door
The name on their read DR PHEELS, so I wish I'd known before

Phil Soar

Is There Anybody Out There?

Is there anybody out there?
Looking down from up above
Watching as we all destroy
The planet we should love
Do they see the damage?
We inflict upon our home
Or the frequent carnage
Everywhere we roam

Is there anybody out there?
Looking at the mess we're in
Watching as we multiply
Committing many sins
Destroying all before us
Without a second glance
How long before we empathise?
Or will we get that chance?

Is there anybody out there?
Who can steer this ship to shore
Before we finish murdering
This world of ours once more
Returning it to emptiness
Before we first arrived
Is there anybody out there?
Who can help us to survive?

Phil Soar

Is There Love For Me

A furtive look
A smile or two
How I'm trying to please you
A gentle tear
Rolls down your cheek
I wonder what lies underneath
Behind that mask
You often wear
IS there love for me in there

Phil Soar

Is This Me?

Did you make me who I am, or did I just end up this way?
A mixed up kaleidoscope of a man, with a quite eccentric sway,
With a love of all that's distant, and a will to make things right,
And my love for you subliminal, and the course I take, my fight

Phil Soar

Isaac Newton

Isaac Newton
Put his suit on
And to physics had a notion
With a little flair
And his unkempt hair
Formulated the laws of motion

Phil Soar

Island Life

I walk along at a slow pace
I choose that way to be so
I laze about all round the place
My name is Robinson Crusoe

Phil Soar

Isolation

When you sit in isolation, and your thoughts are just a mess,
When no-one else can understand the hurt or sheer distress;
When everywhere around you, everything does not relate,
When you feel a pain so deep that nothing else can compensate:
When you feel there is no place to go, and nothing else to do,
Remember that there's always someone else who feels like you.

Withdrawn, the lowest point seems almost lost and no-one cared,
Not true of course, as there are those whose memories are shared;
Beyond tomorrow, there's no future, there's no end in sight,
No Sun to fill the cold days, and no moon to fill the night;
The silence may be deafening, and even darkness screams,
You must live out the future, or, why did you have those dreams? .

Each day, the trial may seem like it will last for all of time,
The jurors listen carefully, but cannot read your mind;
The verdict cannot ease the pain, but still it is delivered,
It isn't what you want to hear, and makes the stillness shiver;
Pick up the pieces carefully, don't lose life's jigsaw part,
You know that there is always that one space inside your heart.

Your mind may not recover, and your dreams may lose their spark,
But please don't sit in isolation, it's very lonely in the dark.

Phil Soar

It Flies

This fly has got to die
I'll kill it as it whizzes by
The room has become a battleground
Buzzing, Buzzing, all around
I thought at winter they all died
But this one's taken to the skies
Inside the house it's flight-path grows
Fly-bys passing by my nose
I try and squat with all my might
But all it does is change it's flight
It lands, and I get off my chair
To try and kill it everywhere
It dives when I go anywhere
Lands, when I am 'over there'
The pesky thing is so damn fit
It scares me just a little bit
It carries infectious germs and then
Spreads them around the house again
But it will not defeat my plan
To make this fly an 'also ran'
If it's still alive as this rhyme ends
It'll probably have a hundred friends

Phil Soar

It Makes No Sense To Me

Sometimes I do not understand
I write it down
It's not been planned
And when it makes no sense to me
I delete it all
To set me free

The moments when I question
Why I put these lines together
Notes of nothing influential
Mean I've lost my method
and all seems lost
Invalid
Terms relating to Nonsense
With no symmetry
Lying there to be read
Meaning nothing
But retrieved from anonymity
To be recorded
Then Forgotten

Some times I do not understand
I write this down
Unplanned
It makes no sense to me

Phil Soar

It Was Not Me

He spoke of me, eloquently
And to my parents, offered his esteem
And yet as I grew old
I wished he hadn't been so bold
As they expected more, which I felt was extreme

Phil Soar

It Will Snow Today

They say it's going to snow today
Ten centimetres on the way
The world is going to stop they say
10 centimetres on the way
A warning from the weatherman
And panic sets in everywhere
It's going to snow today they say
There's something nasty in the air

It's going to cause some chaos then
If we believe the weathermen
Ten centimetres falling down
People rushing all around
Panic on an epic scale
As people cry and some that wail
We English fear the weatherman
They scare us shitless when they can

We're going to get some so today
10 centimetres on the way
So maybe I'll just lie in bed
And warm myself by the wife instead!

Phil Soar

It's An Age Thing

Aches and pains and pulls and strains
All make the days seem longer
The tablets I take to keep me awake
Don't make me any stronger
I creak when I walk and croak when I talk
And my eyes feel like they're weeping
I have to wear tights in the middle of the nights
When I'm trying my best at sleeping

All my hair has left and has left me bereft
And I have to wear a hat every day
I've been burnt on the head, get cold in bed
And can't throw the bottle away
A shot of gin, when I first come in
Lifts my spirits and keeps me sane
I dribble from the chin, where the drink goes in
And one when it leaves me again

Phil Soar

It's Funny

The things that make me laugh are unique to me
Where I might smile and giggle others don't
I may be slightly stranger than most
And when I find something amusing I am lost in a comic kingdom
Where all that I imagine is worthy of a laugh
And I am seen permanently grinning
And I am sure people think I am a little twisted
But twisted in happiness
Unless you have another opinion
But I would not be bothered by that
I would probably laugh
Because if you REALLY think about life
It's funny

Phil Soar

It's Magical

A cold April morning
where the sun has not yet warmed the soul
and a shallow and white frost glistens
making images of winter return
chilling evidence that we can be fooled
and that nature cannot be controlled
nor should it be
It matters not that a few seedlings might be lost
or that a few extra moments clearing screens
will lengthen your morning
It's nature
and it's just magical
isn't it?

Phil Soar

It's Raining Again

I'm looking out the window
It's been raining since the dawn
Never ending droplets
Pouring down on us in scorn
So much global warming
That they see as our demise
Lots of rain and clouds around
Filling up the skies

Phil Soar

It's Supposed To Rain

It's supposed to rain today
But the sun is out
Warmth through the window pane
Suggesting there will be no rain
Yet elsewhere it is teaming down
Glad I'm here, not there

It's supposed to pour sometime today
But the sun is out
And I'm by the window looking out
The clouds are turning a hazy grey
I hope the rain won't come my way

Phil Soar

It's Winter For The Deer

'Oh Dear', said the Deer
It's Autumn I fear
And the Winter approaches real fast
And a probable cause
Of the fall and its flaws
It's more likely my antlers won't last

Phil Soar

I've Fallen Too

Forgive me,
I've fallen in love with nature
Like many before me have done
From the setting sun to a bright full moon
And the nature of things I have seen
It's all too much for me
Where the moon meets the sea
Where the sun sets on sand
Where the effortless breeze, puts me at ease
And I watch as the many animals and insects take the day in their stride
They sing
They hum
They move as one
Each paving the way for the next
Forgive me
I've fallen in love with nature

Phil Soar

I've Just Seen A Face

I've just seen a face I couldn't place
Although I know I've seen the face before
Embarrassed by my lack of recognition
and stood alone and thought a little more

The face, although familiar, was I guess
someone that I had met in years gone by
my mind seemed such a complicated mess
I couldn't find the name, I don't know why

And then I heard a minor mental click
a cog inside my brain, had moved with gears
I hadn't had a temperamental glitch
She was someone I'd known in early years

Rebooting my processor it was clear
Her name was Mrs Corncrake from my school
I knew her in my sixth and junior year
I felt like a complete and utter fool

For she remembered me, said 'hello Phil'
MY god, I could have crawled into the soil
she asked me if I was still thick, and then
I remembered why I didn't like that Goil!

With apologies for the last line.

Phil Soar

J.K. Rowling

J.K. Rowling

Went out one night bowling

And when she got a strike, she would shout

But a competitive bowler

Requested she told her

What was Harry Potter about?

Phil Soar

Jackdaw

A Jackdaw stole my underwear, from off the washing line,
I didn't crow about it, or complain much at the time,
It flew into a nearby tree, and tried them on for size,
I shot it with a rifle, and kept it as a prize

Phil Soar

Japanese Love Note

She left me a note in Japanese
Then left me in a state
I need the thing translated
Before it is too late

The year was of the rabbit
We'd both got on so nice
Did she dislike my habit
Of eating so much rice?

Phil Soar

Jealousy

Can you force someone to love you?
When the feelings just aren't there
Can you think romance is in the wind?
But know that it's nowhere
Can you justify your jealousy?
When they don't reciprocate
Or stop your heart from wanting this?
Before it is too late

Phil Soar

Jewels

There are gems that I've seen that inspire me
Be they words, or the actions of some
There are sparks in the past that require me
To have seen more than there is to come

If the jewels in the words that I've written
Have brought messages that have inspired
Who knows just how badly I'm smitten
To keep writing unless I get tired

When a feeling inside me releases
And leads to these words I express
It has so much power, and pleases
And it shares just a day's happiness

Phil Soar

Job Lot

My friend just bought a factory that manufactures turds
For people who are sick of being shit upon by birds
you can throw them at the pigeons as they sit upon the ledge
Or lob them at the blackbirds that keep singing in your hedge

But here's a word of warning, if you throw them in the street
Be careful there's no-one about, in case the two should meet
For just you try explaining, why you're standing in the road
With turds inside your pocket, and another bucket load

Even if you're very good, at making an excuse
Police will take a detailed look at why you're on the loose
Just go about your business, be careful what you hit,
The last thing anyone else expects
Is a face full of well made shit.

Phil Soar

Juggernauts

Rapier like speed from these boxes of steel
Juggernauts flaunting the rules of the road
Hurling through time in their passion to please
Being on time is the aim for them all

Phil Soar

Jumping Through Hoops

I said I would jump through hoops for you, and maybe I was wrong
You asked me if I'd prove it, and you knew it all along
My size was a restriction, and the hoop was way too small
So I must re-visit my comment, and our friendship after all

Phil Soar

Junk

There's junk in the garage
So much, I complain
I don't agree I put it there
But she says I'm to blame
So many things of interest
They're standing in a row
So many useless bits of junk
That it all has to go

Phil Soar

Just Another Day In Paradise

It was just another day in Paradise
There were smiles all around the place
Plenty of laughing and lots of rejoicing
And people quite smashed off their face
When the day finally reached its conclusion
There wasn't much joy, just restraint
With people just lying in heaps on the floor
Where they fell when the wine made them faint

Phil Soar

Just Because We Can

What right have we to determine a species fate?
Why don't we realize until it's far too late?
Why don't we see the damage that we do?
Destroying nature just because we can

Extinction is forever unless biologically
We can find a way to clone what we have steadily
Reduced to nothingness without much thought at all
Destroying nature just because we can

It's time that we stood up for earth's resources
And just for once thought of how we react
Life is a play, a story, and one that we all
Are now rehearsing for the final act

Destroying Nature, just because we can.

Phil Soar

Just Close Your Eyes

My mother said 'Just close your eyes'
And when you wake, you'll be surprised
She wasn't wrong, they'd moved away
And left me on my own that day

Phil Soar

Just Me And The Music

Earphones on and in a world of my own
Away from the mundane and gossiping drone
Tapping my toes to the rhythm and beat
Of songs I grew up with in the neighborhood street

Away from the sounds that bore me to death
Of people back chatting, not breaking for breath
All the crazy words spoken, from everyday dross
Not able to listen, that's nobody's loss

I can't link all this nonsense with pure common sense
The garbage they spout is insane and intense
Just me and my music, alone, not beleagued
And not taking part in the daily intrigue

Phil Soar

Just The Man For The Job

The trust they placed in him reserved
Was nothing more than he deserved
And when he left they showed they cared
Erecting a plaque that they prepared
With a line or two of gratitude
For his welcome smile and attitude
A gift from the gods as he was known
And the love of him had steadily grown
With a pleasing style and emotional trait
His heart was full and his will was great

Phil Soar

Just Thinking

Spending time just thinking of the way ahead
How much I love the sights and sounds of life
And watching as the flight of birds pass overhead
I hear myself cry out: 'I love this life'

Yes

There is pain
Discomfort
Things that test our strength
More than just emotion tests us every day
And yet we wake and take things in our stride again
And NOTHING complicated halts our way

So as we think, and as we speak, the time just passes by
No stopping for a minute, to ask the reasons why
So much of life is instant, and we live it to the full
Without the room to think, our lives would be a little dull

Phil Soar

Karma

They said it's only Karma
And that stress is seldom good
That Fairies lived in neverland
And sat on logs of wood
They'll grant you every wish you have
And sprinkle you with glitter
I searched, but didn't find them
And now I'm very bitter

Phil Soar

Katmandu

I took a trip to Katmandu
Just to see how far I flew

Phil Soar

Kc

I came to see you yesterday and tell you all my news
To share my thoughts and wishes, and to express all my views
I hoped that you were listening, from somewhere up above
And trust you understood my words were meant to show my love

Since you've been gone, my thoughts are never far away from you
You're always where you used to be, within my heart, it's true
You really never left the place where you spent many years
And I still have so much trouble, with the never-ending tears

I've traced our walks, and paced the places that we once frequented
I often smile when thinking of the games we once invented
You always made me smile, and just your presence made life great
You would always be available, and never made me wait

It's been a while since your four paws were last heard thundering on
Almost 8 years have now passed, I can't believe you're gone
But KC you should be aware, of all the joy you brought
And the love we had for you is captured, in our every thought.

Phil Soar

Kc (2)

I felt the blow like nothing I had known before
Lost and sad in unison, that he was here no more
A creature of such empathy, he made my life such fun
A dog of such significance, he was the only one.

Phil Soar

Kc 2

Colossal tears flow down the cheeks
our beloved dog has gone
we gave him everything we could
he returned it ten times strong
he enriched our lives with a gleeful grin
at least it was for us
If a dog could smile at everything
he did, he was the plus

The algebra to our geometry
the verbs to all our nouns
he showed the meaning of pure love
and never let us down
the tears might flow like rivers
and our minds might hurt like hell
but his life will live forever
in the stories that we tell

Phil Soar

Keebored Problems

I tired to tipe a messidge
But the tiping went aztray
The wurds waz schpelt orl badly
And ment nothing ether way
I cud knot maike mutch senz of it
It waz orl micksed and crappy
And wen I tried to reed it bak
It maid mi sow unhappee
I mussed adjussed my keebored
It izzunt nawmul qwerty
I tuck it two the repare schop
And vey kepped it till too thurdy
And now it's back, it works again
My words will be complete
Although I am dyslexic
I jutz ate jam and wheat! .

Phil Soar

Keeping My Words Alive

Despite the way the words arrive
My mind works hard to stay alive
Imaginary thoughts and sights
Are filling up my brain tonight
With paraphrases in decline
How do I stretch this empty mind
Where should I search for something new
To hope that it might challenge you
Or set your thoughts to overdrive
As I keep all my words alive

Phil Soar

Kids Fears

Monsters in a cupboard
Beasts under the stairs
Bogey men in Bogey holes
That give your neck the hairs
Ghostly images on walls
That appear quite at random
And noises that give you the creeps
And fear that works in tandem
As kids, these things all scare us
And our parents use this tool
To make their lives a little less stressed
And to keep us kids with rules
We dared not look under the stairs
Or sleep with both eyes closed
And yet these ghosts and monsters
Were never as we supposed
No monsters in the cupboards
No beasts under the stairs
No bogey men, but then again
They could have been right there

Phil Soar

Kippers

I bought some kippers yesterday,
The smell was something rotten;
The stench after I'd eaten them,
Is really best forgotten! .

Phil Soar

Kiss Me

Kiss me once and you will satisfy my need
Kiss me twice and that would make my day
Kiss me when I'm hurting and am deep in pain
Kiss me and the hurt will go away

Phil Soar

Kisses

I showered her with kisses and she shuddered at the feel
I smothered her with love, that she could not believe was real
I left as I had entered, and she wept a while and then
She left a message asking if I would do it once again

Phil Soar

Knee Appreciation

My knees are lower to the ground
It seems I've shrunk a little bit
My knees were higher when I found
That I was tall and very fit
But now I'm getting on in years
My knees have dropped, as have my ears
It won't belong before I'm found
Lying underneath the ground

Phil Soar

Kneeling At The Altar

I knelt at the altar, receiving some wine
And because the priest was a friend of mine
He would slip me some extra, which everyone missed
And I always left the church a little bit pissed

Phil Soar

Krisis Torn (Swedish Explorer)

His name was Krisis Torn, a Swedish explorer of sorts
He wore a coat by north face, and a pair of cycling shorts
He strode off with a purpose, with a sled pulled by an elk
Left his compass in the car, and his backpack on the shelf
An hour through his epic trip, he took a sudden turn
Fell into a crevice, and said, "hurdy gurdy yurn"
The frostbite took his breath away, along with all his toes
If he had planned this better, he might have made it home

Phil Soar

Landfill

The landfill site, full of all that's gone
Wasted and spread amongst all others scrap
All shapes and sizes, all types and things
Gathered in a heap beneath seagull's wings
Scattered amongst things that no-one needs
Disassembled, broken and no longer of use
The mountain increases as bulldozers heap
And the methane builds up as the pressure does seep
An ever developing mess on the earth
Worth nothing, but festering, expanding in girth
Colossal in size like a giant mass
Smellin so foul as it emits its gas
Excess so profound and we don't give a damn
As long as its forgotten and lies in the land
What once was a quarry for us take ore
Now just like flotsom, washed up on a shore
Our rubbish, our dirt, our bricks and much more
So tall, in a place that was empty before
Destroying the planet, and a blot on us all
The Landfill
An eyesore
And so much more.

Phil Soar

Last Night

The sex was great last night I thought
It helped, the gadget that I'd bought
And the climax was explosive and ecstatic
It was all my own idea
And rather cheaper at Ikea
Than the same item I saw in random plastic

It all began in the bathroom
After showering, all too soon
I was feeling so relaxed, my love had grown
I was crouching on my knees
With no doubt a will to please
And it was better I was in there all alone!

Phil Soar

Late Summer

Don't drift on alone
Through fields of conflict and despair
Watch the pleasant pastures
Come to life when you are there
Sit long enough in peacefulness
And you will see how great
The world of nature compensates
When summer is too late

Phil Soar

Laugh Today

Laugh because it brings smile and brightens up the day
Giggle at the silly things you see along the way
Shrug your shoulders when you cannot comprehend a task
And when the tears are welling up, try and wear a mask

Phil Soar

Laughter

Sometimes I cry with laughter
It makes me feel alive
I smile at silly mundane things
it helps me to survive
so many things can set me off
from daft to just plain strange
people with a stupid look
or some that look deranged
it doesn't take a genius
to see I'm crazy too
but things that make me giggle
might not do that for you
But what's the point in living
if things don't make you laugh
Oh whoops, I've lost my footing
and tripped up on the path!

It made me Laugh

Phil Soar

Leaf Structure

I took a leaf and traced its family tree
Every crease upon it meant something to me
The year it anchored to its parent puzzled me
Wondering through the strands of plant biology

Staring through the looking glass and mapping photosynthesis
I searched for every detail that I might have missed
And once the pieces grabbed my mind and triggered interest more
I was so glad I'd found that leaf upon the forest floor

Phil Soar

Leaving

I estimate that every day I'm going to wake
Yet one day that will clearly not be so
The good thing is that everything that I can take
Will be with me the day I have to go

Phil Soar

Leaving Home

Leaving home was not a trial for me
I couldn't wait and felt that I was free
Yet I returned when things became too much
When life alone became somewhat of a crutch

I thought that I could manage on my own
I thought I'd outlived home and sought to roam
How wrong I was to leave the very heart of me?
Just because I thought that it would set me free

Phil Soar

Leaving The Asylum

I dressed myself today
In solemn colour, shallow grey
As the dullness in the sky just got me down
And as the day wore on
I realised my pants weren't on
And I'd left the hospital without my gown

Phil Soar

Left

Mum and dad left us
When we were but three
Our dad left for China
Our mum fled to sea
They left us wrapped up
In a case full of tea
Once bought on a whim
From a bankrupt company
We were found by a padre
With rather strange thought
And we learned things the hard way
from the things that he taught
My sister grew up with a nautical flare
She would sit on the beach
And meet seamen out there
She would come home quite wet
And all tattered and torn
With a face full of spots
And her teeth were quite worn
I was left on my own
And with nothing to do
So I wanked myself stupid
What else could I do?

Phil Soar

Left @ Home

Left alone for hours at home, is a torture for a pet
Left alone, with no-one home, as bad as it can get
Just think of how their minds react, when they have no-one there
They sit and lick their privates, until they have no hair!

Phil Soar

Left At Home

Left alone for hours at home, is a torture for a pet
Left alone, with no-one home, as bad as it can get
Just think of how their minds react, when they have no-one there
They sit and lick their privates, until they have no hair!

Phil Soar

Legs

Her legs were slim and tinted with a glow
From spraying something on? , I'll never know
But I think she used varnish, as it left a weird tarnish
Upon my left groin and my toe

Phil Soar

Lemon Curd

I like to eat some lemon curd
And mix it with some Tartar
I ask you, does that seem absurd?
Or does it really Martar?

Phil Soar

Lessons Of Life

Where the bliss of life invades your thoughts
And everything around is bright
When the lessons in life that you've been taught
Can't help you go to sleep at night
The only fair conclusion
That might get your mind involved
Is to build on the confusion
And to hope your world's evolved

Phil Soar

Lester Frobisher

Lester Frobisher came to town
And settled in the street
He brought a skanky eiderdown
Under which he thought he'd sleep
He smelt like burnt fish fingers
And drifted through each day
Rifling through the rubbish dumps
And taking trash away
And when the council moved him on
It cost them so much money
They might as well have left him there
As he thought that it was funny!

Phil Soar

Let Down By The Moon

I sometimes feel let down by the moon
Stirring my emotions like a whirlwind
Scattering words across an open page
Mixing them with turbulence and a velocity of thoughts
Writing becomes a mystery
A thriller or a romantic trip through love
No matter, the moon writes its own epitaph
And as it becomes new or full it changes the mood
And my internal wires become crossed
Circuits fuse
And words flow like a dyslexic dictionary

Phil Soar

Letters

When I first wrote the words, I really wasn't thinking
But enraged by the way I was feeling, as I had been drinking
And as I closed the sentence that told her that it was all over
I folded the paper, and placed it aside with her name on.

When I left, there were tears in my eyes, but no real emotion
And the years that her tears flowed, would fill up the deepest ocean
Over time I'd regret it, but not want to look back in anger
When she picked up that letter, her mood was that of a stranger

Now it's past and the memories are all that there is to remember
From the day that we met, 'till this cold winter night in December
Having tasted the wine it was time to start over and learn
Once more I'm alone and have only more letters to burn

Phil Soar

Letters From The Past

The stack of letters found inside the case I found
written in the past but new to me
explained the life of lovers who had gone to ground
and showed how much in love you used to be

In days where 'gay' was meant to be a comedy
you found a way of hiding it from most
and your openness was your own special remedy
for dealing with the homosexual ghost

You wrote of love and more, inside those sentences
you searched for ways to express every doubt
you saw each other as the gay apprentices
with feelings always wanting to 'come out'

And so I read those letters with such empathy
and realised the truth wins through, and then
decided that I need to show my sympathy
and at that time, I just picked up my pen

Phil Soar

Letters In The Sand

The tide had washed away my letters in the sand
Covered them so no-one else could see
And having wiped away those words, it cleaned my very mind
And forced me to go back and remind her it was me

Phil Soar

Letting Go

When I let her go
The pain was like nothing I ever had
When I let her go
I never thought that it would be this bad
When I let her go
These feelings were impossible to fake
When I let her go
The pain was almost more than I could take
When I let her go
The dreams I had have vanished with the tears
When I let her go
I felt that I had wasted all those years
When I let her go
The future seemed to drift away
When I let her go
We reached that point with nothing left to say
When I let her go
My heart and mind had given up the fight
When I let her go
I wondered how I'd ever sleep at night
When I let her go
The love we shared was now a memory
When I let her go
My mind was broken unbelievably
When I let her go
I cried those tears, and prayed to god above
When I let her go
I knew that she had fallen out of love

Phil Soar

Liaisons

Liaisons

Meetings

Chosen moments

Habits

Jealousy

Temptation

Lust

Sensations

Trust

Secrets

Solutions

Endings

Phil Soar

Libido

I reset my libido in my sleep
and held onto the hope that it would work
except I now want something I can't have
and so I sit here feeling like a berk

I miss that sense of wanting to perform
of trying to exceed my young prowess
but now that I am ageing, its the norm
to leave a nasty stain upon her dress

Phil Soar

Life And Its Problems

You can try your best to simplify your life and all its faults
But new things manifest themselves that bring life to a halt
Until you turn those problems round, they cause some brief distress
And only when they've been resolved, do you find happiness

Phil Soar

Life And Laughter

Life is there for smiling at
It's faults are so extreme
And things that make us laugh a lot
Aren't what they really seem
I laugh at ways that people live
How strange their many ways
Sometimes I laugh at nothing
But it brightens up my days
There's nothing quite like laughter
Your spirits need the fun
Like watching someone make a gaff
Then telling everyone
We share our every waking thought
With people we don't know
Hanging onto mobile phones
And Tweeting to and fro
And those who do not share the 'game'
Are seen as very odd
To those who really have no shame
And think technology is god
Life is just for laughing at
The short time that we're here
So get out there and live your life
Without an ounce of fear

Phil Soar

Life Changing

The new born opened eyes of blue and took a welcome breath
Her beauty was her gift to me, and scared me half to death
To think we had created such a wondrous little girl
Threw my mind to turmoil as the depth of it unfurled

A peak of love that flowed from deep within me, made me pause
And think of how our lives will change, along with so much more
And nothing matched the feelings that this gift from up above
Will mean to every moment, as we share in all this love

Phil Soar

Life Is Crazy

Life and all it's nonsense, never ceases to amaze
We stumble through it aimlessly, it's like a manic craze
And those of us who wonder how on earth we make it through
Are blessed, and smile a lot, because we haven't got a clue

Phil Soar

Life Out There?

If there is really life out in the universe
Looking down on earth could be a treat
Watching people living their existence
And hoping that their world and ours don't meet

The many things we do that we think normal
To Aliens from outer space are strange
Like sitting on the toilet with the paper
Or getting drunk until we look deranged

Could we be on the brink of something special?
Is someone out there going to get in touch?
I doubt they'd contemplate a shared existence
Or would that new experience be too much?

Phil Soar

Life Re-Booted

If we could just re-boot ourselves, like all these modern tools
Perhaps we'd be a better race, and not be seen as fools
If every day when things go wrong, we could restore a file
That took us back to put it right, then surely we would smile? .

A USB to keep the data, monitoring our faults
Kept in storage to be retrieved, in little micro vaults
And when we've learned the lessons, we just re-boot, and then
Our minds could be re-energised, and we could start again

Phil Soar

Lifeless

I set myself a target, to last my whole life through
And now I'm at a crossroads, and I don't know what to do
I'm lying in a wooden box, about to burst in flames
And people are all praising me, and I don't know their names

Right now my mind is nowhere, and my bodies just a vessel
The box is standing isolated on a wooden trestle
I didn't quite reach my target, and have fallen by the way
I'm lifeless with no prospects, and am leaving here today

Phil Soar

Life's Highway

Along life's highway there are junctions to take
Exits you turn down, and make your mistakes
Roads lead to journeys, such interesting routes
Explored by the many, and a few that it suits

Some people go 'off-road' in search of a site
Not knowing the mileage they'll cover this night
Stopping at places that some artist might draw
Wondering if they have been there before

Where countryside meets the sprawl of the town
Where cities reach skywards, and buildings surround
When a complex crescendo of people leave home
Each using their journey wander and roam

The speed of the everyday journey is such
We travel so fast, and we miss out so much
So if you're on life's highway, slow down and take stock
Stop and look closely, and don't watch the clock

Phil Soar

Life's Lesson

I turned to you for comfort on the journey that is mine
Through all that life's thrown at me, and challenged my sheltered mind
Expecting nothing in return, you taught me how to cope
Lectured me, but made the journey, full of faith and hope

Your soft and mellowed voice, has made an impact on my trials
It spoke to me in many ways, when I was just a child
And even in my older years, it echoes through it all
And sets my mind at rest, when it would be easy to fall

You kept your life tuition, to the simple things that you
Could see that might envelop me, and be so hard to do
And deep inside my questionable mind, your words were good to hear
Keeping me aware of what was right or wrong to fear

Establishing my lessons, when the world around was tense
Made learning easy to achieve, it all made so much sense
So thanks for all you taught me, and all you helped complete
You balanced your life tuition, and stood me on my feet

Phil Soar

Life's Thread

Our lives are held on a delicate thread
With a breaking strength that's fine
No matter how we handle it
It will give way in time
And even if you're careful
And take the best of care
Sometimes that thread will split into
When you are not aware

Phil Soar

Lift Your Spirits

Lift your spirits
Raise a smile
Don't be downbeat
All the while
Even though the moon has power
Treat it as an unwelcome shower
Put your coat on
Go out and be bright
Even the moon will go missing some night

Phil Soar

Light Hearted News

There seems to be nothing that makes your heart lift
When you watch or hear news every day
Nothing that says that life is such a gift
That you love it and just want to stay

Each day there's some turmoil you cannot avoid
And there's something that makes your heart sink
Like the world is infested and oh so devoid
Of something that just makes you stand still and think

Hurt and injustice, to name but two
There seems to be nothing that hatred won't do
And at time the emotion is scarred and so flawed
Where there's nothing but anger, to be daily endured

Where's the lighthearted, where happiness plays
Where are the smiles to fill all our todays
What is on offer to make the world smile
Nothing reported, Nothing worthwhile

Phil Soar

Lighten Up Poemhunters

Are there any more out there?
Who see things that they want to share
Not scared of writing silly things
The stupid stuff that laughter brings
Instead of all this gloom and doom
Circling round poem hunters rooms
So much despair is in the air
With all the poets there are out there

Come on, spread joy, have a little fun
Write rhymes that will mean joy for some
Don't paste your hurt on the readers page
Don't vent your anger or your rage
Be silly with the truth, daft as a brush
Stand buck naked, in a bush
Leap out and swear at passers by
Then laugh a bit, don't sit and cry

Don't be the one with a sorrowful frown
When there is so much fun around
If you can't write a rhyme that makes you smile
Try your best once in a while
If you make an effort to grin and bear it
Think of how you can write and share it

Phil Soar

Lighthearted

A lighthearted laugh at a moment of doubt
Has been known to help single an idiot out
When faced with a problem he couldn't explain
He fell to his knees and he laughed like a drain

Phil Soar

Lightning

Striding through thunderclouds, the lightning strikes
Brightening the darkest of skies in the night
Electrified bolts that explode from within
A myriad of storms, who knows where they begin?

Phil Soar

Lily

She was broken from the moment that he left her
She had watched as every piece of him left home
And nursing him through months of pain she listened
As his final breath meant she was now alone

Rejecting heart felt sympathy from others
She chose to stop and lose the will to live
Avoiding everyone and those who loved her
She felt that she had nothing else to give

And now alone she seeks out isolation
Denying friendship, fading every day
Until one day her world will fall around her
By then she will have driven all away.

Phil Soar

Limerick

There once was a man from Kentucky
Whose thoughts were a little too mucky
He advanced on a woman
Who saw his parts coming
I'm afraid he just wasn't that lucky

Phil Soar

Limerick 1

There once was a lady from Epsom
Who thought she would go out and get some
But she fell in a lake
So that was her mistake
Now she's floating with flotsam and jetsam

Phil Soar

Limerick 10

There was a fat man from New York
Who was good with a knife and a fork
He ate several steaks
And a mountain of cakes
Along with some bacon and pork

Phil Soar

Limerick 11

When he was just a lad in Timbuktu
He didn't know what else there was to do
So he covered himself in plants
From his head down to his pants
And waited for the weeds to come on through

Phil Soar

Limerick 12

A man here was sent to Calcutta
As his language belonged in the gutter
Expletives galore
Were expelled from his jaw
A no-one much cared for his stutter

Phil Soar

Limerick 13

A man worked on a railroad line
But forgot where he was at the time
The 8: 30 to Leicester
Sent his torso to fester
By the side of the tracks at half nine

Phil Soar

Limerick 14

I once new a girl from Quebec
Who used to say things like 'Oh heck'
Her language through choice
And the shriek of her voice
Made her a pain the neck

Phil Soar

Limerick 15

There was a young man from Miami
Whose looks were a little uncanny
He was not like Brad Pitt
But a bit of a tit
And a knack of looking like a fanny

Phil Soar

Limerick 16

A glimpse of a little white thigh
Is a joy to a old persons eye
It can relight a flame
And drive them insane
But they never quite remember why

Phil Soar

Limerick 17

There was an old man from Yukon
Who looked for his pants, but they'd gone
An Inuit bloke
Took them off at a stroke
While singing an Eskimo song

Phil Soar

Limerick 18

A worker who fell down a sewer
Then smelled like a bag of manure
He couldn't go home
And just sat all alone
Drinking ale from a local home brewer

Phil Soar

Limerick 19

There was an old man from Kilkenny
Who would do anything for a penny
With his mind in a mess
He could cause some distress
Without being guilty of any

Phil Soar

Limerick 2

A guy from a farm in Dakota
Fancied a lady and wrote her
A long winded letter
Which made him feel better
Which she burnt in her new pop-up toaster!

Phil Soar

Limerick 20

There was a young man from Nantucket
Who kept all his teeth in a bucket
Knocked out by a fist
By an angry dentist
Who couldn't be arsed and said 'F*** it! '

Phil Soar

Limerick 21

Whilst looking for something exciting
The gay man found his farts igniting
He'd held a small flame
And it wasn't to blame
For his bottom not being inviting

Phil Soar

Limerick 22

There was a young man from Cairo
who was looking for somewhere to go
so he left on a plane
to somewhere in Spain
and was gored by a bull in Guaro

Phil Soar

Limerick 23

There once was a lady from Kent
Who farted wherever she went
She had blown quite a hole
From her ass to her sole
And would blow off whenever she bent

Phil Soar

Limerick 24

While on Holiday in the Maldives
My friend was asked if he would leave
He had peed in the pool
Which had broken a rule
And had wiped off his cock on his sleeve

Phil Soar

Limerick 25

There once was a man from Belgrade
Who spent all his life in the shade
His complexion was pale
And his skin told a tale
Of how it was easy to fade.

Phil Soar

Limerick 26

A lady from south of Bordeaux
Was told how her knickers would show
You could see all her bits
And the end of her tits
She was old and she just didn't know

Phil Soar

Limerick 27

A man from the outskirts of Brussels
Had a habit of showing his muscles
His would stand in a park
As the evening got dark
And cause quite a stir and kerfuffle

Phil Soar

Limerick 28

An old man from South Singapore
Fell down on a wet bathroom floor
He had slipped on the soap
And just couldn't cope
Then he struggled to get to the door

Phil Soar

Limerick 29

A man from the west of Toronto
Looked just like the Indian, Tonto
He lived with the Lone Ranger
Who was not such a stranger
And always did chores he had pronto

Phil Soar

Limerick 3

A man with no tact or decorum
would talk till you all died of boredom
he would say he was bold
and he would not be told
he could not write them down in a forum

Phil Soar

Limerick 30

There once was a man from Colrane
Who left his new pants in the rain
When he put them back on
All his feeling had gone
And replaced by a chill and some pain

Phil Soar

Limerick 31

There was an old man from Coleraine
Who sat at the back of a train
The clickety-clack
Of the train on the track
Almost drove him insane

Phil Soar

Limerick 32

A random young poet from Calcutta
Wrote his next poem in butter
He could not see the words
Which was really absurd
And they melted away in the gutter

Phil Soar

Limerick 33

Can I tear myself away from the screen?
Can I write and not think it's a scene?
From a romantic twit
Who writes with such wit
The remarks that he gets are extreme

Phil Soar

Limerick 34

There was a young fellow from Nice
Who ran off to Rome with his niece
He was stopped at the border
Which he thought out of order
And he laid all the blame on Police

Phil Soar

Limerick 5

There was an old lady from Tottenham
Who owned some pink pants but forgot them
She went out in a breeze
And got chilled to the knees
And her chuff was deep frozen with ice on

Phil Soar

Limerick 6

A man with a bad case of colic
Was also a fine alcoholic
When he wasn't drunk
He smelled like a skunk
And wasn't engaged in much frolic

Phil Soar

Limerick 7

There once was a girl from Lancaster
Who filled up her hole with some plaster
She had quite a fear
That a crack might appear
And that would be quite a disaster

Phil Soar

Limerick 8

There once was a guy from north wick
Who was thought of as quite a big dick
He was quite full of shite
And he slept well at night
With the help of a large candlestick

Phil Soar

Limerick 9

Debra O'dannel had a mouldy old flannel
She kept it for moments of passion
She would wipe herself through
In a moment or two
As if it would go out of fashion

Phil Soar

Limerick Number 1

There was a short man from North Ealing
Whose habits were not that appealing
He would scratch at his arse
Till the itching had passed
And then flick up the flakes at the ceiling

Phil Soar

Limerick Number 2 - Safari, Not So Good

The Safari was well underway
When the guide said: 'I've something to say
I'm afraid that we're lost
And that's not in the cost
So it looks like you'll all have to pay'.

Phil Soar

Limerick Number 3 - The Tropics

Whilst sub-navigating the Tropics
I wrote of my favourite topics
I typed that I'd seen
A Chameleon turn green
There was nothing I did that could stop it.

Phil Soar

Limerick Number 4 - The Quest

Whilst travelling my very last quest
I noticed a hole in my vest
Then I spotted by chance
I'd a hole in my pants
That the ants used to get to my chest

Phil Soar

Limitless Space

Limitless space
Far off into nowhere
Where maybe life is evident
But only in the mind
How wonderful to imagine those things
That something could be more beautiful than this
That someone could be more wonderful than us
And not share our resource
Beyond belief
Outside of space
Light years and many moons away
Stirring up our thoughts
Making us think

Phil Soar

Lip-Sync

They lip-synced to the pop song
some called it quite the mime
But their lips were out of sequence
and the music out of time
They were boo-ed from off the concert stage
and fell into a pit
the orchestra left early
As they thought the group was shit!

Phil Soar

Listen To The Rain

I have listened to the rhythm of the falling rain
I have stood underneath its power
I have watched as the streams it created caused pain
As it left so much hurt in its path

I have seen for my self how the grey sky develops
In between rays of sun in the spring
And as grey turns to black and the storm edges onwards
Its as if all the clouds start to sing

Phil Soar

Listening

The ability to listen should been handed out a birth
It shows a kind and helpful heart, and all that it is worth
And if you need a shoulder, that you need to cry upon
Rest on me, for eternity, until your worries gone

Phil Soar

Little Bo Peep

I didn't laugh
I didn't cry
I didn't even wonder why
I thought I had
I thought I might
Dream about those sheep tonight
I didn't dream
I didn't sleep
I am a worried Little Bo Peep

Phil Soar

Little Jonny

When Jonny left the playground
The teacher asked him why
He'd left his mark upon a seat
And his pants were left nearby
He couldn't just explain it
He just needed to pee
And so he got his willy out
For all the girls to see! .

Phil Soar

Live For The Day

Don't dwell on the past
Live for the day
Smile when you can
Don't look so grey
Strive to be wonderful
Expect nothing more
Your mind should be clear
As your world you explore
Give thanks for your family
Show them how you care
Believe in yourself
Don't give in to despair
Bless all you encounter
Leave nothing but grins
Thank god for your life
And repent all your sins

Phil Soar

Living In The Woods

Could you live underground with a rabbit for a neighbour?
Could you pick up a fungus and say it had flavour?
Can you wander the woods and be stunned by it's trees?
Can you scratch like a hedgehog, with plenty of fleas?

Would you pause for a drink by a cool mountain stream?
Would you cast for a salmon and only catch bream?
Can you tell when the leaves are prepared for the fall?
Or climb to the top of a large waterfall?

Should you lose your ambition to live out on the land?
In a place where the countryside is on your right hand
Would you finally grin for the rest of your days
And be happy forever in so many ways

Phil Soar

Living This Way

Is it a shame to live this way?
To toil as if we are on borrowed time
To feel shackles tighten on the mind
Unable to feel a passion for the moment
Worrying without reason
Hurting without cause
Believing in nothing
And with no laurels to rest on, doubting the future
Is it a shame to live this way?

Does it need vision to see what lies in front of you?
Is your imagination hampered by doubt?
Restricted by guilt
Fettered by someone who can't let go?
Locked in a prison of innocence
Yet with the tools to free yourself
Just out of reach
Does it need vision to escape?

Phil Soar

Lizard Watch

I bought a Monitor lizard
From a huge pet superstore
And all it did was watch me
I guess that's what it's for

Monitoring!

Phil Soar

Lock Yourself Away

Lock yourself away, and hope nobody finds you
Or walk around, and never look behind you
Drift at your own pace, and be at peace with that
Stroll through life without a single caveat

Do not let your self-esteem envelop you
Just be honest with yourself, and that will do
Smile through times of sadness and have no remorse
Live your life as if it's just a starter course

Phil Soar

Locked In A Prism

Locked inside a prism
The light bouncing off the polished surface
Refraction
Like liquid
But solid and reflected by angles
Showering light across a myriad of shadows
Affecting the senses in the eyes
Casting rainbows across bright rooms
Locked inside a prism

Phil Soar

Locked In On An Autumn Day

Behind closed doors I watch the rain
Trickle down a window pane
Grey skies passing over head
Seen as I lie in my bed
Watching leaves upon the breeze
Float below their washed out trees
Amber gold and glorious red
I watch them fall from my warm bed

And yet, whilst warm, I'd like to be
Sitting underneath that tree
For today might be all shades of grey
As I watch the leaves go on their way
But surely the place to cheer my day
Is only a stones throw away?
So maybe I will leave my bed
And spend my time outside instead

Phil Soar

Lodgers

The lodgers came one sunny afternoon
Two codgers who inflicted hurt and gloom
And when they'd left the trouble went away
I wish I'd not invited them to stay

Phil Soar

Lol

Laughing out loud
In a crowd
Is sure to attract some attention
Tourettes isn't good
Unless you're in a wood
And the swearing was not your intention

Phil Soar

Lonely Tears

Sitting all alone on that fallen tree
My eyes ablaze as tears flowed out of me
Not wanting to share sorrow with no-one
What will I do now all my hope has gone?

Phil Soar

Lonesome Me

You could call me a casual acquaintance
my friends are quite distant to me
I'm afraid it's the way that I like it
others think I'm as weird as can be

Truth is, I have always been lonely
though to others, I may be quite loud
yet I seek nothing more and I'm only
a face that's not seen in a crowd

As I drift through each day on my own-some
It just doesn't matter too much
as long as I can stay in my home some
my writing can be my life's crutch

Phil Soar

Long Forgotten

Long forgotten words lie unattended now
Like monuments of past anxious moments
Where love and trust began
Later lost its impetus
Stretching thoughts across chasms of lust
Where all those today's are now my tomorrows
Long forgotten now

Phil Soar

Longing

No purpose to my longing
I thought that love had gone
Until a new romantic flame
Had got no panties on
She wiggled like a temptress
And her silky derriere
Was moving to the music
That was playing through the air
The radio played songs of love
The room got hot and steaming
Until I woke up in a state
To find that I was dreaming

Phil Soar

Loo Prints

They've replaced the ladies toilets
with a Rank xerox machine
there are those who think it's suitable
and some who think it's mean
when ladies go to piddle
or do a number two
they get a photo-copy
with the time stamped on in blue

Now there are those who simply cannot
and some who say they can
do a dirty in the loo
while there's flashing in the pan
but so far there's no evidence
of loitering with intent
and no truth in the rumours
the staff manager is bent

There is talk of someone taking prints
and selling them in pairs
but all you get for 50 pence
are prints of curly hairs
so beware of the ladies lavatory
there lurks a manic flasher
and when you go to drops your pants
you better be a dasher

Phil Soar

Look Out!

'Look out! , Look Out! ', the stranger did shout
My earphones were in, so I didn't hear nowt
The branch of the tree struck my head such a blow
I fell to the floor, because I didn't know

Music is the food of love
But I listened to it, and was struck from above

Phil Soar

Looking At You

Looking at you
Listening to me
Romance on a knife edge
You want to be free
Watching you smiling
While I act the dope
Knowing without you
I just couldn't cope

Seeing you happy
Is all that it takes
To make me smile too
Correct all my mistakes
So pleased I have you
As reluctant to leave
Your smile turns to tears
And you cry on my sleeve

Looking at you
Listening to me
Watching those teardrops
Trickling down me
Devotion to duty
Romantically sure
A love so embedded
And one that is pure

Phil Soar

Looking Backwards

It seems these days, I'm always looking backwards
On life, on love, and everything encountered
Marked upon a calendar right back to '52
The many ways I've grown, and the man I've turned into

From childhood schemes, to evening dreams
And sleepless nights that linger
To foolish pranks, and strange 'think tanks'
And those who point the finger

The deepest anxious moments, where ignorance was bliss
The sessions during schooling, where I stole a little kiss
Where impetus was lost, as childhood blended into teens
I was always looking backwards, and fabricating dreams

It seems I like to permeate my visions with redress
Resulting in a kind of introverted happiness
But I'll continue looking back, I cannot see the harm
It's part of my development, and also of my charm

Phil Soar

Looking For Love

She fell asleep by the side of a wood
With nothing but love on her mind
When the frog hopped up to her
And puckered it's lips
She grabbed it, pulled its legs off
And fried it with mushrooms
That wasn't very kind

Phil Soar

Looking For Nature

Casting looks across a green and pleasant land
Knowing that it's tended by a angels loving hand
Watching as the nature there has made a home and more
I'd love to be in tune with that, and watch for hours galore

Phil Soar

Looking Out To Sea

I like to sit, look out to sea
But something really bothers me
We live a hundred miles inland
So I don't really understand

Phil Soar

Loss

'I'm sorry for your loss', they said
I don't know what they mean
the body has gone, the person too
No longer to be seen
the soul is missing, along with mine
the heart stopped beating
in harmony with time
the blank expression, feeds sympathy
we don't need that to set us free
we just need space, and that's because
it's more than what they said was a loss

Phil Soar

Lost

I drank the water from the stream
to stop the dehydration
Lost for days in wilderness
In some dark far off nation
We walked for days in silence
lost and out of place
Until that stream came into view
I splashed it on my face
The feeling of elation
the breath of life restored
Time to find our way back home
The turmoil now endured

Phil Soar

Lost And Cold

Should I be lost when far from home
No sign of help or mobile phone
The east wind blowing in my face
That chill my bones and leave a trace
Of cold and emptiness and more
Shifting leaves on the forest floor
Among the roots and earth and grit
No longer do I stand on it
As I succumb to nature raw
Without the sight of an exit door
I curl up, wrapped in the cold embrace
Of that chill east wind upon my face
And I'm far from home and all alone
Curled up and chilled to the bone

Phil Soar

Lost And Found

They tore the countryside apart
Looking for a sad and broken heart
A force of policemen crawling through the field
Asking for something to be revealed
But hidden from their sight you lay alone
Your only cover was your skin and bone
And when the dogs recovered you they found
There was no joy, no help, no good, no sound

Phil Soar

Lost Baggage

What happens to your case when it goes out of sight?
Speeding on a rubber belt to catch its flight
And wandering conveyors and those x-ray tools
Getting flung to corners where they break the rules

Who knows what happens when that case has disappeared?
Who fondles it, or makes it look like its careered?
Down a mountainside, or thrown against a wall
Opened, closed, for reasons not yet known to all

And when the case goes missing and is lost in space
Who has that vacant look upon their stupid face?
The airline representative who doesn't care
What happened to your case while it was in the air

Did it go to Katmandu instead of Pakistan?
Was it hijacked by some baggage handling man?
Or did it just go round in circles on a carousel?
Was it part of a plot by some large drugs cartel?

Who knows what happens when that case has left your grip?
Or where it will end up as part of your planned trip?
One thing's for sure, it wasn't on the plane with you
So when you said goodbye to it, your clothes went missing too! .

Phil Soar

Lost Blossoms

Scattered over lawns of green
Blossom from the cherry trees
Carpets of petals
Covering grass
Sheltering insects
That struggle to pass
Birds pick their way
Through the delicate trash
Petals once beautiful
Just do not last

Phil Soar

Lost Desire

I can't remember when I last felt such desire
perhaps when I was younger and my love had fire
Maybe if I felt that way again, I would expire
Love has no effect on me these days, so I retire

The bed, where passion raged not long ago
Was now a place to rest my weary frame
And should I be re-energised and blood might flow
Perhaps my lower part may get inflamed

Those days where everywhere I looked were breasts
Some ample ones and those that looked distressed
When magically the thoughts would turn to actions
And often would result in guilt retractions

I can't remember if I miss those lost desires
I can't believe they may have gone forever
I can believe I love no more than cosy fires
Even if it means no passion..... ever

Phil Soar

Lost For Words

If I was ever lost for words, the tears would flow
That fountain in my mind would soon dry up
How terrible, if filling it again would be so slow
And the only aid I had was just a cup

Whilst the randomness of rhyme and rhythm stalk me
And the way the words develop readily
If I was ever lost for words, I'd never see
How the stanzas build with little effort steadily

If I was ever lost for time, my day would end
And leave a poem with unfinished lines
The tension I would feel, I would not recommend
I like to end things well most every time

If I was ever lost with my own sense of things
And could not write down everything I feel
Then that would be an end of my imagining
And nothing in my life would seem for real

If I could take one thing from my life's journey
And turn it into words that would express
The way I live my life in perpetuity
I'd use it in a poem, to impress

So If I was ever lost for words, the tears would flow
A most essential part of me would die
And my life would fall to pieces, and reflect a glow
That once inspired these words of mine to fly.

Phil Soar

Lost In Plain Sight

Among the memories that left him years ago
Were many that now haunt him
He searches for them, but they are lost
The temper he feels, yet doesn't recall
Is a distance away
Lurking somewhere in his past
Sleeping in the darkest corners
Wanting to be awoken
But knowing they are lost for good
Yet others try to recover them for him
They talk to him of times past
And try and piece together his jigsaw of life
Only to find there are missing pieces
His mind and empty cupboard
That once kept his secrets
His arms reach out, but he knows not what for
He feels lost, but to others he is in plain sight
And their love goes on, Although he doesn't know it
Tears flow from vacant eyes
From a stream in perpetual motion
Though no-one would know where it begins
Lost in Plain Sight

Phil Soar

Lost Love

I guess the thought of losing someone new
Never crossed my mind
Whilst your memory is still alive
Then that feeling is unkind
I guess the thought of losing you
Has made me so aware
That to fall in love again so soon
Is somehow so unfair

So I guess I'll just say No to love
I guess I'll soldier on
I guess I'll just keep dreaming of
The days we were as one
And I'll hope someday there'll be a star
To light my way again
And give my dreams a beam of light
So time can ease the pain

If I'd imagined new beginnings
As each new morning came
And tried to see the brighter side of life
I'd have felt shame
For as you lay there, looking up
With your deep eyes of blue
It hurt to think of anything
Except of helping you

Now as my days have an emptiness
I try to look ahead
I want to be more positive
But all I do is cry instead
And I hope that you can understand
That if I found someone new
I may begin my life again
But will NEVER forget you

So I guess I'll have to move along
And give my life a chance
I guess I'll learn to love again

To smile, to sing, to dance
And I guess if you could talk to me
You'd agree that's what to do
And when the pain has eased a while
I'll remember loving you

Phil Soar

Lost Marbles

I lost my marbles yesterday,
And now I've lost my mind
Not those childhood marbles,
but the weird and brain filled kind
And now I can't remember things
And often get dismayed
And now I can't remember things
That happened yesterday
I can't remember yesterday
Or just the day before
And now It's all so very hard
To think straight anymore
And now I can't remember
Who you are, or what you mean
Your face is not familiar
And neither are my dreams
They're filled with names and faces
That once were really clear
And now I can't remember them
And can't sense love or fear
And now I can't remember
What my purpose is today
If I knew how I could dress myself
I think I'd run away
But where would I return to?
When my mind has crashed and burned
And now I can't remember
All the facts that I have learned
And now I've lost my marbles
I can't remember where
It's not that I don't want to
But the thought is never there.

Phil Soar

Lost Passion

The breasts that not so long ago had firmness
The lower parts that I once took delight in
Have headed south for regions I won't go to
And the look of sheer frustration is quite frightening

From her view I'm sure that she can't find a reason
To explore my wrinkled pleasure zone no more
My gonads look like prunes so out of season
And my manhood only points down at the floor

Phil Soar

Lost Time

In the blink of an eye, my life flew by
As a consequence, nothing seems real
How am I able to judge how it's been
When I don't really know how I feel? .

Phil Soar

Lottery

I read my mind last night
Nothing in there to set the world alight
Nothing but memories
Keeping me sane
And reminding me of the short and intimate spell we are here
Passing us by with indomitable speed
Days flow into nights
Weeks into years
And yet we only hang on to a thread of hope
One day we will win the lottery
But then
We already have
The lottery that is life

Imagine nothing like it
For it holds us together as our minds age
Filling our reservoir of cells
And building a platform for our very being
Making us all different in so many ways
Helping us move forward
And hanging on to nothing that is not familiar
Making us complete
And taking us to the next step on the stairway
To Happiness
For sadness should not be encountered unless necessary
And sometimes it is
So embrace it, then leave it behind
This Lottery that is life

Phil Soar

Love And Dreams

I took a dream I had today
And let it steal my heart away
Then patiently sat waiting for a sign
Perhaps a message from above
To which I could assign my love
For someone I could call my valentine

When that dream began to fade
And love was left out in the shade
I forgot where sleep had taken my heart to
Then I remembered all too soon
As you walked into the room
That my dream had led me patiently to you

Phil Soar

Love And Kindness

I took love and wrapped it in kindness
Thinking that was all it took

I placed my heart in protected custody
While my actions presented themselves

Holding hands and sending flowers
Loving embraces lasting hours

Traces of passion as the sun set
Sleeping among stars where comets met

Heightened senses, warm tender kisses
Wrapped as a gift to sweep her away

Not expecting the throwback
When boredom called

Too much inevitability when love became tedious
And yet, I had wrapped love in kindness

Too much kindness

Phil Soar

Love And Life For Us

A random glance across a room, a smile that traveled miles
A wink of an eye as we passed by, and a meeting quite by chance,
That butterfly feeling, that left our hearts reeling,
And the time we had our very first dance
All these things and more were part of love and life for us

The later periods of doubt, among the early years
Now in the past, along with many tissues full of tears,
The letters that you wrote to me, while I was off at war
Are now locked in a place we keep, for memories and more
All these things and more were part of love and life for us

And now that time has caught a glimpse of everything we've shared
The emphasis was all on showing how we really cared
We promised life together would be filled with happiness
And we have not forgotten that, among the times of stress
All these things and more were part of love and life for us

Phil Soar

Love And Paranoia

He spoke of many ghosts and ghouls
And all things paranormal
He dressed up once for dinner
And his dress sense was quite formal

They said that he was incomplete
That something wasn't right
He used to see his mothers face
When he would sleep at night

They say she died in labour
And has haunted him for years
And when he goes to sleep at night
Her face just re-appears

A wonder then that he sees things
And struggles through each day
And wishes that his dear old mum
Keeps getting in the way

She's just keeping an eye on him
From somewhere up above
And though she scares him half to death
It's all because of love

Phil Soar

Love Belongs Here

A letter signed with kisses
Rose petals spread around
A heart that beat at rapid speed
As true love has been found
So many words to treasure
And moments that were shared
And every move a pleasure
As you realise they cared

Phil Soar

Love Cloud

Underneath a cloud of love
I sit and thank the lord above
That Angels who patrol the skies
I see, through my rose tinted eyes

There may be someone sitting too
Who thanks the Lord that I met you
And shows that love has many flaws
But none that shatter mine and yours

And underneath a cloud or two
There lies the very best of you
And by your side, on angels wings
The lovebird of our friendship sings

Phil Soar

Love Hurts

How do you measure love, when hearts are broken?
How do you come to terms with things that matter?
In less than the time it takes to hold a breath
Or feel the wind upon your face
The day is gone
And your passion for all that is love, has broken down
In little pieces

And taking something positive from all that's lost
Becomes a jealous rage of Love's intent
And yet that rage possesses all your thoughts
But keeps the stillness in your head from scarring tissue
You cry and yet you morph into some cavern
That is home
To your soul.

Phil Soar

Love Hurts Too

If I said I loved you this much
As I held my arms out wide
Would it really mean as much to you?
Would it keep you by my side?
Would you open up your heart to me?
And tell me I'm the one
Or would you leave me sad and blue?
The moment that you're gone

You seldom show emotion
And I find that oh so hard
Sometimes you write 'I love you'
On an open Birthday card
That's all it is, no spoken word
No other things express
If all I give you in return
Brings you happiness

But I'll still write my feelings down
No matter what this means
Telling you that you're the one
The answer to my dreams
And knowing that is good enough
I'll wait a little more
And hope you'll soon re-iterate
And not walk out the door

Phil Soar

Love Initials

We carved our initials into the tree
Phil Ince and Susan Strong
And only when we'd finished
Did we notice something wrong
Carved in a heart, on the tree trunk
For all the world to see
It spelled out PISS, in capitals
And now we both are free!

Phil Soar

Love Left Me

Just as your love has left me
And my feelings turned to dust
I had to collect my thoughts
Then start again, and learn to trust
I need to build a structure
Around which I retreat
When love has left me feeling low
And knocked me off my feet

The place I set aside for doubt
Is almost out of space
Brimming with unwarranted thought
And showing on my face
I need to build a new abode
A cast these doubts aside
To help me feel a stronger man
And warm my whole inside

So for now I'll just keep dreaming
That there's something else out there
Someone else who lights my world
And lets me know they care
I'll search for someone special
But not fall readily
My heart is such an open book
And read so easily

Phil Soar

Love Note

She wrote to me on a scented note
With hearts and flowers upon it
She wore a skirt, with a nice pink shirt
But it made me want to vomit
She followed me through a wildflower field
And she skipped and hopped with glee
Until she slipped and bared her ass
and was stung by a bumble bee.

Phil Soar

Love Note 1

I saw you from across the street
I thought that you looked great
I made a cute vegetable face
Upon my dinner plate
I tried to make it look like you
With a cute Asparagus smile
But the brussel sprouts upset the scene
So I left them on the side

Phil Soar

Love Note 10

I kissed you while you slept and you don't know it
I whispered that I love you in your ear
My heart beats faster, but I never show it
And losing you would be my greatest fear

Phil Soar

Love Note 11

Our hearts are intertwined and silence really is quite golden
To lie there in each others arms is fun, for both us old 'uns
In quiet moments, there are no emotions that we show
Just being in each others company, is what we know

The years have not passed by, without our feelings getting stronger
And though the years have flown, I really hope they last much longer
And on the days when life seems tough, my thoughts will turn to you
For when it all gets difficult, our love will see us through

Phil Soar

Love Note 12

Sitting underneath a sky as dark as dark could be
Watching for a shooting star to excite you and me
Places we can't imagine, where the start of life begins
Where we can pray for anything, and banish all our sins

And staring through a looking glass into the deep dark sky
My feelings play a game with me, I think of you and I
Beside me is your presence, and your warmth brightens the night
Among the stars and clouds and moon, a lovers welcome sight

Sitting underneath a sky we share the world around us
Alone but for the wind across our faces, love surrounds us
Where nothing is as special as my time on earth with you
Sitting underneath the stars, and loving all you do.

Phil Soar

Love Note 13

In my dream, you were there
Your dark auburn hair
Your look, that could brighten the sun
You were sweetness and light
And brightened my night
and I woke as a new day begun

Phil Soar

Love Note 2

I held you on a pedestal
Unfortunately, you fell
You left the stool just lying there
I didn't like the smell.

Phil Soar

Love Note 3

Your eyes so blue
Your silken lips
Your Auburn hair
Your delicate hips
To not love you
Would be a sin
A shame your just a mannequin

Phil Soar

Love Note 4

Your love is like a red red rose
So sweet, with fragrant petals
A shame you have a pungent smell
That gets right up my nose

Phil Soar

Love Note 6

I woke to find you lying there
Your Body formed an arch of sorts
Curves so perfect led me to
A place under your shorts
My approach was quite on target
My aim was quite off course
I entered into somewhere
I hadn't been before
You gave a sort of sigh at first
And then said you wanted more

Phil Soar

Love Note 7

The tear stained cheeks were evidence
Your sobs were loud and heavy
The hurt you showed with each deep breath
Made you look quite unsteady
I put my arms around you
My heart felt your dismay
I tried my best to comfort you
To kiss the hurt away
And when the tears were over
When you raised that missing smile
The room lit up so effortlessly
And remained there for a while
Your remarkable resilience
Has left me quite in awe
And once you had recovered
We were back in love once more

Phil Soar

Love Note 8

You were sleeping soundly
I watched your breath
Inhale
Exhale
The beat of your heart an opera
Singing to me
Suggesting happiness
Until you snored
The silence broken
And my senses restored!

Phil Soar

Love Note 9

She looks like she could melt a heart of stone
Her elegance has swept men off their feet
She has no way of being all alone
As men queue up to stay at her retreat

Her effervescent nature makes her sparkle
Her very nature warms her to the world
Those lips of velvet have a warmth remarkable
She is a true and honest kind of girl

She shares her feelings with those that she treasures
And stretches her emotions to the limit
She brings a joy of life with daily pleasures
If you're part of her life, it's good you're in it.

Phil Soar

Love Remains

When love has passed the early phase and everything seems stale
Is there a plan to re-invent romance in case it fails?
Is there a way to stay in love when all our traits are known?
Or is the way we see it now, because of how we've grown?

Phil Soar

Love Sick?

After she had stolen my heart, I should have signed a pact
That if she got the best of me, I could have had her sacked
But that was not my primary thought, all I liked were tits
And now that she's turned 60+, my life has gone to bits

Phil Soar

Love Story

A love story that is older than the seas
Older than the oldest man, and wider than the trees
A love that blossomed through the years
And raised so many smiles and tears
Caused some distress and happiness
But a tale of love, I must confess
If all my days were as welcoming
As the warm embrace that loving brings
Then I count these days as blessed
And then
I want to fall in love again.

All through those times of joy and pain
To have you here, through sun and rain
Right by my side and within my heart
Loving you right from the start
Believing every day that I
Feel like floating in the sky
And remembering the day that we
Became as one for eternity
I love you more and more each day
I love you more in every way.

Phil Soar

Love Story 1

The tale that is our story, is no fiction, but is fact
With words of love and memories, our love is still intact
And as the chapters fill the page, our readers smile and say
They wished there story could evolve around them, the same way.

Phil Soar

Love Tree

Underneath the apple tree
Where I kissed you, and you kissed me
We left our mark carved in the trunk, and then
Beneath that place where love began
Someone had written 'Here lies Stan'
So we never kissed underneath that tree again

Phil Soar

Loves Bruises

Bruises from old and uncomfortable romances
Scars from those love ones you gave endless chances
Times when the world seemed explicitly cruel
The trips to those places where confidence rules
Outside your close circle of friends, there's advice
They tell you to overlook lying just twice
The first time, it could be forgiveness that wins
But twice is too much, you should punish those sins
The heart will reveal such a forgiving nature
The head's not the ruler, or loves favourite flavour
Bruises of black and blue, worn with remorse
Scars from the times you have ridden the course
Hearts full of loving, just waiting for more
Ever romantic, with a welcoming door

Phil Soar

Loving Hands

The hands that rocked the cradle
No longer stroke my brow
those hands that touched the soul of me
No longer near me now
The fingers grasping hold of me
No longer in my reach
The feeling of their closeness
the love that dwelt in each
I wish for just one holding on
As we walked down the street
The Hands that rocked my cradle
are no longer in my reach

Phil Soar

Loving You

Distance was no object
No mountain hard to climb
As long as when I reached the top
I held your hand in mine

Phil Soar

Lunar Forces

As every day requires my utmost concentration
And my mind has always been hard to control
I dwell on things that don't required attention
It makes me somewhat distant and not whole

My mind plays tricks on me for many hours
I'm never at my ease, and always tense
The moon that is my ruler, has these powers
And never has me sitting on the fence

I never know how near I come to danger
As I attempt controlling all this harm
To me a stream of doubt is not a stranger
And the moon is really not my lucky charm

And yet, to live without it would be meaningless
The two week break it gives me on its course
Gives me the time understand the worthlessness
Of giving in to this influence and force

Phil Soar

Lunar-Tic

The lunar moon is here again
My brain is all at sea
with words all flowing from the site
Emerging constantly
They don't make sense
But shake my core
I have to write them down
They keep on coming, more and more
And make my eyebrows frown
Nonsense flows like a raging stream
A torrent alphabetically
Some of it good and mostly bad
But nevertheless Systemically
When will it stop?
I never know
I'll wake up late one day,
My mind will be blank
The words won't come
And empty alphabet bank!

Phil Soar

Lunch Break

One romantic day
Where the violins play
As I sit in the courtyard drinking tea
Cream scones with Jam
For an old English man
Sitting in silence beneath a cherry tree

On pavements,
Passing strangers miss him
He reads while his cup of tea cools
And the cafe, whilst busy
Is soothingly quiet
He feels alone, but surrounded by fools

Rushing around
In their lunch break
These fools do not see his relaxed state
He is just a stranger
Passing the time
And wiping the crumbs off his plate

Phil Soar

Lust

He wrapped the cloak around him, as he climbed upon his steed
Galloped off into the night, and travelled far indeed
His route was one he often took, to see his maiden fair
He always paid a visit, when her mother wasn't there

Phil Soar

Lying About My Age

If I lied about my age, it would be obvious
The lines are written all across my face
With other wrinkles pitted on my legs and arms
I'm afraid my body is losing the age race!

Phil Soar

Lynx

I bought some new Lynx aftershave,
And thought that I smelt great;
But my farts still smell like rancid fish,
So I cannot get a date.

Phil Soar

Mad Moles

There's Mad Moles in my Garden,
They Party all night long,
Dancing with the wiggly worms,
They fill the night with song.

There's Mad Moles underneath the Turf,
They bump into the roots,
They dance the Samba with the ants,
And are never seen in suits.

Some of them can breakdance,
Or at least, it looks like that,
Some move like they have got the fits,
Or ants inside their pants.

They dig up lumps of soil and dirt,
Whilst jiving to the feeling,
Of Lionel Richie's old Cd's,
They're Dancing on the ceiling.

Their Ceiling is the green, green grass,
They lift it up in clumps,
They are welcome in the forests,
But not near cricket stumps.

There's Mad Moles in my Garden,
I really must evict them,
I'm sticking things into the lawn,
Just hoping to restrict them.

They haven't moved away just yet,
And burn the midnight oil,
I really can't put up with it,
They're messing up my soil.

There's Mad Moles in my garden,
It really is a sight,
Maybe I should just join in,
And party there tonight?

Phil Soar

Magic

Take me,
Where would you take me if you could?
Somewhere weird and wonderful
A lake, a barn, a wood
A wind-swept moor,
An un-locked door
To somewhere mystical
Where Magician's make their tricks play with the senses
And taking me there is your own way of showing me your own magic.
Your mind, your sensuality,
Your heart, your casual serenity,
I'd fall in love amongst your mystery,
And walk in clouds whilst loving you.

Phil Soar

Magic Moments

Magic moments full of mystery and starry eyes
Make me turn to wisdom and a way to mesmerize
A full and finished poem, a beginning and an end
A story built around my love for her as my best friend

Some words that cause excitement or a moment of elation
A glimpse of something magical, to deepen our relations
To watch as she begins to smile, at something I have written
And then the realization that she's well and truly smitten

Some magic moments fill her life with words that I express
That build her up and please her, and bring such happiness
And if my words can brighten up her life and make her day
They are the magic moments that I love to send her way

Phil Soar

Magic Trick

As the song drew to its conclusion
The magician was waiting back stage
And he caused just a little confusion
When he vanished for what seemed like an age

Phil Soar

Magical Moon

The moon was extra bright tonight
When clouds moved away
Left with an awesome view
There was nothing much to say
Ruling planet mystifies
Moods all merge as one
Where will all my feelings go
When this magical moon has gone?

Phil Soar

Magical Mystery Tour

I traveled on a magical mystery tour
To where I'd never been before
Some sandy beach, or boat down by the shore

I settled down enjoying the deep ocean floor
Even though I'd never seen this place before
And when the tide had ebbed away, I wanted more

Phil Soar

Magnolia

You kept me waiting to see you
when you arrived my eyes closed for a moment
took in your beauty
opened as your flowers did
and showered the garden with such delight
that the images were burned internally
kept there in my memory bank
to be recalled when you are gone
and remind me of your beauty
Magnolia

Phil Soar

Mail

When I opened the post in the morning
It exploded without any warning
It was sent by a dick
With a dynamite stick
I should have stayed in bed just yawning

Phil Soar

Make Believe

Make believe you're happy when you're blue
Make a smile mean more than it should do
Take the time to please someone you know
Give some hope to children as they grow

Make it known that people class you as
A person they can trust and not an ass
Make it seem that love can find a way
To help them make the best of every day

Give of yourself, but do not ask for more
Take time to open each and every door
The world is in a hurry, so be slow
Invest in love, and watch your feelings grow

Make all you have worth something in the end
Regard your enemies as more than friends
And give them every chance to then regain
What they think lost, and will not have again

Remember life is shorter than we think
It's over in the matter of a blink
So make believe you're happy, when you're blue
And make a smile mean more than it should do

Phil Soar

Make The Most Of It

Make the best of each moment
Make the most of each day
Make the reason for living have something to say
Take a minute for memories
Take unlimited time
To remember your reason for being alive

Phil Soar

Making Eyes At Me

She rolled her eyes at me across a crowded room
I smiled as she began to fall about
That's what can happen when you drink too much
And take your eyeballs out!

Phil Soar

Malfunction

If we malfunctioned every day
Like other gadgets do,
Would someone throw us in the trash
And buy someone that's new?

Phil Soar

Manchester's Heartbeat

At the centre of every city there is a heartbeat
One that brings people together
And though tragedy and loss are immeasurable
The heart continues to beat

When shaken to its core, Heroes appear
Forgetting the dangers, they work tirelessly
Their helping hands embracing all
Expecting no thanks they appear fearless

When the aftermath settles, they vanish
Unknown to many, they go back to their jobs and homes
But the world is grateful
Amongst the tears, there is comfort

The outstretched arms welcome the hurt
The words are not enough, but they help
And as the world looks on, the day continues
And for those unaffected, there is sorrow

Yet the cities heart beats on

A small tribute to Manchester after a terrible tragedy

Phil Soar

Marathon

I wore that sweat stained shirt with pride
Knowing I'd run a marathon
Collecting donations roadside
Hoping that I'd raise a ton
Those twenty six miles of sweat and tears
A mixture of applause and cheers
As all those strides had led me to
A way that I could just help you

Phil Soar

Maria De Schlott

Maria De Schlott
Had a beautiful Bott
And legs that were long and appealing
She had only one flaw
That there wasn't much more
And her manner devoid of much feeling

Phil Soar

Marital Harmony

Is this my real Wife?
Or is she plasticine?
Caught in my gun sight
No escape from my magazine
She looked to the skies
And I missed her eyes, you see

I'm just a poor shot
Missed her entirely
Easy shot, Time went slow
Missed her high, missed her low
Anyway I took aim
Nothing seemed to shatter, my dream
My dream

Too late
She went to run
Aimed a gun right at her head
Missed by miles and she's not dead
Momma
Just one shot away
I might as well have shot at her behind

Momma
Who knew
Didn't mean to miss my aim
I sometimes wish I'd never took aim at all
Now she's gone, Now she's gone
And I failed to make her shatter

I saw a little stiletto as she ran
Must have hurt, in the dirt
And she vanished in the woodland
Conifers and beech trees
Crashing into her knees
Green!

I'm such a poor shot, she didn't love me
My blooming buckshot, hit a small oak tree

Spared her a life and the rebound hit me
Easy shot, couldn't miss,
Trouble is, I was pissed
Spared her a life and the truth is I missed

Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
I aimed at her kill zone
Hit the bloody tree

Lying in the woodland
Dying of a rebound
Nothing really matters
To me

Anyway...I'm comatose
Nothing really matters to me!

Phil Soar

Marlberry Grange

I rang the bell, the butler wasn't there
A mansion, empty, like nobody cared
And as I left I saw a shred of light
An upstairs room, the curtains not drawn tight
Had I seen the ghost of Marlberry Grange?
I felt like I had seen something quite strange
So I returned and knocked upon the door
In case the bell's not working anymore
And yet nobody came, which was a shame
Perhaps my 'common look' was part to blame
Standing at that door in Levis Jeans
Just about to go beyond my means
And so I walked away and brushed my hair
I'd tried to call, but just the ghost was there

Phil Soar

Marley

We should have called him Dyson, or some other make of Vac,
He spends his time just Vacuuming, or lying on his back,
He'll eat just about anything, and scoff it down with glee,
He'll appear from nowhere every time, we have a cup of tea.

He sleeps just about anywhere, but has his favourite places,
Most of which, are almost always, close to people's faces,
The sofa is his downstairs bed, he treats it as his own,
If we're not there, he doesn't care, and lies there all alone.

He snores and dreams of eating things and eating something more,
Biscuits, Bonios, Toast and things, he finds upon the floor,
And even if you try and sneak a snack when he's not there,
He'll suddenly appear and he'll give you the 'Marley stare'.

Unable to resist, your snack is gone within a second,
He gobbles it, as if he understood that he'd been beckoned,
And Even though you know you tried, to scoff before he knew,
He appeared from out of nowhere, I believe in fact, he Flew! .

So his nickname maybe Dyson, but we love him as our Marley,
He's nothing short of lovable, Yes, he's a proper Charlie,
He's snarled at by his doggy friend, and knows he's number two,
But you have to love his laid back style, what else is there to do? .

Phil Soar

Mary Poppins 1

ChimChimminee ChimChimminee Chim Chim charoo
I tried to spell Charlie, It came out Charoo,
I may be dyslexic, that could well be so true,
Chim Chimminee Chim Chim, My aunt comes from Crewe.

Phil Soar

Mary Poppins 2

Supercalifragilistic, she had Hallitosis,
Even though her mouth was closed, the smell was not like roses,
I could smell the stench so much,
It made me touch my toesis,
Throwing up into a drain and causing me phsycosis

umdiddleiddlediddleumdiddle eyeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Phil Soar

Mary Poppins 3

Let's Go fly A Kite
In the middle of the night
Let's go fly a kite
And we wont see it,
Up in the Blackened sky
Nothing is seen go by
Oh let's go, Fly a kite

Phil Soar

Mary Poppins 4

Feed the Birds, Tuppence a bag,
Sold by a woman, who looks like a hag,
Feed The Birds, worms and suchlike
Thrown in the air, but avoiding my kite

Phil Soar

Mary The Canary

Mary, the canary
Sang her song at break of day
A beautiful composition
That could chase your blues away
But not at 4.30 am
When I just want to sleep
I'm going to shoot that bloody bird
And bury it somewhere deep

Phil Soar

Mary, Mary

Mary, Mary,
Your nose is too hairy
And what's more, your teeth are quite manky
And what's all the fuss
About spiders and such
When there's all sorts of things on your hanky.

Phil Soar

Mata Hari

Mata Hari

Went on safari

And danced with an erotic flair

But a passing Giraffe

Stole her bra for a laugh

And a Lion said "what a nice pair";

Phil Soar

Matilda Meschersmitt

Matilda Meschersmitt
Was a German misfit
She would stagger around late at night
Until that is
She once got hit
By a Spitfire during the war

Phil Soar

Maud

Her name was Maud
She was a fraud
Her Schemes were flawed
Her fingers clawed
She kept things stored
In an old cupboard
And was not insured
Oh silly Maud

Phil Soar

May Sun

I Fell asleep under a mid-day sun
In England, that is not so much a sin
But by the time I woke, my mind was done
And the rest of me was frazzled reddish skin

Unusual for Mid-May around my town
I never would have thought I would bake so
I hadn't even gone a shade of brown
I Just had a crimson coloured wrinkled glow!

Phil Soar

Maybe

Maybe in the past I have walked among kings
Slept with angels
Flown with birds
Swam among dolphins
Ran from danger
Whispered when I should have shouted
Listened when I should have learned
For now is too late
The room is empty and time is lost
Among nature I will return to the soil
Maybe it's my future

Phil Soar

Me

I noticed something creeping through a thought I had today
a sort of overwhelming theme, that took my breath away
a horror of such magnitude, it made me doubt my mind
and all the thoughts that went before, had all been left behind

I guess it was a lesson, that I really should have learned
and taught me I should trust my gut, and relish what I'd earned
to hope my reputation, is as truthful as can be
and wear my heart upon my sleeve, for everyone to see.

Phil Soar

Me, Myself And I

I drift sometimes,
into my own world where no-one can see me
lost in my thoughts,
I wonder if my invisibility is special
I mock myself for my impudence,
and I begin to fear for my empty shell of a brain
and then I remind myself I am unique
and no-one else has this ability to vanish without trace
but still be here inside myself,
relishing the emptiness
Always knowing I can appear again
like a magician
when I feel the impetus to do so
Whether or not it is a symptom of my loneliness
Or just my own psyche
I have yet to know
But I find release
And secretly enjoy the emptiness
Now and then
but not always.

Phil Soar

Me, The Fool

I'd had my eye on you since infant school
I never told you that I was a fool
But since we met in later years, and life has been unkind
I thought I better speak to you, and get things off my mind

I didn't have the benefit of knowing you too well
And hadn't thought that you would tell me I should go to hell
So all those years of foolishness, began to fade away
I stood there, as the fool I was, with nothing more to say

Phil Soar

Meandering

Where streams meander down the paths that once were dry as bone
I walk along beside them, and meander on my own
The peaceful flow of water makes it feel I walk on air
And there's no other place I'd rather be, than over there

Through meadows and some pastures, all there seems to be is peace
No traffic noise, or other voices, bother this release
And knowing there's no place to go, but just my way back home
I walk beside this meandering stream, and enjoy being alone

Phil Soar

Meeting Life Head On

I met my life head on
Tried my best to get along
With the people I've met on the way
And today it seems great
Not a moment to waste
And only good things I can say

Phil Soar

Melancholy

I sang a song without support
A sort of melancholy tune
It sapped my strength without much effort
Emptying my solitude
The notes, a sort of droning dirge
The kind that drag your feelings down
Making everything seem sad
And creasing up my worried brow

I sang that melancholy song
The words quite meaningless, and then
The chorus left my feelings cold
And made me ask just where and when
So over time the lyrics made me blue
And with nothing else to do
My feelings settled into smiles
Better for a while

Phil Soar

Mellowing

They say that I have mellowed as the years have passed me by
I don't believe that is the case, and here's the reason why
I still get cross at every loss, and rage is still a trait
I raise my voice an awful lot, and sometimes I feel great
They call me Mr Grumpy, and I don't mind that one bit
For when it comes to everything, I couldn't give a shit

Phil Soar

Memories In The Loft

Treasured items locked away in boxes in the loft
Where cobwebs weave their way across the beams
And the sound of mice and footsteps very soft
Make visiting more awkward than it seems

Yet up above our heads, the memories stay
For future reminiscing when we're down
Remembering the past in our own way
No longer hanging on to some deep frown

We climb the ladder leading to that door
The attic holds such stories and then more
We push away the cobwebs and the fears
And look back over many childhood years

Phil Soar

Memory Cemetery

The way I store my memories, is way beyond my thoughts
A mega-gigga back up place, I go when out of sorts
Recalling all the data, can give my life a lift
A sort of memory cemetery, if you get my drift

Phil Soar

Memory Lane

I took a trip down memory lane
And forgot to take my past
It was like I'd had a momentary lapse
And I hoped it would not last
But by the time I got there
I was well and truly lost
And the reason I set out on it
Might have a worrying cost

Phil Soar

Memory Stick

My wife bought me a memory stick
She kept it by the bed
If I forgot something for her
She'd beat me on the head

Phil Soar

Men

The man who cleans the street
Always on his feet
The man who walks the beat
Always on his feet
The man who drives at speed
Is a foolish man indeed
And the woman who stays at home
Is better off alone

Phil Soar

Message In A Bottle

I put a message in a bottle
and threw it out to sea
I wonder if it's found sometime
someone will write to me
it could be from across the world
or just around our coast
a few nice words is all I want
that's what would mean the most

It could drift on forever
and mix with many others
becoming just a mass of bottles
quite a band of brothers
the tides could send it to and fro
and float it round the earth
and as it finds it's way ashore
its journey shows its worth

Phil Soar

Message On A Wall

I wrote a message on a wall
Not knowing that the wall would fall
And after more than 50 years
My words no longer show my tears
Those words I'd written, seemed to me
Part of my life's history
Pinned when I felt that all was gone
And I closed my eyes, but soldiered on
I left my message on that wall
And now that it's gone, I can't recall
The message I left was for all to see
But now, it's only a memory

Phil Soar

Messages

Messages

Left as texts and never seen
By those left behind
When despair overcomes
Only messages ease the pain
And when re-read make up for loss
But never truly help

For years they are returned to
Wondering if anything might have helped
But the realisation was loneliness
And the end was inevitable

Messages

Phil Soar

Michael O'flynn

Michael O'Flynn

Had some Irish in him

And he danced like his feet were on fire

And he once wore a dress

Got his hem in a mess

And wished he'd not worn that attire

Phil Soar

Mid-July

A gentle breeze that swept the leaves across the garden lawn
The morning sun shone through the clouds, welcoming the dawn
A picture of tranquility across a nearby lake
The songbirds singing loudly, what a joyous sound they make

The fixtures of the summer on a day in mid-July
Almost took the breath away, and made me want to cry
A joyous cry, which said that I am glad to be around
To witness every second, enjoying every sound

Phil Soar

Migration

They flew 'V' shaped formation from the place they spent the summer
To seek their solace elsewhere, led by a bird named Dummer
The trip would be 3,000 miles, no stopping on the way
They held on to their flight plan, as the wind began to sway
For many days they soured through many different types of sky
Through cold and warm, and wind and rain, and not one questioned why
They took their turns as leader, and reduced the speed at times
The earth below them stretched away, for many many miles
Along the way some stragglers would be lost to nature's cause
No time for all the others to relax, or even pause
For all the birds that make this trip, it has to be successful
Some will fail to make it, and for those it is distressful
In all, it's just remarkable, they've done this trip for years
No time to think of failure, No time to think of fears
An epic trip so wonderful, to keep themselves alive
A trip of such importance, a trip they must survive

Phil Soar

Mind Games

My mind drifts like sand across a barren land
My thoughts are hard to understand
Where do I go in moments when it all becomes too much
To places where I can be sure no fatal thoughts will touch

The ease with which I let these thoughts invade my very core
Make times of incidental harm, more prominent than before
Like hail within a rainstorm that can cause damage unexpected
The times I'm lost within that storm go beyond undetected

Phil Soar

Mind Games 2

Capture my mind if you can
Infiltrate the intricate passage ways
Where memories are made
And scenes of joy are stored
And travel with me through the void
Past the past
Not knowing what the future brings
I am not quite the finished article
But there will be more secrets to overcome
More experiences to fill the space
To add to my library
For those who go there and sit in silence
While hoping to read my history
To understand my feelings and feel my pain
Laugh at my moments of comic purpose
Dwell in places that make you smile
And rapidly leave those behind that worry you
I insist you stay once you have entered the maze
And try to find your way around
For these passages are me
And I love to entertain you
Good or bad
They are me
Enchanted

Phil Soar

Mind Games With Words

The day began like yesterday, and all the days before
No room for much complacency, or time to close the door
The thoughts that stop me sleeping, a powerful seismic shift
No longer just a blessing, or an unassuming gift

The words just mount up randomly, and wait for a release
No matter what the time of day, I just don't get much peace
And then I try to write them down, and form some clever rhyme
Once written, they are just replaced, and wait there in a line

So think of me dear reader, as you wonder how I write
How effortless your day might be, thoughts wake me in the night
And even as I write the words, I know that more will follow
And though I often write them down, my mind is never hollow

Phil Soar

Mirror, Mirror

I looked into the mirror, not expecting to be sad
The sight of me, at 63, was really rather bad
I never thought I'd look so worn, and creased up like a sheet
I looked like I was comatose, from my head down to my feet

Phil Soar

Misplaced

A farm without a cockerel
Is a place I'd rather be
Who the f***, wants waking up
When it's only ten to three?

Phil Soar

Miss Charlotte Harlet

Her name was Charlotte Harlet
Her legs were always parted
And when she ate a can of beans
Her ass quite often farted

Phil Soar

Mistletoe And Sprouts

A kiss under the mistletoe

A warm mince pie

A drink of rum

And after sprouts

a smelly bum!

Phil Soar

Misty

As Border Collie's go, she is matched for the breed
Built for working, streamlined for speed
She's a little bit quirky, and quite a lot daft
And couldn't quite make it, in the herding sheep craft

She has moments of panic, and loves playing ball
As intelligence goes, she is missing that call
At least when she wants to, she can be quite bright
And runs off at pace, and is soon out of sight

She will only share love when it's on her own terms
And mixes her pleasure with the things that she learns
She likes being quiet in her own hideaway
And when people call round, she has plenty to say

She is part of the family, but I'm not sure she knows
She will go for a walk, when anyone goes
She hasn't a favourite, prefers her own company
And will never lie close, with her head on your knee

She's really quite nervous, unsure when she's out
But loves being mental, of that there's no doubt
I call her 'My Girlie', she means a lot more
She's a dog for the moment, of that I am sure.

Phil Soar

Misunderstood Childhood

I don't remember my dad hugging me
I don't remember things when I was three
I don't remember being loved that much
Seems mum & dad were sadly out of touch

Of course that's my assumption, I'm not sure
About too much of childhood anymore
I'm getting to the point where memories fail
My mind is close to land, about to sail

I hope my children share my sense of living
I've always shared my love, been good at giving
Not like my parents failed to do with me
I miss them now and need them both to see

It doesn't take too much to give and share
It doesn't hurt to show how much you care
It hasn't had an impact on my existence
Even though they loved me from a distance

Phil Soar

Mondays

There's a thing about Mondays I always find Strange
The people around me seem lost and deranged
Is it really so hard to get 'up' for the day?
Without feeling you'd rather be home, or away

Glum faces with traces of weekend vacations
Or just plain tired bodies, from excess relations
The topics of which leave you feeling quite drained
And the thought of your workplace, just adds to the strain

As the day unfolds slowly, the mood often lifts
Once you've told weekend stories about relationship riffs
And you see everybody is in the same boat
Just wanting to smile, just to keep you afloat

This 'vessel' you come to for five days a week
In this sea of confusion, effort reaches its peak
Around about Thursday, you start to unwind
Leaving the rest of the weekdays behind

There's a thing about Fridays I NEVER find strange
Working up to the weekend, where we all re-arrange
Our lives, speeding up to a welcome two days
Where we pledge our allegiance, to our leisure days

Phil Soar

Money For Nothing

I found some money lying in the gutter
I picked it up and wondered what to do
With lots of reasons not to find the owner
I booked a trip to fly to Timbuktu
The guilt however made me feel quite awful
I turned up at the airport the next day
I gave my ticket to a migrant worker
And watched as he took it and flew away

Phil Soar

Monkey Business

My friend just bought a business, that manufactures Knees,
For monkeys who have damaged theirs, whilst swinging in the trees,
They've bashed them on the branches, and tweaked them on the bark,
And hurt them, when the bungee rope had broken in the dark

Phil Soar

Monkey's

I saw the chimpanzee climb the tree
I watch the Ape take the mickey of me
I marveled at the power of the Gorilla
Looked at myself in the mirror
And said 'stop Monkeying around'

Phil Soar

Mood Swings

Mood swings that I can't explain
Emotions that have left me drained
Sleeping patterns lost in space
Wishing I had left this place

Temples where I worship gone
Nothing makes me carry on
Drifting on an ebbing tide
Not knowing what goes on inside

Stars that shine without much light
A trillion miles away at night
Where cloudless skies meet atmosphere
I wish the moods were lost up there

The moon takes over on these days
And messes in such hurtful ways
And yet I know what happens now
I can't control it anyhow

Phil Soar

Moods

Moods

Like blisters on a swollen toe
hurt me during sensitive spells
cast by the my ruling planet
the moon
and all it's universal twists and turns
it's solar powers circle me
and unseen, they settle in my psyche
moving senses and developing mindsets
weakening my powers of thought
forcing me to question my moods
searching for ways to infiltrate and lesson my spirit
and I must fight it and stay focused
for it will only wane for a short time
and once it is over
the brightness returns
and I am good
and the relief is palpable
until the next waning cycle
so I must learn to treat these days with acceptance
and turn them into positives
or else be drawn into sadness
and be washed out to sea
as the tides will to
by the waning moon
that infiltrates our minds and alters our
moods

Phil Soar

Moonlight Shadow

In the shadow of a moonlight gaze
a cold and misty type of haze
washes over me as if my soul
has left and made me half, not whole
as night envelops everything around
the darkness heaps its magic on the ground
as features change and dampness marks its place
a pleasing smile appears upon my face
I love that nature calls me every day
Inviting me to meet it on the way
and taking me to places dark, yet grey
showing all its beauty on the way

Phil Soar

Moonlit Stage

A cacophony of images set the scene
a crescendo of sentences written in mind
beginning with a moonlit stage
It's lighting brightened as the moon arrives
a spotlight on a dark sky
the stars sparkle
they are the moons audience
and the applause is deafening

Phil Soar

Moral Compass

My moral compass sets the path I choose to take
Not paved with gold, nor silver lined, but the one I choose to make
I keep my thoughts imprisoned, until something breaks the lock
It makes me draw my breath awhile, when time is on the clock

For only time will help me on the road to where I'm drawn
Looking for a leap of faith, I wake up to a dawn
Of fresh and wild imagining's, on course for lasting fame
Or small mistakes along the way, with no-one else to blame

Magnetic North first set my route, the needle tossed and turned
Whilst on that path, the trials of life were effortlessly learned
And trusting in life's triumphs, forgetting many falls
I wander through the shape of life, where nature often calls

Phil Soar

More Data Required

The policeman scanned my licence
And requested I confirm
My name was Engle Humberslap
Because it seemed absurd
I said I was insulted
And he chose his words so cleverly
He asked me why I wore a skirt
As he thought my name was Beverley

Phil Soar

More Fish In The Sea

There's plenty more fish in the sea
My doubting mother said to me
But she was made to eat her words
When I married a lobster, which was quite absurd

Phil Soar

Morning Beauty

Bees already active in the early morning breeze
Birds announcing they're awake, while nestling in the trees
At break of dawn as nature starts each day
A time to sit and wish your life away
And all around you, nature's everywhere
Makes you smile, and drives away your cares

Phil Soar

Morning Chorus

The early morning chorus makes the woodland walk
The dawn is breaking and the sound is sweet
The trees alive with songs from choirs of angels
The songs they sing a daily springtime treat

Phil Soar

Morning Jog

Jogging down a country lane
While all around was foggy
Over-stretching muscles
That had made him feel quite groggy
Stumbling through the hedgerow
And falling on the grass
Surprising cows and other beasts
And landing on his ass
He lay there in a crumpled mess
The cows were not amused
So while he sat to catch his breath
He was stomped on and abused

Phil Soar

Morning Light

Even with the blackout curtains,
light arrives with dawn
I lie there on a weekday,
and I am snuggled up and warm
The thought of getting out of bed,
is not a happy one
But why lie there and waste the day? ,
when the light has been turned on

Phil Soar

Morning Shower

I caught a glimpse of pure white skin
My heart was beating quickly
She stepped out of the her morning shower
But wasn't feeling tickly
I touched her little derriere
And scared her half to death
She hit me with the shower head
And it made me catch my breath
I tried to kiss her fresh clean breasts
And taste her cleanly torso
She kneed me softly in my bits
And that quite hurt, and more so.

Phil Soar

Mother

She bore her troubles with gracefulness
She gave her love without question
She never shared her thoughts
She harnessed her talent and taught others
And in time of need retreated and refused help
A mother

Phil Soar

Mother Nature 2

Standing on a hillside with a view that makes me grin
And off into the distance, there's a sight that draws me in
So much of mother nature, out there for all to see
And to wonder at it's beauty, and the thought it's all for free

Phil Soar

Mother Said

My mother used to tell me that I should not pick my nose
She also told me not to wank, and stain my outer clothes
I didn't take much notice, and I wanked with all my might
Especially in my bedroom, with a magazine at night

Phil Soar

Mothers Budgie

I bought a little budgie
To keep my mother thrilled
She flew it round the garden
Which got the budgie killed
It didn't like the cage I bought
So mother let it out
You shouldn't do that sort of thing
With birds of prey about

Phil Soar

Mother's Day (Uk)

A mother means the world to all her children
No matter what their lives have put them through
She never takes, but gives herself so splendidly
Her love shows how she wants the best for you

So spend this mother's day within her company
And wrap your arms around her for a while
Present her with your ever loving kisses
And I'm sure that for a while, you'll raise a smile.

Phil Soar

Mothers Day 2016

As mothers go, who was to know
That you would fit the bill
You couldn't know, that you would grow
Into the role, and still
Your kids love you that special way
And nothing can compare
With how you love them every day
No matter how, or where
So on this day, we all can say
How much you mean at home
With you out there, to guide the way
We'll never be alone.

Phil Soar

Moths

Moths appear at night and start their flight and aim toward a light
Fixated by the brightness they look dazed
But if you knew what they do, until morning peeps through
I am sure that you would be amazed

They might hide in your clothes, if they got in your home
So keep all your windows closed tight
That would keep them out there, in the warm sultry air
Flying in darkness all night

Phil Soar

Mountain Climbing

On a quest to climb a mountain
I staggered up a hill
I reached the top and gasped for breath
I really felt quite ill
Perhaps I should have set my sights
On something rather smaller
And rang up the samaritans
To be told 'Please Hold on Caller'

Phil Soar

Mountain Stream

Beside the mountain stream, a scene,
An artist could turn into something bold
And set it on a canvas
Framed and displayed for everyone to see
Sharing with all realms of company
Matching colours across a rainbow of beauty
The crystal clear water crashes onto rocks
Whilst the 'Dipper' searches for food
And bobs up and down in between dives
Captured in colours so vibrant
Almost photographic
And yet the brush strokes are evident
Painting a picture
And the eyes take it all in
Marvelling at the intensity
Beside the Mountain stream

Phil Soar

Mountain Streams

The mountain streams that lead to tranquil lakes
Flow intrinsically with no mistakes
And on their route to where the journey starts
They find themselves entrenched in peoples hearts

Phil Soar

Mr & Mrs Bee

Said Mr Bee to Mrs Bee
'Shall we have honey for tea? '
Said Mrs Bee to Mr Bee
'That's all that we've have got? '
Said Mr Bee to Mrs Bee
'Would you like a change? '
Said Mrs Bee to Mr Bee
'There's nothing else, you clot! '

Phil Soar

Mrs Prendergast's Underwear

I learned from old ma Prendergast at number 62
That playing tricks on neighbours was a naughty thing to do
I stole her coloured underwear from off her washing line
And when my mother found it, I told her it was mine

My mother looked at me the way a mother only can
She said that I was twisted, and an obstinate young man
She knew I had that underwear for reasons quite insane
And told me I should go to bed, and rest my anxious brain

Meantime she rang the doctor, and she asked him for his thoughts
All he could say was maybe I had thought that they were shorts
I fear that I knew all too well, the origin of those drawers
I'd watched the neighbour hang them out, while I was stuck indoors

Although my mother worried that I'd somehow lost my way
She let me keep the underwear, for just another day
She told me to return it, when I thought the coast was clear
Then she sent me back to bed, and she clipped me round the ear

Phil Soar

Muck Spreading

I tasted the air,
Rancid smells from the farmland
Muck spreading is in process as I walk the dogs
Who never seem to notice
But I can almost taste the nutrients
And my tongue feels like it is on fire
My nostrils try to close
But the smell touches the back of my throat
But still I enjoy the walk
Until the dogs roll in the essence of cow and horse
And I know they will take it home
Where the air will be rich with it for days
Even after a wash
I can taste the air

Phil Soar

Mum & Dad

My father left a message, outside the pearly gates
In case my mother lost her way, and got into a state
She kept him waiting for ten years, just sitting all alone
And when they met again he said: 'why couldn't you just phone? '

Phil Soar

Murder At The Manor

The night was young and so was she
She sat astride the old man's knee
She teased him with her derriere
And kissed his face and stroked his hair
She danced around the sitting room
From early morn till afternoon
And when she'd done, he was too
The Lord of the manor was ninety-two
Died from a dose of excitable lust
With a hand on his heart and one on her bust
She inherited the lot and then sold it
After letting the old man hold it

Phil Soar

Murderous Baker

He left the crime scene early
with the DNA intact
the victim lying motionless
after the attack
without the murder weapon
he would have to prove the case
it didn't help, the murderer
had ransacked all the place
with crime scene photos taken
all the evidence in place
he turned to leave the residence
but fell upon his face
he'd slipped up in a blood pool
that led across the floor
had someone dragged the body
from behind the kitchen door?
too late, he saw the murderer
approaching from the rear
the knife that swung across his face
almost cut off his ear
they fought over the kitchen sink
knocking over many dishes
the murderer was just intent
he'd not sleep with the fishes
but help was not too far away
the sirens blaring out
support was on the way for him
and he began to shout
'Look out he's got a bread knife
I've seen his face before
It's Mr Bun the baker
and he's heading for the door'
the swat team chased the suspect
and caught him on the go
his hands were cuffed behind his back
and he left without the dough

Phil Soar

Music

My headphones on, My mind astray
Music soothes the hurt away
A random tune in the afternoon
And songsters sing all day
There's nothing quite like music
No matter what its source
And my favourite song, as the day gets long
Can set my mind on course

Phil Soar

Mute Swan

As dazzling as you seem to be
a dangerous thread you hold
afloat on rivers gracefully
but dead before you're old

there is no reason why your fate
should be so very fine
man must cease to use lead weight
that helps his fishing line

mute swan, hang on to nature
be strong in fighting man
your beauty has a future
use your courage where you can

Phil Soar

My Ageing Dogs And I

I took my dogs out on a walk
If only my dear old dogs could talk
Maybe they'd say 'a step too far
Why can't we go out in the car?

Our limbs are aching just like yours
Please think about our worn out paws
A half an hour is all we need
We do not have that walkies greed

And just like them, my limbs ache too
It's what old life can do to you
So let's sit down, and do not slouch
Me and the dogs on the indoor couch (sofa)

Phil Soar

My Ancestory

I traced my family history back to 1453
And learnt about my ancestors and what they mean to me
The fascination haunted me, as I re-traced it all
Recording as I did, on post-its, stuck upon my wall
Kings and Queens, all sorts of things, began to paint the scene
Of how my family lived their lives, and none of it was clean
I found so much of interest, that it kept me up for days
Recording things I'd rather not, of all their wicked ways
They really were a filthy lot, performing everywhere
Sometimes as fools, without some rules, as if they didn't care
I wish I hadn't started, as the history was solved
Of how these people carried on, and how their world evolved
I think I'd rather not have known, how lurid they all were
I should have called my mother, and blamed it all on her!

Phil Soar

My Attitude

I was told to 'Lose the attitude'
When I was at school being rude

But when I was at home, I'd moan
And ask to be left alone

Yet no-one would listen
So I just went missen

I also couldn't spell

Phil Soar

My Belongings

I looked through my belongings
When I had got the chance
Things I've kept, 'Just in case'
Like old style underpants
A garage full of trophies
From all my younger days
Boxes full of Betamax
That now I cannot play
Games from in the fifties
That I've kept for god knows why
A model of the planets
Helped me learn what's in the sky
So many stupid artifacts
All thrown across the floor
Posters of the films I've seen
Stuck upon the door
Tricycles of tiny size
I'd never even rode
Potato guns and books of sums
And things that could explode
Chemistry sets, and unknown pets
Hiding in the cellar
Outfits of those Star Wars droids
And that Chewbacca fella
So many piles of rubbish
And some incomplete Lego
No good to a man nor beast
But I just can't let go!

Phil Soar

My Brain Hurts

My stretched imagination sometimes leads to misconception
The thoughts I have result in needless stress
So I have to tell my brain, not to act like it's insane
In case my antics get me in a mess

Phil Soar

My Brother Zen

My brother's name was Zen
He always had a plan
And plotted his way from one job to another
But my sister, Rosalee
Just wouldn't let him be
And made him watch a programme named Big Brother

Phil Soar

My Bucket List

I wrote myself a bucket list
It must have been when I was pissed
For all it had were buckets
Of every shape and size
And when I proof read what I'd wrote
I couldn't believe my eyes

Phil Soar

My C.V.

Take a look at my C.V.
I wonder if it's really me
Made up jobs I've never done
Except maybe that awkward one
That day at the asylum
Where everyone seemed struck dumb
And some has cutlery in their hair
Wondering why it was stuck there
Taking a look at my C.V.
Maybe that was really me

Phil Soar

My Challenge

The challenge I have in front of me
Is to be the best that I can be
Not worry about the way I'm seen
I can't be something that I'm not
This person in me is all I've got.

Phil Soar

My Dad

He stood like a colossus when I was a kid
I tried to copy his every move, to imagine what he did
How he kept me fascinated, as he led his life
And how he treated my old mum, his ever loving wife

He kept a sort of silence, as he went about his day
Always was on time, and never wandered on the way
He never veered far from his course, and would always understand
And offered words of kindness, and had compassion right at hand

He etched into my heart a love that no-one has erased
I felt that he was there for me, in everything I faced
And now I pass these feelings on, to my own family
Knowing that my loving dad, is not that far from me.

Phil Soar

My Devotion

My devotion never holds me back
Even when my heart seeks out the bad
Why my feelings led me down this track
They are less certain to me
While I hold onto things
Strange things happen
And I have not learnt from them
In all but a few of my 65 years
The soldier in me leads me onward
Through turmoil and pain
Back to where my devotion started
And when all my ammunition is exhausted
I sit and cry

Phil Soar

My Disguise

My disguise

I am unseen when I walk in the clouds

I see the stars

But they know not of my existence

I fly

And yet the birds are vexed by the ability

In my dreams

I can be anything

Phil Soar

My Dna

There's nothing in my DNA that makes much sense to me
Lines of code in sequences, a sort of family tree
And should I overstep the mark, which ends in custody
I'd like to think my DNA, won't be the death of me.

Phil Soar

My Dog Ben

We walk the slabs of concrete
And the verges of the street
We trudge through mud and snow and ice
And soak our tiresome feet
And when our stint outside is done
We come in from the rain
To sit and wait until the time
That we go out again

I can't help feeling that us two
Are so set in our ways
We could make the journey blindfold
And be home later that day
Let's face it Ben, if not for me
Your walks would no doubt cease
But I'd never get away with it
You'd not give me that peace

It's four years now, since I first came
Upon your puppy face
That look that said to me, you'd be
So awkward to replace
You've become a part and parcel
Of my living breathing day
And although at times you make me mad
Don't you ever run away

Ben, I know you're just a dog
But a friend of mine for life
As near as damn it loved by me
And also by my wife
God bless you when you're sleeping
May your day's be great and bright
Until I take you out again
That's every single night

Written for a sadly missed rough collie, left this world in 1987

Phil Soar

My Dogs

My dogs will walk with me wherever I go
Not asking much of me, but loving me so
Unconditional emotions, cast forth my way
So much there to move me, most every day.

No matter my feelings, their senses inspire
Sitting so quietly, warmed by the fire
When pent up emotions bring stress to a height
They come to share love on a cold winter's night

My dogs will walk with me, and now an again
We all will get soaked in a downpour of rain,
We trudge through the fields or the woods for a while
They will do something crazy, that raises a smile

My Dogs are companions, and not just for me
Loving the days they share their company,
Sharing just everything, relaxing our mood
And all that they ask for, is walkies and food

Phil Soar

My Dogs 2

When everything seems just too hard to cope with
When all the toils and strife can get too much
The way my dogs can lift my heart and feelings
Is something magical
And is my crutch

Always there and full of such excitement
And multiply their actions by four score
When I am down, and feel I need some comfort
They help to drag my feelings off the floor

No questions thrown at me requiring answers
No pressure to complete a daily chore
They mean so much and never fail to lift me
Especially when I walk them out the door!

Phil Soar

My Dogs And I

When someone asks about my dogs
I talk for hours, I can't shut up
The things they do, the things I say
How they help me pass the time of day
They help me stay in a comfort zone
These 'friends' that share the family home

Phil Soar

My Dogs And Me

We walked through fields of fresh cut grass
My Dogs and me
For miles across the countryside
We felt so free
With nothing but the warming breeze
Accompanying us
No noise, no hassle, just at peace
No unwelcome fuss

Where others trod the meadow down
My dogs and me
Strode with purpose on to paths
That made no sound
And where the streams passed by our sides
As we walked on
Who knew where we were going to
Or where we'd gone

We walked through woods and copses too
My dogs and me
Where bluebells spread a carpet in the shade
And left their hue
The welcome smell of countryside around that view
My dogs and me
With nothing else to do

Phil Soar

My Earth

I like to walk in fields of green and feel the grass upon my feet
I love to seek out silent worlds, and wonder if they are asleep
I live to love and work and play, and enjoy every waking hour
I take my pleasure being here, on earth with all its magical powers

Phil Soar

My Family Tree

I traced my family way back when
To where their journey first began
And wondered if their ape like acts passed on
For my life's a clever mix
Of monkey glands and ape like tricks
And my favourite food is fruit and banana scones

Phil Soar

My Father's Parrot

My father bought a parrot
And taught it how to swear
It used his words and blasphemy
When father wasn't there
And when my father passed away
The Parrot wrote an epitaph
He said that father was a twat
And made the family laugh!

Phil Soar

My Favorite Thing To Do

If I have a favorite thing to do
It's sleeping, while I dream of you
I'm not the crazy stalker kind
I just like seeing your behind
And all the other bits of you
That fill my mind, the whole night through
And when I wake, I'm usually tired
And a part of me has perhaps misfired

Phil Soar

My Garden

When the soil stains my pants and I'm longing to dance
It's a sign that I'm back in my garden
I've been waiting so long, for that skylark song
To remind me the earth needs my pardon

Pardon me, to the plants and the shrubs that I trim
Whilst I give them a welcoming prune
And to harness my will, I will use all my skill
To have wonderful flowers by June

Phil Soar

My Garden (2)

The garden is my refuge
So much of it is mine
From the roses with their painful thorns
To the climbers tied with twine
No matter how I feel some days
The garden is my home
Where I can sit and admire it all
And love when I'm alone

I spend much of my time out there
And the dogs will share it too
There's always something I can find
To set my efforts to
The results can warm my senses
And it makes it all worthwhile
The sights of spring and summer
And the beauty of nature's style

Phil Soar

My Garden (3)

Robins waiting for the earth to be turned
Picking off the bugs and worms
Bees seeking nectar from the smallest of flowers
Ladybirds, waiting for the warm sun
These gifts are things my garden gives me
And I revel in their company

Phil Soar

My Garden Love

I found my love against a garden wall
So oppulent, it filled my heart and soul
The petals, velvet to the touch, and I
Wished that I could be a butterfly

Phil Soar

My Garden Robin

Seeking out the Robin in the trees
It sings out loud its compliments with ease
And also warns off other Robins too
That's all my garden Robin has to do

To stand and listen to those evening songs
Though they are just repeated all day long
Gives such a lift to how we see the day
And drives the negativity away

Phil Soar

My Get Away

I kissed the air, reflecting as I could
The mist that made the start of day sublime
And sitting by the lake inside the wood
I knew the land around me was all mine

The lodge I built beside the waterfall
Was now the place where rest became my call
I spent my summer there and can recall
The sound of water from that waterfall

I sit upon the porch as day begins
With book in hand and listening for the song
From when the breeze blows softly at my side
And nothing in my world is quite as strong

The warm and cooling mist that passes by
As delicate as anything I've seen
Softly touches me, though I am dry
And turns the grass a lighter shade of green

And here I sit as nature plays its game
The quiet only broken by my thoughts
And when the day is over, it's a shame
The day has wandered on and played its course

Phil Soar

My Goal

Whenever I've been questioned
About my goal in life
My answer is to wake each day
And embrace toil and strife
It cannot be avoided
And very few can say
That they have not encountered it
In some very personal way.

I never set myself a goal
I did not see the sense
I never challenged theories
I just sat on the fence
In dreams I played the guitar
I wrote and sang my songs
But dreams were all they really were
And when I woke, they'd gone.

I like to think The life I'll leave
Will have been mine alone
And that It won't have been a waste
No failures to atone
I will not have regrets in life
I've lived and loved and then
Maybe I've achieved a goal
But who'll know where and when? .

Phil Soar

My Grandchild

How much love can one child take?
We've much to give, make no mistake
And my first grandchild seems to be
The one who will get the best of me

Phil Soar

My Hair

My hair began to leave my head, when I was twenty three
Flying away on a breeze that took it far away from me
Maybe I should have chased it, and stuck it back with glue
But then again that might have been a silly thing to do

Phil Soar

My Hat

I wore a hat the other day
The wind was strong, it blew away
My head was bald, and very cold
That's what happens when we get old

Phil Soar

My Heart Smiled

My heart smiled for you on the day that we met
There has not been a feeling that quite matched it yet
It beat a lot faster as we sat side by side
And there was a feeling of warmth deep inside

Your smile lit the room as we shared that first look
You opened your feelings as you would a good book
And I knew from the moment my heart skipped a beat
That you were the one who swept me off my feet

Phil Soar

My Heartbeat

If I could measure my heartbeat
How it resonates when you are near
I'd capture the sound as a musical score
And play it, so that we could both hear
Composing a simple melody
That shows how my love is so strong
The tune would start with a slow rhythm
That just drifts smoothly along
And when the Orchestral manoeuvres
Join in with the heartbeats inside
I'll take just a moment to show you
How love takes us both in its stride

Phil Soar

My Hideaway

I built myself a hideaway
where I can waste the time of day
where I can sit and watch the world
and plot the words on paper

I made myself a welcome mat
made from coir and coconut
and laid it in my hideaway
for anyone that went astray

I left the door ajar for those
who sought to visit my abode
and stepped over the threshold
to be welcomed to my hideaway

But no-one came to where I hid
except an eight-legged arachnid
who sidled over where I sat
casting his silk across my mat

The pattern strewn in silky glue
sticking to my welcome mat
and everything that came thereafter
stuck to it, and that was that

Phil Soar

My Hypochondria

In my life I've been quite sickly
Though the episodes end quickly
It's just my hypochondria arising
And when I have a sort of pain
The Doctor says, 'Not you again?
Your visits too me never seem surprising'

Phil Soar

My Imagination

The flow of words express my thoughts
when nothing else touches my soul
they come, they go, they rhyme, they grow
and the ones I do not use, leave a hole

A hole that holds the remnants of my words
those left to hang alone until reprocessed
spreading them across the pages of my mind
expressing how I see the world exposed

The truth is it's all my imagination
the moment words are lost, my light will dull
but just for now the flow of words keep coming
at this time my mind and dictionary's full

Phil Soar

My Innocence

Because my long lost innocence has left, and I am broken
No sense of being keeps my heart from stopping me
To stand here recounting words that had been spoken
Does little to restore my self esteem

I wander aimlessly without much feeling
The truths I held had always seen me through
But now my innocence has left, I'm reeling
I'm afraid, and have a need to contact you

For now my innocence has left, I cannot breathe
The empty space left in my heart is barren
What was the fault in me that made you leave?
Could it have been that innocence that made it happen?

Phil Soar

My Kiss

I blew a kiss from across the room
And the lady there caught it and smiled
I guess she was flattered, and began to swoon
I was pleased, for I thought she'd be riled
For you see, my kiss, was not for this miss
It was meant for the guy stood behind her
But she ran from the room, hoping quite soon,
That maybe I would run and find her
How wrong could she be, for a moment clearly
I saw that the guy was quite smitten
I had to decide if I'd be by his side
Or run and chase after the kitten!

Phil Soar

My Laughing Place

The random way you look at me
When I've done something naff
Makes me feel uncomfortable
And Inwardly, I laff
My mind lets out a giggle
But no-one hears a sound
Your mouth is moving speedily
Your words are getting loud
You ask me if I'm listening
But all I hear is BLAH
I'd like to be on planet Zarg
Or some far distant star
When rage has overtaken you
I can't help my reaction
I hide inside my funny farm
A welcome small attraction
I don't hear much of what you say
My laughter place is buzzing
The angry state you now live in
To me, is hot and fuzzy
That random way you look at me
When all around is tragic
To you is just annoying
But to me it's bloody magic!

Phil Soar

My Library

I blink, and something passes by so speedily,
I stare, and burn a scene into my memory,
I store it somewhere safe among the imagery,
Recalling it at will, from my own library.

Phil Soar

My Life's Path

I chose the path I'm on
I don't regret it
Although at times I feel I'd change the course
The map that is my journey
Has accompanied me
And has guided me for better or for worse

Phil Soar

My Little Corner

In a tidy little corner, where I sit and spend some time
There is evidence of happiness, that I like to think is mine
On a warm and sultry evening, I can watch the night time sky
And hear the wind blow through the trees, as evening passes by

Phil Soar

My Looks

Removing my clothes
In front of a mirror
Is never going to make me thinner
I eat too much
It turns to fat
I'm 15 stone
And happy with that! .

Phil Soar

My Loony Bin

“You’ll end up in a loony bin”
My mother used to say
She told me this perpetually
And so my mind would stray
No wonder I’m a nutter
Who stumbles through each day
Not listening to a single word
That anybody says
Pulling faces, raising smiles
Being just plain daft
Being simple all the while
Adrift on my own raft
On a sea of complication
I struggle with my brain
Imagining all sorts of things
Like puddles made by rain
I step so very timidly
In case I fall apart
I have a guilt stained imagery
Imprinted on my heart
I mean to do the right thing
When I have a loony trip
I mouth off something randomly
And shoot from off my hip
So maybe what my mother said
Suggested my demise
From a little boy with a life to lead
To one with tear stained eyes

Phil Soar

My Love

My arms can't hold the many people I might help
My love, however, spreads so far and wide
That even when I cannot reach them properly
My thoughts and love are present at their side

Phil Soar

My Love For You

If I could steal the words from every poet in the land
I'd write a poem just for you, and claim it's by my hand
I'd make it all so memorable, and filled with love and passion
And write as if the world of words, was going out of fashion

Phil Soar

My Lunar Friend

A steady flow of words from deep within
Increasing in the moonlight, as my lunar friend moves in
It ambles through my brain cells, oh so easily
And the consequence of knowing this, means everything to me

Phil Soar

My Lunar Moon

Born under the cancer sign
The moon, my ruling planet
And yet, when full, my writing's dull
That can't be coincidence, can it?

Phil Soar

My Mind -The Parking Lot

My Brain is like a parking lot
Sectioned, where I leave my troubled mind
While I search for answers,
Shopping for the items that might cure my ills
Spending time reaching for solutions
And knowing my troubles can soon be resolved
And all the while my spaces fill with problems
Until my lot is full, and I need some relief
So I find the answers, and drive away a few,
The barriers lift, and a trouble leaves
Only for another to take its place
Waiting in the queue,
At the entrance to my mind
Searching for a space to fill
With time allowed limited by the answers
No charges
Just the impact of a possible overstay
And the resulting over-heating
On the engine of my mind
A flat battery of cells within my driving force
Requiring a boost from a charger
And revitalising the circuitry
Re-energising the mind
And so the parking lot becomes vacant
All the troubles deleted as the cells re-boot
Until the queue forms again
And the spaces begin to fill.

Phil Soar

My Mirror

The reflection in the mirror caused emotion to explode
To inflame the inner part of me the mirror once had showed
It took the very soul of me, and brought me to a halt
I was ashamed of how I looked, yet it was all my fault

Many years of discontent, and many years of doubt
Thoughts that took my memory, and turned it inside out
And nothing I could do to overcome the way I felt
All I could do was think of what a cruel hand I had been dealt

I don't need any sympathy, I should have been resourceful
I should have seen my fate and changed my attitude to forceful
I stayed within my comfort zone and now have paid the cost
My face is sad and full of strain and the life I've had is lost

Phil Soar

My Moon

I looked up to the moon and its brightness amazed me
The sheer magnificence left me spell bound and dazzled
It is magical to me, and I depend on its waxes and wanes
I feel bedazzled
A strange word
But nevertheless a true meaning for me
All that it is, I am
And all that I am, it is.

Spellbound, I sit underneath the light and feel embraced
It comforts me to know my ruler has my senses at heart
I cannot imagine a day without the feeling it gives me
I feel warmed
Even though it is barely a Sun
Just the moon,
But essentially MY moon
And all that I am, it is.

A heavenly body with a warm and comforting Core
Angels would be unable to match the feeling it gives to me
It sends me subliminal messages that I am unaware of
And asks nothing of me in return
It is there for me
Without a request
And with no evidence it will ever remove itself from my aura
It is my soul
It is my very lifeblood
And all that I am
It is

The moon.

Phil Soar

My Moon 2

A distance from my outstretched arms
Thousands of miles from home
The way it lights my way at night
And follows as I roam
Like a star that shines so brightly
And keeps me in its sights
I welcome all it means for me
When it arrives at nights

Phil Soar

My Persona

I hide my real persona
Behind the world and all its faults
I keep my feelings secret
In my inaccessible vaults
And all the time I'm quiet
No-one really sees my soul
And as long as I remain myself
My Character is whole

Phil Soar

My Personality

At the edge of my emotions
Where the mind rules all I do
There lies a set of circuitry
That all my thoughts pass through
A pulse that has an impact
And guides me through each day
Interacting with my actions
Like an emotional motorway

The points along my journey
Where the pulses find their way
Impound on my reactions
Sometimes take my breath away
How much of all this turmoil
Travels around that circuitry
Is part of who I am, and means
It's my personality

Phil Soar

My Place

The places that I go, when feeling low, or just alone
Some folk might question reasons, or seek answers, I don't know
Not knowing why I go there, or how I find such peace
I only know those places have become my little niche
And sheltered in those moments, silence lies beside me still
I sense a world outside my own, and wonder if I will
Share this place with anyone, or keep it just for me
It makes me who I am and will love it endlessly

Phil Soar

My Planned Divorce

I may not have been honest when I filed for my divorce
I couldn't stand it anymore, I hadn't any choice
My mind was full of hurtful thoughts, and I hid them from my spouse
And all that was required was that she left the flipping house
I knew that would not happen, as she claimed she owned it all
From wine down in the cellar to the fittings in the hall
I had no other option but to try and do her in
My plan was that I'd choke her, and then throw her in the bin
She hadn't been the best of friends and often ran me down
She even told the neighbours that I was a clumsy clown
I thought that I would show her I could juggle with her too
And set my plan to strangle her while she was on the loo
But fate was there to deal a blow that I had not planned for
She knew that I was coming and had locked the bathroom door
She climbed out through a window and tiptoed round the back
And came up from behind me with a vigorous attack
She struck me with her wicked tongue and bludgeoned me to death
And laughed as I was lying there and gasped for my last breath
I'm writing this from heaven, though she wished I'd gone to hell
But now I'm free from the fires of wrath and I'm really rather well

Phil Soar

My Policemans Helmet

I have a policeman's helmet
I keep it tucked away
Unless it needs some exercise
Or wants to come and play
I wash it in the shower
If it's ever in a mess
It has an evil power
And can cause me some distress
Sometimes it makes appearances
When I do not expect it
And sometimes enters place where
It might just get infected
It rises with the morning dew
For which I can't explain
And when I stand over the loo
It can be quite a pain
And when I'm feeling rather low
It stays within it's case
But when I'm feeling ten foot tall
It's all over the place
I have a policeman's helmet
I wish I could control
The only time it's happy
Is when It's in a hole

Phil Soar

My Postman

The postman took my letters
Instead of leaving them here
So I tracked him down
And with a sniggle and frown
I 'stamped' on him

Rather appropriate I thought

Phil Soar

My Posture

An ungainly trait, affected my weight
The doctor said that I should diet
But I wasn't prepared, for the people who stared
And So I told him to be quiet

I had put on some flab, and I walked like a crab
When I was in water, I sank
It's the fish and the chips, that did for my hips
And I've got no more 'go' in my tank!

Phil Soar

My Psyche

Pockets of silence envelop my hours
Rain falling silently in between showers
Disturbing noises that wake me at night
Maybe my psyche just isn't right

Phil Soar

My Sanctuary

Through rose tinted glasses the garden looks fine
After all the early endeavours of mine
Now summer's here the colour greets the soul
The garden is my sanctuary
Now that I'm getting old

Tended with such anxious love and fear
Will the blossoms fill my heart with cheer?
Playing with the set up of it all
Setting out my colours until the fall
With sunlight and some epic showers of rain
Until the time it all begins again

Phil Soar

My School Report

My school report was handed to my father to review
It was so bad, that poor old dad, did not know what to do
He scolded me when he got home, and asked me to improve
I said I felt I was okay, and had nothing to prove

My mother wasn't so displeased, she knew that I was dim
She said my dad was useless, and I'd taken after him
And when the teacher spoke to me, about the way they felt
I said They thought it was the hand of god that had been dealt

Phil Soar

My Shadow

I cast my shadow gently across open fields
I follow where it goes, to see where it would end
And as cloud cover blots the sun, I loose it's lead
And wander on alone without my friend

Phil Soar

My Shadow (2)

My shadow cast behind me as I walked a sunny mile
Like darkness following in my steps,
But still, it made me smile
And when I turned to capture it
It over took my stride,
And later when I faced the east,
It hovered by my side

Phil Soar

My Shadow Followed Me

My shadow followed me all day
Strange, as it was cold and grey
There should have been no shadow there
I ran, but it was everywhere

Phil Soar

My Shield

The shield that is my outer shell, protects me from the forces
When all things painful set themselves in my internal courses
It helps me hide away when all is bad and I feel low
Retreating to this home of mine, is my best place to go

And yet when I am happy and can venture from inside
I find a kind of pleasure as I amble round outside
The moon is pulling me around and when it's new or full
I know that my existence isn't quite so bad or dull

Phil Soar

My Socks

They disappear without a trace
When I get up to wash my face
I thought I knew where I had placed
Those wandering socks of mine

I keep them in the dresser draw
They usually end up on the floor
Or thrown down near the bedroom door
Those wandering socks of mine

They pair off sometimes randomly
Mixed colours lie there separately
Although my feet had set them free
Those wandering socks of mine

Some with holes and some are frayed
Some are bright whilst others fade
They lose themselves in disarray
Those wandering socks of mine

They're put aside in pairs of two
They should be kept like that with glue
Because they part when they just want to
Those wandering socks of mine

I wear them as I leave for work
They make me look a complete berk
Different socks on different feet
My wandering socks are incomplete

Phil Soar

My Stalker

I installed the cameras all around the place
To see if I could catch my stalkers face
I forgot to link them to my large TV
The stalker then made mincemeat out of me!

Phil Soar

My Steps

Counting steps
From here to there
Wandering by myself somewhere
Plodding through a muddy field
Feet awash and hair uncurled
Soaking wet and walking on
Back to where I first came from
A daily walk, keeps me insane
Steps

Phil Soar

My Storage Unit

There's a little storage unit that I keep inside my head
Where all the nonsense in my mind is filed but never read
I leave it there as 'registered' and save it to my drive
To be recalled at any time, while I am still alive

For when I'm gone, that storage place will soon cease to exist
No longer will my train of thought, be kept upon a list
And the carriages that held the information, and the data
Are lost forever in the ashes someone saved for later

Scattered where my mind once said I wanted to be strewn
My lunar thoughts have come and gone, some say all too soon
But when I used them wisely, the images they showed
Were mine to share with those who care to read them down the road

Phil Soar

My Strides

I stride through life with purposeful feet
Searching for people I'd rather not meet
They seem to creep up on me when I feel sad
So I run like the clappers, away from the bad

Phil Soar

My Theory

I have a little theory
Of how I have turned out
No idea of all the fear
The anger and the doubt
I suffer my emotions
Until it blows my mind
I'd like to settle down a bit
And leave my thoughts behind

It's hard to comprehend it
The years I've spent with guilt
Around this fractious heart of mine
And the shell that I have built
I'd love to turn the tables
And change the way I feel
But isn't that why I'm unique?
And why it's so unreal

Phil Soar

My Therapist

My therapist said 'get out your old photo's, and then reminisce
And see how your life was just all smiles and bliss'
So I got out my albums, it made me depressed
He charged me a fortune, and I wasn't impressed

Phil Soar

My Thoughts

The source of my creative thoughts, and how I simplify them
Is deep within my inner mind, and who knows how I find them?
Sometimes I put together words, that make no sense to me
But touch the hearts of readers, and sometimes sets me free

The rhythm and the rhyme of it, is sometimes complicated
And yet it flows so effortlessly and then becomes debated
Provoking sights and images, and drifting in the mind
Like a river of the alphabet, leaving sentences behind

When time is no restriction, and I cannot stop the flow
The reams of stanzas form and blend into an unplanned show
Some words may have no meaning, yet some can resonate
That's why I need to write them down, before it is too late

Phil Soar

My Thoughts, My Words

My thoughts
My words
Sometimes absurd
They appear without reasoning
No effort
But seemingly
Bereft of meaning
Lost in the ether

In my mind there's a dictionary
About to explode
With no Explanation of origin
Or a reason for them being there
But needing to be written
Or stay locked in a cell
Awaiting release
From the Prison that is my mind

They can appeal to the parole board
As it sits in the core of my brain
Storing and restoring
The words I look for to express myself
And yet it fights to repel my imagination
That is like a neon light in a dark street
Brightening my presence
And turning thoughts into words
And renewing them
Each day
And the urge is impossible to stop

So I write
And I need to eject them
My thoughts
My words.

Phil Soar

My Time And Space

I can't imagine light years
Or the galaxies strewn with stars
The universe, or all it's worth
Or the thought of flying cars
The future always baffles me
How long is a piece of string?
And the moon has a control on me
But it doesn't mean a thing

In transit to another world
My mind has traveled miles
It's left a deep embellished scar
Since I was just a child
A deep and distant remnant
That haunts my every move
And I really can't imagine
That I've got that much to prove

I write my thoughts as they evolve
And some just make no sense
When things need a decision
I just sit upon the fence
But I have space and emptiness
Where I can leave my hopes
And when the moon is at its best
That's how my feelings cope

So out there in oblivion
Where space and time began
There is a place where I can go
Just because I can
And though my thoughts are endless
Just like the universe
All I can do is write things down
In non-committal verse

Phil Soar

My Traits

Among my many traits, there is one I can't contain
Images and words that keep recycling through my brain
Infectious as they are, I find it hard to let them go
And where the ideas first begin, I really do not know

So many topics find their way, through quite a complex maze
They complement each other, and become a writing craze
No plans are made to share them, but inevitably I do
I hope this craze will just amaze, and sometimes get to you

Phil Soar

My Trousers

He measured me for trousers, and took my inside leg
I wanted something tailor made, and not from off the peg
His touch was so invasive, it made me really squirm
I didn't want attention, or to see his erect worm

Phil Soar

My Trumpet

It's good to blow your own trumpet
Tell others how good that you are
Just make sure that you can uphold it
And not act like the fool that you are

Phil Soar

My Underpants

My underpants are in a mess
I am no Calvin Klein
It looks like I've an octopus
inside those pants of mine
among those veins that hang in there
there's something very small
I keep it all a secret
and use it, not at all
I know no-one will notice
I worry about it though
It's like there is an alien there
or I've grown another toe
I need to buy another pair
with just a bit more room
where everything can hide inside
among the dark and gloom
at least it will not grow some
as it does not get fed
maybe I should take those underpants
and wear them on my head

Phil Soar

My Utopia

I found a sweet utopia that led my mind astray
Swathed in relaxation, it had really made my day
But looking for a place to rest, to let my mind reflect
I realised that this was somewhere I should just respect

No other place quite matched the stillness of this open space
I stood awhile and let the atmosphere dwell on my face
It gave my heart a welcome lift and raised my spirits high
The grass so tall and wistful, as it reached up for the sky

I memorised this magic space, and stored it in my brain
Knowing I would soon be searching out the site again
It showed me what it is, to hold a wonder in your hand
To witness how we live in such a green and pleasant land

Phil Soar

My Valentine

MY VALENTINE

'Do not bring me flowers' she said
'They only fade and drop down dead'

Phil Soar

My Voyage

My voyage was an epic one
From when my life began
And now my thoughts are turning to
How I'm an also-ran
And after all the hurt and pain
I'd like to start it over
And to run my life again
And end up wrapped in clover

Phil Soar

My Wits End

I've been at my wits end for a while now
It's a place, if you know what I mean
I can choose when I go, though the trips rather slow
And I lay there, as if in a dream

□

Phil Soar

My Words

Nothing could be further from the truth
The words I've penned, from infancy to youth
From Adult-hood to maybe end of days
So many words I write, so many ways.

They flow like rivers pouring, flowing fast
I never know how long the words will last
I just keep going, until they may cease
An ending, or a blessed word release.

Do I believe the words I write are true?
Do I believe they mean something to you?
The reader of my words, that flow so well
From where they come, I cannot really tell.

Enjoying what I'm doing now it seems
My mind exploring visions of my dreams
From where it starts and ends I have no clue
And stopping it's so hard for me to do.

As long as I can raise a few more smiles
Dear reader, my words travel over miles
And even if my words can make you cry
You cannot say I didn't really try.

So bless the mind that seeks ways to express
Some sadness or a little happiness
I'll keep on trying to invent some prose
How long it lasts,
Well.... no-one really knows

Phil Soar

My Words 2

I hide among the many words I write
I keep my thoughts as subjects in the air
I float along with butterflies and angels
I relish how I silently hang there

In moments of emotion I can follow
Every word I type and show my heart
Without a thought my feelings could be hollow
Without my words, my world would fall apart

Phil Soar

Names

I met a guy named Christmas
I thought it very odd
Just like meeting an atheist
Whose surname was just 'God'
It struck me as unusual
Until I met my wife
My name became Utosser
And has stayed throughout my life

Phil Soar

Nature Danced For Me

I took a walk across a field where nothing moved but grass
As wind brushed over briefly, it would flutter as I passed
And as it swayed, I felt that It was peaceful as could be
And from a distance, swaying grass looked like the open sea

I took a stroll through cobbled streets under a summer sun
An outside terraced houses, there were flowers having fun
Their sweet and vibrant dances flitted on a summer breeze
And dancing just above them was a crowd of bumble bees

I ran through woods of bluebells on a warm spring afternoon
And as I ran I realized the fun would end too soon
And so I slowed my pace, and stood awhile beneath the trees
And the smell of summer, in the distance, brought me to my knees

Phil Soar

Nature In My Hands

Nature sits and lets me watch its ever changing plans
With all its beauty wanting to be swooped up in my hands
If I could just take ownership of all that nature had
I'm sure I would find happiness, and that would make me glad

Phil Soar

Nature Makes Me Smile

The way I see the best that nature has in store
Has always made an impact on my senses
I'm constantly investing time in a search for something more
And I love the things that nature now dispenses

It takes me to a place that I can spend a while relaxing
And always puts a smile across my face
It's easy to be comfortable, as nothing there is taxing
And everything in nature's in its place

Phil Soar

Natures Brief

Making a fire from kindling
In surroundings that please the eye
Taking only photographs
And not thinking why
A taste of the woodland
A breeze passes by
A buzzard above me
Circling the sky

The robin persists
With it's territory song
Helping the pleasures of nature
Move on
The sounds are pure music
With pleasurable tones
And I'm sitting peacefully
All on my own

Except, I'm not lonely
As nature provides
A wonderful feeling
Of a cool countryside
And the constant procession
Of new growth and new life
Makes being at peace
Part of being alive

Phil Soar

Natures Embrace

Blankets of mist caress the green grass in a morning embrace
Cool air breezes in across fields and streams
A morning walk enhanced by a cloudless sky
While along the water's edge, a dragonfly darts to and fro
And here, where nature comforts the soul and enlightens the day
I walk slowly and take in the sights and sounds
Mother nature strikes a pose for me
And I relish it's beauty.

Phil Soar

Natures Force

Like a striking windswept landscape that electrifies the soul
Or a monumental thunderstorm, that hits you when you're cold
When the sun is burning brightly, and the land is dry and cracked
You can feel the world is hostile, and that nature's been attacked

When the continents no longer drift, but still they feel the strain
From so much inner turmoil, that you feel it's utter pain
When you know there's nothing you can do, but watch it take its course
No matter how we try and plan, you cannot stop this force.

Phil Soar

Natures New Year

The new year welcomes in the cold and windy days
The heart of our country swathed in icy winter haze
We look forward to the spring though it is far away
The nights draw longer, yet slowly, as the cold wind stays

We envy countries where the year starts with the Sun
Glowing in the skies, welcoming everyone
Warming hearts and minds for hours and hours on end
Whilst people sit and talk through life with a close friend

Yet we don't bemoan our circumstance, we love it too
What winter means to them, it warms us through and through
Whilst we can dream of what they have, half way round the world
We can sit and dwell on how our year unfurls

I cannot wait for spring and all the daffodils
Snowdrops, Tulips, Hedgehogs and the birdsong thrills
The mating games of nature's best we should embrace
And wallow in the best of it for all our sakes

Phil Soar

Nature's Nightlife

The star light flickers effervescently at night
moths flutter by,
on light winds whilst in flight
attracted by the scent of blossoms only they can smell
Whilst snails leave trails,
as they join in the night parade as well

Owls fly by in silence
echoes guiding them through fields of prey
their senses in tune with all that is around
no sound
just eyes that swivel as their wings sway
on light winds in the evening air
whilst chicks wait in silence
in barns

Foxes wander miles through avenues and urban streets
picking at the refuse lying everywhere
dangerously close to instant death
whilst traffic doesn't notice them
anxious to feed a growing family
back at a den
in a yard not far away from where they should be
in woods
near streams
near rabbit warrens
but food there is only optimistic
not like the urban sites

The starlight flickers toward the fading darkness
and as they fall vacant from the sky the morning calls
and hectic lives begin to create their noise
so the night animals retreat
to sleep
until darkness falls again

Phil Soar

Natures Pleasure

Sitting contemplating natures wonder
While eating meals and drinking in the pleasure
I relish distant colours over yonder
And recall why I think it's all a treasure

Phil Soar

Need I Remind You?

Need I remind you that we owe life nothing?
And that our lives are but a stepping stone?
And when our life is done, and we are nothing
The journey that we left has headed home

Phil Soar

Negativity

I punish myself for having thoughts of negativity
That minus signage imprinted deep in my psyche
As moods that rule my days and nights take hold of me
I can't say it's a feeling that I like

The positive is there, but only marginally
It hides away until the time is right
And usually the moon has powerful influences
That drive my mood, and secure my daily plight

Wherever I'm positioned, it has a hold on me
Determines how I wake and how I feel
Some people say that I must just get over it
But the height it has attained is too damn real

How does something so distant have such impact?
Where do I find that positivity?
When my mind feels like it's broken, maybe cracked
I'm sure that it will be the death of me

This negativity

Phil Soar

Neglected

He felt a bit neglected when his friend had passed away
The home felt such a lonely place for one who was a stray
He thought he'd found forever home, and now it was just him
He sat there in the corner and he whined and caused a din

We may not realise it, but our canine friends grieve too
When they have lost that someone close, and now there is just you
So take the time to understand and help them through the grief
Their tails may wag, but just a hug, will be a great relief

Phil Soar

Never Too Late

I captured a moment and set it aside
My memory will call on it when I lose my pride
And prod me to see that I really am great
That with every beginning, it's never too late

Phil Soar

New Moon Arriving - Platform Mind

The new moon approaches again
and my mind is filled with words
such complex undertaking
to put them into poetic grid
to make something of them
dispense with their random nature
and curl my tongue around them
as I write them down

Chapter and verse
Rhythm and rhyme
Morning and evening
incoming tides
outgoing images
painted psychedelically
across the clouded mind
emerging on paper
as I write them down

Phil Soar

Nicholas Cage

His name was Nicholas
He lived in a cage
Full of abandonment
Seething with rage
He frothed at the mouth
And would die a young age
Ridiculous Nicholas Cage

Phil Soar

Nicholas MCGrew

Nicholas McGrew had plenty to do
He was working his ass off for pence
He slept in the street
Cardboard boxes as seats
And his life didn't make any sense

Phil Soar

Nigel O'leary

Nigel O'Leary

Was really quite dreary

He sat in a bucket and wept

And that one afternoon

He would take a balloon

And blow it up with his ass as he slept

Phil Soar

Night Dogs

I walk through woods when darkness falls
To give the dogs a walk
They look at me a kind of way
I wish that they could talk
They'd probably ask me why they're out
In the deep and darkening gloom
Instead of being in the warm
Of a welcome homely room

Phil Soar

Night Fall

As night falls,
the scenes resplendant in the day retreat
The lamp lights come on,
in the dark and busy street
And yet in hours to come,
the street will sleep until
The dawn approaches slowly,
from atop the hill

The silence through the night,
a deep and shallow calm
No longer keeping daylight,
or the earlier warm
Retreating to a cold and silent darkened night
Until the warming sun returns,
at morning light

Phil Soar

Night Skies

I stared into a clear night sky, awash with many stars so bright
I wondered just how long it took to travel into my clear sight
I saw a mass of glowing lights, like smouldering ash from burning fires
And the points of constellations seemed to reach like huge cathedral spires

Phil Soar

Night Sky

I look into the night sky
Searching for the moons and stars of Galaxies
Far away and lost in the Universe
So immense I cannot understand
And yet I want to touch the very life that might encompass it
So I look up
Moving my eyes across an expanse of nothing
But so beautiful I wish it belonged to me
and yet it does
Belong to me
In my mind
It so envelops me that I freeze
Yet I am not cold
Just lost
In the wonder of the Universe

Phil Soar

Nine To Five

Another day of dross and grief
9 to 5 brings no relief
Sitting down with my keyboard letters
Typing with an expertise that doesn't get better
A mix of work and play
Lots to do and so much to say
Wishing it was half past four
So I won't have to type no more
The weekend not far away
A relaxing break on Saturday
Sharing life with the family and pets
That's about as good as it gets
Until that feeling on Sunday night
When thoughts turn to work and the daily fight
To get motivated and earn some cash
So that we can have an occasional bash
Drink until we feel amused
By the job we have and the weekly abuse
So no matter how we get through the day
How would we cope without our pay?

Phil Soar

No Matter What They Say

It doesn't matter what they say
The lord would tell me as I prayed
You're better than them, so just rise above it
So I asked him for more time
So I could compose this rhyme
In the hope that when he read it, he would love it

Phil Soar

No More Cake?

The cake that mesmerises me has many different traits
It makes a welcome entrance on so many paper plates
And though I know I shouldn't have a piece of cake today
I'm going to stuff my face with it, because I can.....OKAY?

Phil Soar

No More Passion

No doubt, now passion has moved on
And left my thoughts and visions
It will be easier for me
To contemplate decisions
No lust to draw attention
To the feelings down below
Now the passion has moved on
Nowhere for me to go

Phil Soar

No Obstacle

When age is not an obstacle, and someone thinks you're great
Don't just sit and think you're not, just realise its fate
Your age just does not matter, your beauty lies inside
Wear your life with confidence, let your conscience be your guide

Phil Soar

No Plans

Not one for making plans, I live in simplicity
Dragging myself from day to day intrinsically
Seeking a meaning to comfort me
Wandering alone absorbing everything

Rising each morning, I stretch the hours
Making the day seem punctured by ambiguity
Tracing my steps along the way
Wandering around absorbing everything

Days into weeks, weeks into months
Years of ambition washed away by my lifestyle
Dreaming through it all as if sleepwalking
Wandering around absorbing everything

Phil Soar

No Rhyme This Time

I fail sometimes to make things rhyme
Like winter winds in summer time
I fall into an unwelcome trap
And words don't rhyme, and sound like crap

Phil Soar

No Sound

When there is no-one else around,
It's great to wallow in the sound
Of silent moments, vacant times
Helping write poetic rhymes
Without that silence hanging there
Words are jumbled in the air
Hearing everything around
Is not as good as nothing sounds

Phil Soar

No Sun Today

The sun isn't shining today
Just miles of clouds that are turning to grey
Mist and that drizzle, that soaks you right through
Oh what I'd give for a glimpse of some blue

Phil Soar

No Teddy Bears Picnic

It wasn't a teddy bears picnic
When we sat on a rug in the woods
We had gone there for romance and loving
The result really wasn't that good
We lay down on top of an ant hill
We didn't know that it was there
And when we removed all of our clothing
We were bitten on our derrières

Phil Soar

Noise

The noise from over yonder
hurt my ears and burst the drums
it made me sit and wonder
why words reverberate her gums
she hadn't any teeth you see
but still could make a row
the clacker just behind her tongue
should be worn out by now!

Phil Soar

Noises Off

If only I could switch the noises off
Sitting down for coffee and a read I hear the sounds
They snore, they moan, they whinge, they cough
Noises resonate from all around

A 90yr old ma-in-law who sleeps most of the day
Two snoring dogs that join the noise, and have so much to say
And here I sit, in quiet repose, and try to concentrate
But all I hear is constant noise, so it must be my fate

Phil Soar

Nonsense

I ate some Custard Creams today, baked by Custard bakers,
I also had some Weetabix, and porridge made by quakers,
I washed my socks, dressed in flimsy frocks,
For that is my persuasion,
I'm free as a dove, and my dogs in love,
With a rather large Alsation.

Phil Soar

Nonsense 10

I woke this early morning
I looked up at the sky
It was as black as night-time is
I could not imagine why
I'd slept all night in Raybans
And didn't know I had
So day is night and the sun don't shine
It's become a sort of fad
I also sleep in speedo's
In case the sun comes out
And then When I wake up next day
I can leap and jump and shout
I can run down to the pool side
Before the Germans wake
They put their towels on the poolside chairs
And that's a big mistake
I usually get there early
And throw them all away
And watch them look astounded
It really makes my day

Phil Soar

Nonsense 11

Google it she said, when she said I had a double
I googled doppelganger, and it showed me my twin brother
I rang the google help line, to make them take it down
I spoke to Jim, who, on a whim, suggested he was brown
I took another look, and sure enough, he looked quite weird
A complexion dark as chocolate, and an even darker beard
I told her to forget it, she said he'd cooked her goose
And after that, on a blue doormat, he'd upset her masseuse

Phil Soar

Nonsense 12

"I need some closure", Said the door
As it hung off its hinges and left ajar
The cupboard was bare, just hanging there
Inanimate objects no-one cares

Phil Soar

Nonsense 13

Are categories feline?

Is a dogged enthusiasm canine?

Is the sun alight?

Is the grey sky white?

Are those teeth in the bathroom mine?

Phil Soar

Nonsense 14

A telescope to see through
A camera to record it
A Extra Lens is needed now
I really can't afford it

Phil Soar

Nonsense 15

At the back of my mind there's a street that leads to nowhere
There's a space full of nothing, and no end to a no-through road
I've a limitless place where I keep absolutely nothing
And a place in the garden where I keep a small pet toad

Phil Soar

Nonsense 16

I picked my nose this morning
It bled, from my sharp nails
It won't stop me from snoring
Or stop the bogey trails
I stained my underwear last night
I'd eaten something rotten
The smell inside the bathroom
Is really best forgotten

Phil Soar

Nonsense 17

I walked across a field of sunken treasure
Without a thought for things I trod upon
Someone had taken time for their own pleasure
To bury things their lives had brought along

Some day there will be someone who will find it
Hidden beneath the earth and stone en masse
Maybe someone on a summer evening
Having sat down for a picnic, on their ass!

Phil Soar

Nonsense 18

I searched the sock drawer for the missing item
It vanished in the wash the other day
I thought that I had paired them up and stored them
And went upstairs and put them both away
And now I have a drawer with many singles
Many motifs in my drawer of many colors
But none of them that match, just sit an mingle
I can't believe I've lost them all once more

Phil Soar

Nonsense 19

You can't help me I've lost my shell
The Snail said to the tortoise
The loan of yours would be rather strange
And would not serve a porpoise! ! ! !

Phil Soar

Nonsense 2

Pain in the Lumbar region
At the height of the picking season
Can result in pre-tax profits quickly dropping
But then again, perhaps more-so
It's worse if you bend your torso
Whilst looking for fish fingers when you're shopping

Phil Soar

Nonsense 20

I keep on falling down the stairs
My eyesight is a bit impaired
I have a beard that's curly haired
But keep on falling down the stairs

I have a rather hairy bum
And lots of fluff in my belly hole tum
I wonder where it all comes from
I'll clean it out until it's gone

Phil Soar

Nonsense 21

I have an Easter Bonnet
With lots of frills upon it
I keep it out of sight because I'm crazy
I wore this weird attire
Until it fell off and caught fire
And the resulting smoke made vision rather hazy

Phil Soar

Nonsense 22

I once knew a man with a questionable lisp
Who sounded every day like he was pissed
He would shout something rude
In the street, in the nude
Which the neighbours not home would have missed

Phil Soar

Nonsense 23

I wished upon a star last night
Inspired by dear Walt Disney
For when you do, your futures bright
And you might even sing like Britney
Not wise if you're a hunky male
With muscles as big as a bears
So just mime to the words as the night wears on
And sit at the top of the stairs

Phil Soar

Nonsense 24

Another day, another dawn
Still dark, the sky and feelings drawn
With a face like a muppet, you wonder why
Your tongue is furry, your head feels high
A drink or two, of a whiskey brew
And a sleep so deep it was vivid
Dreams of things that sweep you away
And a spouse who wakes up livid
You managed something pretty rank
Whilst in your drunken dream
You pissed on the carpet, and it stank
Life isn't what it seemed

Phil Soar

Nonsense 25

I love a mixed up metaphor
that doesn't matter anymore
the words express
the same old mess
I wonder what the words are for?

I love a thesaurus
like a prehensile brontosaurus
a loaded book of words
sometimes absurd
explaining everything imaginable

Phil Soar

Nonsense 26

On a trip to the zoo one afternoon
I went to view a Giraffe
I also stopped by a Hyena
But all he could do was laugh
The monkeys were swinging in treetops
An amphibian swam in a pool
And a little Warthog
Sat on a bog
He looked like a silly old fool

Phil Soar

Nonsense 27

Retrograde footsteps leading nowhere
walking to somewhere unknown
reverse engineering getting us there
and accomplishments pay for the home

Phil Soar

Nonsense 28

'The boot's on the other foot now', he said
Maybe that's why I have the pain
Shouldn't I be wearing them properly?
Or is he just insane?
Exactly why I did it
Is most complex to me
These boots were made for walking
And it's only half past three!

Phil Soar

Nonsense 29

It chugged along the railroad track
The train from Iwo Jima
My girl was travelling far away
Yet no-one seemed to see her
She 'mooned' out of the carriage
Her derriere was drafty
She hadn't bought a ticket
So her trip was really crafty

Phil Soar

Nonsense 3

I'm all of a tither
I'm hither and thither
And a lunar influence is showing
I'm just getting old
And my fingers are cold
And my nasal hair will not stop growing

Phil Soar

Nonsense 30

Where does the music of the night go?
When the morning sun appears
How do we listen to the dawn chorus?
After the night has burst our ears
The sounds of the night are curious
But are highly volatile
And the morning sun, on a naked bum
Can't help but make you smile.

Phil Soar

Nonsense 32

Gangster's molls
Children's dolls
Davy Crockett's hat
Hefty Trolls
Dead sea scrolls
Tyres that are Flat

Distant drums
Vacant mums
Conscientious friends
Songs you hum
Hymns you've sung
Journey's with no ends

Rhymes galore
Words are flawed
Nonsense make a ditty
Large Bookstores
Look tired and bored
That really is a pity

Phil Soar

Nonsense 33

On a visit to Chesterton
we saw no sun

On a day out in Bangkok
we had no luck

On an afternoon in Froome
we used a broom

On a trip to Colwyn Bay
we swam all day

On a sailing trip to Kent
Nobody went

And where this ditty ends
well that depends

Almost anything can rhyme
If you have time

Unfortunately
I don't

Phil Soar

Nonsense 34

Trapped in a cave in a far away place
with nothing to see but the dark
made me wish I had listened to mother
and gone for a walk in the park

Phil Soar

Nonsense 35

I looked but I could not see what I wanted
I searched for something that just wasn't there
I felt a sort of emptiness inside me
I tripped upon a broken wooden stair

I stretched as I was yawning in the morning
I turned around and yesterday was gone
I circled on a gust of wind and thermals
But wasn't in the sky for very long

Phil Soar

Nonsense 36

You can take a horse to water
but you cannot make it drink
you can go into the toilet
after I have made a stink
you can read into an mystery
and make up your own mind
but what good is a dictionary
if you are dumb and blind?

Phil Soar

Nonsense 37

I drew a line on grains of sand
And watched it half a day
The moment that the tide came in
It washed the line away

Phil Soar

Nonsense 38

Walking out was not an option
When my life got tough
I'd only got my slippers
And they were not enough

Phil Soar

Nonsense 39

Then

When everything would cause me issues

Then

When all that made my life complete

Then

When finally, I found the answer

The reason I'd lost friends

Was smelly feet

Phil Soar

Nonsense 4

Beneath the bottom of the sea
There's nothing more than rock
Below the sand are miles of land
Waiting to run a-mock
It starts as molten lava
And builds to a crescendo
I think I'll go and play a game
On my brand new Nintendo.

Phil Soar

Nonsense 40

The blossom on the trees
Never fails to please
Whilst the litter in the street brings such dismay
And all the gross Grafitti
with words so mad and meaty
makes me want to scream and run away

Phil Soar

Nonsense 41

You didn't think I'd do it, did you?
You never thought I'd say it too
You said that I was chicken
And my cock went 'doodle do'

Phil Soar

Nonsense 42

I saw you through a misty haze
Perhaps that's why I said it
That I thought you were beautiful
You have to give me credit
It got your knickers round your toes
And got me in your bed
You scared me half to death by then
When you said your name was Fred!

Phil Soar

Nonsense 43

My knees have flees
The walls have ears
The doors ajar
That's really weird
A jar is glass
Or plastic maybe
My dog has a bark
But it's not on a tree
My limited tuition
As I play second fiddle
Has left my condition
Affecting ambition
My eyes have a look
That reflects my position
I think I would settle
For being a magician

Phil Soar

Nonsense 44

I left on a boat bound for distant shores
Leaving behind quite a few open doors
I wasn't surprised when returning from sea
Some cheeky swine had burglarised me

Phil Soar

Nonsense 45

The way it all fell into place, I knew fate was to blame
I don't believe in miracles, but want them all the same
To meet my expectations, you shared my feelings too
So when we met, you were the one, of that I really knew

Phil Soar

Nonsense 46

Where nothing separates the wood from the trees
It pleases me

Where sanctions were formed to keep me in check
I bless them

Where actions speak louder than words
I cherish them

Where socks lie lonely in the draw
I curse them

Phil Soar

Nonsense 47

'Look Daddy' said son to father
'I'm up in the tree'
Said father to son
'Come down here and eat your tea'

Phil Soar

Nonsense 48

Mother said that I should eat my greens
Or I might not develop properly
I grew up hating things like aubergines
And carrots by the ton to help me see

Phil Soar

Nonsense 49

I climbed around to see the little hedgehog in its den
I looked around but it was gone, who knows where or when
I hope it hasn't wandered off and now its just road kill
That silly little hedgehog, that lived upon a hill

Phil Soar

Nonsense 5

Where does it start
Where does it end
Science drives me round the bend
The universe
A random nurse
Touching my rear end

Why do I laugh
When I want to cry
Why does the world just pass me by
A black hole
With a gaping hole
Dissappears into a wandering soul

Never ending nothingness
No more, or no less, a mess
Of more than a squizzilion miles
And a wealth of stars to stir the eyes
A world of beauty in disguise

Phil Soar

Nonsense 50

He drew a sign up in the air
And waved his arms like crazy
Then he passed out, through drinking some stout
And the world went a little bit hazy

Phil Soar

Nonsense 54

In a room in the middle of nowhere
Alone by the light of the moon
Sat a man with little or nothing
Except for a weather balloon

He was once quite a prominent person
Until he went mental one day
When a powerful twisting tornado
Whipped his belongings away

Now he sits all alone in a cellar
And waits for his balloon to fall
And then he might just venture outside
Until then he sleeps in the hall

Phil Soar

Nonsense 55

I fell from grace the other day
She wasn't pleased
So I ran away

Phil Soar

Nonsense 56

Money doesn't grow on trees
Just apples and pears and lots of leaves
And oranges and nectarines
And figs and dates and aubergines
You'll find no cash from way up high
So give the lottery a try

Phil Soar

Nonsense 57

He lived in a cellar and drank all the wine
He looked pretty awful and slept all the time
And when he was woken he then drank some more
And to stop being found he has bolted the door

Phil Soar

Nonsense 58

I recall a time when all I learned was tedious
And school was somewhere I could go and play
And kick the ball around at break, and feel alive
My life was fun and always seemed that way

And after all the years of mundane torture
When getting up meant more or less the same
And tests and exams always made me nervous
I saw the world as something I could blame

I never had a gift for all things educational
He slipped up when god handed me my brain
And so I left my dunces cap in school at night
so everyone would think I was insane

Phil Soar

Nonsense 59

I saw her from across a misty lake
I swam toward her, that was a mistake
The mist had covered up her torso too
I was 6 foot and she was two foot two!

Phil Soar

Nonsense 6

I'd like to write a lullaby
I'd love to write a tune
I'd love to smell the fresh cut grass
From morning until noon
I'd like to take some biscuits
And stuff them in my face
I'll go and raid the Biscuit tin
And steal them, just in case

Phil Soar

Nonsense 60

We gathered by the parish church among the graveyard guests
Some of us in underpants and some in just our vests
We'd joined a naturists event, and hope to have some fun
Until a local priest appeared, accompanied by a nun
They stood in sheer astonishment, and saw our naughty bits
The priest took off his cassock and the nun showed off her tits
They both were keen on going bare, and loved being on show
I bet you'd like to be there, but I guess you'll never know

Phil Soar

Nonsense 61

I love the sound of nothing
And everything makes me smile
I've lost my will to be morose
And have walked a country mile
I like to be a hero
To those who love me most
And for my breakfast yesterday
I had some egg on toast

Phil Soar

Nonsense 62

The peak of my cap hides a secret
My eyes like piss-holes in the snow
Unsure of the steps I am taking
Unsure where my feet want to go
Looking down at the cold pavement
I can just see the cracks in the slabs
Maybe I should tell that new barman
To reduce the limit on my tabs

Phil Soar

Nonsense 63

What is a hail of bullets?
A rainstorm of sorts, made of lead?
The image is just a bit random
And someone, or something is dead

Phil Soar

Nonsense 64

The dark and dingy dungeon
Where rats were roaming free
Chained to a wall
Imprisoned
With no-one to rescue me
A sentence for a simple crime
Of loving her too much
She'd locked me in our cellar
Because I'd turned so butch

Phil Soar

Nonsense 65

Walking in a circle
Riding on a horse
Skating on an icy pond
Playing a golf course
Sailing on a reservoir
Running to keep fit
All these things are harder now
I'm getting on a bit

Phil Soar

Nonsense 66

Porcupine Quills

A bottle of pills

And a packet of Pickled Spice

A hedgehog in a pile of leaves

With dog food and some rice

With a gleeful look of innocence

On a toddlers face at lunch

I can't help but think

I need a drink

And a packet of kellogs crunch....(ie nut flakes)

Phil Soar

Nonsense 67

When I left my name was Charlie
And my height was four foot two
But after my adoption I was Martha
Dressed in blue
I found myself in underwear
I never thought I'd like
And had to cut the cross bar
Off my old BMX bike
And now that I am used to it
No longer is it weird
To walk in heels and stockings
And wear some awful gear

Phil Soar

Nonsense 68

I lay down by the water's edge
My mind was all a quiver
I gave a cough, my leg fell off
And floated down the river

Phil Soar

Nonsense 7

Come gather all, the pastor said
Come gather all and eat my bread
Come eat my fish, come drink my wine
For I am drunk most of the time

Phil Soar

Nonsense 70

There was a spring in her step
So it must have been love
She was agile and full of emotion
Except for her face
It was riddled with spots
I guess that she needed some lotion!

Phil Soar

Nonsense 71

Imagine if you will, a place where chickens sit and knit
Where ducks and geese go to keep fit
And where sheep spend all their time and are not BARRED
Look for people dressed as cows
Where donkeys paint their large eyebrows
And you'll realise your mind is truly scarred

Watch the TV in just pants
Laugh out loud at every chance
And stir your tea with nothing but a finger
Stare erratically at those
Who stand around and pick their nose
And fart a while but make sure you don't linger

Phil Soar

Nonsense 72

It took a while for me to Visualise
That I could vanish right before your eyes
I'm not some good Magician
Or a wayward odd physician
Just a bloke who fails at everything he tries

So when I tell you that I'm gone
But then you see me later on
It's because perhaps I wasn't there at all
If you imagine I'm not there
Take a seat, pull up a chair
While I stare at my magic crystal ball

It's the future that I see
Except it doesn't include me
As I've vanished without every really trying
And though you've paid my rate
For all the time you've had to wait
And I've never known just what I've been implying

Phil Soar

Nonsense 73

The Elephant packed his trunk
The Hedgehog spiked his drink
The badger was all set
The Ant just couldn't think
The Dolphin had a porpoise
Their lives were all in sync
You can take a Horse to water
But Pigs are made to stink!

Phil Soar

Nonsense 74

Woodlice, field mice, locusts
All waking up to see
That it had rained all through the night
The fields looked like the sea
Today would be a quiet one
They should all stay in their beds
As none of them had swimming trunks
Or shower caps for their heads

Phil Soar

Nonsense 8

A filigree feather falls from the sky
And drifts down on the ground
The bird lands right beside it
Just after the awful sound
Shot with a hunters rifle
And falling from the sky
To end up in a trifle
Or maybe a Pigeon pie

Phil Soar

Nonsense 9

Relatively speaking
There's no fun if i'm not seeking
A way of making laughter from remorse
So I'll just make you smile
And will tickle you awhile
And watch you laugh out loud without much force

Phil Soar

Nonsense Rhymes

I like to think my nonsense rhymes can bring a smile or two
This site is full of poems that have had the odd review
So much of it is based on doubt, and sadness and regret
So I will try and cheer it up, with stuff that you won't forget

Phil Soar

No-One To See

And though there was no-one, nobody to see,
A voice from my past played a trick on me
I heard the sound of someone who had gone
Singing a line from our favourite song
A cry in the distance, the sweetness of rhyme
Reminding me of such a wonderful time

Phil Soar

Norman Schmidt

Norman Schmidt was a bit of a tit,
He was held in a cell by the law
He had written graffiti, which was just a bit meaty
On the side of a baker's back door

It insulted the cakes that this baker had baked
And was quite an unpleasant remark
So they locked him away, for a year and a day
And then ate all the cakes in a park

Phil Soar

Northern Lights

Dancing across northern evening skies
The stellar light-show casts its balletic haze
While those who seek it's beauty wipe tearful eyes
It has a marked effect on darkening days

This ultimate and vivid cast of cosmic rays
And the myriad of colour that it brings
Gives effervescent sparkle in so many ways
Whilst a morning sun lies waiting in the wings

Phil Soar

Nose Picking

My mother said that if I picked my nose my head would cave in
My brains would drop into the gap created
By all the finger picking and that craving
To poke around in somewhere complicated

“You must not pick your nose the way you do son
Your finger might get stuck and then you’ll see
It was not worth the poking out the hard stuff
Just leave it son, and it will all run free”

I’ve always thought she maybe was student
Of all things nasal and related trite
She used to watch me as I slept, just checking
If I might have picked my nose all through the night

I wondered if she had a pile of bogeys
She’d taken from my bed as I lay sleeping
As dried up snot was lying on my pillow
After I had leaked while I was dreaming

At least my head is almost still as solid
As when I was first told that it would crush
It seems my days of nose picking have saved me
From turning into seeping snot and mush

Phil Soar

Not

Not holding onto anything
Not feeling like I should
Not thinking of the drama
Not pretending I've been good
Not developing an anger
Not persuading weaker minds
Not observing petty squabbles
Not leaving work behind
Not re-visiting my past charades
Not playing caustic games
Not rewarding bad with promises
Not accepting unwelcome gains
Not believing life is endless
Not returning to those tasks
Not looking for an exit gate
Not wearing out the masks
Not seeing through the mirror
Not hearing hurtful things
Just ambling by on an angels thoughts
and flying on gossamer wings

Phil Soar

Not Everyone At Christmas

Not everyone looks forward to this time of year
Not everyone feels happiness or yuletide cheer
Not everyone shares feelings but requires some care
Not everyone can smile when there's no purpose there

Not everyone wants you to call on christmas day
Not everyone has presents they can give away
Not everyone has sympathy for those who fall
Not everyone will welcome you if you should call

Not everyone will feel the way that they once felt
Not everyone will hear the words that make hearts melt
Not everyone will have a loved one by their side
Not everyone will have a smile that's open wide

Not everyone will share the words they once expressed
Not every sound will fill a room with happiness
Not every piece of wisdom shared or gifts exchanged
Will help to ease the pain of loved ones that remain

So spare a thought for everyone less fortunate than you
Not everyone is smiling, and not every dream comes true
Not thinking now of others, when your life is very bright
Won't help them through this time of year
Or help them sleep tonight.

Phil Soar

Not So Grandkids

'Look out! , Look out! ', the children shout
As they come out to play
They fill the place with happiness
And some outlive their stay
For as they seek enjoyment
They sometimes miss the point
That grandad just needs forty winks
To rest his aching joints

Phil Soar

Not So Long Ago

Not so long ago, and not that far away
I looked inside my feelings, and they had their way
Distracting me from that which had caused some dismay
But setting me upon a path, that led my heart astray

Not that far behind, and Not so long ago
Those feelings that had injured me, began to show
Increasing expectations as they let me know
And seeking to make peace with me and let love grow

Phil Soar

Not Your Cup Of Tea

It may not be your cup of tea
to read these written words by me
whether from the UK or across the sea
I write them down for you, for free

The nonsense comes at breakneck speed
like food to the brain, the words I need
writing them down means they are freed
whether or not the rhymes succeed

Phil Soar

Nothing

I appear and yet I am no illusionist
I fade and yet I am no sound technician
I cry and yet I am happy inside
Mistaken Identity?
Nothing seems conclusive
What I make of myself means nothing to others
Except those who care about me
And yet I have no compulsion to see the future
I have no impetus
I have no method to my madness
I appear happy on the outside
Yet on the inside there is nothing
Except the internal flow of my blood
Searching through my veins
For that source that keeps me upright
Walking
Searching for something
Anything
To make me smile
And yet I am no clown
And yet I am no comedian
I retreat inwardly
Seeking a room with no view
Closing my eyes there is nothing
Nothing
And I am alone

Phil Soar

Nothing To Say

There was a chasm between us
When our lives fell by the way
And the deafening sound from all around
Meant we had nought to say

Phil Soar

Notvery Pc

He said he'd 'cleanse' my data,
As he fingered with my keys,
He wasn't quick, with his memory stick,
As my hard drive made a wheeze,

He added lots of gigabytes,
And a small Intel processor,
He sprayed some lubrication on,
Like an oily PC Professor

He said "you're up and running now"
And left me feeling good,
Yet when I logged back in again,
It failed: I knew it would.

So I smashed the keys and broke it,
And went and had a wank,
And I felt quite happy after that,
So I have got that bloke to thank! !

Phil Soar

Now And Then

Sepia photographs remembering when
It took lots of ink, to write with a pen
When cameras were boxes and phones never heard
And the thought of a 'selfie' considered absurd

When driver-less cars were horses, less carts
When a lady would never admit that she farts
Where the rights of the righteous were never heard
And the thought of our freedom considered absurd

When the world was considered a place of resource
When our failure to love it would end in remorse
When the sound of no warfare was wished, but unheard
And the world as a safe place considered absurd

Sepia photographs, with us no more
Just digital jpegs in some clouded store
If you're not in the process of changing your phone
You sit in a bubble you've made all alone

Phil Soar

Now I'm Sixty-Four

Now that I'm older, lost all my hair
Extra long eyebrows,
Will I need a zimmer frame to help me walk?
Nose hair's not fair, can't take a bow
If I stay out 'til the breaking of dawn
Will you lock the door?
Will you still need me?
Or have to feed me?
Now I'm Sixty-Four!

Every summer we can take a stroll across a country town
If I can get up
Maybe I can still shave in the morning as I lie in bed
Whilst being fed
And all the while the hairs grow even longer in my nose and ears
Longer every year
Until I look like something from a horror movie that is weird
Worse than I feared

So Now that I'm older, lost all my hair
What now lies in store?
Trips upon the cottage steps
Feeling that I'm quite inept
Lying on the floor,
Bless me, I'm an ancient wreck, with a chain around my neck
A medical alert
Now that I'm crackers
Decrepit And knackered
Now I'm Sixty-Four

With apologies to Paul McCartney

Phil Soar

Nowhere To Be

Where do people go to when they have nowhere to be
How do you comfort someone, with a little empathy
How do you show compassion, when you don't know how they feel
Just wait until tomorrow comes, and forget that this is real

Phil Soar

Numb

The feeling leaves me cold
Wandering alone, I walk the road
Thoughts adrift
Meandering through memories
Recalling the history
Remembering good times
Details spring to mind
Finite words in a dictionary of life
Reminding me how precious it is
Testing my resolve
I wipe tears away
Pools of emotion
Resting tranquilly
No wind stirs my thoughts
I'm numb

Phil Soar

Nuts

Expressionless, he sat there counting nuts upon the ground
Unable to remember if they were all that he had found
He'd buried them the year before, when they were quite abundant
And sought to find them once again, now Summer was redundant

Phil Soar

Obese

Two pounds here and three pounds there
My weight affects my underwear
I bulge before my very eyes
Perhaps my diet's no surprise

I eat what I enjoy the most
From doughnuts to my morning toast
Covered in sugar or laced with cream
My calorie count is quite obscene

I'm adding to the obesity trend
And eating things that seldom blend
Except in my menu of gruesome treats
My food intake needs to retreat

Phil Soar

Obesity

Biscuits, cakes and Iced white buns,
Am I Obese?
You do the sums

Phil Soar

Observations

Observations on out of place railway stations
Waiting for a train to come
Miles off the beaten track
Looking from the platform at the straight lines
Fading into the distance
I will see the train before its driver sees me
I hope it stops
It is after all Thursday
And it only stops twice a week
I hope I have the right day
I check the timetable
Replacement bus service today
No sign of the bus though
Observations on out of place railway stations

Phil Soar

Occupants Of Bark

In crevices in bark
Insects scurry to and fro
While hunters pick them off for brunch
Woodpeckers hammer on their doors
Suggesting they are squatters
But they are reluctant to leave
They seek shelter
Until their appetites see them venture out
To become someone else's meal

Phil Soar

Ocean Blue

In the depths of blue where the only sound
Is the songs of whales and calls around
Where the waves rush over the salty brine
And I can change the sands of time

Phil Soar

Oceans

The Crescendo of the waves that crash upon the sandy beach
And smash into the caves around the edge of the bay
Explode inside the mind as if they're right within your reach
Reminding us of how nothing can stand in the oceans way

The riptides tear away at the interior with such force
And currents join the ballet as they spread within each tide
Who knows the turmoil at the oceans source?
Or how it balances the rage inside

It reaches forth and its forces reach extremes
As deep below the surface, nature reigns
It really is as violent as it seems
A beating heart with ever many veins

Phil Soar

Oceans And Seas

Atlantic storms and mountainous seas
Fisherman struggling, down on their knees
Pacific Sunsets on incoming waves
Pleasing to watch, in a cool morning haze
Glaciers adrift, with no sense of their size
Melting so endlessly before our eyes
Rising sea temperatures, stressing the shores
Increased erosion on countless sea floors
Reefs with no color, and fish without homes
Undersea fissures, like creaking old bones
No doubt there's no end to the attack on our seas
Bringing our natural world to it's knees

Phil Soar

Oceans And Seas (2)

Waves so high the sea is angry, throwing up a storm
No Sun on the horizon, to keep the ocean warm
The seabirds taking to the sky, and flying off inland
To spend the time on beaches, and to touch the golden sand

Phil Soar

October Morning Breakfast

Mist rises from a cold morning stream
Cobwebs sparkle with morning dewdrops
Sunrise is a few hours away
As a barn owl hovers above the field mouse
Silently watching his prey
Timing the fall with perfection
The Talons grip
The end is quick
And breakfast is devoured

Phil Soar

Odd

I've been known to laugh at nothing
I've been tearful quite a lot
I see the daft in the simplest things
And I sometimes lose the plot
I wish that every day was fun
And I try to make it so
I left a book, in a pile of soot
And I pissed on a mound of snow
I walked under a herd of cows
And they looked at one and udder
Their faces were aghast at me
But the bull just made me shudder
I lost a game of truth or dare
With a bloke with a great big gun
He shot me in the ass, as a pig walked past
And it made me start to run
So in case you think I'm crazy
Well, you might have a cause to be
I move in some mysterious ways
And I'm nearly sixty three

Phil Soar

Office Days

Moving silently on gossamer wings
The faintness of sounds as a skylark sings
In the distance the sound of the traffic hums
While office employees just sit on their bums

And out in the fields, where nature provides
Some moments of beauty, to take in its stride
Behind office windows, the staff breathe a sigh
And stare at a clock, while the day passes by

Phil Soar

Oh Dear

Jimmy the squirrel, in the trees
Counting the lumps upon his knees
Where he's been bitten by hoards of fleas
He looks at his nuts and is ill at ease
Will he get through the winter?

Billy the badger, in his den
He'll stay in there until half past ten
Until he can come out again
To avoid the traps put out by men
Will he get through the night?

Arthur the Hedgehog, in the road
Flattened by a lorry with a heavy load
Though he'd been warned by an aged toad
But he hadn't read the green cross code
Silly sod!

Phil Soar

Oh My Language!

I can't speak French

I don't do Greek

My language is awful when I speak

I like to use the 'F' word

I like to use blasphemy

And over my long lifetime, I am the good lords enemy!

Phil Soar

Oh What A Night!

We danced,
And there was no-one else in sight
We drank,
And there was no-one else in sight
We slept,
And there was no-one else in sight
I woke,
I wish I could have seen this sight!

Phil Soar

Oils On Canvas

I imagined you in oils
but not the sexy kind
painted on a canvas, in the nude
I wondered I'd get the spoils
but only in my mind
because, in truth, that would be too rude

Phil Soar

Olay

I drank some Oil Of Olay, thinking it would smooth my throat,
I'm drinking milk from a local farm, from a Nanny Goat,
I stand at night in a compost heap, in the hope I'll grow a foot,
I live in a house with a raging fire, and my chimney's full of soot.

Phil Soar

Old Age

My pacemaker keeps me from trouble at heart
But doesn't protect me from gas when I fart
The hair in my ears is a jungle of grey
And will be around when they cart me away

Phil Soar

Old Age 2

Memories that visit me now and again
Thoughts that live long in my lump of a brain
Targets I set myself falling away
Age has got hold and is slipping away

Visits to places I'd rather not go
Trickles that once had been a steady flow
Embarrassing noises that lead to distress
Leaving my underpants in such a mess

Nodding at strangers you see on the street
Redness and lumps on the soles of my feet
Gripping excursions to far away shores
Wishing perhaps I had settled indoors

Growing these hairs where they just shouldn't be
Rips in my trousers from scraping my knee
Erections at times that are clinically poor
Searching for things that I've lost on the floor

Visits to chemists to stock up on pills
Various treatments to placate my ills
Smiling no more, and aggressive extremes
Wetting my PJ's as I have 'those' dreams

The days when I haven't the will to go on
And yet, always thrilled by the birds gorgeous song
It all makes for reasons to laughing out loud
The great observation, you're one of a crowd

Phil Soar

Old Age Gardening

The pleasure of gardening helps me as I age
I reading a lot of magazines and learn on every page
I don't quite know the latin words, for every plant I buy
It's bad enough that they're so long, it makes me wonder why

Phil Soar

Old Age Hairs

I cut my hair today
The one that's hanging from my nose
As I get older they appear
From where, nobody knows
They seem to have developed
Since I turned Fifty five
It's like they have a breeding ground
Where follicles abide
I didn't have so many hairs
When I was Thirty three
And now they appear like solar flares
Bursting from all over me
They grow from every orifice
But no longer of my head
And even in my crevices
They seem to make their bed
I've had to buy some special clips
To keep the hairs at bay
Yet even when I cut them out
They're back again next day
I guess I have to live with this
These hairs that grow so fast
No longer combing on my head
But just my hairy ass!

Phil Soar

Old Age Pants

My pants have changed their style since I grew old
From Jockey shorts to cheap ones not so bold
What's held inside is past it's sell by date
And when it is required, I have to wait

Phil Soar

Old Age Sex

When I become an O.A.P.
I'll touch her
And she'll touch me
I'll get hard
She'll have to lube
With something from a durex tube

Phil Soar

Old Mcdonald

Old McDonald had a farm
I strolled into it lightly
I enjoyed it all immensely
And travel back there nightly

Phil Soar

Old Spike

Old spike was legend in hedgehog terms
All he ate were slugs and worms
He made so many journeys on his nightly jaunts
Visiting his favourite dining haunts
Dodging all the traffic on the way to eat
Curling up when needed, tucking in his feet
Carrying his fleas and lice and nits
Across many miles of tar and grit
Sleeping through the daytime, up at dusk
Setting off to earn his nightly crust
Clearing up the gardens, with people unaware
Just how much good he's doing there

Phil Soar

Old Wood

I watched it float by as I stood by the stream
A piece of old wood, from an unsightly tree
A yearly performer, now broken and torn,
Its branches were bare, and the bark very worn

But deep in the grass by the side of that flow
A seed left for years, was beginning to grow
A rising young upstart, just searching for light
To replace its forefather, and continue that sight

Phil Soar

Older Than Yesterday

The circles form under my eyes
The wrinkles on my brow are deep
And when I'm out I realise
That I would rather be asleep
And when I dream, I kick and shout
If I can move my legs, that is
I'm getting old, there is no doubt
You can judge my age by the amount I piss

Phil Soar

Older Yet No Wiser

A year older and no wiser
Still a child of sixty-three
With thought that should be kept for boyhood dreams
A Mystery

A year older and no wiser
As I search again for youth
New chapters in my life to come
I need my 'wisdom' tooth

A year older and no wiser
Every day I yearn for more
More time to do those childhood things
I missed when I was four

A year older and no wiser
As my elders tell me often
Yet I would rather 'dis' their thoughts
My dreams are not forgotten

A year older and no wiser
Many times I reminisce
The moments from the pass I love
The feelings that I miss

A year older and no wiser
Perhaps I'll relish may more
I hope I fell the same next year
When I'll be sixty-four

Phil Soar

Omar, The Chameleon

Omar, the chameleon
Could change his looks at will
And now I just can't find him
And it's made me rather ill
I worry for his safety
Now That he's disappeared
He could be anywhere he likes
I hope he re-appears

Phil Soar

On A Beach

Sand beneath my feet
On a sun drenched beach
Water brushed my toes
As it ebbed and flowed
Sunshine in my eyes
Deep blue cloudless skies
Walking just for fun
Beneath a red hot sun

Phil Soar

On A Carousel

I'm going around in circles
Said the fairground ride attendant
It's all I do from day to day
And it's like I'm now dependant
I travel around the country
And spend my time in towns
Standing there and watching
As the folk go round and round
They settle down on horses
Upon the carousel
They choose the one they like the best
And seem to know them well
I see the paying customers
Choosing random mares
Ignoring Studs and foals, as if
No-one really cares
They each get really challenged
Rushing round the ride
Choosing horses randomly
They run from side to side
They try one for an instance
Then switch across the row
Why they cannot just sit still
No-one will ever know
I set the ride in motion
The music plays and then
I watch the horseback riders
Going round and round again
Round and round and round they go
It drives me quite insane
Watching people sitting there
Go round and round again
Round and round and round and round
Until it blows my mind
I'd like to walk away from it
And leave them all behind
Round and round and round they'd go
With no-one there to stop it
I guess someone would shout for help

And then (I guess) I'd cop it
I'm going round in circles
Each day I do not care
I'd like to speed the damn thing up
And stand aside and stare
As people fly around the place
Across the fairground site
The very thought excites me
And you know, I think I might
It's one fairground attraction
That seems to draw a crowd
Imagine all the carnage
As the people cry out loud
Flying like some astronauts
Who fly off to the moon
Wondering if they ever will
Be back to earth quite soon
My mind is round in circles
My brain is individual
I'm just an Asylum seeker
Fed up with the daily ritual
Someone should come and rescue me
From a life that goes around
Round and round and round and round
And round and round and round! .

Phil Soar

On A Perfect Day

On a perfect day, there would be no wars
No hatred fuelling a religious cause
On a perfect day, there would be no doubt
That everything would all work out
On a perfect day, the sun would shine
And people would smile all the time
On a perfect day, the stars at night
Would take the mind off the planets plight
On a perfect day, there's a perfect dawn
And a hundred thousand children born
On a perfect day, there's hope, not fear
And the path to the future's broad and clear
On a perfect day, there's a welcome for
A world that no-one can ignore
On a perfect day, in a perfect world
The best of humanity is unfurled
On a perfect day, when it's said and done
We should rejoice there's only one
On a perfect day, we all would pray
That the past will not get in the way
On a perfect day, all we can do
Is hope that Tomorrow is perfect too.

Phil Soar

On The Brink

The odds were stacked against me
As I stood there on the brink
Wishing it was over
And that I could quit the drink
And just as I began to think
I'd overcome the worst
I took a sip of Alcohol
And my anxious bubble burst

Phil Soar

On The Way To School

I watched as the light reflected off the pool
On the way to my elementary school
And when I described that vision of mine
My teacher suggested that it was just fine.

Phil Soar

On The Wings Of A Dove

On the wings of a dove, my heart flies in a cold embrace
High in the atmosphere above this warm and pleasant place
I fly with a view spectacular, from where I can see it all
On the wings of a dove, I fly above, and hope that I don't fall

On a wing and a prayer, I cling to that which makes it all worthwhile
I float on air, and circle around the sky for mile on mile
And when I return my breath has almost left my heart behind
And the things I've seen will forever be, locked inside my mind

Phil Soar

Once A Month

There's a time each month when madness takes my hand
I trundle through each day without remorse
I do things that I do not understand
And sometimes I just fart with random force

The way I play the game of life at times
Can subsequently seem to change my mood
I write some nonsense in my poems lines
And use words that others find are rude

Yet being 'Mad' has led my mind astray
It wanders off to 'who knows where' sometimes
And when the men in white coats come my way
I'm prone to mention them in many rhymes

Asylum beds are not what they might seem
While lumps resembling hands are sometimes there
It makes it hard to lie in bed and dream
With fingers running nightly through my hair

But I look forward to these monthly bouts
Of deep anxiety and funny traits
Where I can stand beside my bed and shout
While staring out the window at the gates

So once a month the doctor visits me
To see what kind of mood I'm in that day
Decides what medication sets me free
And stops the thoughts that make me run away

Phil Soar

One Love

Our love has a meaning, Our love has no end
Years of enjoyment, no need to pretend
When things really matter, there's no other way
Than knowing you're there at the end of the day

Phil Soar

One Man And His Dogs

One man and his dogs
Walk for miles in harmony
The dogs need the freedom
The man feels set free
And a walk every morning
Can seem like pure bliss
The sights and the sounds
Like nature's first kiss
A triumphant business
Of man and best friend
Striding with nature
Wishing it would not end

Phil Soar

One Occasion

On one occasion
I've stolen from a book shop
A first edition
Author: Orson Welles
and as expected, as is police tradition
They caught me
And I spent the night in cells

On one occasion
I went Bungee jumping
and up there looking down
was quite view
they helped me on my way
before I knew it
the land below was coming into view

On one occasion
I feared I was finished
the cables broke as I went flying down
and as the sight below came hurtling at me
I knew that any moment
I would drown

On one occasion
all my thoughts and worries
left me in a state of some dismay
I fell into the water and my landing
was better than expected anyway

On this occasion
I was just so lucky
and only broken bones were the result
For I'd been just a flailing human missile
Cast aside from a home made catapult!

This poem started as quite a good idea but slowly lost it's way. Apologies to

readers.

Phil Soar

Open My Heart

Open my heart
Your name engraved there
Deep amongst the valves and mechanisms
Like something carved in oak
Upon That tree

The vision evokes
How much you mean to me

You're locked inside a prism
With a beautiful light
That no crystal can match

Ever beautiful
Our Friendship defines who we are

Our love entrenches everything we do
Our kinship
Like some natural selection

Open my heart
And You will find
There's only You

Phil Soar

Opera Whining

I left before the opera was complete
I'd sat for hours upon a broken seat
Listening to a woman howl and shriek
Thinking that her brain had sprung a leak

Her fella wasn't much more comforting
He looked like a gorilla trying to sing
His face contorted like he was constipated
The words expressed were more than just berated

And so I left with buttocks numb and stiff
I'd rather listen to a guitar riff
And so my first opera has left me pained
A nicer man might have been more restrained

Phil Soar

Orange Blossom

The Orange blossom on the trees
Brings me down upon my knees
Makes me smile
Makes me glad
My garden is my lifeblood
I tend do it like you would a child
Watching it grow and become beautiful
With love and tenderness helping it on the way
Watching my seeds develop before my eyes
The excitement when the result appears
Making me cry with the very delicate nature of its beauty
And without me to nurture it
It would fail
And that gives me a reason to complete the cycle
Blossoming as I go
Like the orange blossom
On the trees
That brought me to my knees
All those months ago amongst the Orange blossom trees.

Phil Soar

Ori Garmi

His name was Ori Garmi
And he made lots of things out of paper
He could make up a duck, with minimal luck
And hang it up high, with a stapler

Phil Soar

Origami

I TOOK TO ORIGAMI TO RELIEVE MY INNER STRESS
I COULDN'T GET THE HANG OF IT, MY ROOM WAS IN A MESS
PAPER LYING EVERYWHERE, ALL FOLDED UP AND TORN
AND LANGUAGE HANGING IN THE AIR, SO ALL KNEW I HAD SWORN

INSTEAD OF STRESS RELIEF, MY INNER MIND HAD REACHED A PEAK
FIRED UP, AND LIKE VOLCANIC ASH, SO THICK YOU COULDN'T SPEAK
AND AS FOR ORIGAMI, AND THE WAY IT MADE ME FEEL
MY FRAME OF MIND IS NOT SO KIND, AND MY ANGER NOW IS REAL

Phil Soar

Orson Cawson

His name was Orson Cawson, and his parents had no sense
A rhyming name was quite insane, not meant to cause offence
But his schooling was traumatic, and he fought to keep his sanity
But when the bully's called him names, he said the odd profanity

Phil Soar

Orthodontists Dilemma

My local orthodontist has a problem with my gums
He laughs each time he sees me, and my halitosis hums
He wears a mask before I'm there, in his anticipation
And leaves the room to catch his breath, to many times to mention

And when he writes prescriptions for a mouth wash sold in pails
I'm sure there should be discount, from the local chemists sales
I'm not getting much better, and I'm sure this is a scam
And he's a Vet, thinks I'm his pet, and it's just a cunning plan

Phil Soar

Ouija Board

My friend just bought a ouija board,
And scared himself to death
And now he contacts those of us
He buggered off and left!

Phil Soar

Our Dogs

My dogs understand almost everything
my moods and those swings
where my temperament changes,
the gloom it brings
yet they always have something to cheer up the day
even if I feel like running away

They have no commitments that make their life hell
they run to the door when someone rings the bell
they may sound ferocious,
to someone outside
but they'd lick you to death
if you ventured inside

They have joy in abundance and live for the day
chasing a ball or running away
coming back swiftly
without a recall
they know where their home is
and are there should we fall

No shadow of doubt, if dogs weren't around
our home would be silent
we would not hear a sound
we love them to pieces
they enchant where they lay
and the purpose of our dogs
is to keep sadness at bay

It works.

Phil Soar

Our Earth

As March roars to a close,
with storms more winter-like than spring
And I walk through fields of emerging seeds,
and hear the Skylark sing
The Earth, with all it's natural ways,
affects the way we feel
So much to set our days alight,
it's wonders to reveal

Phil Soar

Our Garden

All the colours in the garden
Mixed up with leafy greens
Assaults on the eyes and noses
Through everything we've seen
Watching birds feed youngsters
Frogs hide in our pond
It gives the heart such pleasure
And makes the weak feel strong
No matter what the season
Nature has a way
Of giving us a lift in life
And brightening up the day

Phil Soar

Our Love

May I rest my head upon your shoulder?
Would you let me fall asleep and dream?
Will you love me when I am much older?
Does our love flow like a mountain stream?

Can I take your hand and walk beside you?
Step through fields of buttercups galore
Will you look at me and know I love you?
And did you know I will for ever more?

Has your world been extra special when around me?
Do you look ahead to each new day with glee?
Is this the dream we live in what we wanted?
And have our lives become what they should be?

When touched by raw emotion, are you grateful?
That you have someone close to share the time
And do you know that you have not been hateful?
When hurt by something from this mind of mine

May I rest my head upon your silken pillow?
Can I hold you while you're fast asleep at night?
Can I whisper in your ear how much I love you?
Would you mind if all I do is squeeze you tight?

Phil Soar

Our Love Was Like The Tide

Like the tide, our love has come and gone
And now there seems no point in moving on
Where once you were my rock and company
It seems that you have had the best of me

Phil Soar

Our Robin

I can't wait for the Robin in our yard to sing again
As Spring appears and territory squabbles start to rain
On sacred ground our resident, puffs out his bright red chest
And fights for all his worth and advertise that he's the best.

Phil Soar

Our Room/Our Love

When I think how much you mean to me
My mind begins to spin
Thoughts of you flash by my eyes
I break into a grin
You really have no knowledge
Of how you make me feel
You live across the oceans
And our love is very real

Although we Skype and Whatsapp
It's really not the same
As having you to hug a while
Inside my bulky frame
I know I have your photographs
And pictures tell a tale
I want to take you from your isle
where we could both set sail

Upon a sea of deepest blue
We sail off in the night
Where waves lap on a sandy beach
And we drank by candle light
And as the far horizon
Shines with the fullest moon
I know I have the best of life
And the world is our front room

Phil Soar

Out

My friend called round the other day.

I wasn't in.....so he went away!

Phil Soar

Out In The Open

I like the smell of fresh cut grass

I like the smell of roses

I like the look of a dainty ass

If the lady stands and poses

I like being out in the open air

Dancing in the nude

As long as the sight of my curly hair

Is not classed as too rude

Phil Soar

Out Of The Closet

he came out of the closet
Falling forward as he did
Head first from out of torment
Where he'd hidden as a kid
No longer feeling pressurised
To hide his inner guilt
Now standing up for something
That he hadn't even built
Locked away inside his frame
For over twenty years
Through times of hurt and consequence
He's now severed all his fears
He opened up that closet
And left behind the doubt
He's shed his frame, from inner blame
and finally come out

Phil Soar

Outcasts

Cast aside like well worn clothes
Outcasts on an old dirt road
Tramps with nowhere else to go
Gypsies traveling to and fro
Poles apart, but left alone
Finding somewhere to call home
Adrift in a place that lacks support
For them, some peace is there last resort

Phil Soar

Outlook On Age

The tainted hair hides grey
The extra-long nose hair has no purpose
The ears have hair like tumbleweed
And the noises and smells from each orifice embarrassing

The clicks and creaks from bones get louder every day
The words spoken, a mixture of anger and pain
More clothes worn than a arctic explorer
More leaks than a plumber sees in a day

Cut the hairs, reduce the noises
Oil the creaks and clicks with Cod liver oil
Choose words carefully and cheerfully
Plug the leaks

Strange how age changes your outlook

Phil Soar

Overwhelmed

When love has overwhelmed you, and the feeling is intense,
When events have left you speechless, the effect is quite immense,
The experience is wonderful, and nothing can compare,
With all your past emotions, and the love that you now share.

I knew in one short moment, that my feelings were reborn,
Removing all the worry and blown in on such a storm,
And as the love infected me, I felt the need to dream,
Of what may lie ahead of us, and what all this love would mean.

Reflections in the mirror, showed a new and grateful face,
Images of all the happiness now taking place,
And now I wake each morning, and I still feel we are blessed,
With love reborn, and feeling warm, and filled with happiness.

Phil Soar

Pain And Sorrow

Through tears that rolled down reddened swollen cheeks
The sorrow lasted many many weeks
And when at last the memories filled the space
Where once was only your endearing face
My thoughts turned to the future, I moved on
Once the pain and sorrow had all gone

Phil Soar

Painful Love

I hate to see this sort of pain
That's rocked you to the core
And I need to tell you once again
That life is not a bore
It may hurt at the present time
You may be feeling low
But the love that's in this heart of mine
For you, will always flow
Life is full of ups and downs
And also joy and sorrow
And nothing will please me more in life
To see you smile tomorrow

Phil Soar

Painting Shadows

I like to paint shadows
Fooling those that bounce from off the sun
Strange and mystifying art
Too complex for some
Looking back across them
I notice they're not real
No outline matches data
No evidence revealed
Where no sun shone, these shadows
Cast there spell upon a wall
No story to their mystery
No purpose there at all
A 'Banksy' with no meaning
Just reflections of a thought
An image with an outline
A drawing that's self taught

Phil Soar

Pants

Cats and dogs
And newts and frogs
Bugs and flies and ants
Slugs and snails
And Puppy dog tails
Are not welcome in my pants

Phil Soar

Pants Intruder

Silently I crept into your room while you were gone
I knew I shouldn't be there, and that it was something wrong
I opened up your dresser drawer, and sniffed your underpants
When you turned up unexpectedly, and caught me out by chance

I tried my best to evade you, and tried to miss your stare
And then you asked me what I thought I was doing in there
I couldn't think of anything, that might warrant an excuse
Except I thought that there was an intruder on the loose

You gave a deep and lasting sigh, and asked me very plain
If there was something wrong with me, and was I quite insane
I couldn't answer readily, she gave me quite a clout
But now I know where I can go, whenever she pops out

Phil Soar

Paper Games

I tried some Origami
Using paper by the score
I Made some little dicky birds
And they shit upon the floor
I drank another glass of wine
I had another try
A shame that seemed so difficult
As the paper was 8-ply

Phil Soar

Paper Rose

She made a paper rose for me
She painted it in shades of red
And sprinkled it with love, then she
Lay it down upon the bed

A gesture of her love, she said
To let me know how much she cared
To have me there inside her head
And spend each day with feelings shared

I made her feel like she was really royalty
By showing her how much she meant to me
I took the rose and placed it down so carefully
And told her that she'd always have my loyalty

That rose is still there, as a welcome memory
Of the day she made a paper rose for me
For now she's gone it's all I have as testimony
To our love and all she meant to me

Phil Soar

Parental Hall Of Fame

If there's a Hall Of Fame for Parents, would we make it?
Would our kids nominate us for this fame
Would they certify enrollment, or mistake us
For people who signed up, and played the game?

Would they profit from us being very special?
And reward us for the years of stress and strain
Would they think that we deserve our recognition
Or carry on and treat us just the same?

Phil Soar

Parental Parking

There was a mix up at the supermarket
About my car, and where I should have parked it
I drove into a parent and child place
And someone tried to get into my face
They argued that my parking was unjust
And threatened that my face would end up bust
I just looked at my mother, and I said
I am her child, so take this space as read
And then my mum and I went in the store
And so they didn't argue anymore

Phil Soar

Parents

It seems I've forgotten you, but I haven't
Not a day passes without thoughts of you
It might seem it don't matter, but it does
And though the emptiness has eased, I'm blue

It's not possible to overlook your importance
Though at times I'm sure you failed
You tried your best to bring me up
Even though my ship had sailed

And each year when you would be celebrating
And another year has passed
Although our lives sometimes had clashed
In truth, I had a blast

So Mum and Dad, I'll just say thanks
Place flowers on your tomb
And I'd like to show my love in words
But there isn't enough room

Phil Soar

Parting

Where words cannot rekindle love
Romance is always lost
Where feelings mean so little then
You sit and count the cost
The years you spent together
Are gone, beyond recall
No point in past reflections
No point in love at all

Phil Soar

Passage Of Time

No wonder my moments of pleasure undress
In front of a mirror of my happiness
Just glad to be here, and to find each new day
A wonderful place to pass my time away

Phil Soar

Passages Of Time

I'll guide you through the passages of time
Explaining as we go the trials of life
Requesting nothing in return from you
Just helping with God's plan to help you through

When your time is up, remember all the good
Extinguish all the horror that you've seen
Distinguish right from wrong just as you should
Relinquish all that's gone and seek to dream

For as you pass, those dreams will bear the fruit
Of all the seeds that set inside your soul
The highways that you drove on, were your route
To all that made you good, and kept you whole

Guided through the passages of time
Knowing I have made you what you are
Knowing that you've been the best by far
The Passages of time have seen you through

Phil Soar

Passionate Nature

The passion for nature within me
Has developed over the years
Has made me the man that I am
Swallowed up all of my fears
Like a drain on my very emotions
Where my dreams become lost in this dread
What will the outcome for nature be?
When the whole darn world is dead.

Phil Soar

Passwords

My world seems full of passwords
They protect my every move
Or so it is supposed to be
So that I am in the groove
Passwords for my laptop
My desktop and my phone
Passwords to get into work
Or when I work from home
My wife loaded a password
And a lock box at our door
In case I maybe stagger home
And end up on the floor
A password to withdraw my cash
And one to drive the car
One to use the toilet
Now, that is a step too far
No longer do I need a key
To lock things in my shed
A simple 8 character word
Will serve that task instead
Letters, numbers, Hieroglyphics
Nothing else allowed
Cover your hand when entering
Or if worried by a crowd
A password for my shopping
When I do it all
Then when I reach the checkout
It just asks me one more time
I try to keep the same one
But at times it seems to crash
I change it once, I change it twice
Then have a heart attack
I constantly call helplines
They ask me just the same
"What was your mothers last address
And what's her maiden name"
An hour or two in limbo land
While Answering all my 'clues'
The line goes dead, I bang my head

And suffer self-abuse
Why do I need this hassle
When I try to live my life
I've even got a special code
For contacting the wife
How can we need a password
For almost every task
How long before we'll need one
For every question that we ask
I've listed mine in sequence
Even though they tell me not to
When in distress, or in a mess
Just look at where we've got to
A Password for each movement
And everything we do
Please don't ask me what mine will be
The next time I call you

Phil Soar

Past Treasures

Treasures from the past,
Lying covered in cobwebs
In a closet somewhere
Forgotten and waiting for hunters
Antique dealers
Searching for tales
Matched to these objects of history
Or memories from a childhood
Or a wedding album
Long lost and full of romance
Yet no longer relevant
Except to family
Who take pleasure in remembering
Though saddened at its demise
Relevance
Living with something lost
Forever
And gathering dust

Phil Soar

Patchwork Conclusions

I drew my own conclusions on a patchwork frame of sorts
I stood it on an easel just to give me some support
I marveled at the resulting grin that slid across my face
And wondered how I thought of this, and had it got a place

I hung it on the bedroom wall and read it every night
It helped me to relax a while and end the day quite right
And every time I wake, I smile, and welcome a new day
Wondering what I just might do, to help me on my way

Phil Soar

Patience

You credit me with something I don't have
Guile, critique, and a welcome mat
I hate visitors unannounced
Turning up without warning
Pressing the button on the door frame
Ringing that bell
Making the dogs howl
And I try and ignore it
Sometimes I fail
And it's you again
Asking me if I would like a copy of watchtower
You credit me with something I don't have
Patience

Phil Soar

Patterns On My Windows

While the rain patters against the windows
I no longer watch the birds at the feeders
They have taken shelter and the garden seems lost
Like a wilderness that awaits the returning sun

From inside, the grey sky supports only the rain
And the brightness seems like light years away
Until, through a small crack, I see shades of blue
As the light breaks through

Eventually, rays of sunlight force a smile
And the birds return, hungry, at the feeders
The windows no longer welcome the rain
But its presence leaves smears

Upon the glass that is my window on the world

Phil Soar

Peeking

I had a fight this morning
It left me on the floor
That will be the last time
I look in her Knicker drawer

Phil Soar

Peggy

Peggy was a gypsy
She bothered me for weeks
She a had rare condition
And would stutter when she speaks
She asked if I would by her pegs
Or a strip of lucky heather
All I could say, was 'Peggy, Hey
Just look at all that weather'.

Phil Soar

Penguins

The Penguins came in droves they did
The Penguins came in droves
They ate their way through tons of squid
The Penguins came in droves

The Seals all came to birth they did
The Seals all came to birth
They ate their way through shoals of squid
The seals all came to birth

The Dolphins came for tea they did
The Dolphins came for tea
They ate their way through miles of squid
The Dolphins came for tea

The Squid all came to die they did
The squid all came to die
And no-one knows just why they did
The Squid all came to die

Phil Soar

People

I save my very special words for those I feel require them
I share my thoughts with everyone, but some I don't admire them
Although they try their best to please, some folk are just so dull
In some, their mind's half empty, whilst others, not quite full

Phil Soar

People Are Crazy

Eccentric people living their lives eccentric ways
Crazy people run amok and preach of end of days
Nutters with a mind to entertain
The world and all its people, is insane

Phil Soar

People Watching

Sitting in the railway station
people watching
early morning rush hour
like sheep following the leader
not really concerned who gets a seat
but cramming into random carriages
on their way to the abattoir of life
where the mundane and trivia
are sheared away from the soul
and stunned into silence by the rules
and the repetitive nonsense that is work
and yet they all need it
to survive

Phil Soar

Perchance To Dream

Were you the last to see the label peeling?
Am I the last to fail to see it slip?
Was I crumbling underneath the weight of optimism?
Or did I miss the pessimistic dip?

If I knew my purpose, would I still be standing?
Instead, I fell, and lost my pedestal
And when I tried to climb on board the rescue ship
My balance couldn't cope with it at all

I float away on Icebergs made from doubt and guilt
And on the way they melt, turn upside down
And all that hid beneath the waves of empathy
Have tugged at me and almost made me drown.

I know that others care for how I treat myself
And if they could, they'd send a rescue team
But I'm alone inside my head and floating
Perchance to hope, perchance to live and dream

Phil Soar

Performance

There was a time when I performed all night
Sadly that no longer is the case
My current performance rating is just right
I'm premature and all over the place

Maybe it's my age, I'm sixty three
And unable to 'stand up' for very long
After minutes I am all weak at the knees
And libido at my age seems pretty wrong

Others will say that they are at their best
Performing as they do for hours on end
But looking at me stood in my holey vest
Is enough to drive away a dearest friend

So though I think I'd love the chance to play
And romp around for hours at a time
I think I'll give my chances all away
And lie and think of me when at my prime

Phil Soar

Persistent Rain

Persistent rain
Dampens the spirit
Soaks the ground
Revitalising the earth
Bringing new life
Where once there was none
Replenishes Lakes
Storm lashes seas
Appears from clouds formed above
High above
Where birds fly
People fly in metal frames
And lightning strikes
Persistent rain

Phil Soar

Pests

Reckless rats raid garden sheds
Spend their nights in makeshift beds
Leave their presence everywhere
Acting like they just don't care

Slugs and snails leave slimey trails
Crawl up walls and into pails
Hanging round, unwelcome guests
On my list of garden pests

Phil Soar

Pests 2

Holes in the garden lawn
Dug by something black
Ants all on my roses
And an Aphid plant attack
Slugs eating my vegetables
In the middle of the night
Everything in my garden
Is dying out in fright

Phil Soar

Photo Shop

I photo shopped myself today
Drew lines across my face
Erased my manhood from the scene
Put a big one in its place
Drew thick strong thighs
And bright blue eyes
And then showed it my mate
He looked amazed, said I was crazed
And went to masturbate!

Phil Soar

Picking

I picked my nose at school today
And all the snot just fell away

Phil Soar

Picking Your Nose

My mother told me if I picked my nose, it would cave in,
Those words affected me when I was young
So when I felt the need, I just remembered mothers words
And up my nose I placed a rubber bung

Phil Soar

Pie & Chips

Pies

I used to love pies

Size

I grew in size

Must have been the pies

Chips

I love those chips

They feel so greasy on my hips

And they pass quickly through my lips

I love those chips

Phil Soar

Pieces

Fractions of heartbeats
Pieces of shame
Portions of heartache
Sections of blame
Traces of hurt
The size of the moon
Love disembowelled
All over too soon

Phil Soar

Pies

The pies she makes have made me fat
I have no cause to question that
She fills them with her love and meat
No wonder I have got bad feet
They can't support my ample frame
But I still eat pies all the same

Phil Soar

Pinkie Mcstinkey

Pinkie McStinkey smelt sweeter than flowers
And sat in the garden for hours and hours
Along came some wasps and dragged him to their hive
Its a wonder that Pinkie got out there alive

Phil Soar

Pistols At Dawn

They stood back to back with their reasons intact
Started to walk and prepared for attack
Then one of them turned and fired off a round
And the referee sighed as he fell to the ground

The other combatant was quite unaware
He was a slow walker and hadn't got there
And when he turned round and saw someone was dead
He put down his pistol, and ran off instead

Phil Soar

Platypus

The Duck billed platypus, it's said
Has a funny tail and silly head

Phil Soar

Playing Cards

The playing cards were laid face down
The bets were on the table
When turned to face me, I did frown
And then became unstable

Phil Soar

Playing Doctors And Nurses

We played doctors and nurses
When we were only six
Putting things in places
That really shouldn't mix
We really weren't that qualified
To play the patient game
But the smiles that it created
In our minds would just remain

Phil Soar

Playing Solitaire

I sat alone and placed my cards face down
I turned the last ones over and I frowned
And then I realised I was alone
Playing solitaire away from home

The room was not what I'd call worth five stars
Though Trip Advisor almost went that far
Note to self: Don't trust that site again
It's not that good when it begins to rain

No other place to go for staying dry
But sitting all alone could make you cry
Unless of course you can play solitaire
You find it on your laptop sitting there

Waiting for some chump to log onto
That place where there's a welcome game or to
At times when there is nothing else to do
Playing solitaire to get you through

Phil Soar

Playing With Seasons

And now the nights grow longer and the darkness is depressing
The need for smiles around us all, would be a welcome blessing
The next 5 months or so will be a challenge to us all
At least there will be colour though, as we approach the fall

The trees now losing leaves, but show a Kaleidoscopic range
So many browns and gold and reds all showing how they've aged
And falling to the ground like sails that flap on the high seas
The very epic changes can bring viewers to their knees

So keep your spirits high and don't let changes rule the day
The seasons change as we do, and they give a game away
The game that is as wonderful as any we could play
So choose your season and then watch as nature comes your way

Phil Soar

Plenty Of Things In Life

Plenty of things in life require the skills I do not own
Plenty of things in life can make me wish I was alone
Plenty of things in life should make me glad to be alive
And Plenty of things in life make living so hard to survive

Phil Soar

Pocket Hole

I have hole deep in my trouser pocket
It lets me fiddle with my private bits
And no-one knows I'm playing with my `rocket'
Or that I have a pair of flabby tits

Phil Soar

This site we share our thoughts and poems on
Has many ways to help our day along
Some thoughts are deep and others just for fun
Hooray for thoughts of each and everyone

The strains of life, the way it seems
Some peoples hopes, and others' dreams
All shared without a moments thought
Expressions given, and lessons taught

Without that outlet, the world wide web
So many feelings could not be fed
Out there in a ocean of words and rhyme
A flash of genius, and snapshot of time

The continuous nature of peoples guilt
The stanzas typed, the poems built
All shared across a global field
With seas of emotion and dreams fulfilled

To those who pursue the nature of living
They share of themselves, all that loving and giving
So many exhibitors, with love they can share
Sign in to this site, leaving memories there

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Phil Soar

Phil Soar

Poetic Visitors

They visit me at night when I have switched my mind to pause
And circle round my inner thoughts, seeking some applause
The words I just can't wash away, whenever I'm asleep
For when I wake, they bother me, as if I'm counting sheep

They form unusual sentences, and will not let me rest
Until they're down on paper and I've got them off my chest
A burden of an alphabet, that only I can trust
Signalling a brand new rhyme, poetically unjust

So for the moment, juggling all these letters into words
After such a heavy sleep, is really quite absurd
Although I can't control it, they still infect my night
Vowels and consonants abound, all looking for a fight

Phil Soar

Pogo Stick

I used to own a pogo stick
And bounced around like 'Tigger'
Until I bounced into a lake
That made my father snigger

Phil Soar

Pokemon Crazy

There's a Pokemon in my garden
Its name is Pikachu
There's loads of people in my street
I don't know what to do
They all have apple I-phones
Or Android driven apps
They're crawling through the undergrowth
And any open gaps
And when they capture new ones
They move off down the street
Running to the next address
Where they can all compete
Someone encroached on my front lawn
And stared in through my door
I smacked her round the head a bit
She fell onto the floor
And then she screamed excitedly
She'd found one in the grass
Her phone was hot and so was I
As I stared at her ass
The street was getting crowded
There were Pokemons galore
Kids and Adults running round
Knocking at your door
Mostly all infringing
On neighbours private grounds
Getting all excited
And making screeching sounds
The craze is getting too much press
And no-one seems to care
Spending all their leisure time
On racing everywhere
Trying to catch these cartoon schmucks
No matter what the cost
Some people need a satnav too
As they keep getting lost
Heads down, phones out
Rushing through the town
Diving into Rivers

Forgetting they might drown
Spending quite a fortune
As they speed round in their cars
Avoiding the speed cameras
After leaving public bars
And in the public toilets
Where people go to pee
There's even Pokemons in there
Well, that's what they said to me
Arrested for indecency
The phone as evidence
I'd missed the bloody Pokemon
That sat upon the fence
The cell did not have GPS
And so I had to wait
For my release, by the police
To return to this chase
This craze is now a global game
The world has all gone mad
I wish that I could give it up
After all, I am a dad! .

Phil Soar

Poker Face

The poker face they said I had put on
was nothing like my mood, and soon was gone
so why did I feel guilty at the time?
about this poker face that's really mine

I cannot help the way my face reflects
the moods and episodes that life affects
so I'll just go along with a face like thunder
and travel through life from blunder to blunder

Phil Soar

Political Nonsense

I wasted my opinion
On political exploitation
I vote for obscure reasons
I don't think it helps the nation

I vote for those who waste their time
With pointless Manifestos
And I do my shopping all
And buy my bread from Tesco's

Phil Soar

Politicians

Politicians

Full of lies

Don't vote

Gloat on their demise

Phil Soar

Politics 2015

I'm sick of the campaigning
I'm tired of broken dreams
I'm bored by politicians
And endless twitter streams
All the time I wonder
When will I get a break?
From all the lies and rhetoric
And all the mad debate

Phil Soar

Pollen

If it wasn't for my garden
If it wasn't for the bees
If it wasn't for the pollen count
I guess I wouldn't sneeze

Phil Soar

Poltergeist

Go away
You're not real
You don't know how I feel
You cannot get inside my mind
You're a weird Poltergeist
So please take my advice
Before I do something unkind

Phil Soar

Polyhedron

I bought a polyhedron
and kept it in a cage
I thought it was a parrot
but it was something strange

Phil Soar

Pomp And Nonsense

Pomp and circumstance
Stains deep in your underpants
Two completely different things that make me wonder
If I stole a thing or two
From the king of Timbuktu
Would he search for me a blow my world asunder?

Phil Soar

Pond Dweller

I stood there naked in a garden pond
Tickled on the balls by a fresh green frond
Standing with the newts and the frogs spawn to
What a really stupid thing to do.

Phil Soar

Poo

I left a mark upon ceramic
I treated it with bleach
I even tried to scrub it off
But the look of it made me reach

Phil Soar

Pool Of Doubt

We sat beside a pool of doubt
Where metaphors were all around
Our minds just could not work it out
Mysteries scattered on the ground
Beside that pool were pots of truths
We dipped inside each one to find
A myriad of ways to sooth
Our deep and soulful eyes so blind

We sat beside a pool of doubt
And mesmerised, we swam in guilt
Upon a doubt fed roundabout
We understood what we had built
Where nothing more than endless faults
Swallowed up our very hearts
And as we cast those pots aside
We very slowly fell apart

Phil Soar

Portrait On The Wall

The painting in the entrance hall
Doesn't ever move at all
And yet the eyes seem all around the room
It's like they haunt me everywhere
follow me right up the stairs
And make me think of my impending doom

Phil Soar

Postal Nonsense

I drafted a letter to my bride to be
Asking why she was marrying me
To my surprise It was never delivered
She had run off with the postman!

Phil Soar

Potatoes

King Edward's in the cupboard,
Charlotte's cut in squares,
Maris Piper's mashed to bits,
Roosters going spare,
Desiree sings 'Life' and such,
Duke of York's are red,
Dunbar Rover roam around,
And Jersey Royal's bred.

These lovely boiled potatoes,
All make your tea time fine,
Dressed with a little of what you like,
And a very large bottle of wine.

Phil Soar

Potholes

The doctor examined me and then whispered 'Oh'
There really is something that you ought to know
You cannot keep eating or you will explode
And you have made potholes all over the road

Phil Soar

Pouring Rain

The rain lashed down with hatred in its eye
Like a raging river freed, after winters icy grip
And bouncing of the surface of the racing cars
Relentlessly pounding everything with incessant drips

And after passing through and moving on its way
The flooded plains and water stains remained as lakes
Stretching miles and miles and dampening spirits
But taking pleasure from the finished mess it makes

Phil Soar

Power-Nap

A power-nap is good for you, some scientists decided
Better for you than that evening sleep, your body has provided
So take a break from your working regime, and power-nap away
You'll feel better then, and start again, another working day

Phil Soar

Prayers

I sat alone in an old church pew
Wondering what to make of you
Are you watching over me?
Are you where I hoped you'd be?
When all the world seems on my case
Were you the one who saved my place?
And kept me on the straight and narrow
Always there to ease my sorrow
Helping me with all my doubt
Wondering what Life's all about
Stretching the limits of self belief
Avoiding stress and my inner grief
Unable to see you, when you're there
Helping me through the deep despair
With hands together, and prayers all said
I drank the wine, I ate the bread

I sat alone, in an old church pew
And thanked the heavens, because of you

Phil Soar

Premonitions

Left all alone, I'm rather prone
to abject premonition
I see the future in my mind
coming to fruition
the only deep regret I have
is that it's based on fiction
my thought process is blinkered and
it's sort of an addiction

Phil Soar

Pride

I thought that I might burst with joy
Whether girl, or whether boy,
Instead I broke just down and cried,
At the emotion of a fathers pride.

Phil Soar

Princess

She sleeps like a princess
And lives like a saint
I wish I was her king
It's a pity I Aint!

Phil Soar

Prison

Prison cells and acrid smells
Accompany the rogues
Who spend their time behind the bars
And dare not touch their toes

Phil Soar

Profanities

Profanities in words are what I'm used to
It helps me deal with life in times of stress
I might let out a word that's quite abusive
That leaves recipients in some distress

A form of tourette's, or a trait I'm prone to
Or just a torrent of foul mouthed expletives
I can't control the verbal altercations
Even though I'm told that I should leave it

I'm told that this must be my own relief valve
When trials of life become too much to bare
And yet I can't give up this verbal outburst
And wonder if I really have to care

Phil Soar

Profiled

I wrote my own profile that made me look good
Perhaps I should change it, I think that I should
Someone will see through me, as it's all a fake
You can fool anybody, but the truth's like a cake

All soft on the inside and crisp on the top
Once you start with the filling, you just cannot stop
When you think about icing, your senses excite
You loved how it looked, but now you're in a fight

A fight for reality, as you have just lied
Your profile inaccurate and affecting your pride
And the people who think you're a pretty good case
Will find out your profile's all over the place

Phil Soar

Promises

Evaluate the promises you made today
take pleasure in the ones that you have kept
don't leave a trace of failure in your footprints
and wipe away the tears you may have wept

When faced with broken promises be sure you know
you did your best to flush the hurt away
succeeding in the way you handle broken dreams
can help you get through each and every day

Phil Soar

Proof Reading

My proof reading is not that good
I sometimes mix my words
And when I check them later on
The poem is absurd

I strangle lots of sentences
And when I read them over
I miss things that I should make out
And I never quite recover

I do enjoy my writing
But sometimes I dismay
My words seem to be fighting
When I look at the display

So I must take much more care when I
Begin to check my stuff
Or else you folk will think I'm mad
And my poems are all duff

Phil Soar

Protected Heart

I built a wall around my heart
And thought it could not fall
That nothing could destroy its strength
That it stood mighty tall
Then you came, my wall fell down
You stepped across the rubble
I knew right then you'd captured me
And that I was in trouble

I'd said that no-one ever would
Steal my heart again
After all the previous times
It was engulfed with pain
But I had not yet seen your face
Or noticed your sweet smile
Or that I would encounter you
And fall for your feminine guile

You've broken down that outer seal
The kept my heart anew
You've entered into wilderness
And love came into view
You've broken my defences
And turned to lock a door
That I may just have left ajar
And don't need anymore

Phil Soar

Protecting

Is there something that you feel should need protecting?
Is it maybe something meaningful to you?
Have you missed an opportunity to save it?
Is there something now, you feel that you should do?

Most things in life mean precious little to us
They do not have an impact on our lives
Perhaps we all should see them as a challenge
And protect them like we would our kids, or wives

Just because they seem external to our feelings
And happen far away from all our days
We should not generalize them, and their meanings
But try our best to help in many ways

Protecting all we have is most essential
And gives us all a way to show we care
So take the time to help someone who needs it
Today, Tomorrow, and most anywhere

Phil Soar

Pwonoucing

The way that we pwonounce fings can sometimes cawse debait
We insert wetters awkwudlee, it is a funny twait
While some foke have such etiket, some foke are qwite dim
Why do we have such dailex, and carnt understand a fing?

Phil Soar

Pythagoras

The Pythagoras theory's
A mystery to me
I have no blessed interest
In Greek mythology

Phil Soar

Questions

Do Traffickers get stuck in traffic?
Do Pilots fly through life?
Do lowland gorillas live on a hill?
Do my farts not smell at night?
Do my running shoes like walking?
Do my slippers stop me falling?
With all these things inside my head
It's like the Asylum's calling

Phil Soar

Queueing

The queue was almost back to the door
I wondered what all those were queueing up for
It turn out to be for some coffee and such
Tasted like shit, and made by Starbucks!

Phil Soar

Queues

How long we spend in queues should not amuse
We stand around in queues like Lambs and ewes
Bleating on about how long we've waited
Staring at the staff we have berated

Phil Soar

Quiet Your Mind

Quiet your mind a moment
Sit in silence
Dream a dream
Think of something wonderful
And dwell in it
Smile in the contentment
Relax for just a while
Feed the mind with nothing
And listen to it smile

Phil Soar

Rabbit From A Hat

I pulled a rabbit from a hat, and yet I'm no magician
I think it maybe slept in there, an uncomfortable position,
I'd left it in the garden shed, the door was left ajar
I guess the rabbit needed it, while I cleaned out my car

Phil Soar

Rabbits Eyes

The headlights caught the rabbits eyes
I'd not expected that
And like a paper swats a fly
The sound I heard was SPLAT!

Phil Soar

Rabbits Home Had Squatters

When the hole that he dug was completed
The Rabbit set off down below
But the home he prepared had some squatters
And he realised that they'd have to go
So he mentioned to some of his neighbours
That some foxes were round and about
And they all spread the word as a favour
And the squatters quite quickly moved out

Phil Soar

Raging Seas

Foaming waves on raging seas
Natures Gales from initial breeze
Battering coastlines, shifting sand
Re-aligning the changing land

Blowing dunes and pounding rocks
And everything that it unlocks
Whilst marine life waits out of sight
Staying clear of natures might

An atmosphere with a violent flair
No time to breathe in the swirling air
A distant calm some way off shore
We sit in silence and hear it's roar

Phil Soar

Railroad Memories

I strolled along the disused railroad track
Knowing that my youth would not come back
But remembering those days we trod those trails
As the locomotives thundered on the rails

Those days we sat beside the bank as cargo flew
Long after distant engine noise had whistled through
And watching as the steam and smoke hung in the air
We trespassed, and we played around and didn't care

The woods on either side held certain mysteries
From wildlife that we spied on and the cedar trees
Those days we loved and stay with us in later years
I sit there now and wipe away my gushing tears

The waterfalls that breached the paths along the forest floor
Are trickling now, where once the rain poured down before
But still the running water takes me back awhile
I sit there now, the tears are gone, and I can Smile

Phil Soar

Rain

I tried to catch the raining but it's not stopping
Falling down like bombs from armored clouds
Crashing down on me for hours and hours
And the thunder that precedes it is so loud

I tried to stand beneath a tree for shelter
The wind caught me from every single side
I tried to look for somewhere else to run to
But as I ran it knocked me from my stride

I tried to blend in with the constant torrent
It sought me out wherever I lay down
And when it hit me with such force I wondered
How I could stop the rain from falling down

Phil Soar

Rainbows

On a day when Rainbow's brighten the sky,
With colours so vibrant they touch the soul,
And the sun in all its burning glory,
Warms the heart and fills the day with excess happiness
And the world seems a better place,
For that certain time.

If the very things that make you happy,
Are so far way, you cannot reach,
You must take time to look for peace,
In alternate places where calm and solace meet,
And then the world will be a better place,
For that certain time.

Keeping things inside and not releasing them,
Are features of your personality that can haunt you,
Making you sad when all you need is happiness,
To make you understand your world
And when the world is a better place,
Your mind is too.

Never allow sorrow to have its day,
It will overtake the very feelings you seek to redress,
And at the time it has its moment,
It blunts the ability to love and be loved,
And the world cannot be that better place,
That it needs to be.

So when rainbow's fill the sky with their exuberance,
And the warmth of the sun sets your heart aglow,
You must visit the place inside that sets you aside from others less blessed,
And create your own happiness by accepting that warmth and colour.
Let it flow inside and released the calm,
That makes this world a better place.

Phil Soar

Raindrops

Raindrops keep falling on my head
I must buy an Umbrella

Phil Soar

Raining On Sunday

It was raining on Sunday
So I stayed under the covers
Not worrying about the wet outside
Or thinking of any others
Sleeping the grey away from my mind
Imagining the blue
Washing my thoughts with invisible cleaner
That's all that I could think of to do

Phil Soar

Rainy Day

And so the sun is out again
after being blocked the other day
but clouds have circled overhead
and took the lovely sun away
and then it rained a little while
and then the clouds were gone again
and then the sun came out once more
but then the clouds came back and then
it rained and rained and rained
and rained and rained and rained and rained
and then the sun was lost
and this time, the moon had nothing to do with it!

Phil Soar

Rainy Days

It rained a lot when I was young
At least that I remember
The wet had seeped into my brain
and dampened every ember
My burnt out brain was soggy
from the floods that infiltrated
I think that's why I'm called a drip
and my moods are just deflated

Phil Soar

Random Comments

I hear random comments in everyday tasks
Hidden insults that vocabulary masks
People who know how to flirt with the truth
And say things politely, that are meant as uncouth

Phil Soar

Random Things

A kind word
A warm hand
A helpful Thought
A stern command
A stolen Kiss
A soft embrace
A welcome smile
A happy face

A spoken prayer
A voice of calm
A ripple effect
An open palm
A silent whisper
A hateful crowd
A warning cry
A protective shroud

A passing phase
A daily grind
A pause to think
A shattered mind
A life of dread
An empty place
A wall of silence
An open space

A call to war
A cry for peace
A fallen crown
A swift release
A common goal
An open sore
A drop of blood
A broken door

A token gesture
A broken dream
A filtered drop

A flooded stream
A love of life
A cause for glee
A place of joy
For you an me

Phil Soar

Randomness

Random thoughts without substance

Ideas without thoughts

Suggestions without purpose

What a day

Phil Soar

Randy Crabs

Standing in the ocean with the waves caressing feet
I thought I was in heaven, and that life was really sweet
And then I felt a little pain, and almost wet my pants
A crab had nipped me on the toe, as it did a sideways dance

I hopped around amidst the surf, my toe was glowing red
And other crabs began to gather round the ocean bed
I'd dipped my feet into a storm of copulating crustaceans
And as each one, was trampled on, it caused some complications

They had to call the lifeguard who could extricate my feet
But when he saw the hoard of crabs, he ran off down the street
And by the time I'd run ashore, my feet were full of blisters
Caused by just one Randy crab, and all her bloody sisters!

Phil Soar

Rapunzel

Hark, I hear a maiden calling
Shouting from the turrets up above
Her long blonde hair is dangling down and falling
I think that I am falling deep in love

She lives so high, I cannot see her beauty
Her voice, however, is sweet unto my ears
In my eyes, she seems a little cutie
And what I've waited for, for many years

I tugged upon her hair to gain attention
And signalled I would climb up to her world
She blew a kiss I took as deep affection
I climbed up on her hair that had unfurled

And when I reached the summit, I was staggered
Her beauty wasn't obvious to see
Her faced was full of warts and she looked haggard
I looked for an escape route frantically

She was in fact a witch, and not a princess
She turned me into something quite extreme
And made me so ugly I was right mess
And then I woke up from my childhood dream

Phil Soar

Rays

Where sunshine breaks the bleakness of winter
The warmth may be less than the best summer day
Still, the pleasure of seeing it break through the greyness
Can raise many smiles, and blow coldness away

There are those who have darkness for months at a time
And see nothing to warm the hearts that wait there
But the unending darkness will not last forever
And the sun will shine through, when the light reappears

Phil Soar

Reach For Me

When you're alone
And all you need, is someone close to hold
When you feel lost
And no-one seems to understand you're cold
When you feel hurt
And three small words would help to ease the pain
Reach for me
And in my arms, you'll find refuge again

When days seem long
And every hour is twenty four hours long
When aching limbs give up
And everything you do just turns out wrong
When everyone is right
And all you do becomes a chore
Reach for me
And in my arms, you'll feel you're loved, I'm sure

Phil Soar

Reaching For Stars

I sat and watched the evening sky, as clouds began to part
The stars that shone the brightest, seemed to brighten up my heart
And out there in the universe, the world must seem so small
I wish that I could reach the stars, but I am not that tall

Phil Soar

Reaching For The Stars

I reached for stars but couldn't quite fulfill it
The lengths I went to just seek out my fame
To hope that one day I would then be famous
And everyone on earth would know my name

I reached for heights I thought that I could climb to
I tried for years to build up my esteem
To become someone special that others strive to
Be like, and share my fundamental dream

And now that I have not achieved my target
And my attempts at fame have kicked the bucket
I'm just about to go down to the market
And stand up on a soap box and shout 'F**K IT!

Phil Soar

Read It

I want to lift your spirits
With a rhyme or two of crap
There's just no point being sad
So please read all my pap

Phil Soar

Reading

The book lay on the shelf for years, and aged as cobwebs formed upon it
Unread, it fed an archive with a thousand more just like it
As typeset faded with its age, and pages became brittle
I wish I'd had the common sense to read it just a little

The stories that these archives held, were mysteries and fiction
Waiting for someone to pick them up, with no restriction
And the time it took to follow them, could be counted as a deed
To help the educated learn how great it was to read

Phil Soar

Reality And Reasoning

Where does reality sit among my reasoning?
How do I seek my solace when my thoughts are sad?
Will anything I say have more importance?
And why does everything I hear seem bad?

It's quite unique to not care one Iota
To stroll through life as if it's all a dream
Not caring who says what, or how they think of you
How to avoid the social media stream

Does everything need constant explanation?
Why can't we just accept that we are flawed?
And all the consequences of our actions
Will mean one day the world will be destroyed

Phil Soar

Reality Tv

I'd rather watch the birds and bees
Than reality shows on My TV
So matter of fact and starring morons
Why sit down and switch the thing on?
I'm not one of those who finds it good
Or can find a reason why I should
I'd rather watch the birds and bees
Sitting in the garden underneath the trees

Phil Soar

Reason And Doubt

On the other side of reason, there is doubt
When recalling past events, we work that out
On the other side of doubt, there's always fear
Relentless worry, causing many tears

Phil Soar

Reasons To Be Cheerful

Babies in cribs

Barbecue ribs

Fast cars

Bright new stars

Sunny days

Animals ways

Sex in the grass

A fabulous arse

Reasons to be cheerful

Phil Soar

Recluse

He wore a hat most every day
To keep the flies and gnats at bay
He didn't wash himself you see
And lived his life beside a tree
They called him an eccentric
He spent his time outdoors
He had no wired electrics
His bed was the forest floor
He didn't have an appetite
For anything but tat
He kept a flask of berry tea
And his best friend was a bat
It kept him occupied at night
And kept the moths at bay
He didn't have much he could do
And even less to say
He died alone but happy
And then he decomposed
His body reclaimed by the earth
From where he first arose

Phil Soar

Recurring Nightmare

A recurring dream of epitaph's
Lined up like cold blocks of granite stone
Reminding you of those no longer with us
Stand side by side
Waiting for the calligraphy of death
To repair the balance of sorrow and remorse
Telling the world how great you were
From day one until the end

Imagine that recurring scene
A constant reminder of yet what is to come
Playing through the sleeping mind
Clouding your dreams of the future with sorrow
Through silent tears you wake
And there's no memory of who those stones were for
No names written upon them yet
Not mine
Not yours
But they stand side by side
Waiting
Cold rows of unpolished stone
Waiting
For the end

Phil Soar

Redemption

You can cage me like an animal
or else you lock my room
Keeping me,
Under lock and key
won't cure my deep filled gloom
You can hold my heart to ransom
and hide your jealous streak
you bind my personality
and hardly let me speak
You can twist the few words I'm allowed
and make them yours alone
your hurtful and upsetting actions
chill me to the bone
But nought will mean redemption
when the lord takes you away
And leaves me free of turmoil
and sets me on my way.

Phil Soar

Re-Elected

Tales of the unexpected
Since that man was re-elected
And the future won't be dull
Just mainly comical

Phil Soar

Reflections

Reflected in those eyes of midnight blue
Images of how you used to feel
And drops of tears appear to blot the view
Reflections in your eyes of midnight blue

Simplistic times that followed you around
And kept your mind awakened by their spell
Were all that kept your feet upon the ground
Until you read the letter that you found

Phil Soar

Reflections 2

In the mirror there are all these scars and stuff
As I stand there in my naked buff
Not a spark in my eyes, or a parting in my hair
And nothing going on 'down there'
If my body shows signs of the life I've led
It would show that I was over-fed
Where a six-pack was, there is now a tyre
I'll not be setting any hearts on fire
And my days of turning on the female kind
Is more or less a state of mind
As I stand and look at that mirror's glare
At my swollen frame and lack of hair
I would love to be pleased at what I see
But all that's reflected is poor old me!

Phil Soar

Reflections In The Mirror

I grimaced this morning
When I looked in the mirror
I'd aged a hundred years or more
And looked a little thinner
I turned to look behind me
I thought it wasn't me
But when I turned around again
Me was all that I could see

Phil Soar

Reflections Of Love

Reflections in the mirror, and a warm and pleasing face
A shadow in the background, that the darkness can't replace
An image in the mind that etches love inside your being
A token of affection that your inner thoughts are seeing

Swathes of lovers ambiance, and dreams that fill the heart
Innocence and special words that play an active part
Those gathering emotions and a bloom of happiness
A world of everything you need, to make you feel you're blessed

Phil Soar

Reflections On Divorce

Prayers that go unanswered
turn into next year's dreams
words that fall on stony ground
are not all that they seem
thoughts can turn you inside out
and jealous minds ensue
oh pitiful heart and mind, be still
I know what you've been through

Crystal clear, as teardrops seem
Inside them, memories fall
beyond their trip down cheeks of red
a new beginning calls
adjust your mind and heart into
a future full of hope
in time those prayers and dreams you had
will help your heart to cope

Phil Soar

Reflections On My Past

Sometimes I see reflections of the person that I am,
The likeness haunts me constantly,
The changes as I've aged have had an impact,
Making me wonder if the lines are like the rings in trees,
Each telling the story of the years of my life,
How my very essence has measured the man I am
And the shadows they create imitate the years
Saving data, so that my life is not seen as wasted
Then at least these reflections can mean something to someone
History repeating itself through my lifetime
Recording the years

Phil Soar

Regarding Love

Regarding you
Needing me
That's not the case
we both agree

Regarding me
Liking you
That is the case
More than you knew

Regarding love
Remaining right
Not the case
This lonely night

Regarding you
Leaving me
Was the case
Now you are free

Phil Soar

Relaxing In The Garden

The coffee's on the table
My laptop's on there too
I'm sitting writing poems
As there's nothing I can do
My chores are done, the garden smells
Of fragrances galore
I sit and type, and watch the wildlife
Passing by my door

No other pastime that I know
Can fill my day with glee
I feel that all the sights and sounds
Are here, to just please me
So when I get a moments rest
I sit out with my drink
And as the world just floats on by
I write things as I think

Phil Soar

Release

With all the dull and grey filled skies
With all the hurt and doubt and lies
With all the pressure heaped on us
With all the world in constant flux
With all the conflict everywhere
With all the people who don't care
No wonder that we can't get there
To where our souls will seek out peace
With all this hate, we need release

Phil Soar

Remarks

Remarks in the heat of the moment
Can never be salvaged once said
You then spend the day without comfort
Alone, in that once shared warm bed

Phil Soar

Rembrandt

My friend has bought a Rembrandt,
He hung it in the hall,
It fell and broke in pieces,
And now it's worth ***** all.

Phil Soar

Remember Me?

'Remember me? ', she said
I looked puzzled, and hoped she didn't see
That something troubled me

'Lovely to see you', I Replied
While my memory accessed the hard drive that was my brain
I could hear it whirring and hoped she couldn't
Hear it
Whirring

After I re-booted, I tried again
And as if a mouse was running through my head
I noticed that my hard drive had been wiped

So,
No I didn't remember her..

We managed to talk until she suggested I didn't
Remember her,

I had to admit that she was a mystery to me
And then it hit me
The truck
We had been standing on a street corner
I won't remember her now

EVER

Phil Soar

Remember When

Remember when
our lives were single,
and we never knew
one day that we would merge together
and be known as two

Remember when
our first kiss lingered on,
as if to bless
the rest of our beginnings,
with a wealth of happiness

Remember when
the little feet that printed patterns
on that tiled floor
were more than we'd imagined
or were even ready for

Remember when
those first few steps
were now a large stampede
the noise and all the decibels
were vying to compete

Remember when
the high school days
were testing our resolve
the lessons learned a test for us
the problems always solved

Remember when
they left the nest
and all seemed sane once more
no feet to thunder through the room
no hands to slam the door

Remember when
we looked into our eyes
and wept a little while

had looked through many photographs
with fondness and a smile

Remember now
our future lies
with thoughts and reminisces
with strolls and loving episodes
and warm an welcome kisses

Phil Soar

Requiem For A Marriage

And now our love has had its final fling
And all our energy has slipped away
What future waits for us 'neath Cupids wing
To catch us once again
Its game to play

What memories will love, then leave behind
What heartache will it cause for those who stay
To try and piece together what they find
And wonder why such love could slip away

Tis only consolation that they seek
In digging up our deep and caring past
If only we had taken time to speak
We may have saved our love, and made it last

To many, we were such a loving pair
They did not see the torment deep inside
They did not feel the hurt, or see despair
The damage that was done
The injured pride

Deceiving is a damning blow to fall
Upon the only place inside the mind
Then when it does, your minds bereft of all
The memories it keeps, for you to find

Your love, for me, was total, so I thought
And never did I once deceive your heart
Yet your unfaithfulness has left me fraught
With feelings that have torn my world apart

So many days of love we shared as friends
That at this time of parting, should we stay?
And patch the broken memory that ends
When hearts that were as one, are led astray

Believe me when I say 'No arms can hold
You, Like I held you, when we were in love

Yet I will love you 'till my blood runs cold
And I can watch over you, from up above

Phil Soar

Rescue

I rescued someone haunted by their past
The remnants of the days they lost their way
I helped them overcome the worst at last
And made them see a future in today

I walked a narrow path with them to where
The horrors they were haunted by had led
And when confronted by their bad days there
I sheltered them from feelings they had shed

I saw them turn their lives around for sure
I pleaded to their god to see them through
Surrounding them with everything that's pure
And hoped their future had a welcome view

Phil Soar

Rescue Dog

The route was cold and varied as he searched across the moors
The weight of expectation was a pressure on his paws
The rescue dog worked tirelessly, to find the lost and tired
And handlers watched him working, with a deepening sense of pride.

Phil Soar

Re-Setting The Mind

When tiredness tells me I should be asleep
When aching limbs suggest I rest my feet
When all my thoughts tell me it's time frown
I wish I could press 'reset' and then lie down

When stars above grow dim under dark skies
When I know more than I ever realised
When I cannot see the forest for the trees
I wish I could relax and be at ease

When reading becomes more or less a chore
When my eyes are red and feeling sore
When simple things are too much of a strain
I wish I could 'reset' and start again

Phil Soar

Rest Awhile

Please rest a while, and smile
Prepare to meet your thoughts head on
Create a welcome mat of pleasure
At the front door of your dreams
A bespoke place where your troubles fade
Relationships Blossom
And the world is a better place

Attach no blame to your bad thoughts
Take no exception to those who annoy you
Revel in your own achievements
Do not degrade others
But rest awhile

Phil Soar

Rest Your Mind

Rest your mind
Sometimes
Re-charge you cells
Restart you thoughts
Erase the negative
Always

Replace with Positive energy
If poles no longer interact
Repel the need to worry
Re-charge yourself
And live

Phil Soar

Retired

And so I've retired now
No tedious trips along the motorway network

Fellow workers racing by at speed
Whatever was the rush?

Was getting there ever the best part?
Leaving always was

Until the hold ups on the journey back
Sitting waiting for the road to clear

Adjusting my posture so I don't get stressed
Adapting to the thought it won't be long

And now that trip should no longer haunt me
Yet all those others will continue to speed

I'm retired now
The garden is my sanctuary

I revel in the colours during these summer days
I will equally enjoy the shades of green when Winter comes

My dogs by my side
Well, at least out here with me

Equally aged, we enjoy the peace
And the occasional game

Hopefully for many years

I am retired now.

Phil Soar

Retirement

I wish I could give up
I wish I was done
The work is so meaningless
My days full of dross
I wish I could give up
For work it's no loss
To be able put this nonsense away
Would surely help me get through each day.

Phil Soar

Retiring

On my own, I am a nomad
Wandering and wondering

In company, I am alone
Even though I communicate

I am in the garden of my youth
And the buzz lifts my spirits

Yet through the complications of age
I stop for no-one

Incapable of understanding
I drift off into my own space

The schedule I keep is monotonous
Lets hope retirement means new openings

If my mind will allow
I maybe born again

And keep time with my new grandson
A child again.

Phil Soar

Rewards In Heaven

If there is such a thing as heaven, I'm heading there
Not yet I hope, but when all hope has gone
Beyond the stars and way out in the galaxy
I'd like to hope that's where I might belong

If there is such a thing as peace, I hope it's waiting for me
I'd like to think it's wrapped in silk and lace
And somewhere there's a pillow made of feelings
Where I could lie and rest my ugly face

If there is hope that's not on the horizon
But somewhere in the future I will find
A hope that heaven is a place of reason
Not just a place where everyone is kind

With thanks for the Idea to Mauva Kiffin

Phil Soar

Rewiring

Someone once said
That the wires in my head
Were connected by a young apprentice
That my acts were controlled
By an electrical mole
And I didn't know what an offence is

I can be quite rude
Exhaustingly crude
With no thought for the folk I offend
But my brain needs rewiring
Perhaps as I'm retiring
I'll let it drive me round the bend

Phil Soar

Reworked Nursery Rhymes 1

Ba Ba Black sheep
Hadn't any wool
A random racist shearer
Removed it with his tool
And on the wool black market
He sold it to a spinner
That way he thought he'd make some cash
And everyone's a winner

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 10

Old King Cole, was a merry old soul
Or perhaps it was just the cocaine
There was no Betty Ford
At the times he was bored
So he turned to his drugs stash again

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 11

Bobby Shaftoe went to sea
But sank off the coast of Alaska
His rickety old boat
Was unable to float
How stupid was he, I ask ya?

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 12

Diddle Diddle Dumpling

My son John

Went to bed with a condom on

His mother caught him out, said it was wrong

He diddled in the condom

Poor old John

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 13

I had a little nut tree
It almost drove me crackers
So I found the bloke that penned the rhyme
And kicked him in the knackers

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 14

Girls and boys come out to play
The things they can get done today
A few of them came out as gay
And promptly drove their friends away! .

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 15

Hickory Dickory Dock
My parents bought a clock
They placed it in my bedroom
Just to piss me off
I stopped the thing from chiming
With a well-placed kick and punch
And threw it out the window
While my parents ate their lunch.

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 16

Old McDonald had a farm
With herds of cows upon it
He also owned a vintage car
With a badge upon it's bonnet
He polished it each morning
With a cloth made out of lint
If he had worked his farm some more
He wouldn't now be skint

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 17

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
Looking for his patient
It seemed she had dementia
And he'd only gone and lost her

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 18

Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake, Baker's man
Bake me a cake as fast as you can
Make sure it's wholesome and fills up the tum
And doesn't look bad when it exits your bum

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 19

One, Two, Buckle my shoe
Three, Four, Fall on the floor
Five, Six, Gin and Whisky don't mix
Seven, Ten, here comes the shakin' again

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 2

Wee Willie Winkie
Ran through the town
Upstairs, downstairs,
Without his dressing gown,
His mother shouted 'Willie'
And he said 'Yes I Know'
and someone passing by cried out
'I though it was a toe'

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 20

Roses are Red
So is his nose
He drank himself stupid
Until Comatose

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 21

Rock-a bye-baby on the tree top
Who put you up there
Must be off the clock
A twisted perversion
For seeing you fall
Not very pleasant
For your parents at all

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 22

Round and Round the garden
Like a Teddy bear
One step, two step
In your underwear
Round and round in circles
With Teddy bear behind
Until you rip his head off
Because you're off your mind

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 23

Pop goes the weasel
In the microwave
What a way for little boys
To pass the time away

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 24

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye
For and twenty pounds for it
Sold on e-bay by
A bloke with nothing else to do
On Sunday afternoon
But sit at home with porridge oats
And then to wonder why

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 25

Rub-a dub-dub
Three men in a tub
Well, that's enough of that!

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 26

Simple Simon, met a pie-man
Going to a fare
Said simple Simon to the pie-man
Hand them over, or I'll slice you in two

He had escaped from the Asylum

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 27

There was a crooked man
Who walked a crooked mile
Along a crooked towpath
And stayed there for a while
He fell into the river
And swam a crooked bit
And drowned in the pollution
As the river's full of ****

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 28

Two little Dickie birds
Sitting in a tree
One had fed a Cuckoo
And was tired as tired could be

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 29

The queen of hearts had made some tarts
All sorts of fillings in them
And someone stole them just for spite
And took them home and binned them

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 3

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Health and Safety said that he might fall
He took little notice, and fell anyway
And the local council swept Humpty away

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 30

The wheels on the bus go round and round
As the kids go off to school
Except when the bus in up on bricks
Because you live in Liverpool!

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 4

Incy Wincy Spider crawling up the wall
I think you're very special
Because you cannot fall

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 5

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
To see a fine lady upon a white horse
And when you have seen her, give her some space
In case her horse pee's and it splashes your face

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 6

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And doesn't know where to find them
She lost her way home, without the use of a phone
And now she can't be found either! .

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 7

Ring-a-ring-a roses, a pocket full of posies
Wet trousers!

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 8

Georgie Porgie pudding and pie
Kissed the girls and made them cry
He spent the night in a prison cell
That didn't turn out very well

Phil Soar

Reworked Rhymes 9

Little Miss muffett, sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
Along came a spider, she ate that too
A kind of nature take away

Phil Soar

Rhymes

There are times when Rhymes blow kisses my way
As I type, they seem to know what to say
And when I'm through, if it raises a smile
At times the Rhymes should stay awhile

Poetic words and things absurd
Leave my mind and don't return
But seeing those words in written form
I realise why I was born

If I can raise a spirit or two
Or brighten up the day for you
Then that is just my aim in rhyme
To try and make my mark on time

Phil Soar

Richard The Third

Richard the third
Found beneath a car park
Who would have believed it
Maybe he had parked his horse
Who couldn't believe he'd leave it

Kicked him in his nether parts
Hurt him fatally
Who would have thought they'd find him
Beneath a tarmacked scree?

Phil Soar

Right & Wrong

Distinguishing a right from wrong,
has haunted me for years
Unable to believe in things,
draws my eyes to tears
I found out really late in life,
nothing's as it seems
The only peace I find these days,
is clearly in my dreams

Phil Soar

Road Rage

The veins stood out on the angry man
As he sat at the lights in his yellow van
A road rage combatant, with so little time
Stuck behind this little car of mine

Phil Soar

Road Rage Sleepwalk

It seems I sleepwalk in the night
I sometimes even start a fight
With a mystery ghost like figure too
I hope that apparition's you

You cut me up the other day
By driving in a crappy way
Braking hard on the motorway
I have choice words I'd like to say

The angry face I made at you
The finger in the air
You grinned at me without a care
What else was I to do

So when I sleepwalk in the night
And give my wife a little fright
The man I'm looking for is you
And that bloody car you can't drive too

Phil Soar

Road Rages

The maniacs that drive on UK highways
Are someone's relative and loved I'm sure
But do they realise that as they fly away
Their speed could end their lives and so much more?

Phil Soar

Roads Taken

I've written many words about this road I'm on,
I've spoken out of turn, and wondered why,
I've trodden many steps around this world of mine,
And witnessed many things as I've passed by.

I can't say every stage of life has welcomed me,
And challenges have sometimes left me drained,
And though some roads have led me to restricted zones,
The lessons I have learnt are knowledge gained.

Phil Soar

Roaming Mind

When I'm all alone, my mind begins to roam
Across the wide and open plains of inner thoughts
And reaching pinnacles of nothingness
They veer off in separate directions
Looking for answers
Finding weird and wonderful memories
But not able to make sense of them
And yet they make me smile
Because most of my life I have seen as silly
I have laughed at the most serious things
Cried at the most stupid things
But mainly laughed
When I'm all alone, laughing soothes my mind

Phil Soar

Roast Potatoes

I bought some roast potatoes
I ate them for my tea
I ate them for my breakfast
I don't know what's wrong with me
I ate them at 11 o'clock
I ate them randomly
I ate them when I wasn't hungry
What is wrong with me?

My wife calls me potato head
My children call me spud
It's not that I'm a peeling
I would stop it, if I could
The taste just feels like ecstasy
I dribble at the thought
My wife is getting worried
Because of all the bags I've bought

Phil Soar

Robbery

'Ditch the attitude young man'
The policeman said to me
'You're bang to rights, caught red-handed
And bound for our new J.P.'
They took me into custody
I couldn't cut the mustard
I'd stolen from a Liquor store
My mother was disgusted
My father came to post my bail
They released me to his care
I hadn't kept his cans of ale
That's why he'd sent me there
He took me to a quiet lane
And broke my legs in two
He was an alcoholic
I'm afraid he'd had a few!

Phil Soar

Robbery 2

I locked the door behind me
I turned off all the lights
I programmed the alarm, and then
I took off in the night
and when I got back later
the door was off the latch
I saw a person running
who I tried my best to catch
he sped across the garden
and leapt across the gate
trampling on my flower beds
with quite a hefty weight
I rushed around the corner
as he vanished in thin air
one minute he was right in front
the next he wasn't there
I gave up after many yards
he ran like Usain Bolt
I shouted at him many times
I could not make him halt
I went back to my property
And while I had been gone
Someone had stolen everything
They'd tricked me all along

Phil Soar

Robin Hood

He robbed from the rich and gave to the poor
It's a shame that he isn't around anymore

Phil Soar

Robin Red Breast

Sticking out his red chest
Announcing he was there
The Robin sets the scene
As Autumn comes to greet it there
That song he sings so soulfully
Can brighten up your day
And you know that garden visitor
Will never go away

Phil Soar

Robins

I love the sound of Robins at this time of year
Sitting calling out to those around them
Signalling their patch as a private residence
Not to be encroached upon
And yet the trill sound is like an opera
Telling a story
Spreading the word that he is the ruler of his patch
And that he will fight to keep those rights
His composition a well and trusted lyric
Shared by many
But unique to him
And I sit and listen to it
As I would my favourite Orchestral manoeuvre.
I love the sound of robins at this time of year

Phil Soar

Romancing The Stone

When mum and dad were dating
They had a favourite place
A place where copulating
Was a national disgrace

With couples lining up at night
To fornicate with glee
And leaving lots of condoms
Hanging from a nearby tree

That stone eroded, year on year
As couples lay upon it
And if they couldn't wait too long
They used the odd car bonnet

And now a plaque has marked the spot
Where children were created
Who knows how many couples there
Have ended up related?

Phil Soar

Romantic Dancing

She left a deep impression on the way to our romance
She moved with such precision, when she asked me if I danced
And just as we were swaying to an orchestrated song
She said I was flat footed, and my movement was all wrong

My feet would not allow me, to match her swaying hips
She looked as if she was about to punch me on the lips
And then, when everything was missing Choreography
She said romance was over, and she'd seen the worst of me

Phil Soar

Root Canal

The treatment was prolonged and quite intensive
I sat there in the chair quite lost for words
The numbness kept me deep in compos mentis
And the words that I COULD splutter were absurd

Phil Soar

Roses Are Red

Roses are red
Violets I like
You smell like a graveyard
When you've rode that bike
But it doesn't deter me
From loving you more
I just need to douse you
With a little Lenor!

Phil Soar

Routes

Like an underground tube map, the roots of the trees,
Stretch from Larch to Elm, from Oak to Beech,
Calling at Holly and Birch on the route,
Stations where nourishment helps them bear fruit.

They spread across areas, twisting and turning,
All the while searching, All the while learning,
Stretching out sinews, to refresh their sap,
Searching new areas to add to their map.

Above ground, below ground, taking over the floor,
Taking in nutrients, developing more,
Woodland or Forest, there is no finer sight,
It's the Route of pure beauty, by day or by night.

Phil Soar

Rules Are For Fools

'Rules are for fools' my best mate said
When I was just a teen
'Lets go out and make a mess
And do something obscene'
We got in many scrapes and fights
None of which were healthy
No wonder we had real bad nights
And have never been that wealthy
And now that we are O.A.P.S
And slowly going mental
We have a passion for the loo
And all things that are dental

Phil Soar

Rushed

I kissed her cheek, she blushed
We both made love, I rushed
She sighed, I rolled away
There really wasn't much that I could say

Phil Soar

Salad Prayers

The Vicar loved his salads
He ate them through the day
And when he said his morning prayers
He started, "Lettuce pray"

Phil Soar

Salt Spray

Did you see the salt spray hit the harbour wall?
Did it mesmerise you, can you still recall?
How swells of water force such a response
And how it hits the senses all at once

Phil Soar

Sarah

I met a girl named Sarah
Her hair was tied in bows
She had a rather fearful look
And rings right through her nose
She sat alone and wondered
As she couldn't quite make out
Why her hair was tied in bows
And had rings in her snout
Quite soon the moment dawned on her
It wasn't of her doing
Some farmer had surprised her
As she stood aimlessly moo-ing

Phil Soar

Sardines

I ran out of sardines today
A fishy thing to do
I eat them when my poo is hard
To help me flush it through
It's better than a laxative
But smells like something died
And rumbled as it made its way
From inside to outside!

Phil Soar

Saving My Words

I've been saving some words for a moment with you
To tell you just how much you mean
I've been waiting for time when I'll read them to you
To tell you how much you mean

I've been watching you sleep and smiling at you
Though you don't know how much you mean
I can see many reasons why I'll always love you
So you know how much you mean

I've been silently writing a poem for you
To tell you just how much you mean
And now that it's finished I'll read it to you
To tell you just how much you mean

And I hope that it brings so much pleasure to you
And I hope you know how much it means
For to say in these words that you mean everything
Is a message i heard in my dreams

Phil Soar

Scamp

Mice are trapped,
Rabbits snared,
My doggie died and no-one cared,
Except of course for little me,
Michael Robert Heath (aged three) .

My daddy said,
That it was quick;
My doggie had been poorly sick,
And after all
My Scamp was old,
And always caught the slightest cold.

He's not alone,
He's got my love,
I hope he sees me from above,
And wags his tail
That funny way,
It used to waggle, when we'd play.

I think of him,
when I'm asleep,
My thoughts of him are ever deep;
And always present,
In my mind,
Is Scamp; My friend, so warm and kind.

Scamp: I miss you
And I love you,
And I'll always care and need you;
One day, I'll join you
And then we'll be;
Scamp and Michael Heath (aged three)

Phil Soar

Scrabble

The was no more room on the scrabble board
But all I had was a 'Y'

In my mind, that WAS a word

Phil Soar

Sea

Creating life it breathes alone
a world of ever changing tone
a brightening glimmer, a dashing glow
the beauty of it's tides to show

a fearsome sight when whipped by storm
inviting when the winds are warm
a cold and dangerous place can be
the swirling effervescent sea

reclaimed, no wind envelops all
gale force, the gulls above it call
a sight no man should leave unseen
a squalid sight, a turgid dream

Phil Soar

Sea And Socks

I wrote a note and threw it out to sea
Inside a glass container from the rocks
And the next time that I saw it close to me
I was standing in the surf washing my socks

Phil Soar

Sea Of Tears

She lay upon a sea of tears
the waves had masked her sorrow
she couldn't think of anything
where would she be tomorrow?

Relinquishing her feelings for a while
she felt a sudden need to drift alone
to reconcile the mystery around her
and why her only love had left her home

Phil Soar

Searching For Paradise

I left in search of Paradise
A long and rocky road
Where pain sits right alongside hurt
And beauty's put on hold
Where all that lies before you
Will fill your heart with glee
And hurdling over obstacles
Will set your feelings free

Phil Soar

Seasons

A beautiful scene before me
a season left behind
the sun begins to rise in front
the darkness doesn't mind
and everything seems warmer
all the world seems bright
no cold and bitter winds that blow
no snowfall in the night

A sight stretched out before me
to warm the very soul
emerging bulbs, new growth evolves
and makes your days feel whole
as nature takes the journey
through seasons welcomed here
the moments spent in awe of it
can brighten up the year

Phil Soar

Seasons 2

Though the wind blows in anger
And rain lashes down
The clouds hold their place
And the grass turns to brown
Where the struggles of farmers
Make purpose a doubt
One snowdrop breaks free
And the robin sings out

As the second month struggles
To change into spring
And the greyness just lingers
No time to give in
Turn your mind to the middle of march
And succumb
Though the persistent rain
Makes you feel like your numb

Looking forward to spring
And the daffodils bloom
From stems of just green
To a bright yellow plume
And beginnings of life
Burst their buds and break out
Doesn't that sight
Just mean that you can shout?

Welcoming seasons
And the year now begins
Cheering up nature
Banishing sins
As colour develops
And everything shines
And the suns in the sky
To brighten our lives

Phil Soar

Seasons 3

The blossom of the trees has gone
And so has spring
So Summer's won
Although it rains an awful lot
We should be pleased
With what we've got

Phil Soar

Seaweed

I once picked seaweed from the shore
I won't be doing that no more
I now have crabs

Phil Soar

Secretary

'Take a letter', said the boss,
I chose S

Phil Soar

Seedlings

Blown on the wind of a thousand storms
The seedlings circled the world
Making advances to shores never seen
Swirling on a low pressure system
Travelling for miles without a navigator
Being overtaken by migrant birds
And wishing it knew where it would set

Phil Soar

Seeds Of Love

Our lives have many twists and turns
And troubles are seldom few
There are things in life for which we yearn
But never will come true
If we take some time to search our minds
For the very truth we need
The fruits of life are there to find
If we only sow the seed

Implant the seeds for all your dreams
And feed them with some thought
No matter how the present seems
The future can't be bought
You need to feel that there's a way
To grow in life, through care
Warm the seeds with love each day
And feel good to be there

And when those shoots begin to show
Don't let them wilt and die
If it takes a tear to help them grow
Go on, and have a cry
No matter if the growth seems slow
Love's warmth should stem the tears
The prize in life you'll never know
If you don't work hard for years

It's not that hard, it just takes two
The elements can be sought
They're locked inside that seed in you
The seed that can't be bought
So give the seed a little shove
To grow within your heart
The reward will be a lasting love
That nothing ever parts.

Phil Soar

Seeking Fun

Seeking out the fun in life, these days, is rather hard
So much hurt and pain abound, it's easy to be scarred
As troubles seem to complicate each day, and then I see
My efforts to become at peace, will be the death of me

Phil Soar

Seeking Utopia

Searching for Utopia
Looking for romance
Wondering what this stirring is
Inside my underpants
Thinking of tomorrow
And all that lies in store
I really can't see what's the point
Of this stirring anymore
I've lost the pace of life a bit
Libido has no place
I'm mostly drunk and off my tits
And keep falling on my face

Phil Soar

Seems Like A Day Ago

Where did the days of summer go?
Seems like just a day ago
When I was warmed by morning sun
As I went on my morning run
But wait, that's 40 years ago
When I was 25 or so
Where did those days of my youth go?
Seems like just a day ago

Phil Soar

Self Destruction

I wandered through a field of self destruction
Where all my many doubts were stored in bales of fear
And through it all my depth of evolution
Has followed me in life from year to year

I'd blame it all on astronomic sequences
At least my horoscope points to that fact
I've tried to overcome the sad thoughts frequently
And tried to keep the positive thoughts intact

And yet I wander aimlessly through mindless rot
The images that fill my every day
I'm stuck with lots of rubbish and I've lost the plot
That make me feel that I should run away

Phil Soar

Self Esteem

Drifting ever slowly on a sea of self esteem
I've broken every purpose as I close my eyes and dream
And how my life has taken to some rivers an extremes
Adventures going faster then imploding at the seams

I've captured all the education that my mind could store
I've tried to save the lessons learned and learn a little more
But every step I took, has left a thousand scars
I've taken wrong directions, on my voyage to the stars

And when I got to heaven and the impulse was to flee
Because I didn't think the lord could see the best in me
He showed me how to lift my heart from broken self esteem
Perchance to witness safety, or to close my eyes and dream

Phil Soar

Self Examination

Aroused, I lie with a stiff appendage
My senses are alive
It throbs with little effort
And my seed wells up inside
I struggle to encourage it
My hand wants to explore
Or wait for some assistance
A little more amore
How long the feeling lasts, who knows
Temptation fundamental
A wrist that wants to take control
Its something truly sensual
Just thinking makes it all the more
Important to complete it
A softened touch to set it off
A stroke, a hand, to greet it
A tongue, a mouth, a moist embrace
It would not need too much
To ease the swelling standing there
Release this aching crutch
Just thinking makes it so intense
Imagination riot
And now the hand has took control
And everything is quiet.
Concentration overload
Explosive situation
A handfelt joyous episode
Of physical masturbation

Phil Soar

Sentiment

I took a piece of sentiment and used it for my gain
although it went against me, and caused a deal of pain
you cannot make a mountain of a molehill, I was told
well my excuse is that I'm daft, and just a little old

Phil Soar

Sentimental Words

With words so sentimental
the meaning cheers the soul
to make someone feel special
to make them feel so whole
to give them the impression
that they are number one
to show them they are cared for
when the need for love has gone

Phil Soar

September

Look on me, September
Throw caution to the winds
Show me all the beauty I remember
Respectfully,
Free me from all my sins
The changes that you bring leave room for nothing
As you fill each day with systematic grit
And when you leave, please do so as you entered
For that, I really wouldn't mind a bit

Phil Soar

September Days

And so September meets the Autumn breeze
Darker early mornings, seem to tease
A nod in the direction of the coming cold
Where colour fills the pallet, as the days get old

Warmth, then cold, mix with the grey and changing sky
Days of blue no longer here, as summer loses hue
We watch as flowers try to brighten up each day
But fade into a drizzle as they float away

Phil Soar

Serious

Can it really be so serious?
So many things that are so unjust
Can it be that you can't smile?
Give it a chance, just once in a while

Phil Soar

Setting Time For Me

I set some time for me each day
Where no-one else can reach me
Nothing else can disturb the silence
Except maybe the hum of the traffic on a distant highway
And that is enough to remind me to get back out there
Step into the hustle of every day
Wrestle with my thoughts
But throw away the phone
Any item requiring interaction
Because it's 'ME' Time.

Nothing should disturb that
There is not enough of it
Until now

Phil Soar

Seventeen

When I was seventeen
And had unwelcome dreams
It was difficult to keep Libido down
I would spoil the sheets at night
And would feel a bit uptight
When my mother woke me with a weary frown

Phil Soar

Sex And Age

I used to tremble when we touched
But now I shake a lot
I used to go red when I blushed
And all my lust is shot
Now I like a good old stroll
To keep me feeling fine
And the thought of sex is quite a stretch
For this old heart of mine

Phil Soar

Shades Of A Garden

The garden has so many shades of green
Broken by the plants now straining to change the view
From those that summer beckons
and the ones that leave spring behind
Ever gaining height or spreading out for you
Transforming the landscape
Brightening the perimeters
Setting the coming summer
Telling a growing story
From perennial re-birth
To change the borders
To sweep majestically across the garden
A joy
And the many shade of green set them aside
Draw them in and share the background
Beauty
No more touching scene can there be
In between spring and summer
delightful

Phil Soar

Shadow On A Wall

I drew a shadow on a wall, and left my imprint there
Wondering if someone would walk by, and stop and stare
Then wonder where it's owner was, and look up at the sun
To see where the impression starts and when it all will end

Phil Soar

Shadows

I traced a shadow on a sunlit wall
and watched it follow me around
the break in cloud meant I enjoyed it all
a trick of light that never made a sound

Phil Soar

Shadows In A Mirror

Shadows in a mirror,
Where no sun had ever shone
Told me that you were a ghost,
And confirmed you had gone
And though I knew you were not there
Your memory haunts me still
I guess I won't get past this point
And know I never will

Phil Soar

Shadraq Udombelle

Shadraq Udombelle, lived a complicated life
He fathered many children
To an understanding wife
And when he named his offspring
He really wasn't thinking
It became pretty obvious
That Shadraq had been drinking

Now, of his 13 children
The names rolled off the tongue
But it caused many problems
Whilst the children were so young
Shadraq one and Shadraq two
Were first to go to school
Shadraq three and Shadraq four
Regarded them as cool
Shadraq five and Shadraq six
were both at kindergarten
While Shadraq seven and Shadraq eight
Just lay out in the garden
Shadraq 9 and shadraq ten
Were Shadraqs only twins
While Shadraq eleven and Shadraq twelve
Were forgiven for their sins
This left a Shadraq thirteen
Unluckily for him
His mother had another one
And they chose to call him JIM!.

Phil Soar

Shakespeare And Algebra

I questioned myself yesterday
and asked me what I thought
of things like shakespeare and algebra
when that is what school taught
No-one has ever asked me
If I can quote Macbeth
and all I know of algebra
has bored me half to death

Phil Soar

Sharing

Share your news on Facebook
Share your views on Twitter
Spout nonsense everywhere you go
And raise a cheerful titter
Accentuate your positives
Neglect the negative
Reflect on nothing untoward
Enjoy the way you live
Let nonsense be your goal each day
Spread nothing but dismay
Pick fights with passing pessimists
And throw the trash away
Paint patterns on a nearby wall
Graffiti rules and then
Sketch naughty things on pigeons wings
And keep pigs in a pen
Then share it all on Facebook
Write it all in Twitter
But don't be vile all the while
It only makes you bitter

Phil Soar

She

She thought she had the answers
To everything I said
She thought she could be number one
In all but the marital bed
Her complex expectations
Were well above the task
We've had no sex relations
Though I've had the nerve to ask
She has a sort of way with her
The way she rules the house
She rarely says she does concur
With her ever loving spouse
All manner of opinions
Mean little in the end
We're looked upon as minnions
And sometimes just a friend
A passing whim, a warm embrace
Are limited, once a year
A memory lost without a trace
You're clipped around the ear
Faced with humiliation
There's little you can do
Explain it anyway you like
You never will get through
She REALLY has the answers
And that you can be sure
If you don't agree with what she says
You'll end up on the floor
Swept up with all the other stuff
And thrown out with the waste
She thinks she has the answers
And you're so much out of place.

Phil Soar

She Aged

Her breasts like spaniels ears
Reducing her to tears
A result of ageing years
And all the other fears

The veins deep in her thighs
The bags under the eyes
All really no surprise
As she starts to realise

The years have made their mark
She now undresses in the dark
To avoid the odd remark
That makes her want to bark

Now her voice has lost its pitch
And she has an old age itch
No-one now calls her 'that bitch'
Her life flew by without a hitch

Now she wakes up every day
Wipes the morning tears away
Nothing useful she can say
She just accepts it, come what may

Phil Soar

She Fell

Tossed aside like something from a novel
She left the place where love once ruled it all
And turned her back on her disfranchised hovel
Broken and bewildered she would fall

For years her depth of feeling had been constant
But then behaving strangely, he was distant
So all that there was left was hate and friction
And words that once were loving, are now fiction

Her fall was overwhelming and she worried
How would her world return to being sane
Her life was left in tatters and now hurried
She rode the shades of grey, that turned quite pale

And yet when time had silenced all her doubting
She found a path to somewhere warm and new
And love returned like water to a fountain
And once again she loved and her heart grew

Phil Soar

She Flies

Carried by thermals and wind on the way
The swallow returns to her home once again
Having done what she can to raise her young
She leaves them to navigate their first journey
Thousand of miles, across oceans and seas
To spend a vacation where food and warmth are abundant
And all the time waiting for the return trip
To follow the stars, back to their birthplace
And to begin again.

Phil Soar

She Is Crestfallen

Crestfallen
With hurt in her eyes
She waits

No longer a partner
She waits alone
Hurting

Nothing to hold her spirit high
She plans her future without him
Torture

Seeing nothing ahead
She visits her shattered dreams
Mysteries

Why had he left so abruptly
Was she not enough
Guessing

Unable to ask
She cries before she sleeps
Insomnia

Lying naked
A light breeze from the open window
Caressing

Making her yearn still
For what they had
Endless time moves on

Crestfallen

Phil Soar

She Is Special

She knew she was special when she entered my world
I knew that she was a special kind of girl
I had felt such warmth in her voice when we met
And I haven't forgotten how she caused me to sweat
With the looks of a princess and charming expression
She was there to reward me, and teach me a lesson
In a way she has taught me how much kindness means
She's the woman I love, and the girl of my dreams.

Phil Soar

She Left Me

She left me on a Westbound plane,
A lonely girl, but so insane
She bought a ticket, then forgot to take it
They wouldn't let her on the flight
So she became so impolite
And thought she'd go, if she could only fake it

Security grew tired of her
And after they had all conferred
They took her to one side and offered council
Insanity was no excuse
She ran off with her trousers loose
And landed on a children's bouncy castle

Phil Soar

She Passed

"sleep well" she said as her kiss connected with my furrowed brow
"sleep well, sweet dreams, as worry leaves you now
And when you wake, to start a brand new day
You'll still be here, but I'll be far away

Phil Soar

She Repeats Things

She repeats herself, even though I heard it
She never loses faith in how she words it
And expects that I should just sit there and take it
I do, but she don't realise I fake it

Phil Soar

She Sleeps

I watch as she sleeps the day away
She relinquishes all that the day might bring
I watch as she sleeps the night away
And she hangs on to life like a rusty spring

There seems to be nothing she looks forward to
She has no recollection of what she's been through
And as age has left scars that no make up can hide
She hasn't the will, and has no sense of pride

So she sleeps and she dreams and has limited skills
A mind full of memories, and a drawer full of pills
She no longer keeps pace with hours of decay
And would much rather sleep all her hours away

Phil Soar

She Talks Without Speaking

She talks to me without speaking
And in my dreams she visits me
Casting a spell
Leaving behind her essence as she moves on
Drifting
As a silent breeze
Touching my face with a whisper
Her hands like petals when they fall
Softly embracing
The faint trace of her fingers like satin on skin
Treating me to arousal
Leaving me spent
Wanting much more from the experience
Yet tantalisingly left in the memory
She talks without speaking

Phil Soar

Shed No Tears

Shed no tears for me, for I will leave with no regrets
The time for some compassion, will be after I have gone
Keep your own impressions of me, quietly to yourself
Judge me on our friendship, and my time here will be done

Phil Soar

Sheepish

'Stop me if you've heard it all before'
He said, before he left through our back door
'But you should really install an alarm
I'm off to steal you sheep from off the farm'

Phil Soar

Sheltering

We sheltered underneath the waterfall
Inside a cave of mystical enchantment
We talked of nothing that we could recall
But hoped there was a chance for re-enactment
The hours we spent beneath the flowing torrent
Had left us feeling we were king and queen
Adrift with sights so welcome and absorbent
Blessed with something that was quite serene

Phil Soar

She's A Media Freak

She does make up one handed, while the other hand scrolls
She fills in the places where life has left holes
Her mind is so tired from the Texts and the tweets
She misses the places where spots almost meet

Her phone, her companion wherever she goes
Stuck to her ear while she powders her nose
And when she's not listening, she's typing away
With thousands of words, but NOTHING to say

As today's news unfolds, she will set off from home
Handbag in one hand, the other, her phone
Staring intently, she strides down the streets
Checking her what's apps, reading her tweets

The transport is late, which she knew when she left
Along with the terror, she reads of the deaths
As she trudges along with her head in the news
It's all doom and gloom and not much to amuse

She has several lumps, on the top of her head
Which she got from the headboard as she lay in bed
As her husband performed, and she wasn't aware
Until he had finished and she saw her hair

She watched stuff on you tube, while legs were apart
Not knowing he'd finished or when he might start
And all the time Facebook was working away
Updating her time line for her everyday

The day moves so fast when she's constantly streaming
Watching the screen while she's really day-dreaming
At the end of her day, she's a media freak
Her hand and eyes work, but she just doesn't Speak

Phil Soar

Shifting Sand

The shifting sand reminds me, how my life has changed
My DNA the only constant, as my life evolved
The grains of sand like blood-cells, often re-arranged
My life is like a jigsaw puzzle, waiting to be solved

Phil Soar

Ships

The ships that sailed away to sea
Had always seemed a mystery
And then I booked my local ferry
From Holyhead to Londonderry
And as we sailed I got quite ill
My face went green and I lost my will
By the time the land came into sight
I was covered in sick and a lot of shite

Phil Soar

Shocking (Explicit)

I dreamt of you the other day
Straddled above me, grinding away
Our bodily movements in time with such passion
We screwed as if screwing would go out of fashion

I turned you over, came in from the back
My throbbing erection filled up your crack
You screamed with delight when I slowed up the pace
Got off me a while and then straddled my face

My tongue explore crevices, licked them with glee
You turned 69 and did likewise to me
With one last endeavour, we sweated and then
We rolled on the floor and got at it again

We were just like two animals, raging with lust
You nibbled my ears, and I sucked on your bust
We came enough time to fill up a cup
You screamed with emotion, and you woke me up!

Phil Soar

Shocking Pumpkin

I cut open a pumpkin
And gouged the inside out
I stuck a candle in the hole
And hung it roundabout
The children playing in the street
Could not believe their eyes
I also gave it two left feet
As an element of surprise

Phil Soar

Shooting Star

I chased the shooting star across the clear night sky
Following its route with fascination
Imagining its transit time through the galaxy
And I wondered if it knew its destination

Phil Soar

Shopsession

The sparkle in her eyes when shopping at the store
Is brighter than a neon light, and burns all night for sure
There's no use pulling out the plug, or flicking off the switch
She says it's no obsession, and it's just a little glitch

Parcels arrive daily, and we know the courier well
He's built like a brick shit-house, which is really just as well
He carries out his duties and has many calls to make
Is dropping 5 or more a day to us, so hard to take?

For each and every purchase, there's a return label there
She leaves the parcels in each room, all piled up on a chair
And when she has enough of them, she sends the items back
She needs the space for hundreds more, and hasn't got a rack

It's best to let her search she smiles as she explores
It's easier than walking round the many high street stores
It keeps her feeling satisfied, and that is so unique
The stores work at her pace, so she can have a peek

So, is it an obsession, or just a random phase?
Looking at the stores, for days and days and days
Choosing from the articles, pleasing to her eye
Searching for the things she wants, and never asking why

So leave her in her little world of laptop wonderland
Never asking if, maybe, you could give her a hand
She knows just wants she's after, and until she sees it there
She's in a world that is her own, and she doesn't have a care

Phil Soar

Sights

A shooting star across a clear, but dark, night sky
A floating dandelion seed, that drifts on waves of wind and air
Across the spectrum, colours waft through my mind's eye
My brain records the sparkling sights, and nature leaves them there

Phil Soar

Sigmund Freud

Sigmund Freud
Was a little annoyed
When they questioned his Oedipus complex
He populated Libido
But little did he know
That later rude things would be text

Phil Soar

Silence

The life we live begins and ends in silence
The first thing that we hear is mothers heart
And as we grow she's always there to give us guidance
But is missing on the day that we depart

Phil Soar

Silence Travels Well

Silence travels well when left unquestioned
sitting down, we might seek solitude
and rest our weary souls with no real reasons
to interrupt this silence would be rude

Forgive me, for I just need some alone time
where I can sit and ease a troubled mind
and wonder where my journey's going to finish
and leave my daily worries far behind

Phil Soar

Silent Love

The sound of silence simply roared
Like an ecclesiastical chord
From someone singing up above
About a true and honest love
An angel's song in majesty
Emotive in its infancy
A love born from a new embrace
A kiss upon a moonlit face
Two lovers on the evening sand
Held together with love's hand
Whilst waves trace images on the beach
In places where elation meets
And looking down they watch it fade
The Tide retakes the masquerade
Etched in sand and washed ashore
The feeling lost forever more
At least until the moon and sea
Meet again in company
As lovers walk at water's edge
And their true love's each other's pledge
And so their true love simply roared
Like the simple sound of a musical chord

Phil Soar

Silent Sleep

Be still and sleep that silent sleep
That comforts you in times of need
Let soulful dreams and cotton sheets
Keep you in peace, away from greed
Believe that angels up above
Are watching over your small head
Be still ad sleep that silent sleep
And lay in peace in your warm bed

Phil Soar

Silent Whispers

Silent whispers,
Blown off course by breeze from Angels Wings
Castaway on words so hurtful that it stings
Drifting by
Where confidence no longer has a place
Dashing hopes of love as they brush by against your face

Stolen Moments
Brushed aside by feelings of remorse
Carving out a trail of sand, though you don't know the source
Harsh words
Cannot be simplified, but leave a scar so deep
Silent whispers, blown away by souls that just won't weep

Phil Soar

Silly Fool

I'm not silly, just a fool
Been quite mad since I left school
And the thought of growing up is quite insane
So I'll just act like a prat
And that will be the end of that
Until they put me in the mad house down the lane

Phil Soar

Silly Me

My middle name is 'Silly'
or so it seems to me
I've tripped up on almost everything
since I was only three
I cannot perform simple tasks
without them being flawed
the hidden hurt this seems to mask
has left me rather fraught
no matter how I tackle this
I seem to freak me out
and others seem to take the piss
which leads to some self doubt
and so I just don't try the plans
that others seem to thrive on
I just refuse and take a stance
and the pain just seems to pile on
Yet while I might be silly
I rate myself with rhyme
and that comes to my rescue
though it can be silly sometimes

Phil Soar

Since I Loved You

Since I began to love you
And I fell under your spell
My life's a roller coaster
As I'm sure we all can tell
You have that special something
That makes my life complete
Since I began to love you
And you swept me off my feet

Phil Soar

Since I Retired

Since I retired, I'm less inspired
In fact I'm comatose
I seem to be, almost 93
And have warts upon my nose
I'm sixty-five, feel half alive
And have lost my motivation
Like a train that's reached a terminus
I'm just standing at my station
To sit in a chair, without a care
Is a comfort quite profound
It's circumspect, I'm not dead yet
And I should be lithe and healthy
But the trouble is, I smell of piss
And I'm not even that wealthy
So maybe I'll see a therapist
Who can get me on my feet
Because before I'm done, I'm the only one
Not jogging down our street

Phil Soar

Since Retiring

Since retiring
I'm aspiring
To be more than I ever was

That journey I took
Every day, I mistook
For something I needed to do

And now I don't bother
And one way or another
It all means my life starts anew

Phil Soar

Singalonga Toad

Not far from everywhere I go
I leave myself behind
A long way from my mental state
Is where I keep my mind
The journey to the depth of me
Is a long and winding road
And along the way I sing a song
With the help of a natterjack toad

Phil Soar

Singing From A Tree At 4am

She sang
I listened
4am
Yet still I listened
Her song was only for me
As she sang from the branches of the tree
By close of day, her song became too much
I took a gun and shot her in the crutch.

Phil Soar

Sinister Things

A glimpse of something sinister
an ugly looking geezer
a body left outside when shot
then stuffed into a freezer
a gang of thugs in rampant mood
a villain or two at large
a relaxing trip on an old canal
on a stolen river barge
the result will be a prison cell
and a life of mucking out
so don't give in to sinister things
in case there are cops about

Phil Soar

Sir David Attenborough

Sir David Attenborough
His research was always thorough
And his work has taken him so far and wide
And his words are always blessed
With much skill and such finesse
He should always be regarded with much pride

Phil Soar

Sitting Alone

I sit alone in my garden
Listening to the sounds of life
Watching the hustle of nature
And all the while my mind is open
To persuasion
To nature

Sounds that take me to places I dream of
Bountiful islands where sand meets sea
Those sounds take me there
And I bask in the warmth
While I sit alone in the garden
I am there

Phil Soar

Sitting With The Dogs

Sitting with the dogs, now that I've retired
Makes me feel like I'm inspired
And the way us three spend our time right now
Is fundamentally right somehow

No nagging boss to cause me stress
No bossy secretary in THAT dress
The one with her boobs forced out too far
How ugly those two titties are

Just me and the dogs, sitting in OUR place
Staring at this glorious open space
Knowing we can come here at our will
And that when we want to, life stands still

Phil Soar

Sixty Three

Sixty-Three today
The creaks and groans of bones like a dirge
The time flies now
As if nothing stops to take in the many pleasures
Of Light, of sound,
As nature abounds,
My favourite places to sit a while
and smile at bees collecting nectar from Foxgloves
at birds singing their beautiful songs
No shrieks here
Just sweet music of such variety
each sending a message
and all enchanting
How many years I missed all this
Busy with younger life
Now wanting to savour it
Not change it
Just wishing it would slow down
Give me some time to dwell in it
Until I turn Sixty-four
Hopefully

Phil Soar

Skating On Mirrors

The blades cut through the ice and leave their marks
As I dance on the lake inside the park
In winter when the water freezes hard
I trace the lines of dances in the dark

No-one about to witness how I skate
I'll leave before the evening gets to late
As I create my lines on mirrored ice
I must agree this is my only vice

Phil Soar

Sketching Snowflakes

I tried to sketch the snowflake
Before it hit the ground
Its beauty left me speechless
Like all the flakes around
Passing by my windowsill
Like falling grains of sand
Some falling on the panes of glass
And some upon my hand

The window slightly open
Helped to open out the scene
As flakes fell ever faster
Upon the grass so green
But still my artists easel
And the paper waiting there
Held nothing but an empty space
As flakes fell through the air.

Phil Soar

Skies

Skies so dark the stars seem effervescent
Sparkling through a clear and present space
Without the moon to light the way above us
They wouldn't put a smile upon my face

Phil Soar

Skyfall

Falling down to earth with a deadly speed
The 'G' force pulling hard upon his face
Fulfilling such a deep and lasting need
Between the air and ground there's only space

Skydiver how your courage sees you through
As hurtling back to earth you seem to me
The owner of a vast and wondrous view
Alone, but for the birds, you float so free

Phil Soar

Sleep

As the day comes to an end is sleep your friend?
Do you drift away on wings of zzzzzz's and then?
Wake up shattered on a sofa not a bed
And wonder how you got there in the end

Phil Soar

Sleep Sheep Apnea

Left in a field, counting the sheep,
Would they make you fall asleep?

Phil Soar

Sleeping

I slept the sleep of a hundred horses
Forever galloping
Waking during a stampede
Going to the toilet
Again and again
Must be my age
Why can't I sleep the sleep of a thousand sheep
I would love to count them

Phil Soar

Sleepy

Sometimes sleep avoids me
It rests alone and doesn't join me
I lie there and try to entice it to me
I close my eyes and yet still see
My mind plays tricks on me
Searching for the land of nod
I imagine myself immersed in darkness
No stars to light the way
No sign of dreams, or so it seems
Perhaps I'll sleep by day
Then just before the morning chorus
Chimes to wake me up
I drift into a coma
And the sleep is not enough

Phil Soar

Sleepy Head

I could have fallen back to sleep
I lay there in a crumpled heap
Alarm bells ringing in my head
Because I shouldn't lie in bed
So easy to remain a sloth
Lying between Linen cloth
And ease the day from perfect slumber
While my mind just seeks to wander
And dream about another nap
While my thoughts can turn to crap
Thinking of a working day
I'd prefer to sleep the day way

Phil Soar

Slug Or Snail - They Never Fail

The trail he left behind him was so obvious to see
No-one could miss the clues for it's the place he used to be
He slithered round the garden eating everything he saw
He'd even get inside your house by squeezing 'neath the door
And where he left his calling card of slime and little else
It made you so intensely mad, you thought that you could help
So armed with beer and and a little trap, you followed on his trail
Thinking you would catch him up, and kill that flipping snail
Slug or snail, you didn't care, you'd stop him in his tracks
Kill the little bleeder, that would stop him coming back
Leaving trails along the way, and sure that you would follow
For if you kill a score today, they will be lots more tomorrow.

Phil Soar

Slugs 2017

The slugs are back, the gardener said
I won't be happy, until they're dead
I'll put out salt, and little beer
To try and kill them all this year
The bloody things leave slimy trails
And all my poison attempts fail
But this year they will disappear
I've got a flame thrower right here

Phil Soar

Slugs And Snails

Silently they sliver in the night
Chewing with ferocious appetite
Snails with homes carried on their backs
Slugs accompany them on midnight snacks
Beer traps left outside to lure them in
Drunk as skunks they infest the compost bin
Trails of slime is all they leave behind
And holes in flowers where they all had dined

Phil Soar

Slumber Land

Lying there in slumber land
All on my own and dreaming
Plotting things inside the mind
And thinking I was singing
Nobody to disturb me
Only dreams to ease my pain
A lovely place to visit
Every now and again

Phil Soar

Smelly Bill

He lives in the woodland glade and smells of peat
He smokes a lot and has got filthy feet
He lives on anything that he can kill
He's a tramp and they call him Smelly Bill

When he wakes he bathes in streams so crystal clear
He has a strange protrusion from his ear
It looks quite like a mushroom or some fungi
He wears a patch across his damaged eye

Bitten by the bug of nature's call
He has a home built close to an old brick wall
And he sleeps the night wrapped in a pile of leaves
And has a chesty cough whenever he breathes

Yet no-one visits him, or knows he's there
He loves the isolation and cold air
I guess that when his time is up he'll be
Returning to the ground that sets him free

Phil Soar

Smiles

I move my smiles out of the way
When I am tired and sleep gives way
And when I wake, I smile once more
Another morning by the shore

The rolling waves that crash near by
The air so cool it lights the sky
A milky haze is overhead
As I rise from my lonely bed

But still I marvel at the scene
As if I am still in my dream
And when I stride out on the beach
The night seems almost out of reach

And so I start another day
With endless smiles along the way
Until the tiredness strikes once more
And I leave my smiles upon the shore

Phil Soar

Smiles Better

The way that smile lights up the room
Where nothing else is brighter
The way that giggle makes us feel
Makes our hearts feel lighter
The way your effervescence
Brings such joy to every day
Is really just the essence
Of what makes a perfect day

You're wrapped in love and innocence
And all you give is pleasure
The feeling of your presence
Is something we should treasure
And all that certain magic
That you conjure up each day
Is a kind of trick that you perform
And helps you on your way

Phil Soar

Snails

The flow was uniform
and followed paths within the woods
Slime oozing along the trail
where snails have left their messages
'I was here', they seem to say
Slowly going on my way
leaving slime at my own pace
and ugly thing, with ugly face
Carrying its home upon its back
Wish I could do that
I would wander for years
But hopefully not heading back
or leaving my own slimey track

Phil Soar

Snails 2

While ridding the garden of snails
I tried several times but I failed
And my grass, once sublime
Is now covered in slime
And I think I have gone off the rails

They have driven me mad.....

Phil Soar

Snake In The Grass

He tastes the air with his forked tongue
And slithers through the grass
And as I sit there sunbathing
He bit me on the ass
And now I've got a swelling
To match my meat and veg
And the pain from all the venom
Has tipped me over the hedge

Phil Soar

Snake Wrapping

She wrapped herself around her prey
Squeezing all the life away
And when she ate, she fell asleep
Digesting all that she could eat
Her once sleek frame was bulbous now
She'd just engulfed my neighbours cow
She slept for months with indigestion
Her hunger now, was not the question

Phil Soar

Snakes Feet

Slithering through the undergrowth, he wishes he had feet
Crawling on his belly, with the grasses underneath
He hisses his displeasure, and wants to buy some shoes
These things all irritate the snake, and he has got the blues

If only he had legs and feet, he'd get around much more
And not be getting dirty, as he slides across the floor
He blames his DNA, and now he wishes to be freed
And wonders why his father, was not a Centipede

Phil Soar

Sniffing Glue

The glue I sniffed was super, well at least that's how it felt
Until I got too frisky, and my nose stuck to your belt

Phil Soar

Snooker

They use the Green baize, like a manicured lawn,
They train on its surface from midnight to dawn,
Using angles and corners with extraordinary skill,
Placing balls in the pockets, it seems, at their will.

The colours flash by in a myriad of streams,
Whilst the players try to capture the trophy of dreams,
With the 'Rest' or the 'Spider' to help with their break,
No room for small errors, no place for mistakes.

Each frame an adventure of consummate skill,
Lining the balls up, whilst they are quite still,
And stroking them home to amass the best score,
To better the break that they'd potted before.

Some players may wait for a place at the table,
No reflection of status, or that they're not able,
Perhaps their opponent has plotted his time,
And has potted the balls in a way that's sublime.

At the end of the game, there's a feeling of joy,
That he's had the ability to plan and destroy,
To visit the baize, and perform to his best,
And then lift the trophy above his proud chest.

Phil Soar

Snow Drops

The little snow drops brighten up the garden
Even if there are not many there
The white among the pallid green as spring approaches
Brings a sort of sparkle to the air

Phil Soar

Snow Flakes

Crystallized snow flakes
Floating in patterns
Not one of them the same
And yet when they land they merge to white
Showing nothing
Until they melt
And become nothing

Phil Soar

Snow Leopard

Mountainous terrain
Torrential snow and rain
The Leopard waits for weather to refrain
And when the storm is done
He's not the only one
Who hunts for prey, to feed it's young again

Phil Soar

Snow White

Acting suspicious
As she washed up the dishes
Snow White missed the witches arrival
And the dwarfs were dismayed
As they hadn't been paid
For their work to ensure their survival

So she slept through till tea
But had no memory
Of how she fell under that spell
So the dwarfs made a mess
At Snow Whites Address
And left her alone with the smell

Phil Soar

So Many Tv Channels

All these channels streaming shite
All the day and all the night
People sit so zombie like
Watching all the TV shite

Action, Drama, reality shows
Why they watch them, no-one knows
Stuffing their faces or comatose
Like a drugged up pimp, they overdose

Nowhere to go, nothing to do
Just sat there, as their insides stew
And when they go to bed, they dream
Of nothing more than life's extremes

So turn it off, and get a life
Enjoy yourself without the strife
And when you enjoy what you've got
Make sure you laugh at life a lot

Phil Soar

Soap Opera

The man stood on his soap box,
And surveyed the swelling crowd,
Then looking up into the sky,
Began to say aloud:
'I have no time for innocence,
No need for fornication,
I have no need to take a pee,
When the train is in the station.
I have no need to pray to god,
No need to thank the lord,
I'm out to screw the taxmen,
For all they can afford,
But first I need financial aid,
And my friends that comes from you',
He looked down at the swelling crowd,
But all they said was 'coo'

They were all pigeons

Phil Soar

Social Media 2

Hashtag twitter, facebook page
Android phone, nonsense rage
Dross and nonsense, all abound
You'll find my phone in lost and found

Phil Soar

Social Media Chat

I've tried my best to see the worth of social media chat,
Meaningless expressions and such incidental crap
I only see it as a chore, and wouldn't write a blog
I'd rather put the phone away, and go and walk the dog

Phil Soar

Solice

The trail led to an area where time, for me, stood still
A place where I could circumvent my mind, at my own will
My ever seeking knowledge, my fundamental task
Of realising sanctity, and hoping it might last.

Phil Soar

Solitary Tears

I cried a tear,
You wiped it dry
You were a stranger
I don't know why
I faced the world
That I had failed for years
And then you helped
Dry my tears

I struggle on
And Negativity
Is now tormenting me
And all I see is grief
And when I cry
It gets the best of me
I cry these tears
In Solitarity

Phil Soar

Solitude

Talking to no-one, expecting a reply
Delving into reasons when I know I can't comply
Listening to the nothingness, and hearing something new
Alone in such solitude, what else is there to do

Phil Soar

Some People

Some people don't ever ask for much
Some people don't get time to touch
Some people are too blind to see
Some people stay, while others flee
Some people walk on hallowed ground
Some people only hang around
Some people eat and lounge about
Some people love without a doubt
Some people worship god above
Some people surround themselves with love
Some people hate for years on end
Some people may have just one friend
Some people cry when they should smile
Some people grumble all the while
Some people talk when they should not
Some people argue quite a lot
Some people pray for some relief
Some people can't take so much grief
Some people spend when they should save
Some people take secrets to the grave
Some people love without regret
Some people have not found love yet
Some people strive to give their best
Some people tackle life with zest
Some people seldom use their skills
Some people can't live without pills
Some people tire of others woes
Some people can't afford nice clothes
Some people suffer at gods will
Some people don't complain when ill
Some people have each other's backs
Some people suffer heart attacks
Some people live beyond their means
Some people live in constant dreams
Some people cannot mend their ways
Some people waste some of their days
Some people suffer jealousy
Some people live in misery
Some people try to change with time

Some people struggle with a rhyme
Some people might view this with doubt
Let's all just take the mystery out

Some people have nowhere to hide
Some people have no strength or pride

Either way, we all share this planet
It can't end badly for us.....Can it?

Phil Soar

Somebody Who

There is somebody who
Maybe waiting for you
And fate will make sure that you meet
One day you will find
That you're one of a kind
And that you'll be swept of your feet

There is somebody who
Shares an interest with you
And you'll meet as you travel through life
One day you will find
That you share the same mind
And she may even end up your wife

There is something you feel
That you question is real
You believe that the day will arrive
When that somebody who
Is there waiting for you
Will be there for the rest of your life

Phil Soar

Someone

Someone's father, Someone's son
Someone's lost, Someone's won
Someone's daughter, Someone's mother
Someone's partner, Someone's lover
Someone's lost, Someone's found
Someone's life, Someone's Sound
Someone's Fight, Someone's battle
Someone's herding, Someone's cattle
Someone's Crisis, Someone's release
Someone disturbing, Someone's peace
Someone crying, Someone's hurt
Someone's trodden, Someone 's dirt
Someone's actions, Someone's end
Someone's feelings, Someone's trend
Someone's blessing, Someone's strife
Someone's time, Is Someone's life

Phil Soar

Sometimes

Sometimes the world seems it has weighed me down
I gather all it's worries on a furrowed brow
Wondering what's in store for me as morning breaks
Looking at what's happening, and our mistakes
Sometimes my feelings overcome the best of me
Those feelings seem to flourish and I'm seldom free
From worrying what is the point of everything
And enjoy my life for what it is, remembering
All that comes from being here, are trials of life
Nothing quite enthralls the mind like daily strife
So maybe I should see the world as an open page
Blank, awaiting written words expressing age
And all that comes alongside life, I must embrace
For only I can see the world as a wondrous place

Phil Soar

Sometimes 2

Sometimes we all need someone, with a word or two of kindness
Sometimes we find ourselves alone, and worried by the blindness
Of how we can be searching, yet there's nothing there to find
Of how sometimes our feelings are so complex in the mind

Sometimes we live for nothing more than life can push our way
Sometimes we sit alone, and know there's nothing we can say
Sometimes we hide our feelings, and are unable to share
Sometimes we want to talk, and know they're listening out there

Sometimes our feelings fail to match the mood, or warm the heart
Sometimes the things we say, can drive a loving home apart
Yet sometimes when the world is right, and everything feels blessed
Sometimes we should just look at life, and be rather impressed

Phil Soar

Sometimes I Lose My Way

Sometimes I lose my way and step into a field of doubt
I walk around in ignorance and can't find my way out
And deep long-standing notions that I've held for many years
Confuse me and amuse me, through a myriad of fears

Along this route I follow, and the course that I might take
Lie many twists and turns and the odd mental mistake
And as I wear my body out when trying to keep pace
I create extra stress signs and more lines upon my face

There's no dead end or cul-de-sac, where I can sit and rest
No place to park my innocence, while aggression hurts my chest
And so I just provide a spot, where life can just run wild
The sort of rank behavior that I nurtured as a child

Sometimes I lose my way and there's no reason I can find
That I should leave the path I'm on, and leave my life behind
And as the need to take that route, engulfs my every sinew
I know it's just life's purpose, and the reason lies within you

Phil Soar

Somewhere Down The Road

Somewhere down the road
When time has caught me, and expired
The clock I've watched for many years
Will find me worn and tired
And somewhere deep inside of me
When time has taken everything
The road, and the paths it's led me to
Will no longer owe me anything

Somewhere down the road
When all my innocence has disappeared
The magnitude of what I've learned
Will no longer shadow all I feared
And somewhere alongside the stream
That flows through veins and arteries
My mind will then no longer dream
There'll be no abject mysteries

Somewhere in the scheme of things
The scale of life's absurdity
Will dwell no longer at my heart
It's rhythms play no part of me
And somewhere in my addled mind
Where stories built this world for me
The quiet of the traffic it once held
Will cease to matter much to me

Phil Soar

Somewhere I Knew

Once upon a time, somewhere I knew
I sat alone, with nothing much to do,
And So I fell asleep, perchance to dream
Like a cat who had just lapped up the cream

I twitched I guess, and eyes rolled into REM
I saw some sheep, and tried to follow them
But seeing them just kept me fast asleep
I'd counted more than I could ever keep

And once upon a time, somewhere I slept
When I awoke I could not recollect
If somewhere in my sleep, I'd counted ewe
As that seemed all my mind could ever do

Phil Soar

Somewhere In Space

I made a call to somewhere out in space
An interstellar star so far away
And though I knew there would be no reply
I still called out to somewhere far away

That place a million trillion miles from home
Where who knows what may ultimately roam
Away from prying eyes or humanity
A million trillion miles from you or me

Phil Soar

Songbirds Sing

I've always loved the sound a songbird sings
As I sit under trees, just listening,
Their calls like symphonies and opera too
As if they're singing randomly for you

Phil Soar

Songs In The Garden

Its Spring

I'm sitting watching birds

I'm watching from a plastic chair

Their songs are full of words

Tweets and chirps so pleasant to the ear

Looking up into the trees

You'd think they were not hear

They spread their melodies across the greenery

No billboard top 40 this

just spectacular sounds with no added vibes

a sound that's really bliss

Phil Soar

Songs Of Angst

So much angst to swell the brain
sadness seeking somewhere sane
So much grief to write about
Why does no-one scream and shout?
Let off steam, write of the wrong
Put the words into a song
Take a guitar, pluck some strings
Write something we all can sing
Make an anthem out of strife
Write about your dreadful life
Make it such cringe-worthy dross
Tell the world your mind's the boss
And when you're done please raise a smile
Don't write of sadness all the while

Phil Soar

Soothing Falls

A mountain of emotion, surrounded by fields of doubt
Cloudless skies holding no depth
I sat on ageless rocks seeking solace
Away from the mechanical scene inside the head
Looking into the distance
Watching the Eagle dance on thermals
Imagination ran riot
Yet I was soothed by the sound of a waterfall
And the beauty took my breath away
As did the wind
And any hurt had left me

Phil Soar

Sounds

Recording sounds, ignoring sounds
the sounds that pass my ears and then
I block out those that do not please
and store the ones that soothe my mind
as sounds pass through my ear canal
and flow on to the memory
I keep them in a storage space
where emptiness just has no place
and call on them at times of stress
to soothe away the emptiness
and calm the nerves and ease the soul
sounds of wonder to behold
the chorus of birds on their morning call
the sound of waves on a harbour wall
all make the world a sounding board
and to miss the sound of these musical gems
is like missing the words that a poet pens
Sounds of wonder, some ignored
but those important, kept and stored

Phil Soar

Sounds From Childhood

Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock

No such sound from a modern clock,

Clickety-Clack, Clickety clack

No longer from a railroad track

A world away from childhood noise

Older now, no longer boys

Sitting reminiscing, tired and proud

Memorable sounds, no longer loud

Phil Soar

Sounds Of Wolves

A voice in the wilderness
Barking out for miles
Wolves announce their presence
Raising many smiles
Views across the mountains
With sounds that sing a song
Hidden by the peaks and rocks
The packs will stick as one
Waiting for the moment
That their dinner passes by
Calling to each other
With a howling epic cry

Phil Soar

Speed And Rain Do Not Mix

You might have passed me this morning
Doing 100mph on the motorway
The rain pouring down like sheets
And yet you still want to rush
What could possibly be so important that you risk it all?
On speed

I might have passed you as you lay there comatose
With the blues and twos all around you
And no sign of the air ambulance
Some miles from where we first met
For those few seconds I did not like you
Or you, me

I might have smiled, although I hate myself for that
But all I thought about was your speed
With no thought for the conditions or others
And yet here I am, working
And there you are
Comatose

You might have passed me this morning
But not again.

Phil Soar

Speed Kills

Sitting alone
by the phone
calling home
no reply

Trying again
deep in pain
quite insane
no reply

Bleeding inside
lying astride
A motorbike ride
no more pride

Calling for help
cursing oneself
Speed didn't help
no more time

Phil Soar

Speedsters

Lightning fast
The greyhound runs in circles
Chasing make believe hares
For fun
Maybe spending a minute or less
From cage to capture
Returning to pens
Until deemed speedsters no more
Then they love to sleep
And dream of hares
Which is a better way of life I think
At least for them

Phil Soar

Spiders

They crawl around on tippy toes
faster than the speed of light
running from underneath my clothes
on a bedroom floor the other night
eight legged beasties racing by
wouldn't hurt me, but would a fly
you can see them on a world wide web
but they hide beneath my lovers bed
eight legged critters, better off dead

Phil Soar

Splattered

A frog and a toad
Had a race up the road
But the frog was fast
The toad was fat
They forgot about traffic
And both are now flat

Phil Soar

Sponsorship

I sponsored a man who was running for life
But then he ran off to the coast with my wife
And very soon after, he cycled to Spain
To escape all the nagging and earache and pain

Phil Soar

Spring

I cannot wait for Daffodils to flower again
To watch the petals turn the mood to smiles
To wonder when the tulips will join in the game
And light the way for all of us for miles

Phil Soar

Spring 2

As winter now moves on at pace
and spring is only weeks away
I plan how I will work the land
to make me smile throughout the day
I'll welcome all the daffodils
and all the Tulips too
I'll set my seeds and plant my shrubs
there's plenty of work to do
My special place, the garden
and from the dullest brown
I'll turn it into colours
that will banish every frown
So come on spring, just do your thing
and brighten up my day
I'll get outside and enjoy life
In nature's special way

Phil Soar

Spring 3

The pleasure of yearning for springtime
applies to my everyday thoughts
Not wanting the spring to change everything
Is something my mind could distort
But I emphasize this is a pleasure
and one that I'll never regret
Brightening each day, in it's own special way
But it isn't arriving just yet

January 19th 2016

Phil Soar

Spring Awakens

As spring approaches, snowdrops show themselves
And bulbs appear from underground
Filling the heart with joy
Opening the way forward towards crocus and daffodil
Bluebells begin their trip to the woodland floor
Only leaves for now, until May wakes the flowers
Annual colour below grey skies
Rising to greet a coming sun
Warming days become more frequent
And spring is not too far away

Phil Soar

Springtime

I love the smell of winter as it passes
And spring begins to dance in front of me
The garden starts to tell it's springtime story
And new life springs forward right where we can see

Those emerging stems and new growth tell a tale
That life from dormancy begins again
With a little help from sunlight and some rain
The season I like most begins again

Phil Soar

Springtime Sights

I don't imagine anything can beat this
Eyes that take in the various shades of green
That for months have been a shade of brown
and now begin to take on a strange variety
and as you marvel at the complexity
interspersed there are yellows and whites
and buds begin to furnish the open with news
they say that we should have patience
and we will be rewarded with a multitude of sights
ever visible, ever emerging,
and giving us a personal experience
that's hard to forget
Springtime

Phil Soar

Stagefright

If all the world's a stage,
Then I don't care for the actors;
I really can't feel passion,
For the souls it manufactures.

Phil Soar

Stained Glass

Looking through the stained glass
I see so many colours I am blinded by them
They create their magic by being there
A mirage to the senses
A waterfall of images as beautiful as a rainbow
As delicate as satin
A stream of an ever changing palate
Washed across the page by a brush stroke
A fine line between paradise and darkness
But relaxing
And so rewarding that I feel for those who are colour blind
These sights unseen by them
I am lucky to share your light
Lucky to wonder in it
As the sun shines on you
It's rays dance through the opaque nature of your structure
You are an image of beauty
stained glass

Phil Soar

Stained Glass Tears

She stared out of the window
Stained by tears and cold air
Waiting for a sign
For sunlight to brighten her dreams
To take away the grey
Replace it with the blue
On tear stained glass she whispered 'Please
Will you come into view? '

Phil Soar

Stains

"He's at it again", his mother said
"Soiling up his double bed
You'll have to have some words with him
He needs to wipe it after it's in"
His father said, "He's just a lad
Is it really all that bad? "
The mother looked a little pissed
"It looks to me, that he just missed
And got his mess on the new white sheet
The intercourse was incomplete"

Phil Soar

Stalker

Best I see no more of you
It turns me on and makes me blue
You won't allow me close to you
Whatever am I going to do?
I watch you through a looking glass
I fantasize about your ass
I watch you as you wash your hair
And wish that I was near you there
I won't say I'm a stalker
Who views you from afar
But maybe if I get caught out
They'll put me behind a bar
Or bars, to be specific
I'd end up in a prison cell
Which wouldn't be terrific
This rhyme has lost it's potency
Just like my own libido
I think I better go lie down
And stay there in cognito

Phil Soar

Stalking

I looked in your direction and you turned and looked away
I followed you on twitter, but you banned me yesterday
I looked you up on facebook, but you banned me from there too
So if I want to get in touch, whatever can I do?

Phil Soar

Star Struck

The star I wished upon last night
the smile that it created
the dream I had that this would work
has left my heart elated
you came into my world and then
my wish was so complete
I aimed my wish into the sky
and you fell at my feet

Phil Soar

Starlight

I lay there, looking up
Wondering how far away you might be
A trillion light years, maybe more?
Yet twinkling in the sky forever more

A cosmos full of stars like you
Burning bright, so all on earth might see
Time zones sharing love for you, like me
An extra terrestrial bright light harmony

Phil Soar

Stars

Under a cloudless night, where stars adorn the blackened sky
Like fairy dust they glisten, without seeming like they try
And all across the Universe, with expansion taking place
They shine on quite regardless, of their existence in deep space

Phil Soar

Stars At Night

She stared into the night sky
no clouds, but a plethora of stars shone brightly
appearing as celestial sparks
within a colonial universe and expanding almost nightly
the varying light emitted
caused explosions in her mind and heart
the beauty so symmetrical
she could not tell the signs apart
so she stood and watched the darkened sky
watching comets flying by
it took her mind off her worried brow
The stars at night will do for now

Phil Soar

Stars Shining

Stars shining bright above me
Or is it all caused by the booze?
I was wondering why, all I see is the sky
And I'm always just having a snooze

Phil Soar

Starting Over

Taking apart broken pieces
Finding peace in re-invention
Making space for the new
Manufacturing pleasure
Designs on passion
Moulding the future
Replenishing feelings
Starting over

Phil Soar

Starting Pistol

I left before it started, I don't know where It began
I held a starting pistol in the palm of my left hand
I pointed it into the sky, and fired into space
And hit a passing pigeon in the middle of it's face

Phil Soar

State Of The World

The world is in an awful state
Too hard for me to contemplate

Phil Soar

Statistics

Statistics

What do they mean?

Samples

Of individuals seen

Random

The answers compiled

Valid

For a little while

Nonsense

Is what the results are

Taken

From people near and far

Statistics

Phil Soar

Steamy Evenings

Steamy Evenings
But not through romance
Sweaty Gonads
In Many male pants
Strange 'Earthy' fragrances
Waft through the air
Itchy and scratchy
Appearing, 'down there'

As temperatures rise
So do the odours
So much personal hygiene
Expelled from the owners
An upsurge in smells
That ravage the nose
A result of the warming
Global, I suppose

Phil Soar

Stepping Stones

The feel of the breath of the wind on my face
The touch of a loved one, a warming embrace
The words that they utter, in moments of passion
Makes everything worth it, and gets a reaction

From the moment that you take the first steps in life
Your senses explode and cut deep, like a knife
They implore you to explore all that you survey
And listen, whenever you've something to say

Each moment you cherish, builds a picture inside
When you see your rewards, it a measure of pride
Building the stepping stones, making your world
A scene of great wonder, as your future unfurls

Phil Soar

Steps

Every step I take could be my last
I'd love to leave a footprint in the past
Encased in earth and set as time goes by
Like stars set in an early evening sky

There for all to see and some to treasure
Where I have walked it's always been a pleasure
And as my steps will take me anywhere
I walk for miles enjoying all the air.

Phil Soar

Still

Does my character make me the person I am?
Do I act like a child, just because I can?
Is my everyday life just a matter of course?
Or can I make something seem better than worse?

Do my eyes fill with tears for no reason at all?
Just because I am older and I wish life would stall
And give me more time to accomplish my plans
And turn all this running, into time that just stands.....still

Phil Soar

Stirring It Up

She likes to tell a tale or two
Of how you met her, and she met you
Develops a pattern in the storyline
On how she became a friend of mine
And when she's done she stirs it up
Making assumptions as she reads my cup
'Tea leaves can tell your future', she said
This Gypsy's not right in the head

Phil Soar

Stolen

You took something from me that I cannot replace
And now a part of me has gone forever
Please look into your heart and bring my wallet back
My credit cards are cancelled...so WHATEVER!

Phil Soar

Stomach Ache

A life controlled by nerves and stomach trouble
Has led me on a life of some despair
And yet it's not as awkward as the other souls
Who suffer every day without much care

Phil Soar

Stone Cold Bottom

I sat on the stone and completed my rhyme
Not worrying about the cold at the time
But a short while after, my ass went numb
Frostbite on my ample bum

Phil Soar

Storing

I keep things in my cupboards
And I forget I put them there
Stored for years on shelves, in tiers
Scattered everywhere
I've always made excuses
For the times I store these treasures
I'm trying to convince myself
I'll use them at my leisure
The garage is like a market place
With goods that age each year
When someone asks to borrow them
I don't know that they're here
And still the tiers grow taller
And I buy new shelving too
It won't be long before I store things
In the downstairs loo
I once lost something valuable
Among the rows of tat
I wouldn't know how I'd find it
And so that's the end of that

Phil Soar

Storm

With waves the size of houses crashing onto shore
announcing violent impact to the land we love and more
the sound of rushing water
of wind and rain and thunder
all this turmoil trying hard
to drag us all asunder

Phil Soar

Storm Clouds

A storm cloud gathered overhead
As I lay slumbering in my bed
And then the thunder clapped out loud
From deep within that darkening cloud
Then lightning flashes lit the sky
As wind and rain came rushing by
Woken with this nightmare scene
Spoiling my relaxing dream
I lay and tossed myself about
Until the storm had petered out

Phil Soar

Storms

Trying to break his spirit, the monstrous seas swelled
The storm violent and seemingly everlasting
His boat rising and falling as the wind whipped up the surf
And yet he felt at home
On the sea

Phil Soar

Stormy Lines

I wrote a note while on a boat
The sea was very stormy
The squiggly lines, from time to time
Might have told a maritime story
The motion, as the swells grew huge
Made nonsense of the scene
I tried to write, with all my might
While turning rather green
And when the storm was over
I read my story through
But all there was were squiggly lines
In a sea of sick and poo!

Phil Soar

Stormy Nights

Cast you mind back, mother said
While you were tucked up in your bed
Where did you run to in the night
When storms gave you an awful fright
You'd lay beside, nice and warm
While we ride out the awful storm
And when it past you often said
'Do I have to return to bed? '

Phil Soar

Stranger In My Bed

I dreamed I was alone, but I was not
I woke and found a stranger in my bed
His size was awfully big and best forgot
But remains in that brain inside my head

Phil Soar

Streaming Trivia

Streaming films to laptops
Watching all that dross
No time for a conversation
I am at a loss

TV's showing more repeats
It all seems De Ja Vu
No kids playing in the streets
Watching screens is all they do

So many people overweight
Just Lounging in their homes
Hundreds more, in streets galore
Using mobile phones

I wonder where the skills will be
In twenty years from now
Sitting watching MTV
And wiping sweaty brows

Phil Soar

Streams Of Words

The stream of words that flows without me trying
winding on it's way to who knows where
defines the way I feel and has me crying
with laughter or with feelings of despair

To be inclined to write is what I live for
I cherish every word that I can type
and if I make you laugh or cry, or wonder
I realise it's been worth all the hype

Phil Soar

Street Life

The path might be crazy, all cracked and forlorn
The road might be tarmac but have holes galore
Yet the avenue has such a wholesome display
Of trees that some people say get in the way

On the streets where the car has become number one
No place to pass easily now that courtesy's gone
It's so overcrowded some couldn't care less
The whole of society, in such a mess

Phil Soar

Strength And Weakness

If I show weakness when I'm scared
And fall before my demons
My feelings will be unprepared
For very different reasons

If I show strength in trouble times
Perhaps my mind will see
That good things come from positive thoughts
And will show the best of me
And

Phil Soar

Strides

My strides are always purposeful
My life is never ever dull
I walk through dreams and skip through pain
I lie in the sun and bathe in the rain
Adventure calls and I reply
I feel the closeness of the sky
I smell the blossom, bless the tides
And there's a purpose in my strides

Phil Soar

Strolling Through

Strolling through a field of love
Where others found their way, and then
Romance begins to take a hold
And feelings trace on hearts again

Standing on the edge of time
And waiting for the call to arms
Inviting me to join the journey
Welcoming your female charms

Walking on a cloud of romance
A fleeting glimpse of what's in store
If I begin that trip to love
I'll open up my heart once more

Phil Soar

Studying Shakespeare

They said 'please study Shakespeare'
If you want to write a sonnet
Or by a book on Millinery
If you want to make a bonnet

If cookery is what you like
Then you need Gordon Ramsey
Or Monty Don for gardening on
When growing the odd pansy

When Tourettes strikes you down one day
You know that you are F***ed
And that it will not help you much
If you should write a book

So please don't study Shakespeare
As you won't be that impressed
As his sonnet's are so complex
And his bonnets even less

Phil Soar

Stuff & Nonsense

Out loud, I am brash
I once had a moustache
And now I'm clean shaven but manky
In my sixty sixth year
I have nothing to fear
But I wish that I had a clean hanky!

Phil Soar

Stung

I stuck my head in a bee hive
To see if my honey was there
But the occupants stung me all over
And now I'm just glad I'm alive

Phil Soar

Submission

I submit myself to you for your imagination
without an explanation or submission
and make of me from these short words your own impression
you have my own acceptable permission

I'm getting on in years, and don't I know it
my love for writing seems to ebb and flow
and so at my mind's will, the words are growing
and are written from my heart, just so you know

Sometimes I have mysterious moods that haunt me
I hear my mind and feel a need to bloom
like petals, my words are in my mind and taunt me
and so I sit and write them in my room

Imagine if you will, a mind where words are everywhere
where nouns and verbs mix up the letters there
and lest they are erased and gone forever
I have to write them down whilst I still care

So if thoughts are subject matter and develop
If minds can reach in places so extreme
why should I ignore words where they envelop
and forget the sentences, of which I dream

For dream of them I do, in anxious moments
I cannot halt these messages of time
and so I write them down and hope you like them
even though some never even rhyme.

Phil Soar

Subscription

I don't subscribe to things and yet I get the mails
I unsubscribe, but every time I think it fails
So many things from how to live or how to dance
I sometimes think the internet is just plain pants

Phil Soar

Success

A striking reminder of how it could be
Passed through a dream and in my memory
I saw several images passing through time
But none of them matched with these feelings of mine
And though I am made of more purposeful things
I wished for success and the money it brings
And if money is evil and time moves at pace
On reflection I'll dream, and leave success in its place

Phil Soar

Success And Age

In the trophy cabinet, the contents no longer swell
As his aged frame restricts his movements
So many years of success, now a memory
Old photographs and silver plate line his room
Reduced now to a watching brief
But still the recognition by fans is pleasing
And he sleeps well, although not comfortably.

Phil Soar

Such Is Life

I've thought of life so very long
Of good and bad, of right and wrong
Of thoughts and deeds, doubts and fears
And all those getting older years

Those years, as we learn to live
Of how to take and how to give
Of how to hate and still stay sane
Of how to fall in love again

To keep a friend in times of need
in a very special love indeed
To keep that love when others fade
Is to see the love you give, repaid

And through those getting older years
The joy, the laughter, and the tears
The crippling blows, the stones unturned
The just rewards for what you've earned

No monetary gain can spoil
The fun of trying and the toil
Of blood and sweat, and troubled strife
That makes it such a challenge.

LIFE

Phil Soar

Suicide

Stretching out for miles across a sea of broken dreams
Life was full of mystery and twisted at the seams
With nothing else but promises, and deep and worthless doubt
There was nothing he felt life could hold, and so he chickened out

Phil Soar

Summer Days

I open my eyes to a clear summer's day
And the smile is as wide as can be
I rise and behold what is coming my way
Nature's beauty, and all that I see

When the colour and magical fragrances stir
The mind explodes from the incursion
The dazzling images fly by in a blur
Like a restored tapestry version

No cloud, just blue sky, and the map is revealed
While the places I see, fill my heart
And these visions are stored, and some are concealed
And the day got off to a great start

Phil Soar

Summer Ends

I sit here looking out on all my efforts
The garden falling out with summer sun
And welcoming the cool September breezes
And knowing that the summers almost done

Phil Soar

Summer Feelings

As summer approaches and my seedlings rise
I love the sights before my eyes
As spring has made my feelings flood
I know that smiles are back for good
At least until the start of fall
I'll smile until the coldness calls

Phil Soar

Summer Feelings 2

Glimpses of blossom
Tantalising the senses
As leaves unfurl
Above garden fences
Beginnings of wonder
Joy all around
Birds feeding fledglings
In the trees, and the ground
No matter what happens
It makes me feel high
Underneath a clear blue sky

Phil Soar

Summer Sun

I took the summer by the hand
And led it through the wind and rain
In the hope that it would make my day
And let the sun shine once again

Phil Soar

Summertime

I drift along at my own pace, the walk becomes a stroll
The wind that wafts across my face, is something to behold
A warm and pleasant feeling, announcing summertime
Where everything around me makes me feel that all is fine

Phil Soar

Sums

I grew tired of multiplication
It divided my mind
So I subtracted it from my thoughts
Adding that it felt good

And Algebra?
Well....blah blah blah

Phil Soar

Sunrise

I set aside some time most every day
To dream and watch the hours just slip away
And when the day is over and I'm done
I can't wait for the rising of the sun

Phil Soar

Swallows

There might be many swallows heading off to feed elsewhere
There may be many obstacles, as they fly together there
A few may never make it, but thousands will succeed
To rest awhile and live abroad, to re-fuel and then breed

There may be many flights like this, of many, many miles
Over land and over sea, in many different styles
Survival of the fittest, replenishing the few
Who make the return journey, to create that something new

Phil Soar

Swallows Dancing

The aerobatic nature of the ballet in the air
Means swallows have arrived, and there is beauty everywhere
Looking to the skies and fields as they swoop high and low
Suggests that summer has arrived, and now we'll have a show

To me this has a majesty, and nothing quite compares
To watching from a distance as they dance around in pairs
The speed at which they share the sky and not be out of sync
Is magical to the naked eye, you miss it if you blink

So when you see the matinee, or view the later show
Imagine how they've been up there, three thousand miles or so
They fill the heart with happiness and when the dancing ends
We say goodbye for one more year to such beautiful friends

Phil Soar

Swallows Migration

They left in a flock of a hundred or more
3,000 miles to a warmer shore
A home for the winter, away from the frost
A flight worth the effort, no matter the cost

Phil Soar

Sweet Nothings

I whispered sweet nothings in my girlfriends ears
She thought for a while I'd gone daft
Then I stole some maracas
She thought I'd gone crackers
And set me afloat on a raft

Phil Soar

Sweets

A bounty of sweets left everywhere, the temptation is too much
Of chocolate coated nuts and things, and milky bars and such
I really wish there wasn't so much temptation about
Because it's what is making me so large and rather stout

Phil Soar

Swifts And Swallows

Swifts and Swallows flash by on filigree wings
As I stand and watch in the summer breeze
The aerial acrobatics displayed in effortless ease
Skimming the grasses, avoiding the trees
Dancing through the air in synchronised ballets
Moving with such grace,
And touching my heart with the beauty
I could watch forever and not become bored
Until they move on and fly somewhere abroad
Like a musical score that has come to its end
Those Swifts and Swallows have been like a friend

Phil Soar

Swings & Roundabouts

The swings and roundabouts of life are like a game to me
Played at speed, and sometimes much repeated
I hesitate to say that I enjoy it
But still I know I will not be defeated

We over complicate our lives with things we can't control
The world in which we live, is always growing
We show concern for things that aren't important
And damage things we need without us knowing

Whilst one of us would not make right the evil
That seems to emanate from all around
Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could all unite?
And show our planet that our lives are sound?

Phil Soar

Sympathy

When the source of some sympathy ventures our way
And the ones you admire have got good things to say
You are blessed, if it makes you feel better
And the advice that they share
Is all dealt with some flair
In the form of an e-mail or letter

Phil Soar

Tablets

I take so many tablets, I rattle when I move
Things to keep me going, to help my life improve
I do not work without them, they keep the death away
Until the time I pop my clogs, there's no more I can say

Phil Soar

Take Memories Home

The grass that tickled the child's bare feet
The ants that rushed around gathering speed
The signs of activity keep blowing the mind
You never know what you just might find
Part the hedgerow, look through at the view
No sign of the insects staring at you,
All just too busy, just staying alive
Making sure offspring will flourish and thrive
Leave things as you found them
Take memories home
And sit in the countryside all on your own

Phil Soar

Tall Clown

I stumble through life with a consummate ease
I Can't ride a horse or fly a trapeze
But I stand ten feet tall while everyone wilts
I'm a big circus clown and I walk upon stilts

Phil Soar

Target Practice

He practiced shooting targets, and was aiming at the bull
He checked the gun was loaded and the magazine was full
He tried to fix his eyesight as he squeezed the trigger slow
So how he shot her in the head, I guess we'll never know!

Phil Soar

Targets

The target kept on moving and the goalposts often changed
The window of opportunity was lost and locks engaged
The door that was at first ajar, was now quite open wide
Revealing lots of panic and some comedy inside

Phil Soar

Tarot

She placed the cards on the table before me
Showing me what the tarot held in store
She turned over Death, and scared me to it
Who would have thought I could see right through it

Phil Soar

Tarquin Farquaharson

Tarquin Farquaharson
Was related to a parson
He would go to church and sing of God and Jesus
He would witness peoples prayers
And then push them down the stairs
He was mental, and did things as he pleases

Phil Soar

Tarquin Farquaharson 2

Tarquin Farquaharson
Was a little prone to Arson
And was always lighting matches when he could
So it all was far to strange
When someone said he should change
And they sent him out to look for planks of wood

Now someone had suggested
That his mind became infected
And while he was in the forest felling trees
They set fire to his home
And then left him all alone
In the company of several thousand bees

Phil Soar

Taxi For Philip

Maybe my thoughts are twisted
Perhaps my brain's unwired
Has everything turned into shit
Or am I just inspired
Where do I go, in times of woe
Is the asylum full
Without my conscious calling me
Life would be very dull
So sit with me, while I conspire
To write a little drivel
I'll try my best to be inspired
And make you smile a little
And when I try the jacket on
And they tie it up the back
I know my life's an empty shell
And there's no turning back

Phil Soar

Taxidermist

My heart goes out to blighty,
That's what the surgeon said,
The year was 1936, and Oswald Twain was Dead,
The surgeon cut him open,
To see what made him snuff it,
He found a taxidermist, who had climbed inside to stuff it.

Phil Soar

Tea

I constantly remind myself it means so little,
The random thoughts that pop into my head,
Like boiling water in somebody's kettle,
It all means nothing when you end up dead.

Like scolding water, poured on leaves encaptured,
In bags with holes, but small enough to hold,
The fragrance seeps into the cup of plenty,
But tastes like shit, when water has gone cold.

Phil Soar

Tea - It's My Drug

Well, bless my soul, what's wrong with me?
It's fifteen minutes since I last drank tea
It's almost like a drug that has got me hooked
Tea's more addictive than it really looks
With a biscuit or two to soak it up
Nothing like some tea in a great big cup

Phil Soar

Tea Break

I seldom brew a cup of tea
When no-one else is home
I sit and fart, it's a work of art
And that's why I'm alone

Phil Soar

Teacher Said

I read my old report from school
My teacher said I played the fool
And sixty years ahead, I see
That teacher made a fool of me

Phil Soar

Team Gb Olympics

They jump, they dive
They work, they strive,
For Gold or just a medal
They ride, they stride
They never hide
They run, and then they pedal
They swim, they win
They don't give in
Four years of tireless training
In baking heat
Sometimes bare feet
And even when it's raining
A team, or individuals
About to take their chance
Coaches giving signals
As they watch the athletes dance
Then stepping on the platform
Receiving countless cheers
The work and strife that was their life
Remains for four more years

Phil Soar

Teardrops

Teardrops on my pillow
Bogies on my nose
Pools of something horrible
Staining all my clothes

Wearing this straight-jacket
In a room that's padded too
If you take one step closer
Who knows what I might do

Phil Soar

Tears

Imagine if the tears we shed, could fill the seas and oceans
The levels would envelop us, because of our emotions
Throw out that box of tissues
Dispense with handkerchiefs
There's too much hurt in this whole world
On land that's full of grief.

Phil Soar

Tears Flowed

The tears flowed down cheeks of red
Droplets of anguish
Forming rivers of hurt
No pool to seep into
Wiped clear with tissues
Only to require more
Blotting out the pain
Yet not restraining the flow
And the sobs accompanying the tears
Like an Orchestra of loves lost music
Never again to be played
Without further tears

Phil Soar

Tears For Souvenirs

I kept some tears as souvenirs
I froze them with the love you took away
And someday pretty soon
When I stop looking at the moon
I might defrost them all and make my day

Phil Soar

Tears Shed

Tears shed over many miles
Hearts destroyed and minds defiled
Hatred of a our fellow man
Destroying things because they can
I wonder where on earth this ends
People losing cousins/friends
Uncles, aunts and parents too
So many losses close to you
No end in sight, no common cause
The silence as the world's on pause
A black and darkening world of fear
Just like we're not welcome here

Phil Soar

Teeth

My teeth were in a fight last night,
At least that's what it seems,
There must have been a Bar/Room brawl,
Among my many dreams;
I bit somebody's finger off,
And shoved it up his bum,
That would explain the dirty mark,
Which stained my right hand thumb.

I woke with teeth around the bed,
Some broken, not my own,
And several ears, and a nose or two,
And a mix of skin and bone;
It was like a Scene from a Zombie flick,
With blood and guts and gore,
There was evidence of a candlestick,
And some blood upon the floor.

The cops were called at 3 a.m.
They arrived at ten to Five,
By then, there were bodies everywhere,
And a few souls still alive;
A dentist and a doctor,
Who happened to be about
Looked at the mess, and in distress,
Began to scream and shout.

In the end I slept right through it,
After all, it was in my mind,
When I woke, I have been burgled,
Someone had robbed me blind;
So the outcome of this sorry tale,
Is as plain as it can be,
Don't grind you teeth, while you're asleep,
As dentists don't come free!

Phil Soar

Telephone

I think someone is joking with my telephone
It rings at such an inappropriate time
I'm either on the toilet or full of passion
This bloody joking telephone of mine

Phil Soar

Telling The Time

I bought a new watch
To help me tell the time
I wore it waiting for a train
On the local railway line
But the local train just didn't stop
And it flew past fast as lightening
So I had to catch a westbound bus
And the price was rather frightening

Phil Soar

Temptation

I don't believe I meant to take those gifts of yours
The ones you left just lying there upon the floor
And though I knew my actions would backfire on me
I couldn't help myself when I first saw the tree

Who leaves such gifts on show for everyone to see?
I looked in through your window and thought they were free
The open door an invitation to your home
My eyes looked left and right, my mind did roam

No guilt, until I left and then the fear kicked in
What had I done, and why did I commit this sin?
Returning very soon to satisfy the first elation
I gave up and resisted that second temptation

I don't believe I left and thought I'd missed a trick
The aftermath and feelings left me almost sick
So under darkness I returned those gifts to you
After all that was the honest thing to do

Phil Soar

Terms

Using terms I did not know I knew
I try and re-create what's held in store
This memory bank that seems to hold it all
Only to surface when I least expect it
Spreading the details onto the page
I wonder how I control the steady flow
as it emanates from deep within

And as I do, I blink with the speed of the flow
Like a fast flowing river diving over a rocky cliff
Pouring over all before it
touching everything in it's path
soaking the mind
refreshing the place it left behind
with new words ready to seek escape
but waiting in the bank
for now

Phil Soar

Terracotta Pots

Terracotta pots
In lots
In gardening shops
On sale
They tempt me
Calling out
'Come and buy me, I am 50 percent off'
Drawing me in
Emptying my wallet
Yet filling my garden with beauty
Bloody Pots!

Phil Soar

Tests

I've been tested
Since I was small
All sorts of tests
I've had them all
From personal traits
To test my self esteem
How much I've learnt
How much I've dreamed
Inside my mind
Inside my skin
These frequent tests
Have done me in

Phil Soar

Texting Fingers

I've got these stumpy fingers
So my text's get all confused
My phone's keyboard is far too small
And it's keys get all abused

Some people think my spellings
Are really all dyslexic
But stumpy fingers working fast
Make spelling much too hectic

I'm okay as I type the words
Then look down at the screen
To see wrods lyke hullo and sweatness
And know what they SHOULD mean

I turn the keyboard sideways
And type the wrods reel qwick
Just like my sun and dorter do
But they make their words stick

So I hate my stumpy fingers
When trying to send a text
It leaves me feeling that I'm thick
And just a little vexed

Phil Soar

That Cat

Hiding in the bushes waiting for that cat to pass
So I can just surprise it, and kick it up the ass
It keeps on leaving 'messages' I find them by mistake
When I am in the garden with my spade and garden rake

Phil Soar

That Crying Sound

The crying sound was far away
It echoed through the cave
Lost in a dark and dangerous place
A soul that we should save
A deep and sorrowful call for help
Resounding off the walls
Repeating itself like echo's
As constant waterfalls
And when the sound was over
We sighed, and knew the fate
That someone (or something) had passed
There had been no escape
The pain of being helpless
Sank deep within our hearts
Where does the pain of failure end?
And where does hope now start?

Phil Soar

That Embrace

I never expected the show of affection
My past not a subject for my recollection
Away in the distant and upsetting past
Where thoughts that I wished would disappear fast

Yet thirty years on as I sat by his side
With plenty of memories I needed to hide
I became overwhelmed by a feeling of doubt
Wanting to know we could work these things out

And later as tales and transitions were told
It felt more of warmth than a dull icy cold
And so the embrace, appeared out of the blue
And gave me a reason that I forgave you

Phil Soar

That First Kiss

I remember her name and I still think of her
That kiss as an infant, had caused quite a stir
As we stood in the playground our lips intertwined
And the giggles began from the crowd stood behind

Gillian Titman, that name makes me smile
I guess if we met now, I would run a mile
Passing those notes underneath the school desk
With child innuendos that were dull and complex

I just can't forget it, how it made me feel
And something about it was maybe surreal
And now that I'm older, I've kissed many more
All of them special, but all showed me the door!

Phil Soar

That Fit Bit

One look in the mirror was all it took
To open up that fitness book
But just one chapter later on
That feeling had just up and gone

Phil Soar

That Gal

The race for my attention wasn't purposeful or fast
And no-one ever knew if a liaison was to last
And so if there were suitors, they were never known to me
I stumbled through my teenage years, with my own company

Then in my early twenties, I looked out for passing mates
But nothing came along, and I was left to my own fate
And then along came just the mate, I longed for all those years
I thought that this might dissipate the banter and the jeers

Each time I mentioned romance to my friends or closest pal
They seemed to be uninterested, as I searched for 'that' gal
And now we've been together, for 40 years or more
I wish I'd stayed a bachelor, or shown that gal the door

Phil Soar

That Kiss

I sent a kiss on angels wings
That flew to you with fairy dust
And as it touched your cheek, I watched
As blushes reddened on your face
No matter how the message flew
I sent that kiss with love so true

Phil Soar

That Letter

I posted a letter without an address
It didn't get far, got mislaid I guess
And somewhere alone in a postal tray
There sits a letter, with nothing to say

Phil Soar

That Light

The light that twinkled in the sky at night was effervescent
The moon was looking cheese like, and in form, looked like a crescent
The dainty way the moths flew by, and headed for the light
Made me realise that there was no more lovely sight

Phil Soar

That Long Road

The long and winding road
That leads to your door
Makes me wish that I was five again
And rushing home to eat your cakes
And make your life a misery
rushing home to see you smile
Oh mother, how I miss you so.

Phil Soar

That Look, That Sound

The look that made him stop and think of her
The sound that brought him back from deep dismay
Her voice, like velvet floating on a silver cloud
Perfection, yet so many miles away

She left with nothing more than just a kiss
That left a message deep inside his mind
Until she does return his thoughts are everywhere
And her image in a photograph she left behind

He thinks of how repeatedly she visits him in sleep
His dreams a complex film that overwhelms him
And when she reconnects with him, she plays a part
That compliments their feelings for each other

That look from someone else that made him think of her
That sound that brought some solace to his day
Those feelings that instill in him her presence
Just highlight everything he wants to say

Phil Soar

That Side Of Me

There's a side of me that no-one sees
A part of me that's hidden
Like flotsam on a raging sea
Or something that's forbidden
I keep it in a private place
No-one will ever find it
It's locked away for a rainy day
And my conscience helped me hide it.

Phil Soar

That Sinking Feeling

I made my boat with wood from old oak trees
I then set sail for somewhere overseas
And half way there, the water reached my knees
I sank without a trace near the Maldives

Phil Soar

That Soft Guitar

I heard a soft guitar play through my inner pain
I drifted on a cloud of white and dreamed again
I wished for someone else to call and make my day
I heard that soft guitar that chased my blues away

It whispered soulful messages and teased my heart
Arrangements I'd not heard before, were worlds apart
And soothed by all the notes it played, I soldiered on
I heard that soft guitar until the hurt had gone

Phil Soar

That Song

The CD played our love song and the memories soon returned
Of love and life and kisses, and the times we lived and learned
Of arms around each other, beneath clear and shining stars
And images of moments in the back of many cars

We danced along to words that we remembered from the past
That spoke of endless passion, and a love we knew would last
And somewhere in the distance, a shooting star dashed by
And like our lives it flew away, a light in a dark sky

And as the tune we danced to, came to such a happy end
We looked into each other's eyes, as lovers and as friends
Our memories kept in pockets, in between the sweat and tears
Reminding us our love is fine, and has lasted all these years

Phil Soar

That Star

It took a while to see the star a trillion miles away
And through the lens it blew my mind apart
And as I stared upon the sight, I felt my thoughts did say
There goes a piece of everybody's heart

Phil Soar

That Stick

I saved my files in folders
And as I got older
Saved them to a memory stick

Then I used a stick to walk
Took my teeth out just to talk
And wished that in my youth I had been bolder

Phil Soar

That Way About You

You have a way about you
I don't know what it is
But the world wouldn't be the same without you
You have a joy of living
I don't know how you do
But you make me smile when I think about you
You have a place within me
I know just where it is
And each beat of my heart is stronger for it
You have a way of knowing
I don't know how you do
But relationships are better for it
You have a way about you
I don't know how it works
But thank god that it's there for all to see.

Phil Soar

The Abacus

I bought an abacus from e-bay
It arrived without the beads
I hadn't counted on that!

Phil Soar

The Abyss

Staring at the Abyss into which my journey ends
Scaling mountains just to be a leader to my friends
Climbing up the staircase that will lead to who knows where
Staring at the Abyss, thinking, does it know I'm there

Phil Soar

The Adder

Slithering through the grass, he goes unseen
The adder or the viper crosses paths of green
A lover of the countryside, he moves with skill
Not in a concrete jungle that would make him ill
Two names, but one cool entity
Looking for a snack to eat for tea

Phil Soar

The Advert

The advertisement read that I need this appliance
a trap that reeled me in at quite a pace
a miracle cure to rid me of my wrinkles
to rid me of the lines upon my face

So ordering in such a hurry
I clicked upon a box without a thought
not understanding what the product offered
or even knowing what the hell I'd bought

It arrived with an amazonian expressness
I couldn't wait and thought that I would try on
Imagine my pure horror when I got it
to get rid of my wrinkles was an Iron!

(with apologies for the lack of poetic form)

Phil Soar

The Aimless Road

I turned the corner long ago,
and the highway looked ahead
A long and steady aimless road,
where freedom should have led
Instead I drove a thousand miles
and reached a certain place
where moods and empty promises
could not help me save face

I'd taken off at breakneck speed
because I'd had enough
The thought of more of all that doubt
and the way you'd called my bluff
It had made a sudden impact
and filled my mind with grief
I'd set off with the guilt intact
To find welcome relief

The trip was hardly worth it
the doubt just filled the air
Tired and drained, I stopped the car
and tried to settle there
In the hope you would not find me
and drive me more insane
I stared into the countryside
as you drove down the lane

Right then my thoughts and visions
of life without you near
and all the impositions
drew just the faintest tear
I opened up the glove box
took out my glock and then
blew your hatred far away
Then I drove off again

Phil Soar

The Art Of Urinating

The trick of peeing when you can
Is one I've never mastered
Sometimes I stand there staring
At a white urinal pan
While people standing next to me
Have got not trouble peeing
I wonder why I cannot cope
With men around me weeing?

Phil Soar

The Artist

The artist sat beside the wall
And looked across at fields of hay
A farmer saw him trespassing
And shot him dead from far way

Phil Soar

The Astronauts View

The space which is my habitat
is miles away from home
I float from room to room
and I'm always on my own
I look out of the window
and I see another planet
someone might say that's really weird
I'm an Astronaut, so can it?

It's only what I think I'll find
when viewing outer-space
where stars will shine, and comets fly
all round my living place
I've been floating round in circles
as I've orbited the earth
Imagination's not required
and everything looks blue

It's not that I'm spaced out you see
I'm entranced by the sight
I've seen the world from both sides now
from morning until night
I've witnessed things most magical
and watched the moon pass by
and the beauty of the universe
always makes me cry

Phil Soar

The Attic

The attic held a million memories
In boxes, stacked on shelves in piles of threes
What wonders opening each would bring to mind
What old and magic things we were to find

Left in this space among the spiders haunts
The sounds of sibling rivalry and taunts
And each a box of years of happiness
Just sitting in this attic in a mess

We sat, reminded of our childhood days
Photographs emerged of our school plays
And tales we wrote in Diaries of school pranks
Letters hoarded when we'd written 'thanks'

Our thoughts turned to the family we once knew
At times we held a very different view
But now faced with these boxes, we concur
The contents are the people we once were

Phil Soar

The Auction Room Of Life

Inside the auction room of life
My lot has not been bid on
No advance on my reserve price
The one I kept the lid on
A room of soulless people
All bidding for the right
To try and capture romance
To change their loveless life

Phil Soar

The Baby

I kissed the lips of velvet
Warmed within our light embrace
My senses pleased, my pulse increased
I ran my hands across her face
Her beauty there before me
Made tears flow and then
I took the baby in my arms
And kissed her once again

Phil Soar

The Bad Hotel

I had my reservations
As I booked in the hotel
And when I reached my sea view room
I noticed quite a smell
The sound of waves upon the beach
I thought might compensate
But the sight of sick upon the floor
Had rather sealed my fate
I'd checked in to a rubbish tip
Or at least that's what I thought
And my review on trip advisor
Was really rather fraught

Phil Soar

The Banjo

My father owned a banjo
He kept it in a case
I found it and I played it
Oh what a big mistake
It was his prize possession
And he treated it as such
He took it back and hid it
Said I wasn't meant to touch
And so it's still a sacred thing
Even though Dad's gone
To play it now would be a shame
Even for a farewell song

Phil Soar

The Beach

The sound of waves crashing forcefully on sandy floors
Casting debris far and wide along the shore
Leaving footprints,
Only to be washed away with the arrival of a new wave
Sweeping all before it
Some back out to sea
Some further inland
To rest until higher tides
Or to lay forever as flotsam and jetsam
Debris from vessels
Tossed aside without thought
Scarring the beauty of the beach
Like the ocean has been sick
And still the waves cast all aside
Crashing angrily
Perhaps a warning
Heeded by only those who care
Enough to speak out
Enough to help change
Before it's too late
And the oceans give in
Too late for all of us
The sound of waves crashing forcefully on floors of sand

Phil Soar

The Bearded Lady

I met her at a circus
She was a bearded lady
She asked if I would take her out
And all I said was 'Maybe'

Phil Soar

The Best Of Me

I try to give the best of me in everything I do
What happens has a reason, sometimes it frustrates you
But giving all you have to give, has many just rewards
A pleasing smile from passers-by, stops them feeling bored
So if you follow my own rule, to give the best of you
Maybe you will smile at life, it's the least that you should do

Phil Soar

The Birdsong

I heard the song from far away
Its note a perfect tone
With so much that it had to say
The singer sat alone
The lyrics so essential
To inform of its intent
The song began at early dawn
And very seldom went

Phil Soar

The Blind Date

They set up a blind date for me
When I was almost twenty three
My shyness held me back, when in my teens
But the girl they chose for me
Was as nervous as could be
And wore a pair of ancient Levi jeans

I wouldn't say she smelt
She was not what you'd call svelt
And the hairs under her armpits needed shaving
So I excused myself you see
Said I had to have a pee
And left her there without a single craving

Phil Soar

The Bogeyman

'The bogey man will get you',
My mum would say to me,
'He'll come out of the bogey hole,
If you don't eat your tea'

She always used this little trick,
When I was just a boy,
I always did what I was told,
A very clever ploy.

That darkened room, below the stairs,
Where bogey men abide,
I often dared to venture near,
But never went inside.

I never saw the bogeyman,
In all my childhood years,
But just those words my mother said,
Would bring a flood of tears.

Will I inflict the self same fear,
On children of my own? ,
After all, The Bogeyman's,
The best deterrent known.

Phil Soar

The Bottom Of The Stairs

I lay awhile where I had fallen
At the bottom of the stairs
I went up there as I heard her calling
From the bottom of the stairs

She wasn't there at all you see
She died when she was eighty three
But now I lay and hear sod all
I'd taken such a horrid fall

Phil Soar

The Box In The Attic

Rummaging through a box found in the Attic
Through toys of yesterday and clothes mothballed
It set my mind adrift, and then ecstatic
I could float on all the memories recalled

My childhood games and treasured items, resulting tears
The memories of infancy and those high school cheers
The smells and feel of every item brought back the years
The sights, the sounds, and all the getting older fears

Each item in that box I found was something from my past
No wonder my emotions were intense and pretty fast
I sat in silence treasuring those moments when
And wished for just one day I was back there again

Phil Soar

The Boxer

His corner threw the towel in
As the boxer hit the floor
His face looked like a sack of sprouts
He couldn't take much more
And so he lay there thinking
As the ref counted to ten
I'll bank the purse and have a break
And then I'll box again

Phil Soar

The Break Up

We witnessed the break-up of a couple we knew
She, her best friend and my best friend too
We'd known them so long it was hard to explain
The sadness we felt as they endured this pain

The secrets and lies and the common sense rules
Their hurt being caught and the lies of the fools
When the love that was evident right from the first
Has now been replaced by the lust and the thirst

And as two close friends throw the memories away
Look what's it's done to their lives every day
The bickering arguments coupled with guilt
Destroying the partnership they have both built

We witnessed the break-up and watched it play out
The agony of this left such anguish and doubt
And now that they never express how they feel
The break up is final, extensive and real

Phil Soar

The Breeze

Strange how the wind took my breath away
Nothing ever made me feel that way
And so I stood in silence in the breeze
As all the senses brought me to my knees

Phil Soar

The Brewery Walk

A walk round a distillery
Can make you walk quite sillily
Especially if you've sampled beers
Until the froth comes out your ears
Your legs may wobble as you stride
With all the ale consumed inside
That fresh-air feel once you're outside
Might mean you need a brewery guide

Phil Soar

The Broad

They took away belongings when she failed to pay her rent
All her accounts were empty, all her money had been spent
She was an alcoholic, and gambler and a fraud
And now she was also homeless, and a down-beaten old broad

Phil Soar

The Bucket And Spade

The bucket and spade I found under the stairs
Took me back to when the beach was fun
Sandcastles, turrets and parents all stare
As a new summers day had begun

Shells, crabs and rocks, bare footed, no socks
Waves that crashed down on the feet
Away from the hustle and bustle of life
Away from a cold windy street

All the feelings flood back, of the promenade steps
And the cockles and mussels on sale
All those fish and chip dinners, and donkey ride winners
And many an old sailors tale

Reminders when dad kicked a beach ball along
Long golden sands with the wind blowing hard
Making us kids run for miles to retrieve
And repeating the fun until we were tired

That bucket and spade is a memory of times
When the fun of the seaside was great
And when I recall them, it fills me with joy
And I just want to smile and then celebrate

Phil Soar

The Buck-Toothed Youth

The buck-toothed youth was so uncouth, he swore with regularity
They banned him from the playground, as he swore with so much clarity
And when he reached the classroom, he made it very clear
That school was just for a-holes, and he beamed from ear to ear

But random words of blasphemy were not that welcome there
And classmates couldn't take the constant swear words everywhere
They tried to tame his nature, and made friendly observations
But he was so uncouth that he just swore in conversations

And then one day, he went to church, and swore in front of god
He was struck down, in the churchyard ground, what an unlucky sod! .

Phil Soar

The Butcher

I knew a butcher who had a sharpened hatchet
he kept it under wraps, until one day
a customer stole brisket from a basket
so he brought it out and sliced him all one way

Phil Soar

The Butler

'you called', the butler said
as the lord lay in his bed
'as yes' he said 'I need a soothing brew'
So the butler took his request
and beat him on the chest
he'd had enough of waiting on Sir Hugh!

Phil Soar

The Butterfly

I woke to find a butterfly outside my windowsill
With wings so fine and beautiful, and keeping very still
Soaking up the morning sun, preparing for the day
And after brightening up my life, it then fluttered away

Phil Soar

The Cake

I baked a cake, it was full of holes
I didn't put them there
It seems a mouse, broke in the house
And caught me unaware

Phil Soar

The Camera

I looked into the camera lens
And then found that I'd got the bends
For I was deep beneath the sea
And forgot to surface quite slowly

Phil Soar

The Captain Of The Ship

He steered the ship to starboard
And then he steered to port
The ship had got a hole in it
And it was a last resort

He tried to keep the ship afloat
But the sea was pouring in
He was the last to leave the sinking boat
And the first one to get in.

Phil Soar

The Cards Dealt

He dealt the cards like some form of magician
The aces were not handed out to me
Just lots of nondescript and aimless numbers
That fell in line with my own family tree

I wouldn't bet with those cards that were dealt me
I'd lose my prize possessions in a flash
But then again I've lost in life's menagerie
And you can't win, if you don't have a bash

Phil Soar

The Case

The prosecutor said "I rest my case"
But he was left with egg upon his face
You see, the evidence was circumstantial
Really quite uncertain or substantial
The defence showed that the case was really flawed
Beyond a doubt was how they then ensured
And so the culprit was let off scot free
And spent his fresh release on burglary

Phil Soar

The Cat And The Cream

Like the cat that got the cream she looked complete
She sat beside the curb along her street
She licked herself to get her fingers clean
I don't know what this rhyme was meant to mean! .

Phil Soar

The Cat That Got The Cream

The cat that got the cream was quite unwell
It's not that clever trusting just your smell
It might have felt that this was such a thrill
It's nose had got the best of him, and it made him ill

(Cats should not drink dairy products.....Fact)

Phil Soar

The Chameleon

A Master of disguise was he
A chameleon in many ways
And he left his angry mark on me
When he haunted me for days and days

The doubts he planted in my mind
A hellish way to leave me prone
To the evil that he left behind
When he took away my mobile phone

Phil Soar

The Chef

He took away the menu,
As I ordered my hors d'oeuvre
It smacked of a poor waiters skills
I felt he had a nerve
And so I called the Michelin chef
And asked to see his stars
He took offence, and at my expense
He cooked something bizarre

Phil Soar

The Child In Me

The day the child in me decides to leave
Is not a day my mind can quite conceive
My bones might creak, and thoughts of mine provoke
But the child in me things ageing is a joke

The day I cannot laugh at the insane
and when amusement starts to be mundane
Those moments will tell me the child has gone
And there's only ageing me to carry on

Phil Soar

The Child Is Still There

The child in me is still around
Although I'm almost 65 years old
I feel Like I should be on the naughty step

Sitting there with that stupid face
Making it look like I have been mortally wounded
With Mum or Dad grounding me for two weeks

No toys, No treats, until I get a gold star
For behaving in the appropriate manner
When 'appropriate' for me, is just being silly

It doesn't tend to happen in the work place
'At 65, you should know better' H.R. will say
But the child in me is looking for a way out

And it usually finds a way as I get grumpy
So much to be grumpy about
And the 'Nah Nah Ne Nah Nah' is not far away

I find myself in the 'candy' aisle at the superstore
Putting things in the cart that no-one sees
Until at the checkout, someone says 'who put that there? '

The reminders that I should 'Act my age' don't get my approval
Inside I am still the boy I was at 5
The child in me is still around

Phil Soar

The Child Is The King

The child is the king
No-one knows that more than me
You see, I've been a child awhile
Though I'm nearly sixty-three
I act sometimes like I am three
Tantrums often,
Before tea
No mum however to chastise me
Now that I'm nearly sixty-three

The child is the master of all he surveys
Except when his girl suggests that he obeys
No matter the meaning or whatever he says
He thinks he's the master of all he surveys
Not so
She says

The child has the right to be everything bad
The child has to grow and be happy and glad
No matter who else might be morose and sad
If you feel you're a child, it's not just a fad
Not so
Says Dad

I feel I'm a child, and have never grown up
I'm older now, and I'm no longer a pup
I can drink like a fish, from a half empty cup
And I'm game to try anything, until told to stop
But I guess, I will not
Stop

Phil Soar

The Church Welcomes Everyone

The church was nestled in a place where anyone would want to lie
No matter if the end had come, a place to sit, a place to die
A place to rest a little while, when prayers had all been said
A calm and pleasant place to be, a place to rest your head

The tombs and headstones set in lines, all uniform in rows
Where you can book a resting place, among the high hedgerows
And all that will be with you, will be those who lay beside
And those who come to visit you, will leave once they have cried

Leaving flowers and thoughts and words, so hard for them to say
Even though it may be years, since you have passed this way
The church that welcomes everyone, and turns no-one away
Has nothing but a welcome mat for those who've gone astray

Phil Soar

The Cliffs Of Dover

My mother's name was Florence
She was always on my case
She would swear at me and call me names
Right into my face
My childhood wasn't all that good
My father left our home
And my mother turned on me each day
And I felt I was alone
So I walked across the cliffs of Dover
Hoping that I would fall over
Splatter myself on the sand below
Shouting as I hit the sand, That it was over Flo! .

Phil Soar

The Climate Might Change

When the buds start to form
And it starts to get warm
It's the time we should get in our gardens
But with this climate change
There is much to arrange
Before frost hits the ground and it hardens

Phil Soar

The Clown

My next door neighbour was a clown
Who uni-cycled all around
Until one day his tyre blew
And now he walks a mile or two

Phil Soar

The Coast

I gathered my belongings and set off for the coast
Forgetting all my troubles and the ones I love the most
Just to be alone, and to enjoy that outdoor prize
Was all that I was looking for to please my weary eyes

Phil Soar

The Cold

And so a cold developed, even though the weather's fine
And lots of unexpected gunk, flows from this nose of mine
A plethora of germs and grime, attack my every vein
And for an ugly week or two, I will not feel the same

Keeping distance from the people that are close to me
I wallow in self pity, and enjoy no company
Feeling oh so sorry for the way my body aches
Feed a cold they say, so I have eaten many cakes!

In just a few more days the dryness will affect my nose
And bogies will begin to harden, and the flushes close
And I will feel much better and my partner shout and cheer
And hope that is the last of it, for perhaps another year

Phil Soar

The Cost Of Not Caring

The cost of giving nothing, is a price you have to pay
For not caring about the world, or caring what you say
Regardless of your stature, your soul just will not rest
If you just give no ounce of love, or give of yourself the best

Phil Soar

The Crazy Fool

A crazy fool from Hampstead Heath
Was thrown in an asylum
He took his clothes and his false teeth
And a notice from a pylon
He kept them in his padded room
With his invisible friend
But it was the cells in his cranium
That did for him in the end

Phil Soar

The Crypt

The crypt where we would visit in my youth was dark and damp
We cycled to it during breaks in our school summer camp
The church itself majestic, but below it, ghostly cast
We used to sit as groups of boys to see how long we'd last

Just above us people lay asleep for ever more
We sat in utter silence on a cold and damp stone floor
And each of us was scared and even though we couldn't see
We thought of ghosts and ghoulies and if we should really flee

Those days when we played silly games and sat among the dead
Would maybe have been better spent asleep in a warm bed
But as in unrestricted youth we had to test our fate
And visit that disturbing place and sit until it's late

Phil Soar

The Cuckoo

Relying on others to bring up her child
The cuckoo sits out the upbringing
And the surrogate parents work hard all the while
While the Cuckoo is far away singing.

Phil Soar

The Cult

I believe I have been chosen
The cult leader told his flock
So do not doubt my good ideas
Don't taunt me, and don't mock
Follow me, and I will lead
And take you on adventures
Where thoughts are never understood
When compared to my past ventures

I'll lead you on a journey
That only has one end
With all of us beneath the sod
The start of quite a trend
I'll influence the many
Who act on all my ways
That listen to me constantly
Get on their knees and pray

So join my flock I urge you
I'll turn your world around
We'll spend all of eternity
Lying upside down
Beneath the earth so solidly
With worms around our ears
No longer living for the sod
Who's been missing for years

Phil Soar

The Cup Of Youth

I drank from the cup of youth
And look what happened to me
Lines and wrinkles gather up
Now that I'm sixty-three
If only there was magic
Through drinking from a cup
A liquid with a magic spell
To stop me growing up
Perhaps a well deep underground
Where magic waters flow
And a bottling plant above it
That no-one else would know
I'd make my home close by it
And drink from dusk til dawn
And maybe after many years
I won't have yet been born

Phil Soar

The Dance Of The Birds

Flights of starlings dancing in the air
Swirling formations in a darkening sky
Routines never the same, but with aerial flair
A choreographed statement of intent
Before nightfall they dance for the stars
Mass hysteria, but complete in it's synchronicity
Until it's time to roost
And they fall,
Like rain

Phil Soar

The Darkness

Beyond the dark places where mysteries lie
Macabre infestations envelop the sky
And sometimes I look through a window of guilt
At the deep seated hurt that my mind has rebuilt

I sometimes drift silently through an abyss
Where memories just linger, like cold autumn mist
And as my thoughts deepen, and darkness prevails
A ghost ship of mystery ups anchor, and sails

Through mountainous seas and storm ravaged waves
My mind sails away with no soul there to save
And although it's a mystery that haunts me for days
Beyond those dark places, all feelings will fail

Phil Soar

The Day Begins

And so another day begins
a chill misty morning
with yellow the predominant colour
adorning roadsides and gardens
as daffodils wave hello as we speed by
and tulips begin to show off
and everything shows signs of new growth
this time of year brightens the spirit
warms the heart
and another day begins

Phil Soar

The Day She Left

I Laughed the day she walked away
I cried when she had gone
Although she broke my heart in two
Together, we were one

Phil Soar

The Death Of Alone

There are times when alone is unwelcome
When emotions are not held in check
And there's no going back to yesterdays hurt
Because it's a pain in the neck

While you wish that you hadn't been selfish
That your thoughts wouldn't stay in the past
On an uncharted course, you went full steam ahead
And the words that you spoke were your last

Phil Soar

The Death Of Me With Afternoon Tea

I made a cup of tea at half-past three
Not thinking it would be the death of me
I tripped as I went back to where I sat
I'd fallen over next door's bloody cat

It's black, and wasn't lucky at the time
It didn't help this dodgy heart of mine
I scared myself to death by tripping up
And all the tea I'd made, had left the cup

Phil Soar

The Death Of The Library

I sat outside the Library
watched as books were loaded in a van
Literary classics
Children's nursery rhymes
Horror Stories
Biographies
It took 3 days to empty the shelves
Close the doors
Forever
Lost into a world of mobile devices
The written word
Not so much written
as typed
and saved in the PC memory
Captured on a chip
and not the one on the Librarian's shoulder
She left crying
I watched her walk away
after locking the doors
Goodbye to silence
Pages of knowledge
Good tales
Classics
Gone
Now having to buy them
Tearing up the membership card
I rise and leave
Forever

Phil Soar

The Death Of Us

Extraction of a fraction of the trees around the world
Will be the death of all of us, as future years unfold
The striking complications of a world without our trees
Will have a marked effect on us, and bring life to its knees

Phil Soar

The Death Of You

If you look past this moment
And don't see something new
If you appear to see the world
In just a darkened hue
If you cannot be positive
And not look forward too
The world will seem a dangerous place
And be the death of you.

Phil Soar

The Debris Of Love

I sat beside the debris
Like some lost and lonely clown
Like Humpty Dumpty in that rhyme
When his wall had tumbled down
The broken glass upon the floor
From that old picture frame
Meant everything had crumbled
And that life was not the same

The tide had turned, and so had we
Our path no longer straight
Our world had no more chemistry
And maybe it's too late
Now as I sit, a lonely man
With nothing I can say
I'll have to start my life again
And muddle through each day

I stood beside the debris
With some doubt about tomorrow
Trying hard to raise a smile
Not wallow in the sorrow
And as I take a narrow path
Down which I'll search for hope
I hope to find a highway
That I feel can help me cope

Phil Soar

The Devil Came Calling

He spoke to me from beyond the grave
It scared me half to death
Suggesting I should join him
Was the scariest thing yet
I didn't know just who he was
Or how he knew my name
He claimed his fire was very hot
And my life had been insane

He said I'd been an influence
On those that trusted me
The fact I'd led them down this path
Was pretty clear to see
I started getting messages
From those who had passed on
They even left some voice mails
On my phone, while I was gone

And so he summoned me, in dreams
And I woke up so confused
Had he been hovering over me?
Or had I been abused?
The devil called me often
Which caused me some distress
I know I've been a bit of a tit
And now I'm in a mess

Phil Soar

The Devil Is Alive And Well

The devil is alive and well
He spends his life in a living hell
Collecting souls of the mis-behaved
As you go on your way to an early grave
He sees your weaknesses and then
Waits for you to pass by him
Then he sucks you down into the ground
And disappears on the underground
His ticket is valid for evermore
And he lives on 53rd and 4th

Phil Soar

The Diet

I shouted from the rooftops
And the neighbours said 'BE QUIET'
And all I wanted was a cheer
As I'd completed my latest diet

Phil Soar

The Dog Rescued Me

I sat by the river, I started to quiver
For winter was just round the corner
And the oncoming cold, had made me feel old
And my bones had now started to shiver

It was almost as if, natures song was a riff
And the music it played left its mark
I was starting to freeze, when my dog bit my knees
And began quite an incessant bark

He was watching the signs, his intuitive design
Was aimed at just saving his master
He was not at his ease, as he watched me freeze
And he couldn't lick me any faster

So he rescued my life then ran home to the wife
And she rushed out to take me back home
I was warmed by the fire, and changed my attire
As the dog sat and chewed on his bone.

Phil Soar

The Donor

I have a little donor card
I keep it by the bed
The Doctors then could chop me up
if they should find me dead
I don't mind what they used me for
Provided it was painless
I hope they don't look in my head
In case they find it brainless
My eyes could go for corneal grafts
My lungs to cancerous smokers
My kidneys might be useful too
My ribs might work as pokers
My heart could help some poor old soul
My feet to those with bunnions
My liver to the staff canteen
To be mixed in with the onions
My prostate gland and Pancreas
Could help someone who's pale
My scrotum could be plaster cast
And be used by a homeless snail
I hope all of my useful bits
Can help rather than hinder
I'd rather they were used again
And not burnt to a cinder!

Phil Soar

The Dove

The dove arrived from heaven
and landed on my car
It shit upon my bonnet
that was a step to far
I shot it with a pellet gun
Feathers scattered all around
A rat with wings from heaven
Now dead upon the ground

Phil Soar

The Drive To Work

I drove to work among the many anxious nerds
Speeding past and rushing to begin their day
I used some choice and very classic swearing verbs
And rage began to surge ahead on the motorway

The many faces locked in some emotional state
Switching lanes and causing many horns to blow
Rushing, racing, no chance that they might be late
Ignoring many signs that indicated 'SLOW'

If only we could plan our days a little more
And leave with ample time that we can spare
There wouldn't be a need to push that pedal to the floor
And it might be a pleasure to get there

Phil Soar

The Ducking Stool

They sat her on the ducking stool
Because she was a witch
Rolled it down to the ducking pond
While folk all shouted 'Bitch'
And when they tipped her downwards
She cast a little spell
And the ducking stool attendants
Found themselves witches as well

Phil Soar

The Dyke

'Pull your finger out', he said
I obeyed his command
And although the dyke it was in was large
It was no Lesbian
We all drowned

Phil Soar

The Earphone Generation

They walk around with earphones on
Oblivious to all
Smiling as they listen to
The latest music drawl
Listening on the way to work
Or sitting on the bus
Not tempted to strike up a chat
Because that's too much fuss
No two-way conversation
with anyone around
Just listening to a steady beat
And that god awful sound
The social skills have vanished
There's stillness in the air
The language almost disappears
And they don't seem to care
Earphones on at six a.m.
And all the world blocked out
The only way to speak to them
Is maybe when we shout
Or make insane hand gestures
That grab their short attention
And try and make light talking sense
To add as some prevention
I fear the Ear has lost the need
To listen as we speak
That music's taken over
And that Earphones killed the speech

Phil Soar

The Edge Of Darkness

On the edge of darkness
My soul is solitary
Seeking no end
Not looking for light

Slowly merging into infinity
Beyond imagination
Time means nothing
On the edge of darkness

Phil Soar

The Election

I'll go and vote in the election
Although politics is misconception
I don't know where I'll put my cross
As all the talk is always dross

Phil Soar

The End

Why wallow in self-pity when the world can do it for you?
Why seek some comfort from a god, who never really saw you?
Why hold your expectations higher than you need to do?
When all around you races by, and life is nothing new.

You've seen it all before in many years of expertise
You daily fear the future, knowing it will end in tears
For nothing has such impact, as the end of all you're worth
You may feel you're invincible, but in the end there's earth

And nothing to return to but the soil.

Phil Soar

The End?

Standing on the corner of a field that has no end
The hedges gone, the trees all dead, no way to comprehend
Is this what is expected, as the world ceases to be?
The way we treat this planet, it isn't make believe

Phil Soar

The Escapee - Donkeygeddon

There's a donkey on the loose the farmer said
Hee Hawing round my farm and being led
By a herd of cattle refusing to see sense
Knocking down my recent new built fence
He's standing there just looking like an ass
While the cows just eat the hay and graze the grass
I hate that way the donkey looks at me
It's just as if he's thinking...Hee Hee Hee

Phil Soar

The Essence Of Drink

When time is of the essence, and no-one stands in your way
Beneath a smoke filled cellar, you can dance the night away
And if you drink until you fall, will you recall the night?
Or will you just sink into dreams, and wake up with a fright?

Phil Soar

The Eyes Have It

The eyes that watch me closely must have links to cells of thought
How else would my dogs know, that I might think I'll take a walk?
They're at the door before me, and if looks could sense my moves
Their eyes give so much joy away, and put them in the groove

The eyes that open slowly after birth, take time to see
No sense of what may lie ahead, or what might set them free
And as those eyes develop, and take in new sights each day
The blur becomes a perfect gift, to help them on their way

Phil Soar

The Falcon

Drifting on warm air
Spiraling on updrafts
Wings spread
Like satin sheets on washing lines on a windy day
And yet the dance is like a ballet
And the view from underneath spectacular
Away from the ground
She hangs silently
Her eyes fixed
Looking for life
To end it
With one dive of phenomenal speed

Phil Soar

The Fall

And now the sun sits lower in the sky
It has a watery look, yet it still burns
And leaves fall from the trees, as if they fly
But none of these are really my concern

I just stand in the midst of Autumn mornings
And marvel at the wonder of it all
And as each moment's captured by each dawning
I stand and marvel at the start of fall

Phil Soar

The Farmyard

I strolled into a farmyard
My life was full of woe
I met a lonely badger
That had no place to go
His family had been culled that night
And he had got away
He was hiding in a barn somewhere
Surrounded by some hay
I managed to help rescue him
And drove it to a site
In the hope he'd have another start
And not have to take flight
I'd strolled into that farmyard
Unsure of what I'd find
And I found a lonely badger
Who had been left behind

Phil Soar

The Feather

I looked into the sky, and saw a feather drifting by
It swayed upon and warm and summer breeze
I reached out my right hand, as the feather came to land
And it tickled me to death, and made me wheeze

Phil Soar

The Fireplace

I woke up in the fireplace, a funny place to wake
I'd probably had too much to drink, and that was a mistake
I'm glad it wasn't burning, as it was warm outside
Otherwise I'd have burnt my ass, and lost a sense of pride

Phil Soar

The Flasher

He asked if he could focus, and I wondered what he meant
He didn't have a camera, but he looked a proper gent
And then he slipped his trousers off, and much to our surprise
A flash appeared from down below, and blurred our weary eyes

Phil Soar

The Fly

The fly was pretty helpless
and prone to spray attack
If only he could venomous be
then he might well fight back
instead if he could just survive
that swift spray to his head
he'd land upon the kitchen top
and crap upon your bread

Phil Soar

The Fool

I made my mark in infant school
As being pretty dumb
I blamed the fact I was a fool
Quite squarely on my mum

She always used to tell me
That I wasn't wired right
That bogey men would visit me
And give me quite a fright

And now she's gone and I moved on
I can't remember how
My life has turned out as it has
Despite my furrowed brow

Phil Soar

The Fool On The Hill

He sits astride an Ancient stone
The fool upon the hill
His attire a mix of well worn rags
That keep him warmer still
As storms and gales and powerful winds
Surrounds his broken home
He looks down at the sodden ground
His footprints deep in snow
And yet he cares so little for
The world that he has shared this with
He sits surveying all around
And know he's chosen how to live
And nothing ever bothers him
He sits astride an ancient stone
And all he hears above his head
Is the sound of alien robot drone

Phil Soar

The Fool On The Hill 2

The elevated nature of the fool upon the hill
Made his need for foolishness, a new intrepid thrill
He stood upon the hillside, with an idiotic gaze
And reached out for his banjo, which he plays and plays and plays

He'd left his lonely bedroom, at the crack of early dawn
And walked for hours up to that hill, then lay down on a lawn
And as he played his banjo, he would sing a silly song
Knowing that the 'white coats' would not leave him there too long

For down at the Asylum, they would notice he had gone
They'd hear his banjo playing, as he sang that silly song
Then off they'd go to fetch him, and stop him in his tracks
They'd put him in a jacket, tie his hands behind his back

And on his return journey, from this place upon that hill
He'd hum a little ditty, as they gave him one more pill
He wasn't quite that stupid, he'd be there again one day
They didn't know he had a key, and kept it stored away

And after this kerfuffle, the fool upon the hill
Lay in bed and slept awhile, until things all were still
And in the middle of the night, he used his hidden key
And wandered off, Banjo in hand, to let his mind run free

Phil Soar

The Frog

On tidying the garden, I came across a frog
Sitting there serenely on a decomposing log
It had a vary vacant look, as if it didn't know
Quite what is was meant to do, or where it's meant to go

I carried on my tidying, occasionally had a glance
To see if it was still around, among the wood and plants
And there it was, so motionless, it really was a joke
As still as death, on rotting wood, with an occasional croak

And when my job was almost done, it took me by surprise
It did a little hop and jump, right before my eyes
It leapt over the undergrowth, into a little bog
A home from home amphibian, my friend, the little frog

Phil Soar

The Future

Drones in the sky and driverless cars
Trips to planets surrounded by stars
The rich who afford it, could fly to the moon
Better for them that they leave the earth soon

Phil Soar

The Garden

The crimson rose I like the most
The garden is my welcome host
It calls me to this place I love, each morning
It draws me in to cherish it
And asks no more of me
I love to sit and stare in awe, at all its natural beauty

Phil Soar

The Gift

The seal was intact on the package that came
I ripped through it quickly, no time for restrain
The delight once inside was completely forgotten
The package was empty, with a hole in the bottom

Perhaps I shouldn't have upset the mailman
Knocking the door at the break of dawn
He'd not taken care of the contents inside it
Now what was a gift, was just tattered and torn

Phil Soar

The Girl I Love

The bosom of the girl I love,
Is an ordinance survey map,
My hands explore the contours,
When she's sitting on my lap,
Her nipples rise like little peaks,
Upon a flowing land,
They rise and fall depending on
The movement of my hand;
Her bottom is a feature,
I must confess I like,
And when she's naked on the lawn,
It's a place to park my bike.

Phil Soar

The Girl In The Street

She didn't realise that I had eyes for only her
Sometimes I stared so longingly, it really was absurd
And when my mind was drifting, and she then came into view
I watched her wiggle past my house, to number 42

I wondered if she saw me, as she passed by every day
Or saw me at the window, as I hid behind the drapes
And if she did, was she aware, her wiggle turned me on
And behind my mother's curtains, I behaved so very wrong

Phil Soar

The Glacier

It stretched my imagination
A glacier that stretched for 90 miles inland
Wandering close to it's edge
I waited to see if it would calve
Rumblings, like an earthquake
Vibrations at the surface
While underneath, solidity
As cracks appear I move swiftly
Watching from a distance
And wondering
When will it die?

Phil Soar

The Gravestone

He sat alone, by that granite stone
Her name carved upon it
With the years engraved together
Like some stolen years that god took away
They would spend the time together
Talking
Reliving those years that were carved there
And although she didn't speak
He knew she was there
Listening
As she had been for the last year
And he knew that when he left
She would still be there tomorrow
And yet he only cried as he left
Knowing he would return
One way or another
To rest by that stone
For a while

Phil Soar

The Graveyard

The graveyard is so peaceful, and the headstones nice to read
They tell the story of the lives of those now underneath
Of love and heartfelt feelings from people far and wide
And most of all how they recall, the person deep inside

A visit to this place of rest is soothing for us all
A sort of meditating place, where lost souls can recall
The times spent with their loved ones, memories of a past
When love was everything to them, and how time moved so fast

To sit alone in silence, as the morning haze swept by
And watch as skylarks sang above, amongst the light blue sky
To speak in little whispers to the people down below
And stare across the landscape, at a morning's blissful glow

Where should we go when nothing seems to matter anymore?
To share our thoughts with someone who is underneath the floor
Beneath a grass so green and a clear and present day
Where better than the graveyard, where your loved one's gone to stay?

Phil Soar

The Graveyard Shift

I started on the graveyard shift
Around about ten thirty
By the time I'd dug a gaping hole
My hands and feet were dirty

Phil Soar

The Ground She Walks On

I love the ground she walks upon
She means the world to me
But lately she gets on my nerves
So I'll bury her out to sea

Phil Soar

The Gulf Stream

The gulf stream often causes scenes of utter devastation
As the things it leaves behind it, can affect the lives of nations
With winds and rains of epic size, and all it generates
Leaves nothing standing in its wake, until the phase abates

Phil Soar

The Gym

The lasting impression, from my first fitness session
Made me believe I was dying
If I thought that these sounds
Would have shed several pounds
I'd have thought it a worthwhile obsession

Phil Soar

The Gym 2

I made myself look stupid, when I first went to the gym
In leotard so tight that it was almost paper-thin
My 'bits' were there for all to see, and caused some brief dismay
Until I got upon the bike, and pedaled my groin away

And later when my sweaty pants began to let off steam
The sweat that dripped off certain parts of me, were quite obscene
And yet there were some other folk, who looked uncomfortable
The week I spent just working out, was never, ever dull

Phil Soar

The Haunting

In a vestibule so dark and hung with cobwebs
Lurked something that my mind was quick to see
Even though though I knew it was impossible
The thing was clear as anything to me

It crawled along the ceiling with anonymity
Pretending it was only in my mind
But still the darkness played it's tricks successfully
It was creeping up on me from far behind

I felt a sense of tingling from the sense of it
As goosebumps slowly crept along my spine
And yet I felt that I was only dreaming it
And all this was a fabric of my mind

And then the light was opening up ahead of me
As night turned into dawn approaching fast
I ran to make an exit from the haunting
And breathed as if I'd almost breathed my last

Phil Soar

The Hedgehog

My friend bought me a hedgehog
I'm going to call him Spike
He has a prickly character
The kind I really like
I'll keep him in the garden
With my tortoise, Fred
They both can share the garden
But maybe not a bed!

-

Phil Soar

The Hill

High on a hill, was a lonely goat herd
goats everywhere, and a kid or two
while down below there's a lonely shepherd
looks like he is lost and lonely too

Far down the hill is a broken barn door
Hanging on it's hinges by a broken screw
the shepherds lost with his lonely goat herd
perhaps he'll need a carpenter too

The fool on the hill, sees the sun go down
as he rolls on his back looking at the moon
the hill will be full if this keeps on happening
and the shepherd sings a yodel too

Phil Soar

The Howling Wind

The wind that howled all night, has left destruction in it's path
Locked inside, we listened, as we suffered natures wrath
With nothing we could do but watch, the wind tore up the trees
Natures violent storms can bring our live down on its knees

Phil Soar

The Hum Of Traffic

In the distance, there's a hum of traffic
Another day begins for some
Hurtling along at speed
Faster than is permitted
Why do they not make more time
Wake earlier
Get out and enjoy the day
Nothing and no-one could take that away

Yet still they race
Not allowing others to dawdle
Tailgating
Flashing lights
Hurrying
Not enjoying the journey
Just another day
To get to the office
No planning
Just rushing

I hear them from the field
I walk slowly and take in the air
And the noise
That Hum
Is like Tinnitus
And yet my years of listening has dulled the mind
And I laugh
They have work
I do not

Phil Soar

The Jogging Oap

I see him every morning as he jogs the local paths,
I think his age is 83, but I'm not that good at maths,
He does look like he's past his prime, and puffs and pants a bit,
The faces he pulls as he runs around, looks like he needs a shit.

He makes me feel inadequate, and ashamed I'm not that fit,
I feel I should be jogging too, but think I'd look a twit,
I'd struggle running up the hill, which leads to God knows where,
I'd fall to my knees and gasp for breath, and gulp in tons of air.

Passers-by would speak to me and ask if I was ill,
As I lay in the gutter panting, at the bottom of the hill,
I'd rolled all the way to the bottom, after falling to my knees,
I'd reply with gasps, "I'll be alright, just let me lie in peace";.

Meantime the older running man, passed by, and raised a smile,
He hadn't realised that I'd been lying there a while,
He tried to help me to my feet, and said I looked quite sick,
He helped me get up off the ground, and hit me with a stick.

He was a little mad you see, and maybe quite insane,
He then got out a rabbit's foot, and ran away again,
He said it was his lucky day, and he didn't want a fuss,
He stepped off the path and was killed outright, by a passing omnibus.

Phil Soar

The Journey To Work

The journey to work can determine my day
It can change a bright morning to a deep misty grey
And the fast metal boxes that speed on their way
Determine my mood, like some dancing display

There are those at the wheel who forget where they are
As they travel so fast in their uninsured car
Unaware of the others who just need to see
The easiest way from point A to Point B

There are people so keen to get where they must be
To begin their new day, hoping effortlessly
That the journey back home will be calm and relaxed
After working eight hours and had minds that were taxed

The journey back home can determine the night
Just hoping that you can be safe and alright
Whilst others can't know if they'll make it or not
And the way that they drive, means they're losing the plot

Next morning just ask yourself if you can be
The person who pootles along and can see
That the journey to work can determine your day
And maybe your route can get in the way.

Phil Soar

The Joys Of Spring

Taking me away from where I stood
The sights and sounds were magical
Bluebells carpeting the wood
A Distant Fox roams across the field

Buzzards circling above on warm air
Currents that take them higher
Overseeing the freshly cut grass
Farmers forming bails of hay for harder times

Cows, released from winter quarters
Dash out into the morning and leap for joy
Lambs, pounding their mothers teats
I take only photographs and leave only footprints

Phil Soar

The Jumper

She stood on the bridge, all alone and depressed
Planning to jump to get things off her chest
But the public decided what they thought was best
And sighed with relief when she was laid to rest

Phil Soar

The June Garden

The Foxgloves now have risen to five feet or more
Attracting buzzing visitors from far and wide
And watching them, a sight I watch from grassy floor
It gives me a warm feeling deep inside

As Roses open blooms of radiant colours
And speak of further beauty yet to come
I make my pilgrimage to watch them flourish
In warm and humid days of summer sun

Phil Soar

The Kamikaze Pilot

A kamikaze pilot with his mind on his foray
And as his dive began, I thought I heard the pilot say
"I piddled in the bath today, before I left the house
I struck up a relationship with a little tiny mouse
I spent the morning wondering If I was so forlorn
I left the keys in the front door, and forgot to mow the lawn"

Phil Soar

The Kettle

I put the kettle on today
Although it didn't fit me
My wife came to the kitchen
And she saw me, so she hit me!

Phil Soar

The Kiss

The kiss that started such a sweet romance
began as just a peck upon the cheek
and grew into a smooch at our first dance
then became more than just passion at it's peak

Phil Soar

The Kiss (2)

I stole a kiss
It blew away
I hope it will return one day

Phil Soar

The Kite

Flying on a course that was not plotted
Rising up and down on thermal flows
The wind adjusting speed and interaction
The kite took flight and soared where no-one goes
The length and distance controlled by a pilot
Who held onto the string down on the ground
Across the field he ran to make allowance
For the way it flew and made a plastic sound
The wind died down, it lost its height and function
And dived back down to earth and lost its way
And then the child saw his own toys destruction
On a cold a windy April springtime day

Phil Soar

The Label

The label read 'Don't tumble dry'
I hung the clothes 'neath sunny sky
I hadn't planned on pigeon flight
Covering my clothes with pigeon shite

Phil Soar

The Lake And The Day

A mist drifted across the lake and the mirror image observed yesterday was gone
It was cold, and the light morning breeze made the mist dance across the surface
Swaying as it did like a filigree ballet dancer's tutu, and swirling in circles
The morning beginning to reach for the warmth of the rising sun
And as swans swam lightly by, straining their necks as they welcomed the new
day
It was magical.
I sat on the deck and watched the performance from nature, and applauded the
show

Phil Soar

The Land Revealed

In fields where I once ploughed the land
I found a withered persons hand
And when I dug the earth away
I didn't quite know what to say
For there amongst the sod and stones
I found a pile of someone's bones
Too hard to say who it might be
Lying there for me to see
Perhaps a soldier killed in battle
Or someone stomped to death by cattle
But either way, it was someone's friend
Who might have come to a gruesome end

Phil Soar

The Landscape

The view across the vast landscape
The Artist drawing on his skill
Had left a smile across my face
As he reviewed the rolling hills

The wind blew swiftly over grasses
Animals grazing on the passes
Paths that guided walkers there
And cast its spell upon the air

Where else can life be so sublime
But in this place where I pass time
So as I paint, the world stands still
And on the canvas, always will

Phil Soar

The Law And Me

In the matter of me versus you
The law seems a bit of an ass
You always won when we were two
My reaction was always quite crass
In the matter of distribution of cash
The law seems a bit of a mess
They gave all my money to you
For the way I behaved I guess
In the matter of how I am now
The law doesn't care for my health
I sleep in a shed with a cow
And will never regain my past wealth

Phil Soar

The Leaving

The card that lay unopened
The gift that remained wrapped
The key left on the table top
The letter that was apt
The sense of loss enormous
The hurt so deep a wound
How could the end be so extreme
Where once a love had bloomed

Phil Soar

The Leaving 2

Come back and finish what you started
You ran away without a thought
Now I grieve for the departed
And all the presents that I bought

Phil Soar

The Letter

I wrote her a letter
Saying I felt much better
And thanked her for all her attention
Then I tripped in the street
And broke both my feet
And my language was too bad to mention!

Phil Soar

The Life In Me

The life in me just flows sometimes and makes me very lively
I jump, I leap, then fall asleep, whilst dreaming of you nightly
I sometimes dance with joy and then I can't control my feet
Doing the samba, spreading the joy, up and down the street

The life in me just flops sometimes, I am a couch potato
Sitting in a stupor formed by too much fatty vapour
Watching loads of telly whilst my body molds in layers
Knowing that I'm really just one of a million players

The life in me can take it's time developing a case
And decorate my world with long expressions on my face
For all my life's a circle, like a roundabout of time
The only thing I know for sure, is it's far from sublime

Phil Soar

The Life I've Led

The many aspects of the life I've led
Have made my journey something of a trial
The many hundred tears that I have shed
Outweighed by many thousand welcome smiles

And all the times I may have thought were sad
Have vanished in a pool of laughter lines
But the years I've had have not been all that bad
And I'm sure there will be more enduring times

I take nothing for granted or for certain
And fate can deal out many hurdles too
But until life calls time and draws the curtain
I will enjoy my time, and not feel blue

Phil Soar

The Link

I followed a link to who knows where
Attached to an email I found there
And the site I ended up in was amusing
There were several dirty blokes
Dressed in medieval cloaks
And I didn't like to see what they were doing

Phil Soar

The Lion, The Twitch, And The Warhorse

Locked in a room with a horse for a friend
The Lion was left there, for days upon end
It began to feel trapped, and developed a twitch
As the horse was a mare, and a bit of a bitch

By the time it was over, and this story complete
The Lion was mad, and the horse was just meat

Phil Soar

The Lollipop Lady

She stands on the pavement, the same time every day
Morning and afternoon, she helps the children on their way
She polices the traffic, with her lollipop stick
Holding up the cars, that might be moving very quick

The kids all see her every day, and smile as they arrive
Her job, to keep them safe, and ensure that they stay alive
A sort of saintly goddess, armed with just a pole
Helping kids across the road, she is a kindly soul

Phil Soar

The Lonely Widow

Comforting the lonely widow
A Parish priest became aware
She needed more than holy comfort
So ran his fingers through her hair.

He blessed her soul with words of wisdom
And calmed her heaving bosom so
She quickly felt a little comfort
Rising from his pants below.

Trying through her deep despair
To show no sign of wondrous lust
She took the vicar's bless-ed hand
And placed it on her heaving bust.

Locked in such a warm embrace
They coupled, in the wake of death
But in the throes of such excitement
The vicar stopped to gasp for breath.

Within a second, he had snuffed it
The widow; comforted, lay still,
They asked someone to sit beside her
And all the men cried out, 'I Will'.

Phil Soar

The Lonesome Lamb

The Lamb stood lonely in the field
The flock had moved away
Forgetting her amidst the rush
She stood there day by day
No-one came to look for her
She stood there all alone
She couldn't try to reach someone
She didn't have a phone
As days passed by her coat got wet
Its burdon heavy on her frame
She reached the point of no return
And that was such a shame
But nature has this magic way
Of turning things around
One day the flock returned to her
Without a single sound
She met them with excitement
And all the world was right
No longer alone in that field
She will sleep well tonight

Phil Soar

The Look In Her Eyes

The look in her eyes said goodbye
Though the words were but thoughts in her mind
And the way that she looked in my eyes
We both knew that they wouldn't be kind

So emotions ran riot for days
Until she packed up and moved on
And the hurt and the love went away
After my sweet love had gone

Phil Soar

The Madness Of Youth

I grew up thinking I would soon go mad
I overheard my mother tell my dad
'he'll be the death of me' she often said
But I'm still here and both of them are dead

Phil Soar

The Man From Katmandu

I met a man from Katmandu
Who hadn't really got a clue
He sat beside a mountain and sang songs
Then a man from Yokohama
Turned up wearing his pyjamas
And told him this was where they both belonged

Phil Soar

The Man From Prestatyn

There was a young man from Prestatyn
A little place not far away
He was a recluse and would stay in
Listening to his mind every day
Until he heard someone was calling
Who told him that he was trespassing
So he screamed 'GO AWAY'
For most of the day
'I can't stand all of this harrassing'.

Phil Soar

The Menagerie

It started with a rabbit
And there soon were many more
Rabbits running everywhere
Covering the floor
We added a few hamsters
And then a Gerbil or two
We soon had a menagerie
Which soon became a zoo
The kids grew up and left us
With animals galore
And now it has us wondering
What we had them for.

Phil Soar

The Message

A simple few lines
written through buckets of tears
expressing such deep raw emotions
that had been building up for some years

Left only with no other reason
she wrote all her feelings, and then
she tore up the paper she wrote on
and started the letter again

How easy this story was yesterday
when the feeling rose up from the heart
how hard it was now to complete it
without tearing someone apart

So she wrote down the words with emotion
as the tear stains drew lines on her face
she could not help how it was now ending
that this love would be hard to replace

As she finished the letter she lied
the world wasn't going to end
and the line that she wrote wasn't truthful
she hoped he could still be her friend

Phil Soar

The Message In A Bottle

The message travelled through a raging sea
A note I penned for all eternity
I placed it in a bottle, and threw it from the beach
And Wondered how far it would go, and how far it would reach

Imagination filled my head, where might it come ashore?
Perhaps a thousand miles away, or maybe even more
Washed up on some remote island, or somewhere more extreme
My note read by someone unknown, perhaps to make them dream

I hoped that someone far away, would feel they'd found a treasure
And hoped they would feel empathy, with the words in my short letter
And after reading from the page, would write one of their own
To make me feel a purpose, for the bottle that I'd thrown.

Phil Soar

The Metronome

My brother bought a metronome
quite cheaply on e-bay
He bought it as a present
For a fellow down the way
He dropped it round one morning
But the fellow wasn't home
Bad timing on his part I think
But NOT the metronome

Phil Soar

The Michelin Cook

He blended in with all his new surroundings
He was a cook of Michelin expertise
Until a rival chopped off all his fingers
And laid them out in rows in the deep freeze

Phil Soar

The Minute You're Gone

The minute you're gone, we cry
The minute you're gone we sigh
And now you are out of sight
We're like a child all alone at night

We stare into emptiness
All filled with such loneliness
The world's gone from right to wrong
The minute you're gone

The minute you're gone, we see
How lonely our lives will be
And everything seems so blue
Knowing that we are not with you

The minute you're gone we pray
The minute you're gone we say
You've been in our hearts so long
We're sad you are gone

The minute you're gone, we know
That you were a 'so and so'
But life was a treat so long
We're sad that you're gone

For Sarge (a much loved dog)
11th November 2017

Phil Soar

The Mirage

The mirage was real as I strode across sand
Making my way through a hot arid land
Heading for water, or that's what I saw
And then when I got there, I wondered what for
An oasis of nothing, just sand and a blue sky
And a feeling of dryness as hours poured by
And the sound of my wife as she started to shout
'Why hadn't I put the washing line out? '

Phil Soar

The Mirror

I looked into the mirror
My face looked tired and old
My hair was like a bale of hay
The air was moist and cold
I'd set a tent up in a field
This was my new abode
I'd sold my house of 50 years
And moved just down the road
Now all I had for company
Were pigs and cows and sheep
And owls that hooted in the night
So much I couldn't sleep
I might regret this change of life
Or think it's for the best
But as I saw my reflection in that glass
I couldn't have cared less

Phil Soar

The Missing Words

I wrote a classic poem
To publish here for you
But touched the wrong key as I typed
And I don't know what to do

The words were very special
But they vanished in a stroke
And left me thinking I must be
A very stupid bloke

Phil Soar

The Moon

The moon's my ruling planet, it starts my day off right,
It programmes things into my mind, in the middle of the night;
And when I rise from slumberland, and greet a brand new day,
It's the moon that makes me act so strange, and takes my mind away.

I do things I don't normally do, when the moon is on the wane,
It programmes silly thoughts and deeds, into my simple brain;
It once made me a sceptic, I could see into the past,
It once made a sexual freak, but I couldn't make it last.

I wonder how the programme works, it changes with the tides,
Sometimes I feel I'm all aglow, making people split their sides;
On other days I'm a desperate man, full of such remorse,
I'd ride into the sunset, but I haven't got a horse.

The Moon's my ruling planet and I think it's playing tricks,
I woke one day, in a bale of hay, and my pockets full of sticks,
I thought that I was going daft, so checked into a clinic,
Run by a doctor from the east, his name was Roman Stinic.

He looked me up and down, which was the strangest thing to do,
I was lying prone upon a bed, so I guess he had no clue;
He put me on some tablets, in the corner of the room,
Have you ever stood on tablets, they break up pretty soon.

The moon's my ruling planet and it programmes me at night,
It scares me something silly, and at times affects my sight;
I look into the mirror and I see a darkened place,
I'm sitting in a cupboard, and I cannot see my face

I cannot see my willie and I cannot see my telly,
Perhaps I need to diet, and get rid of my large belly,
The moon's my ruling planet, and it activates my brain,
I think it's time to stop this rhyme, before I go insane.

Phil Soar

The Moon 2

When the moon inflicts it's influence on me
Even after years of handling the ups and downs of emotions
It still catches me and offers me insight into my very soul

To cope I sometimes retreat into my shell
Seeking solace where I know I am safe
Until the first quarter sets my mood free

For a short while I look forward to a Full moon
Knowing it will change the mood, swap the sullenness for a grin
And set me on a path to places I long to be

The moon is my ruler
I bow to it's energy

Phil Soar

The Morning Air

The still morning air caught my breath
and icy chills ran through my chest
Hands, so cold I could not feel the things I touched
yet enjoying making strides through fields pure white
The frost setting the scene
Birds foraging among the dead leaves
footprints mirroring where my cold feet strode
from field to road and back to field
I love these early mornings
barely a soul to share it with
But my dogs enjoying it with me
and the three of us are surprised
by the way our senses thrive
in the cold
Of the still morning air

Phil Soar

The Morning Kiss

The kiss that wakes her everyday
As I go off to work away
Knowing that her childhood is beginning
Is something that I'll not forget
Nor one that I've forgotten yet
To see her lying there, means that I'm winning

Phil Soar

The Mouse In My House

A little whiskered critter with an attitude quite hard
Was running through the undergrowth, in my small back yard
It caused a lot of mayhem when it broke into my house
And there it stayed for 3 odd years, that tiny little mouse

It ate me out of house and home, and enjoyed every minute
I often found my boxed up food, with lots of chewed holes in it
It left me little droppings, so I could trace it's whereabouts
And though I left the traps out, there was never any doubts

That mouse was oh so agile, as it stepped upon that trap
I never heard it's movements, or heard the thing go snap
And everywhere it went, it squeaked, just to let me know
That it would always follow me, wherever I might Go

Phil Soar

The Mouse In The House

Tormented by the ghosts and poltergeists, I sat at home
Wondering if I had gone mad, sitting here alone
The noises coming from the loft, had given me the creeps
Who knows what lurks up there tonight, or how I get some sleep?

I tried my best to settle down, but still the sounds occurred
A fog of sorts enveloped me, my vision became blurred
I tried to turn the lights on, but the wires had all been cut
Strange smells were now emitting from my twitching ample butt

No sign of help from anywhere, I was a shaking wreck
Trembling, I was sweating, and had goose bumps on my neck
And then I saw the culprit, who was running through the house
Not a ghost or poltergeist, but just a tiny mouse

I had to then control myself from letting out a shriek
I closed my eyes a little bit, and then I took a peak
Sitting on the table, with a piece of Edam cheese
Was that mouse from in the loft, and looking rather pleased

I then plucked up the courage, to lay a little trap
But as I stood and walked away, I felt the need to crap
I went up to the toilet, and much to my dismay
The mouse had beat me to it, and flushed itself away!

Phil Soar

The Music Played

The music played, we danced
Our arms entwined, we glanced
We sang along, entranced
I wet my underpants!

Phil Soar

The Naked Chef

She mixed ingredients with Panache
Would give most recipes a bash
And liked to cook as naked as could be
With just an apron on
She would mix things with aplomb
And present the fine results in front of me

She would always cause a stir
As she flashed her derriere
And the temperature in my oven would be rising
There would be a little thumping
As in my mind we should be humping
Which given the sight before me, was not surprising

As she browned the Christmas cake
That she told me she would make
There was so much that I thought we could be doing
It was hard to keep control
As she made my sausage roll
And I felt that there was something gently stewing

By the time she'd finished cooking
And with my eyes now tired of looking
We decided that we should enter a bake-off
So I mixed some flour and butter
Dragged my thoughts from out the gutter
And poured mixture on her bottom, that I could take off

By the time we'd both exhausted
All the mess that custard sauce did
We were 'done' and I'd been crowned the master baker
Well, at least that's what she said
As we clambered into bed
And I turned her from a cook to orgasm maker

Phil Soar

The Naturist

I walked along the footpath, taking in the sights and sounds
With signs along the way, indicating out of bounds
And yet my inquisition, would take me off the route
Searching for the best of nature, in my birthday suit

Oh yes, I am the naturist, and love the feel of wind on skin
Hoping I will not get caught, and told that I should 'reel it in'
I walk along the footpaths, with no-one else in sight
But always in the darkness, of a warm and humid night

Phil Soar

The Need To Pee

The fountain in my garden is a welcome sound
On mid-June summer days, when I'm at rest,
The constant sound of water as it circulates
Makes me aware of toilets at it's best
The sound of running water at my current age
Is like a melody that makes me pee
As I sit and read the news and turn the papers page
The need to urinate envelops me
I guess as I grow older I will feel the need
To carry with me, aids to help this trait
And not rely on somewhere like the undergrowth
To find a place to go an unrinatate

Phil Soar

The News

I read the news today
Nothing made me smile
War, Disasters, hatred
Reported all the while
Wildlife in peril
Climate despair
Nothing to smile about
No laughter to share
Sports people on drugs
Entertainers arrested
Weather erratic
Finance invested
Nothing to show for efforts abroad
Agents of mercy
Neglected and flawed
A smile takes a second
But nothing repairs
The dismal reports
From the people upstairs

I read the news today
Nothing made me smile
Saddened,
I sit and relax for a while
Before the next onslaught
To my sight and the sounds
Of the world turning
Upside down

Phil Soar

The Night Of The Fall

I just don't recall
The night of my fall
I'd just maybe tripped on some whisky
I lay there in bed
With a quite painful head
And a feeling that made me quite frisky

But my partner just laughed
Said I was quite daft
And if I was to get too erotic
She would just smile and grin
Laugh when I put it in
While she sipped on a large Gin and tonic

Phil Soar

The Night Sky

With clear dark skies awash with many shining stars
Far away, yet close enough to stretch the imagination
To attract attention from every direction
To paint a illuminated picture in the eyes of those watching

Unable to match this beauty, there is no need to seek treasures
We just have to wait for clouds to clear their curtain of grey
Revealing something that would brighten the darkest night
And dazzle the mind

Phil Soar

The Nutter, The Witch And The Broom

I left a broom outside her house
Because she was a witch
With a cauldron full of toads and things
And a sort of crazy twitch
She once boiled up a potion
That I drank quite accidentally
The mix had an effect on me
And messed with my mind mentally
I was dispatched to a loony bin
Where they locked me in a room
And when they filled my papers in
They left me with a broom

They kept me there for several weeks
As if I was insane
That potion made me very weak
I knew she was to blame
On my release, I said my piece
And said I'd seek revenge
I kept the broom by the mantelpiece
And went off to Stonehenge
I donned a cloak and hat (all white)
And did a sort of dance
Nothing on beneath that cloak
Just my underpants

So when I left those ancient stones
I knew that witch would pay
I had a feeling in my bones
That wouldn't go away
I found where she had bought a home
And packed the broom up tight
Went out and bought a delivery drone
And dropped it off that night
When she unwrapped that parcel
She got a nasty shock
A pain shot through her arsehole
That broom handle was a cock

The Ocean View

The sun is out, the sky is blue
And I can watch the ocean view
Where waves begin and reach the shore
And retreat to the depths once more
Where shifting sand create the dunes
And the ocean ebbs and flows with moons

The sun is out, the sky is blue
And I can watch the ocean view

Phil Soar

The Old Alpha Male

He was so frail, that Alpha male
His age brought his demise
An interloper, bowled him over
And stared into his eyes
He tried to fight, and then took flight
No longer could he battle
He spent his old age on a farm
And ate the farmers cattle

Phil Soar

The Old Grey Whistle Test

I had an old Grey whistle
That I'd kept since I was Ten
I left it in a bottom drawer
And used it now and then

It used to wind the neighbours up
When I would blow it hard
Standing in the pouring rain
At the bottom of our yard

But time has not been good to it
It's showing signs of wear
And when I blow into it now
There's hardly a sound there

In fact, it's just a puff with spit
And makes no high pitched call
It's pea must have worn out a bit
And now it does **** all!

Phil Soar

The Old Man's Tale

I cast aside my feelings for a moment
And listened to the tale the old man read
And for a while it took me on a journey
Describing as it did, the life he led

His travels and adventures had me spellbound
He let his flow of words paint many sights
Of many loves and losses, on the rebound
And the reasons he spent long and lonely nights

But his stories had such meaning and expression
That my mind had entered his endearing world
And hearing things explained in such a fashion
They broke your heart as each tale had unfurled

The many seasons he set out before me
With depth and deepness stretching every line
Has made me think I ought to tell a story
I wonder who'd be interested in mine?

Phil Soar

The Old Route

There's one route in my life I could take blindfold
As years pass by a sat nav's not required
My visits there have increased almost four fold
And I'm sure the doctor wishes I'd expired

Phil Soar

The Only One

I would talk to you of fairies and of Imps and pixies too,
I'd share a soft sung lullaby, and watch you sleep right through,
I'd wish upon a falling star, that life will treat you kind,
For you are just the only one that's always on my mind.

Phil Soar

The Operation

Where angels held his hands at will
And surgeons used their timely skill
The prayers that passed the loved ones lips
Made many hundred thousand trips

While comfort wasn't far away
He knew nothing about that day
And when he smiled again, we knew
That love had helped to see him through

Phil Soar

The Orchard

The orchard looked so colourful as buds began to burst
Acres of pink blossoms, were the sights that I saw first
And as I walked through fields of green, I closed my eyes a while
And all that stood before me, was the reason that I smiled

Phil Soar

The Orchestra Played

The orchestra played with help from it's percussion
I tripped over the drums and have concussion
The band played on, I didn't hear a thing
Except an awful screech from a violin

Phil Soar

The Orthodontist

He took a first impression and the taste was simply gross
I thought a rubber mattress had been forced inside my mouth
He said although unpleasant, that the taste would go away
I gave him an aggressive look, he then asked me to pay
I thought that was so comical, a charge for my distress
A charge with lots of zero's on, excessive I suggest
I gave this guy a mouthful, although my mouth was numb
I think this orthodontist must have thought that I was dumb.

Phil Soar

The Outing

Disaster struck the town of margate
The season had only just begun
A gang of O.A.P's invaded
Each loaded with a Chelsea bun
They stalked the promenade for deckchairs
Kneeing youngsters in the crutch
Biting dogs with their false teeth
And shouting language; double dutch
Passers by were left exclaiming
'Whatever would their parents say'
And just as quickly left proclaiming
'Don't get in their blooming way'
The cups of tea the Cafe's sold
Were spilt upon the lino floor
But no-one there could be so bold
To show these louts the exit door
They went around in groups of twenty
Beating up the local punks
Aggro, they had got a-plenty
Most of them were steaming drunk
The grannies in their baggy bloomers
Flashing ancient varicose veins
The old men in their dirty mac's
Were urintaing in the drains
None of them were less than eighty
Each of them wore scarves of red
They kicked their way from the local station
Smashing tourits in the head
They left a trail of mass destruction
Rubbish lying all around
They vowed to come again next year
But until then, they'll go to ground
These O.A.P.s will ride again
Their trail of hate to leave once more
And you can tell where they've all have been
By the rows of teeth left on the shore!

Phil Soar

The Owl

I wandered
carefree and calm
the balmy night a strange a quiet place
the woods at night
dark and the only sound an owl's message
to others seeking his hunting ground
a warning if you like
his silence otherwise would go unnoticed
his wings might take flight
but he makes no sound tonight
except his warning call
among the trees he spies on them all
seeking out those who are careless
taking those who do not share his guile
he feeds his young
and when they are gone
his job is done

Phil Soar

The Pacemaker

So, when I wake from slumber now
I do not feel the same somehow
An implant keeps the heart in check
Like a card that finishes off the deck
An ace of sorts that helps me deal
With the fact that it seems so unreal
Walking around with an electrical charge
Not very small, but not very large
Keeping control of a wayward heart
Giving my life quite a kick start

Phil Soar

The Package

The postman knocked upon my door
And left a package on the floor
It wasn't for me, but my neighbour
They hadn't asked me
If I'd hold it for free
So I didn't do them that favour

Phil Soar

The Parting

The tears that shone upon her face, almost broke my heart
No matter how we called it quits, our lives both fell apart
Our time together ended, and although we fell to bits
I couldn't help but feel relief, as she got on my tits

Phil Soar

The Past

It's funny how life leaves the past behind
And even broken dreams become transparent
I'd like to think my past is hard to find
But know it isn't so, and that's apparent

Phil Soar

The Patchwork Quilt

A patchwork quilt of patterns
Made with so much care
A story etched with promises
For me to have and share
The skill and love embroidered
Within that patchwork art
Made me cry and held my dreams
And made me fall apart
For someone to take all that care
To show how much we mean
Drew my tears of happiness
That were very rarely seen

Phil Soar

The Path I Walk

I walk the path that leads to somewhere special
Where birdsong meets the ears and makes me smile
Where senses dwell for moments of such pleasure
And are left inside my mind for a quite a while

The paths I follow resonate with sounds galore
As the birds invent new lyrics as they go
I could sit and listen to the sounds for ever more
And wonder at the verbal to and fro

I relish being out there at the break of dawn
As light flows into winter's darkened skies
And thoughts of being lonely or a shade forlorn
Vanish, right in front of a million eyes

For yes, the birds seem that they're singing just for me
And they can orchestrate a freedom song
A sound so full and charming that they fail to see
So many things about the earth are wrong

Phil Soar

The Photograph

A well worn photograph found it's way to me
Of a person from a time ago, back in history
A tired and weary soldier, sitting all alone
A look of sadness on his face, thinking of his home

No matter how I looked at him, my mind would not embrace
That emptiness inside him, that look upon his face
I couldn't help but wonder, just what he had been through
And felt a certain gratefulness, for what he'd had to do

Phil Soar

The Pick Up

I met her in a restaurant car
She'd just returned from the public bar
And she was off her head on gin and tonic
She looked at me that kind of way
That left me with no words to say
Except that she looked like an alcoholic

Her nose was red, her eyes were sunk
She staggered round a little drunk
And trembled as she tried to pick me up
It's only then I realised
That I too was quite paralyzed
And lying on the floor with an empty cup

Phil Soar

The Place I Am

On my way to where I am
The route was filled with trauma
With stress and strife, throughout my life
I looked for somewhere warmer

I found a place where I could go
And just be who I am
A man with a child behind his eyes
And without another plan

I've little thought for my regard
Except to play the fool
I've never tried to be that hard
Since I first went to school

I'll never be that someone else
My friends said I should be
I like the way I'm just myself
With that child inside of me

Phil Soar

The Place I Go

There's a place I go to nightly
Where the air is fresh and clean
Where the issues on my mind are lost
And I have a chance to dream
Where my complicated issues
Resemble nothing real
And I need a box of tissues
On account of how I feel

There's a moment in the darkness
That brightness passes through
And broadens my horizons
And opens up the view
I see beyond the distant
And I wallow in the sight
The road ahead is brighter
And tomorrow a new fight

Phil Soar

The Pole Dancer

She slides around the silver pole
Leaving sweat behind
And other bodily fluids
That excrete from her behind
And men can get excited
When she turns around and round
And as she gyrates on the pole
It makes a squelching sound

Phil Soar

The Porcupine

Armed with quills and reverse techniques
That humans would quite die for
The porcupine has a cute physique
We'd all like to apply for
No matter what life throws at it
It just seems it can cope
And anyone that takes it on
Is really quite a dope.

Phil Soar

The Prank

In the cold light of day
At the break of the dawn
Standing there naked
With little less on
Bemoaning my luck
As I had a hard on
And nothing to do but to wank
So I stood there and prayed
That it would go away
It was god's way of playing a prank

Phil Soar

The Prat

I laugh when I should really cry
It helps my troubled mind
I giggle out loud in the night
My troubles left behind
I pull a face in a public place
Just as a sense of fun
I'm known to stand in bathing trunks
And soak up lots of sun
And underneath my outer skin
I'm really quite a prat
But I like to write the oddest things
I guess I'm made like that

Phil Soar

The Princess Cordial

He strode across the courtyard with a rose between his teeth
In search of Princess Cordial, for 'twas her he would bequeath
The reason for his haste seemed almost blind to all concerned
But the Princess was his lover and for her he always yearned

He called her name and waited for a fast and sweet reply
She had a problem lisp and when she spoke spat in his eye
But that was not an issue as he climbed up to her room
He knew he would begat her, and his loins were in full bloom

They flared with the excitement, and he took her from the rear
He pressed himself upon her, and he whispered in her ear
However he forgot the rose was still gripped in his teeth
A thorn now pierced her lips, as he was thrusting underneath

Just then, her father entered, and was taken by surprise
He was not very cordial, and looked into their eyes
And gesturing with fury, he sent her on her way
And all because the father was an 'in the closet' gay

Phil Soar

The Progression Of Age

Talking in riddles as ageing progresses
Words spoken loudly without much finesse
And a realisation as I get undressed
That the horror of ageing might leave me distressed

Phil Soar

The Protestor

I lay protesting on the grass
About the councils plans
To build a lot of houses
Upon our green belt land
Until my ass got soaking wet
As it was pissing down
I left there in a sodden state
In case my ass hole drowned!

Phil Soar

The Puddle

While walking through a puddle
With my mind in quite a muddle
And my feet all soaking wet because of holes
I realised my shoes
Had been the subject of abuse
And the water had ruined one of my morning strolls

Phil Soar

The Queen And I

Sometimes my mind works overtime
And the thoughts make perfect sense
If only in my tiny mind
And at my own expense

I can be really foolish
And behave like a kid
Occasionally I am horrified
By the things I sometimes did

And yet I forget instantly
The things that I should not
I should learn from these episodes
But instead I lose the plot

My life's a sort of comic book
With faux pas I'm not proud of
Like when I sang, while the opera played
And so pissed all the crowd off

Of many errors of my ways
The worst was yet to come
I thought it really funny
To show the queen my bum

At the trooping of the colour
As her Majesty passed by
I drop my kegs and underwear
I really don't know why

I can tell she wasn't that impressed
With my pure white derriere
She didn't see that I'd undressed
And didn't seem to care

Prince Philip, on the other hand
Was not impressed at all
And shouted some obscenities
As he pinned me to the wall

You would have thought, at ninety three
He wasn't all that fit
I guess he just assaulted me
Because he thought Id' do a sh*t!

Phil Soar

The Queens Limerick

I wrote to the queen to see how she'd been
And she said she was sat on the throne
And the smell from in there
Left a stink in the air
So I guess I will leave her alone!

Phil Soar

The Real Me?

That storage place where all my thoughts reside
Has many memories locked up there inside
And on occasion, I retreat there just to see
If all those thoughts reveal the real me

Phil Soar

The Referee

The whistle blew
The game was through
We left the game
So did the referee
We moaned as we drove home
Why did he collect his fee?

Phil Soar

The Remedy

"I'll remedy that", the doctor said
As he drilled holes into my head
Releasing pressure from my pain-filled cranium
I'd ventured far away
Just to take the pain away
And was operated on by a Romanian

Phil Soar

The Reminder

I let a short reminder
just in case I couldn't find her
When I left my wife alone with uncle Pete
But I forgot that he was dead
Because I'd struck him in the head
And the court said get no closer than ten feet

Phil Soar

The Robin

Addressing those who would listen
She sang her song
Identifying her purpose
And announcing she was there
From high above her home
She cast her lyrics to the wind
And it carried them to the minds of others
The Robin

Phil Soar

The Rocking Horse

I sat upon that rocking horse
I was 18 stone
So it broke of course

Phil Soar

The Rose

The fragrance of the rose was beautiful and touched the senses magically,
The velvet softness of petals immersed my feelings with such intensity it almost
made me cry,
And the very essence of them being around me filled me with hope,
And although helpless,
My eyes failed to witness the scene.

Drinking in the majesty, I found myself feeling like Royalty,
Whilst everything around me flew by in some frantic scene,
I waited.
Whilst my senses overtook the aroma and got ahead of me,
Waiting for that next euphoria,
Raising my every feeling, and lightening my way,
Like some torch of sight
And yet, although dark, I could see it,
In my mind,
And the peace that it brought me, was overwhelming.
I sat alone amongst the fragrance,
Blissfully unaware that no-one really saw me,
Or warranted me a look,
Of pity, or otherwise sought to gain my opinion.

It did not matter, for although I could not see,
The very effervescence of it all took my breath away..

A rose by any other name, shall sharpen my senses, and make all the colours as
one.

In my mind, it was relevant to the day,
And will forever stay in my mind.
It brought me joy.

Phil Soar

The Sand And The Sea

I sat on the sand dunes as the wind blew the grasses
They swayed like ballerinas on tip toes
The sea crashed on the shore with the flow of the tide
I watched as the white crests broke and lightened the grey skies
Wrapped in warm clothes I reveled in the beauty
Watching as seagulls hung in the air
No reason to use effort in flight
The updrafts helping them glide through the sky
And although the sand drifted to and fro
And the dunes began to alter shape
I Imagined I was straying to places I could relax
Even though the wind blew so strongly
I was at peace with the my world

Phil Soar

The Scale Of It All

The scale of it all
From winter to fall
From warm sunny air to it freezing
It's this I recall
From the winter to fall
It's as if the whole process is teasing

Phil Soar

The School Bell

When the school bell rang
The children ran
Into the arms of the family man
Who waited by those old school gates
And the joyous smiles for those who wait
Lit up the street and filled the sky
When the school bell rang

Phil Soar

The Sea

I sat looking out to sea and watched the motion of the waves
Its soothing nature lapping at the very edge of me
The breaking sound of water on the beach far down below
Made me realise
That it was not the time to go

Too much beauty lay before me, spread for miles around
I sat there, mesmerised, by the very nature of the sound
My eyes took in the scale of it, with optical review
More beautiful than I had thought
More impressive than I knew

The thoughts that earlier had filled my mind with nothing good
Were distant now, registering calmness as they always should
Informing me that everything around me has its place
The soothing sound, the ebb and flow
The wind that touched my face

I sat on the edge of nothing, balanced on the edge of time
Knowing that the place I love, was never far behind
The thought of missing out on this, all too much to bear
Missing out on beauty
Of never being there

And so I moved in silence, and taking in the sight
Knowing that my sleep would be much better on this night
No poltergeists, no random thoughts
No time to feel repressed
A feeling now impressed on me
The feeling that I'm Blessed

Phil Soar

The Seasons

Where the avenues of trees were green and breezes blew
The wind has now stepped up its pace as autumn came into view
And leaves of deepest green are now deforming into rusty hue
Here comes the season of the fall and there's nothing we can do

As pavements take on falling leaves, decaying everyday
And darkness creeps upon us and for months is here to stay
We must not let this time of year destroy our love of seasons
The beauty as they leave us, is just one of nature's reasons

Phil Soar

The Shell

I put the shell up to my ear
Wondering what sounds I might hear
But all I heard was a grumpy crab
I'd stole the only house he had

Phil Soar

The Sign

I made a sign into the air
Aimed at someone
Who knows where?
They swore at me
As I was rude
Standing there all bare and nude
The sign I made was rather crude
And could have got me fined and sued

Phil Soar

The Silence Of The Lambs

I walked into a field that yesterday was full of sheep
Today, the field was quiet, as they all had gone to sleep
Did they just count each other, as they stood and ate the grass?
They looked so calm and placid, so I easily walked passed.

Phil Soar

The Silence Of The Mind

I try my best in silence
to listen to my mind
and wonder how I get along
through all the daily grind
to match the mood of the day
and detach myself from all the affray
only to sit there alone
and stare aimlessly at my phone

Phil Soar

The Silent Killer

Silently the owl flies by on gossamer wings
Searching through the undergrowth for little things
Rodents would be best advised to hide away
Or else they will become a piece of Barn owl prey

Phil Soar

The Skylark

Hovering in a cloudless sky
Singing from it's songbook
The skylark is hard to spot
When I look up, it changes its flight
Against a backlight of the midday sun
It is sometimes hard to find
But the detail in its song is hard to ignore
I sit beside the ploughed field
Rabbits emerge from their homes
They do not notice the song
Their presence is like nature accompanying me
Whilst I sit and listen to the operatic sounds
Like a composer, the bird changes pitch
And each new piece is music to my ears
And the sky is filled with a joyous sound

I feel I am hovering in that cloudless sky too
And nature is so close it touches my very soul

Phil Soar

The Sleeping Tablet

I took a sleeping tablet
And dropped it on the floor
I couldn't find it anywhere
And so I took some more
Just then the dog came sniffing round
And must have licked about
He must have snorted up the thing
And it slipped into his snout
Quite soon we both were yawning
And then we fell asleep
We lay upon the kitchen floor
In quite a crumpled heap
We'd left the windows open
A nice cool breeze blew through
It also gave a nice idea
To a passing motley crew
They saw an opportunity
To crawl in through the gap
And rob us blind of everything
Whilst we both took a nap
We woke at dawn next morning
With mess all around the floor
With nothing left but crockery
And a wide open back door
We both were feeling dozey
That dopey dog and I
We'd slept right through the episode
With nothing but a sigh
We'd snored our way through a burglary
And all our stuff was gone
With nothing left to help us cope
All that's left was a buttered scone
They'd even took the dog food
Which made him lose his rag
All of his Pedigree cans of grub
Lost in a Tesco's bag
So the scone they'd left was a target
For both our appetite's
How on earth would we both cope?

And get through to tonight
We both leapt up in unison
And raced to grab the scone
I tripped him up, he bit my leg
Almost to the bone
We both grabbed hold together
The scone was torn apart
He knew he'd won the battle
When he let go with a fart
The smell was just enough for him
To gain his just reward
I passed out from the smell of it
The Scone fell to the floor
When I returned to sanity
He'd ate the blooming treat
He sat there with a sort of grin
As he lay down at my feet
There was nothing left but anger
And I lay there as he drooled
And the thought as we slept the night
The pair of us were fooled

Phil Soar

The Slipper

The slipper lay upon the floor
just where father left it
after he had used it to hand out discipline
and the cheeks glowed red
as the rubber left its mark
and the bottom of my heart fell

Love?
If this is love
then my four year old brain cannot equate
why this should leave the hurt
like a tattoo etched on fettered skin
should I be in chains for breaking rules?
they never warned of this in schools

He cares
I know he cares
he shows in other ways he cares
but he keeps this torture hidden
from those who see him as a good man
and only breaks the spell
when rules are broken

And yet I am too young to understand
how love and pain are uniquely joined
how they set themselves apart
and in moments of madness
the hurt becomes a licence
for him to also break the rules
yet no-one disciplines he who perpetrates
and the victim lies crying
for love and understanding

Phil Soar

The Sloth

As you may or may not know,
A sloth is very slow,
On a tangent, it is very apt at clinging;
It spends it's life in trees,
With it's head below it's knees,
And is often found alone when it is singing.

Phil Soar

The Smell

I stepped in something yesterday
The smell fair took my breath away
Reminding me of something rank
I couldn't believe how bad it stank
I cleaned my shoes while masking the air
And then the smell seemed everywhere
I never found the source of it
All I know was that it was sh*t

Phil Soar

The Smell Of Nature

I love the scent of Lavender
It soothes my aching mind
I love the smell of a blushing rose
Of a full and open kind
I love the smell of an autumn morn
That cold and chilling air
I love the sight of the falling leaves
And it's colours with regal flair

I love the sound of the Lark on high
Its tune as clear as shining glass
I love the winter's clear blue sky
And the smell of summer's well cut grass
I love the very essence
Of nature's vibrant being
Of the way the morning breeze does freshen
And of all the things I'm seeing

Phil Soar

The Snail

He knocked on the shell
No-one was home
So he crawled in and made it his
The previous owner then returned
And thought an intruder was taking the piss

Phil Soar

The Snow And The Light

A distant light that flickered In the darkness and the snow
Calling out to me from where my sight had deemed to go
And light that was inviting and enticing me to stray
And then when dawn approached it simply faded far away

Phil Soar

The Song Of The Blackbird

Like a song that is repeated on the radio
The blackbird sings for hours without a break
The character and vocal nature thrills the ears
To hear and not admire it, would be a big mistake

Phil Soar

The Speaker

The speaker said that he was unaccustomed
to talking in a crowded meeting room
he lost his way with words he hadn't written
and left the place a little bit too soon

Phil Soar

The Spider

On a fine web of silk she cast her spell
In a corner where she thought no-one would see
A shimmer of sunlight glistened off the finery
As she waited for her prey to come for tea

Phil Soar

The Spring

Anxiously, she waits
Until the warmth returns
The shadow of the cold begins to leave the scene
Signs of life begin to push their way above ground
And soon the colour will return
And brighten the lives of those who suffer the dark
She is Spring

Phil Soar

The Stabbing At The Cabin

There were lights on the porch
A dog lay fast asleep
A woman swinging back and forth
A hillside, very steep
Outside that old oak cabin
Deep inside the woods
There had been an awful stabbing
Just because of some bad blood

That woman swinging back and forth
Her breathing very fast
She'd left the person bleeding out
And knew he wouldn't last
50 years of torture
Tossed in the Abyss
A life devoid of comfort
And one she wouldn't miss

Phil Soar

The Stallion

He rode a hundred miles upon his stallion
To board a vessel that looked like a galleon
He rowed on out to sea to sunny Spain
And never rode his trusty steed again
The horse stood aimlessly upon the pier
And wondered why the hell he was still here
It waited for some time beside the mooring
Then realised that this was really boring
It left and found a field where it could graze
And stayed to spend the rest of it's lonely days

Phil Soar

The Stammer

I walked into the hardware store, and the owner had a stammer
I asked him for a bag of nails and a r
For I had got a stammer too, and the meeting was so hectic
Perhaps it would have been okay, if we were just dyslexic.

Phil Soar

The Storm

He washed his hands of everything and sailed away to sea
Upon a yacht his father bought in Nineteen sixty three
No crew to help him navigate, a yachtsman on his own
No compass and no route to plan, so far away from home

The coastguard none to happy, as he rode the giant waves
The storm was born as he set sail, on a swell of watery graves
And tossed around so violently, he fought to beat the rage
Forgetting troubles back at home, out here on natures stage

The land now distant miles away, how tortuous the trip
No room for lost emotions, no time to make a slip
The dark grey sea enveloped him, his vessel taken too
And later when the storm subsides, his home a sea of blue

Phil Soar

The Story Teller

The children gathered round the story teller
Expecting something special to be read
But Johnny was a terror from the ghetto
And kicked the story teller in the head
Falling to the floor just like a dummy
The story teller suffered from the blow
And Johnny took the time to steal his wallet
He was a cheeky little so and son

Phil Soar

The Stranger On The Shore

As twilight fell upon the waves
I strolled along the shore
I sat awhile in rocky caves
I hadn't been before

The moonlight cast a mirrored sheen
Across a rolling sea
It ebbed and flowed like any tide
Quite unaware of me

And all The time I sheltered there
The waves crashed all around
As I began to drift into
A world without a sound

To sleep and dream beside this shore
Was sadly under-rated
I woke just at the break of dawn
So wonderfully elated

Phil Soar

The Stream

I sat beside a drying stream that seemed to cry
As the sun began to dry the tears away
And as I watched, the last few drops evaporate to nothing
So then there wasn't much that I could say

Phil Soar

The Stripper

The audience chanted and cheered her,
As she dropped her colourful drawers,
The she bent down in front of those gathered,
To a thunderous round of applause.

She began to gyrate with such passion,
The man sat in front of her said,
'If you open your legs any wider,
I'll see through the hole in your head'

Phil Soar

The Superstore

I stood awhile in a superstore aisle
And wondered if people were buying
But to my dismay, they were chatting away
While their children were screaming and crying

There were some on the phone, to their family back home
As they'd left the list back in the kitchen
There were those who looked out, for a bargain no doubt
And those who just stood around bitching!

And the queue at the till, grew much bigger until
And announcement was made, more would open
But the self service line, was much bigger than mine
And I noticed my trolley was broken

With one dodgy back wheel, as I started to reel
And my patience was wearing quite thin
The temptation was great, to return when it's late
And throw all my stuff in the bin

The car park was rammed, and the food was all scanned
By the time that I'd paid, I was knackered
And the guy volunteering, saw I had trouble steering
And asked if I wanted help packing

As he loaded my trolley, this bloke was too jolly
I felt that I could smash his face in
They had got all my cash, so I made quick dash
To the car, where a warden was pacing

He had written a note, which he stuck on my coat
To remind me I'd parked in 'Disabled'
So I wrote on his face, it was THE only space
And some refreshing ideas I had tabled

I won't go there again, for some superstore pain
As I hate the way that we're all sheep
We do everything there, while they all stand and stare
And when most of them are all asleep

Phil Soar

The Surfer

I rode on the crest of a wave
Whilst the sun cast my shadow behind
The feeling so great that I knew
That it caused me to ripple inside

As I head for the shore and the shoaling cascades
The tides and the swell make an ominous sight
They break at the surface and carry me home
And I will sleep well, if I make it tonight

Phil Soar

The Swan

I saw a swan upon a misty lake
As I welcomed in the day, make no mistake
This lifted up my spirits and I found
It's beauty was the best for miles around

Phil Soar

The Target

The target on my back, an invitation
For someone to infiltrate my emotions
Taking every thought I have and exploiting me
Tearing my heart apart
Plundering my mind
Hurting my feelings
Not hesitating to destroy my dreams
Then leaving without looking back
Departing having hit the bullseye

Phil Soar

The Teacher & The Maths

I looked over my shoulder
She was getting nearer
Closer and Closer
With a look that would scare a cat
Even though she was overweight
She was gaining ground
On skates
And breathing heavily
Making me believe she would catch me soon
And teach me a lesson
That Teacher
She was wicked
And determined
I'd only gone out for a smoke
And forgot myself
And wandered off
I Don't like Math
I don't like much really
And she knew it
She's good
And quite a bit scary
She caught me
I was unable to get away
I said
'are you going to report me'
She replied
'You do the Math! '
I thought
That's what got me in this mess
I didn't want to
Do the Math!
I was non-PLUSSED

Phil Soar

The Tender Butcher By Mary Rump

"Tender loins", the butcher said,
I thought he was quite rude
"No I'll take some Lamb instead"
I said, as romance bloomed
His cut was quite exceptional
His chopper was fantastic
He seemed he was professional
His loins were quite elastic
And so he chose his finest meat
He sliced it oh so sweetly
The way he held his joint aloft
He made my day completely
And yet I left deflated
When he confirmed the cost
His meat was so expensive
And the romance then was lost

Phil Soar

The Tenderness Of Angels

The tenderness of angels
as they flutter on the wing
Can warm the saddest moments
and make you want to sing
a heavenly aura
a light so extreme
wakes me each morning
from heavenly dreams

Angels with gossamer feathers so light
visit my bedside on wintery nights
hover around me and help me to sleep
moments so magical, I could just weep

Phil Soar

The Things I Say

I gather up the things I say each day
Pack them up and archive them away
Recalling them at will when needed to
Explaining who I am and what I do

Phil Soar

The Tickle

I tickled him
he tickled me
we rolled around the floor in play
he laughed
I cried
tears of joy from deep inside
he chuckled
I laughed
his life full of fun
I swept aside
the dull, the glum
he laughed at me, this father's son.

Phil Soar

The Tightrope Walker

He walked across the tightrope
Just a pole for company
Crossing at the highest point
His life in jeopardy
And as the wind blew to and fro
He wobbled on that wire
He wore a smile and nothing else
A rather strange Attire

No one could really coax him down
The freedom was enthralling
But how his 'bits' hung in the air
Was really quite appalling
They waited on the other side
For him to reach the end
But as he reached the half-way point
The wire began to bend

His steps began to falter
And his confidence was drained
The pole he held was heavy
His expression looked quite pained
With nothing to cling onto
And no way to turn around
He let go of his feelings
And he fell down to the ground

He landed with an awful thud
From fifteen hundred feet
There wasn't that much left of him
Not splattered on the street
The folks who watched him from below
Were sure that he would fall
And even though he wasn't known
Now his name is known by all

Phil Soar

The Toilet

I might as well erect a book shelf
Right there in the lavatory
Where I can sit and poo in piece
And read a welcome inventory
Books and papers by the score
Enough to keep me well amused
Behind that open toilet door
Where smells are rich and poo infused

Phil Soar

The Tools Of Maths

The tools of mathematics
Don't make sense to me
Algebra, trigonometry whilst elementary
It all adds up to something weird
And then there's geometry
I'd like to just subtract it
remove it from my brain
division would be best for me
to me, it's all insane

Phil Soar

The Tortoise And The Hare

Said the tortoise to the hare
"Why are you so fast out there"
The hare then replied,
That "It's just my stride
And the thought I can run anywhere"

Phil Soar

The Tortoise And The Hare And More

I owned a Tortoise and a Hare
One raced around while the other stared
And no-one knew or even cared
That I owned a Tortoise and a Hare

I kept a bird in a gilded cage
He used his beak to turn the page
As I sat reading the daily news
I was annoyed, and he was amused

I bought a hippopotamus
Whose price was quite colossus
And the price for a very tall Giraffe
Would make a cheap Hyena laugh

Phil Soar

The Town Of Tiddly Puddle

In the town of Tiddly Puddle
All the folk were in a muddle
And on Masquerade Lane
Everyone was insane
And the sheep and the cows were in trouble
But on Fawcett Avenue
Lived a man with a view
He could see down the lane
That the folk were insane
So he lay in a pile full of rubble

Phil Soar

The Tree

I find it very hard to see
Why I grew up to be a tree
I grow my leaves and then they fall
I don't know why they grow at all
I'm home to insects bugs and lice
They eat my bark, which isn't nice
I'm older than the oldest man
I spread my branches where I can
But seldom have I felt at ease
For I have caught Dutch Elm disease
Yet every year I have new buds
And love my life within the woods

Phil Soar

The Trick

'It's a trick'
The magician said
As he aimed the arrow at my head
To try and split the apple there
I wish he had just split my hair
Instead he hit me in the ear
Pierced in two
That's just not fair

Phil Soar

The Trip

On a trip through life
take only pictures in your mind
leave only footprints far behind
seek only comfort from those near
live every day without fear
move every obstacle in the way
try something healthy every day
take your dreams and make them real
work hard at making others feel
the way you do about the world
and let your soul unfurl
for that is you
and you are beautiful

Phil Soar

The Tub

I lay in the tub with the bubbles around me
Watching my skin turn a dark shade of red
It was only at night that my wife came and found me
And my body was limp, I was already dead
Boiled in a mixture of grime and dandruff
Left there to simmer an hour or two
The red covering me as I lay in the buff
And now that I'm dead, turning steadily blue

Phil Soar

The Two Of Us

Treat me well, and I'll repay your kindness
Trust in me, and you will not regret it
Hold me close and fall for my attentions
And we'll both fall in love, if we let it
Hold on tight, as we travel together
Take our time, as we wander along
Make believe, we'll love always and ever
For this is where we both belong.

Phil Soar

The Understanding Wife

I love the mysteries in life
Like how I understand the wife
And all her little expertise
And how she brings me to my knees
Her words can cut like a knife through bone
And leave me feeling so alone
Lost in a heap of spoken hurt
Sometimes harmless, sometimes curt
I love the way I fail the test
Even though I try my best
The pedestal she put me on
Has past its best since we were young
And now I sit with a dunces cap
And get the very occasional slap
The mystery is I love the life
With my understanding wife

Phil Soar

The Vacation

Misled;

I've been misled.

A sandy beach the brochure said
But all I found were stones instead,
I've been misled.

Distraught;

I am distraught.

Look at the lotion that I bought
And how much sun have I had? ..Nought
I am distraught.

Tired;

I'm really tired.

What of the motor car we hired?
I turned the key and it backfired
I'm very tired.

Bored;

I'm oh so bored.

What's more, I'm sick and not insured
It might be weeks before I'm cured
I'm oh so bored.

Depressed;

I am depressed.

My wife has gone and got undressed
And she's exposed her fullsome chest
I am depressed.

Alarmed;

I am alarmed.

Here come two Spanish policemen...armed
I cannot see how they could be charmed
I am alarmed.

Relieved;

I am relieved.

It seemed the police could not believe

The sight of breasts that really heaved
I am relieved.

Enough;
I've had enough.
So I went swimming in the buff
And on each wrist was placed a cuff
I've had enough.

Despair;
Now it's despair.
The return flight was double fare
Weighed down with gifts and stuff to wear
Oh deep despair.

Relief;
What sheer relief.
To get back home to sunday beef
But we'd been burgled.
Sudden Grief.
The god damn thief! .

Phil Soar

The View Beneath My Window

The view beneath my window
has a wistful way about it
with colours of a million hues,
there is no doubt about it
It enhances every sensory emotion
and all evoke my dreams
I customise them in my mind
and compartmentalise the scene

The view beneath my window
has amazed me all my life
and now it has an impact
on my ever loving wife
We both share nature's beauty
and witness every day
the ever changing images
that seem to come our way

Phil Soar

The Village Fete

The village flocked to the summer fete
Some there early, some there late
Stalls of food and stalls with crafts
Candy floss on wooden shafts
People mixing, sharing tales
Lots of fruit, weighed on scales
Children on the funfair rides
Crazy clothes and strange hair styles
A typical summer Village fete,
You should have one too, it's not too late

Phil Soar

The Voice

If the voice could make a series on songbirds
I am sure all the chairs would turn around
The contestants would sing A cappella
And it would be a most beautiful sound

Phil Soar

The Walls Closing In

The walls closed in around me
I had no field of vision
to deflect the sense of loss
the darkness fell inwardly
no peace for me on death's highway
no bright light waiting for me
no spirits hanging over me
just darkness as the walls closed in
and breath suggested that the time was here

The walls closed in around me
like some dark mysterious horror film
the morphine drip sounding louder
as I strained to keep my feelings in
a lone tear ran down my cheek
and yet I felt nothing more than silence
and crawled toward the open door
the only route these walls had left for me
and on the other side I see
What's waiting for me
I smiled
and then was lost forever

Phil Soar

The Wanderer

I found myself a-wandering
But wasn't really lost,
I bought some crops, at a local shop
And never missed the cost
I was all alone, I don't know where
And forgot just where I'd been
I'm sat in a field of Barley
With no sign of any green
There's a feeling of tranquillity
And an air of something sweet
There's a pigeon sitting next to me
It's pecking at my feet
There's a rabbit in the undergrowth
Staring at the scene
And a fox on the rocks drinking from a brook
And his paws aren't all that clean

I found myself a-wandering
And was mentally impressed
With the way I strode across the fields
Much faster than I'd guessed
I didn't think I had the speed
To walk for miles and miles
Taking in the countryside
And crossing many styles
My trip was rather short though
I trespassed on some grass
And a local farmer got a gun
And shot me in the ass!

Phil Soar

The Washing

In among the underpants and underneath the shirts
Swirled around the socks and vests and cleaning off the dirt
Washing all the many things that smell of sweat and shit
Cleaning them to use again and soil a little bit

Phil Soar

The Wasp

It followed me and seemed to know my route
Swaying here and then, and side to side
Waiting for me to run for cover
Knowing that its sting could hurt my pride

The wasp wore black and yellow like a gown
Flying round in circles upside down
Topsy Turvy flying without skill
Hoping that its stick could make me ill

Evil monsters buzzing near my ear
Preying on my hate and inner fear
Until I took a paper from a racks
And stopped this bloody pest in its tracks

Phil Soar

The Waterfall

I sit at the edge of the waterfall,
watching nature pass the day,
silently I hear birds call,
and banish all my cares away,
no matter how I feel inside
it always pleases me to say
that I sit beside that waterfall
and pass the time of day away

Phil Soar

The Way Out

Tired of the trivia, she walked
Sleeplessly she attempted to erase the pain
Sometimes the effort became too much
And she cried as the strain unfolded
Untarnished by the shock, he wandered
Shredding his feelings as he went
And the purpose he once had, became meaningless
Two hearts in turmoil, two minds in doubt
No way to turn, just the way out

Phil Soar

The Wind

Forget me if you will
But not for long
For I will return stronger
I will turn your life inside out
I will rid you of those that mean the most
I will take away your energy
And make you yearn for yesterday
When I was not here
But I arrive overnight
With no baggage
I do not expect to stay too long
But I will leave my mark
And you will forever speak of me
I am the wind

Phil Soar

The Wind 2

Delicate air on a breeze that has passed my way
Brushing up against me on its route
Like an orchestra of whispers traveling on the wind
Searching for an exit that will carry it away
As trees shake in the constant whirls of air
Their branches touch in a gentle embrace
As the wind increases speed and pace
Until the pattern takes its dance elsewhere
And no-one else would know it had been there

Phil Soar

The Winding Road

The long and winding road we walked upon was epic
with views along the way that made you stop
to look upon the scenery with wonder and amazement
from the height of many mountains to the monumental drop
in the distance clouds of white fill up the panoramic view
shades of white you would not think you ever even knew
and in between the clouds, a shade of blue quite hidden there
it took away your senses and infused your mind with air

Phil Soar

The Winter

And the leaves fell
The cold bit like a hungry wolf
Green turned to white
Days grew short
Time seemed to stand still
Months without purpose
Smiles turn to grimacing
Gloves on
Noses run
Waiting for a day of sun
Spring seems so far away
And when the buds begin to show
The grimace turns back to smiles

Phil Soar

The Witch

She hands out her curses to those she dislikes
And hopes that her witchcraft will hurt where it strikes
And she seeks just to poison with words of dismay
In the hope it results in a permanent way

Phil Soar

The Witness

A line up of mug shots
The witness could view
Not knowing quite truly
If he knew what to do
Did he see what he thought?
Was it just a mistake?
Or were all of his minds games
Just a little too late?

Phil Soar

The Wolverine

Distracted by the wolverine
I tried to stay quite calm
Until I saw the look on it
As it focussed on my arm
I hadn't time to run away
Before it came at me
I beat it with my walking stick
And it just tore off my knee

Phil Soar

The Wood

Imagine if you would
a wood
With rays of sun passing through branches
lighting up the woodland floor
bringing new life where for months there was none
opening up avenues in shades of green
suggestions of the months to come
where the lifeblood of nature redeems itself
refreshes itself
and throws interesting forms
as colour envelops all
and everything within it is alive again
Imagine if you will
the still
On a warm and sultry morning
where every breeze is welcome
where each new cobweb brushes across the face
and somewhere life is waking
ready for the new day
and the wondrous sights and sounds
of the wood

Phil Soar

The Wood At Night

I wandered through the wood that night
The full moon cast it's light through each tree
As if floodlighting my path
And hardly anything disturbed the silence
Except for the twigs cracking under my feet
And the odd call from an owl
Or the scampering of a rabbit
Sometimes I stopped to take in the humid air
The smells increasing my senses
After midnight I sought to stay motionless
As a Vixen with cubs crossed the path ahead of me
Unaware of my presence
I was down wind from the beautiful creature
And the offspring played
That night, as I wandered alone.

Phil Soar

The Woodland Path

The path was tainted with a mushroom blanket
Where fungus grew, and things would crawl around
Where life, though dead, renewed instead
And vibrant life was breathing underground

Phil Soar

The Woodpecker

I heard a knocking in the woods
It echoed all around
Something in the treetops banging
What a welcome sound
It was spring and 'Woody' pecked away
Making holes in trees
It shook his head a little bit
And also strained his knees
But he just kept on drilling
Until he'd broken through
After all, when nature calls
It's what he has to do

Phil Soar

The Words Just Come

I've written many times about the way the words just flow
I realise that often many words will come and go
The moon's my ruling planet, and has always been that way
I'm sure it helps deflect my thoughts, when words are hard to say

And so I write them down and share them with the rest of you
At least for those who read them when they've nothing else to do
And if my words can touch one heart, or make somebody's day
That will be my fulfillment, that the moon helped on its way

Phil Soar

The World

The world, and all it's woes.

One day

Will be closed

Phil Soar

The World Has Gone Bonkers

The world has gone bonkers
It's ever so sad
There's nowhere that's crackers
Just ever so mad
There's surely no end
To the turmoil and grief
And most of it crazy
Without much relief

The earth is no longer
Our love anymore
We destroy it's Forests
And deep ocean floor
We trample all over
The meaning of care
And knock down all remnants
Of trust anywhere

The world is more complex
Than anyone thought
No matter the promises
We had been taught
How much we'd look after
The earth that we know
Then just all go Bonkers
And let it all go.

Phil Soar

The Writing Plan

I lay awake a solitary creature
my mind a blitz of alphabetic things
all making an attempt to search for freedom
the result of all the static in my dreams

The influential flow of acrobatics
as the letters juggle to complete their route
from what was just a jumble on a notepad
in a mind that no computer could re-boot

Where conscious thought is a contradiction
when nothing within reason sets a pace
through endless cells and guiding many senses
these alphabetic letters find their space

They form a sentence as they reach the fingers
and in an instant, formulate their plan
and though they started life as jumbled letters
I form them into words, because I can

Phil Soar

The Zoo

I passed a Zoo this morning, as the sun began to rise
I peered in through the entrance gate, and much to my surprise
The chimpanzees were on their knees, and looking at the ground
There was a deathly silence, and my heart began to pound
Then as I stared upon the scene, a parrot flew right by
It made a beeline for the gate, and shit straight in my eye
The chimpanzees, got off their knees, and giggled helplessly
It seems that Zoo is not a place my kids would like to see.

Phil Soar

Theft

The clock that hung upon the wall,
The portrait hung beside it
The jewels she kept behind the shelf
A real poor place to hide it
For me it was quite easy
To fill my bag of swag
She left the door wide open
While she stood and smoked a fag (cigarette)

Phil Soar

Thelma Strood

Thelma Strood
Was in a mood
Because she had no dinner
Her lack of food
That she could chew
Had meant she's getting thinner

Phil Soar

Them Thar Hills

I heard it mentioned once by a cowboy
and I wondered what it meant
'we're heading for Them thar Hills',
And I knew that's where they went

Phil Soar

Theme Park

I'd like to own a theme park, where everybody queues
No rides or good attractions, just lines and lines of you
People standing in a line, with nowhere else to go
Lines and lines of people, all moving very slow

No end result for the all the time, you're standing in a row
Turning back up yourself and passing folk you know
You saw them when the queue began, and pass them every hour
Hounded by people selling drinks, and dodging the odd shower

You queued up on the motorway, and at the entrance booth
You feel like you've been queuing up, since you were just a youth
Miles and miles of nothing, leading to an exit door
Then on to the next entrance, and queuing up some more

Open every day until the night starts drawing in
Calling home, on your cell phone, to tell your next of kin
That you could be there for a while, with no-one else to blame
Without a thought this queuing might be driving you insane

I'd like to own a theme park, where everyone gets lost
No lost and found for miles around, and charge a stupid cost
Then you could come and visit, and join a brand new craze
Queuing round in circles as you get lost in a maize

Phil Soar

Theme Parks

Standing in queues
waiting for a coaster ride
waiting in line
like sheep
waiting to be sheared
a little scared
anxious
waiting
sometimes for hours
for two minutes of hell
or excitement
depends on your age
'want to go again? '
asked the kids
'no, we will have a coffee while you do'
Standing in queues
waiting to be served
warm coffee
expensive food
while the kids stand in queues

Phil Soar

These Days

These days

My ankles hurt from all the walking
As I take my dogs around the countryside
My heart is extra heavy, carrying so much love
And my grown up kids, have filled my mind with pride.

These days

The past holds very special memories
Treasured pleasures from my childhood years
Packed in boxes, stored inside the 'bogey hole'
The place under the stairs I always feared

These days

The motherboard that holds my processor
And sits inside my skull, till called upon
Is missing now the latest intel medium
And the storage space is there, but almost gone

These days

The sound of silence is a comfort zone
Where I must go to leave the world behind
To dwell a while and search for new encounters
To energise and re-ignite my mind

These days

I am more settled with my loneliness
Preferring my own company to people who
Have called on me when I just feel I need a break
Even though I've many things to do

These days

I crave for nothing more than some more time
So that I may enjoy these later days
To sit and listen to the birds, as spring arrives
And feast on all the sights as nature plays

These days

I give more than I should to others
And spend less time enjoying what I can

And yet you see, these days are just so meaningful
Because you see, these days,
I'm my own man

Phil Soar

These Dog Days

These days our walks are slower
Their age almost mimics mine
Our ailments don't hold us back however
But time does

These days our walks have more meaning
One man and his dogs, in harmony
We notice more as we stroll along
And we take in more of the sights and sounds

These days they take more time
Their senses more sensitive than mine
After all, they always have been that way
I never sniff the grass though

These days we are on the same wavelength
Knowing how far is far enough
I sometimes hold back so they can catch up
And sometimes they do for me

These days I long for more of them
More of the days,
More of the companionship
And sometimes I pray for these days

These days they still make me smile
As we travel the woods and fields
Their habits always amusing
They seek my approval

These days I allow us more time and space
Where we can become as one
A shame I cannot show them how happy they make me
I wish I had a tail to wag

These days they understand me
I do not overestimate how much they do for me
How they complete each day
Even though these days our walks are slower

Footnote:

This is dedicated to Both Marley and Misty, two wonderful dogs and also to my previous dogs K.C and Ben.

Each of them different, but equally loved companions.

Phil Soar

These Sights

Daffodils caught by spring winds
Tulips beginning to make their presence known
Although their petals will wait
When warmer sun will encourage them to open
Deflecting the eyes from the yellows
Onto the sight of varying colours
Dancing in the sun, to a windswept tune
And opening the way for much more
The spring is here, and so are the flowers

Phil Soar

These Words Of Mine

I cannot raise my sub-conscious mind
Drawing from it that which soothes me
Because it feels like it's not there
Subjecting me to guilt for that inability

I traced my steps on the route to inner happiness
But faltered, as my status was unknown
With no memory of where I'd been, or how I got there
Or even how my memories had grown

The words flow quickly from my inner conscious mind
And sometimes have no meaning and distress me
For there's no indication where they come from
Or what on earth they all purport to be

No substance in the meaning of these random words
Where flows my moods, that no-one else can see?
In streams of adjectives they drift on aimlessly
And Reside in that sub-conscious side in me

Phil Soar

They Make Me Smile

A canal boat moored next to a pub
The best place I could be
A small café, some miles away
And an English cup of tea
A cycle ride on a bridal path
Where horses gallop by
A walk across a farmers field
And a leap over a sty
These things can all help make you smile
When the days are grey and wet
And the thought of spring, and remembering
Are the warmest feelings yet

Phil Soar

They Shared Love

There was a chemistry between them
No wonder they shared love
No scientific reason
Just help from up above
A charismatic partnership
No-one could tear apart
With love around them everywhere
Right from the very start

Phil Soar

Thick And Fast

The comments came in thick and fast
On Facebook and on Twitter
Some were aimed to please the mind
And some were just plain bitter
These people have devices
Sewn into their Psyche
Me? I'd rather go outside
And pedal on my bikey! ! !

Phil Soar

Things

Each time I reach for something new, the old seems better placed
And things I know are passed their best, I know I should replace
But some things are so special, while some are just my hoard
They are something I rely on, whenever I am bored

Phil Soar

Things To Come?

What shape are things to come?
how long before we're done?
How long the death when earth has gone?
Before some other planet carries on.

Phil Soar

This Beauty All Around

The beauty that is all around should generate more smiles
And everything that happens should be good all of the while
Just think of how that feeling would endorse a sense of thrill
And populate your vision with an element of skill

Trust that everything you do will only be for good
And let your own sub-conscious state, be peaceful as it should
And maybe then your future will develop naturally
And the beauty that is all around will make us all happy

Phil Soar

This Child

Those crystal clear eyes
Like a jewel in a crown
That devilish look that says
'Leave me alone'
Those chuckles and chortles
That fill us with glee
Those precious few moments
He sits on your knee

The gentle persuasion
His mocking reply
The forceful emotions
When he starts to cry
That constant reminder
When he's by your side
Pick him up: Put him down
Bring him in, Go outside

Delicate fingers
Reach out for your hand
Those powerful legs
That will help him to stand
The filigree waves
In his beautiful hair
The innocent mind
That hasn't a care

Constructing his image
He dictates what he needs
From developing senses
He learns and proceeds
He encourages laughter
And dwells on reaction
He will quickly dismantle
A building blocks mansion

The learning begins
As his life-cycle turns
He grows very swiftly

His energy burns
When time waits for no-one
The seasons pass by
He'll be changing within them
On that we rely

With amazing ability
This child has become
The root of the family
Almost number one
May the lord keep him safe
And may love always show
He is precious, beguiling
The one truth we know

Phil Soar

This Forest

I cast my shadow on the forest floor
As beams of sunlight breached the canopy
Who else could witness what my eyesight saw?
What else was there to set my vision free?

It followed that as clouds would float on by
My shadow would be lost sometimes in shade
And then just as the sun re-lit the sky
The image cast would then appear replayed

As footprints left their mark in thick leaf mold
And each new step was taken with such ease
The sight of footpaths etched in every fold
Was more than just a route between the trees

This woodland with its smells and history
I felt that this was like a warm embrace
As nature weaved a blissful memory
And cobwebs sometimes brushed across my face

Phil Soar

This Garden Of Mine

If my garden lifts my spirits, how does this co-relate?
To the mood I'm in, or my own mental state
If my time spent with nature, helps create relaxation
Perhaps it's a signal of my destination
Spending my leisure with the world at my feet
Feeling relaxed makes me feel quite complete
Trusting that all that I see and I smell
Can only mean that I am comfortably well

Phil Soar

This Is Deep

All through the silence I felt mystified and lost
No sound to ease the mind or give release
And smiling through the day had left a strain on my resource
And nothing can restore my faith in god

I left some innocence when I screamed angrily at nothing
While my efforts to be trusting lost their faith
And all through this emotional strain my methods questioned me
Believing in my lasting will, has kept my life on course

I shed the disbelief when I was told that hurt would come
And delved into my past to see what messages I might have left
In places where my soul had left it's imprint on my mind
And the anguish was no sympathetic gain

I sit in silence watching, as the world goes by
I watch nothing because it no longer has meaning
I stretch my lone reflection in a mirror of doubt
I search for answers inside grief and pain

Phil Soar

This Is Earth

I took a leaf from nature book
I pasted it upon my wall
It matched the way I felt about
The wonders of the natural world
A part of something special
And a source of great enjoyment
That keeps a certain mindset
And takes minds off work employment

To be a part of all we see
And exercise our will to learn
Can help to rest our thoughtfulness
And modify the way we yearn
For times and moments in our lives
Where nothing matters but the earth
And everything that warms our hearts
Is priceless since our time of birth

Phil Soar

This Is My Moon

You re-appear alongside stars on clear dark nights
Reminding me of how you rule my world
Of how you circumvent my every waking day
And how, because of you, my life unfurled.

Your shadow follows me with every step I take
And the thought of losing you is just traumatic
And when you're new or full, I just can't concentrate
Your ever presence makes me so ecstatic.

So stay with me for every day I live my life
To have you right beside me means I'm good
And I'd never feel as comfortable without you
And don't imagine how I ever would.

Moon

Phil Soar

This Isle

You know me don't you?
This isle
This piece of land that holds you in
Carpeted in green and pleasant sights
Trees so old they ache
Branches so old they break
Flowers so beautiful
Views so plentiful
Streams so clear they reflect all
Mountains so tall
And wonders all
You know me don't you?

Phil Soar

This Land

The field I'm in is full of mystery
From the voles near the stream to the Owl's Majesty
The thistles in the rough full of bees
The beauty of it all pleases me
The land I tread is my homestead
From the grasses in the breeze
To the Elm and Oak canopies
And the birds straying through
The land that I knew
This is where I like to be

Phil Soar

This Planet Of Ours

Traces of Silverlight
Floating down from space
Lighting up the evening sky
In a universe embrace
Drifting on through galaxies
Passing moons and stars
Speeding past this planet
That we call Ours

Phil Soar

This Shifting Season

A shift in highs and lows
Can shiver up your toes
As sun turns into cold
Grey skies there to behold
And the mood becomes dull and blank
We all have autumn to thank

And yet there will be blue some days
Brilliant sunshine brightening days
As grey turns blue and a welcome hue
Turns the mood from dull to cheer
We all have the sun to thank

Phil Soar

This Site []

I like the way the site has such an impact
All around the world the rhymes and prose is penned
But will the thoughts of others still remain intact
When the days of purpose all come to an end?

So much angst and pain spread across continents
Not many laughs to re-ignite your day
But many lovely comments and some compliments
Can drive away the pain along the way

Phil Soar

This Wonderful Isle

Walking through valleys and woodland retreats
With beauty around you, and logs for some seats
Birds singing sweetly with sultry refrain
Watching the clouds as they roll in with rain

A typical day on this wonderful isle
Captured in-situ and raising a smile
Without explanation the sun shines again
After a brief interval of pouring rain

Phil Soar

Thomas Claribold

Thomas Claribold was not that old
In fact he was in infancy and toothless
Who would have thought that he
Would not make twenty three
Because he'd grow up being so damn ruthless

Phil Soar

Thomas Edison

He turned on the light he invented
And the world would be better for it
And people around contemplated
If he was a bit of a tit

But he proved that he was quite the genius
There was one thing no-one really knew
That he had quite an enormous penis
And it lit up the room when it grew!

Phil Soar

Those Sounds

It's not easy when the sounds begin
Creating such an awful din
And as they infiltrate the mind
I find it hard to just unwind
I think of you from time to time
Knowing that you should be mine
But as I made your life such hell
We didn't get on all that well
And when these sounds wouldn't let me be
I thought that you'd look after me
Instead you're gone and left a note
Just before you slit your throat
And I'm alone with just that letter
A million miles from getting better

Phil Soar

Thought Patterns

My thoughts are like patterns
Drawn with an artistic flair
Across a canvas of dreams
Beyond feelings
Drifting
With an air of humility
Cascading through memories
Leaving imprints that are almost photographic

Sometimes I wish they would stop
So that I can relax in serenity
Not worrying about their details
No feelings to mix with reality
Just photographs
On a canvas of dreams
Cascading like a waterfall
Going nowhere
Except into a pool of expectation

Phil Soar

Thought Provoking

Sometimes my thoughts turn to lonely
Where the seeds of despair have been sown
And if I give them time to develop
I'm afraid I'll be lost and alone

Phil Soar

Thoughts

I talk a lot to myself these days
Muttering things I might not want to forget
But forgetting anyway
Memories are easy to recall
But not so the everyday things
Later in life it happens I guess
It's how we regress
And we cope because we have to
I think a lot these days
And not all good things
That's life

Phil Soar

Thoughts And Words?

The words of William Shakespeare
The thoughts of Chairman Mao
The fields of gold in banking vaults
The feelings in my soul
The hearts of many lovers
The smiles on every child
The cautious way I stroll through life
The strides I took to find you
The epic trip I followed, and
The stars that shone around you
The source of love and passion
The thought that I might miss it
The lipstick shining on you mouth
The feelings when I kiss it
The utter wealth of loving
The way you love me too
The emphasis I put on life
Is wonderful and true

Phil Soar

Thoughts Without Meaning

Thoughts without meaning confuse my mind
Dealt out so randomly, no place to unwind
Mixed with reality, dished up with fate
Ignoring those thoughts, leave me in a state

Cutting remarks make for un-fettered times
Whisper them quietly, don't fluff those lines
Walk away quietly, don't stand around
Better forgotten, and left on the ground

Thoughts without meaning, tales without end
Trusting reality, needing a friend
Random predicaments, dealt with by grief
Thoughts without meaning, better off brief

Phil Soar

Three Was A Mystery

Turning Three was a mystery to me
All those people crowding into a colourful room
Singing that song
Over and over
Giving me cake
Then wondering why I was called 'little chubby'
Conflicting remarks
'He will grow out of it'
Not if I like cake this much!

Phil Soar

Three's Company

We didn't know she'd crawled into our bed
Looking for some warmth and comfort there
Cuddling up, no words were even said
She snuggled closer with her teddy bear
And then she drifted off into the night
As legs and arms unfurled across our faces
Oblivious to Mum and Daddy's plight
She slept right through, and left no empty spaces

Phil Soar

Through The Eyes Of A Child

Through the eyes of a child
Seek out darkness and let in light
Through the tears of a child
Show them kindness and help them fight
Through the thoughts of a child
Teach them well and help them on their way
And through their minds, you might just find
Excitement there today

Phil Soar

Through The Tulips

I tiptoed through the tulips on a sunny day in May
My feet touched nature at its best
And all I had were memories
No camera to record events
And so I stood awhile and wallowed in the feeling
Storing my thoughts deep within
And when I re-booted, I recalled them
And strode on with my May Day walk
Happy in the thought that I would not forget
For now

Phil Soar

Tickled

I tickled her under the chin
She giggled like a fool
It's what I chose to tickle with
That broke a golden rule

Phil Soar

Tickling Jim

I ran around tickling everyone
And revelled in the smiles It brought
I'd tickle them and then I'd be gone
I didn't think I might get caught

I'd like a name to go with this trait
Like Tickling Jim from the laughter store
I'd run up to people, then make them wait
And afterward they might want some more

Phil Soar

Ticks & Fleas

Walking through fields with ticks and fleas
Taking bites out of your knees
Shorts are worn at the ramblers peril
Until you're bitten by something feral

Phil Soar

Tides

I watched as the tide ebb and flowed
And washed all those waves to the shore
They came to an end in a moment
And in seconds, were not there anymore

And as new ones began off the shoreline
And returned to the beach at such pace
I sat in the surf and imagined
That there really was no better place

Phil Soar

Tie Pin Errors

Sometimes when I Tipe I can make some mistooks
When I am tyred my fingurs play twicks
And when I reed it bak, It's not how it shud look
And I feel like a bit of a pwick

Phil Soar

Tiger, Tiger, Blocking My Way

His stance, as he stood there, blocking my way
Suggested that this might be my last day
A tiger as bright as a Tiger might be
Standing there, motionless, staring at me

I doubt that I could have been any more scared
This wasn't a day when I'd been well prepared
And yet when I thought that this might be the end
The tiger said Hi, and we soon became friends!

Phil Soar

Tigger

I wish I was like Tigger
And bouncing everywhere
Enjoying life with vigour
Without a single care
I love his take on funny things
He's always having fun
And with all the laughs his antics bring
He is the only one

Phil Soar

Tightrope Walking

I took to tightrope walking
as I did to drive a car
I tried to cross a canyon
but I didn't get too far!

Phil Soar

Time

Make up your mind for the rest of your time
Meet your future with smiles and be smart
Take comfort from today, put your bias away
And be glad that you've just taken part

Phil Soar

Time For A Rhyme?

At Times
My Rhymes
Are nonsense

As I type the words flow endlessly
Without meaning

There are those who believe them all
Not understanding how my moods vary
And that controlling them is endless
A problem that cannot be overcome
Without a serious change in direction

So the roads I sometimes drift along
Have no end
But instead it's like a superhighway to the stars
And the moon
Where the trials of my life begin and end

So forgive these lapses dear reader
Indiscriminate lines of prose
Set me aside from those
Who have certain skills
And lessen my will to process the words

Normal service will resume as soon as possible
Probably after the new moon

Phil Soar

Time Passes

The days can't get much longer
The hours fly by so fast
The minutes tick by endlessly
The seconds never last
And all the time, the effort
That it takes to make a day
Seems meaningless when someones lost
Or their time has gone away.

Phil Soar

Time Running Out

Running's not so easy now
As time has seemed to show
The chances of me falling down
Are not for me to know
It's only when the doctor checks the heart that raises doubt
I realize I'm getting on, and time is running out

Phil Soar

Time To Reflect

At times my mind seems like it stalls
As if it rests on laurels
And yet those moments allow some re-generation
Time for me to sit and not think about anything
Where my friends are
What my family are up to
How my old workplace is coping without me.

Time to reflect on nothing
No doubts
No fears
Just empty thoughts
Nothing to upset my balance or future
Moments where youth is forgotten
The mid-life events no longer in focus
And the ageing frame I occupy no longer aches.

I am learning to treasure these moments
And the more I take these 'time-outs'
The more I feel invigorated
And when I return to normality
The clock starts to tick again
Then thoughts begin to encourage hope and pleasure
Welcoming my mind back from pause
I feel alive

Phil Soar

Time Travel

If I could travel back in time, I wonder where I'd choose?
A land of milk and honey, or some avenue of booze?
Whichever one would please me most, I do not really care
If I could travel back in time, I'd love that I was there

Phil Soar

Time Waits For Nothing

The wind whips up the sea
I watch as white froth crashes among the rocks
They become targets for erosion
And with each crash a little more land returns to the ocean
Once dry, and now forever washed away
It's nutrient nature replenishes where it settles
And time waits for nothing

Phil Soar

Timeless (My Body Clock)

In my imagination time is endless
And even when I sleep it runs amok
I even dream when I'm awake and restless
I guess that's just part of my body clock

Phil Soar

Times Square

I followed crowds through Times Square
No-one knew that I was there
The hustle and bustle generating pace
All this just like a human race
With stores bulging with shoppers
Red buses with public 'hop on-hop offers'
Colours so vibrant on building walls
While no-one notices me at all
Tickets for every available thing
Balloons for kids tied up with string
A social mixture of young and old
Some quite quiet and some so bold
Crowds bring fun to a vibrant place
Smiles all on more than one face

Phil Soar

Timing

How swiftly time goes by as we all age
The hours and minutes become centre stage
They pass by with a regular rhythmic flow
Always speeding up, and never slow

Phil Soar

Tiresome Tears

I fear, that tears, bring memories near
Thoughts I can't explain, pour like rain
My cheeks stained by the flow
Of memories from long ago

Phil Soar

Titled

His title never stopped him on the road to kingdom come
He turned his nose at the garden hose, his gardener was the one
Who carried out his wishes, when it came to all his grounds
He owned a vast estate, and rode the hunt with all the hounds
The servants called him sir, and they were at his beck and call
He had a thousand paintings hanging on his mansion wall
But that made little impact, when the grim reaper appeared
The gardener made a hole for him, and then he disappeared

Phil Soar

Titles

He had letters after his name
Did it mean he was better than me?
No doubt he'd accomplished some fame
But his title was not OBE, but PHD.

Phil Soar

To Brighten The Day

Drifting past me
Blown away by a soft and gentle breeze
Carried along by warm air
The brief spell of emptiness filled a void
And that breath of fresh air was all it took
To brighten the day

Phil Soar

Today, Tomorrow, Yesterday

Yesterday, today seemed many weeks away
Tomorrow was a long long way from home
And as I sleep tomorrow creeps forever forward
And when I wake, today is on it's own

Phil Soar

Together

Together
When things get tough
Partners
In this life we're in
Dreamers
When things lay ahead
Lovers
In our marital bed
Lifers
When we said I do
Together
That is me and you

Phil Soar

Together/Apart

Together, we were something else
Apart, we don't belong
We once shared everything we had
But now the Love is gone
And if we should be haunted
By the way we fell apart
I wish the love we flaunted
Could mend my broken heart

Phil Soar

Togetherness

We talk, and there's a light that shines so brightly
As I listen to the sunshine in your voice
I can't explain the nature of the comfort
I get from making you my pride and joy
With every day that passes, you amaze me
Juggling as you do, the daily grind
Making sense of all you see around you
Yet steady in your body, soul and mind

We move, and arm in arm we are together
I watch you, as you move in time with life
I'm glad that when we touch, there is a sparkle
That makes me glad you'll always be my wife
With every day that passes, you amaze me
Moving heaven and earth to be the best
Involved in spreading happiness around you
Giving life a special kind of zest

We trust, and in each other we have friendship
I look, and realise we're intertwined
And nothing life can throw at us can part us
You are the person locked inside my mind
With every day that passes, you astound me
No other in my life has such a gift
You trust, you love, and every day is special
Because you give my heart a daily lift

We share, and when we do, I can't imagine
A life with out you always at my side
You need to be aware that your love matters
And I look on you with love and endless pride
With every day that passes, I am happy
To know you are around to help me through
And nothing matters more than sharing everything
And everything I share will be with you.

Phil Soar

Toilet Cultures

Western habits on the loo
Mean that we can aim our poo
Into a bowl, where it can then be flushed
But Eastern habits mean I fear
That with Asian Diarrhea
The floor ends up a dirty sort of slush

With apologies. It's only a thought and where this rhyme came from I have no idea.

Phil Soar

Tolerance

The less than tolerant nature of my feelings
has questioned my whole attitude to caring
my thoughts have left my understanding reeling
about the reasons I don't feel like sharing

There comes a time, when relatively speaking
adjusting to conditions should be fair
and yet the common answers that I'm seeking
are hanging like a noose, high in the air

I really need the time to process actions
to realise why I should feel this way
I wonder why our meetings seem so fractious
and my lack of tolerance gets in the way

So give me time to piece things all together
and please be patient while I seek the truth
and maybe, all my thoughts will tell me whether
I can treat you as I did as a youth.

Phil Soar

Tom The Badger

Down in the woods, by the side of the trees,
Lived a badger called Tom, with 4 wobbly knees,
He had such a problem in walking around,
He couldn't go out without making a sound,
So a kindly young hedgehog, named Tigglesworth Spike,
Loaned him the use of his Battery bike,
So Tom can go hunting at varying pace,
And not fall or wobble all over the place.

Phil Soar

Tomorrow

Reminding me of yesterday
Tomorrow comes along
And things that yesterday seemed strange
Have been, and come, and gone
Memories last forever
Though all lie in the past
If only we could re-arrange our days
And make them
Last

Phil Soar

Too Late

Too many notions breaking the silence and mystery
Of days of torture, hurt and pain, and war
Too many stories bearing nothing but distaste
Hurtful actions resulting in tears and breaking hearts
In the fullness of time our sins will be our downfall
And all that went before will be our history
Taking away the most wonderful memories
Mixing them with violence
And concealing nothing
Too late, we may see the pitfalls of our crimes
Only to follow those who sought to hurt us
And those who inflict the pain have no remorse
Too late, and then too soon,
For everyone

Phil Soar

Too Much Rain

The way the rain was falling
t was like the sky was full
The grey and dank mysterious clouds
that make it so darn miserable
With water everywhere you look,
and overhead, more rain
It's almost just impossible
to not go quite insane

Reflected in the growing pools
the faces of the few
Struggling to hold back the swell
and wondering what to do
No sign of any let up
and no way to stop it falling
Could it be a sign of things to come
and nature that is calling
All the shots

Phil Soar

Too Much Rain 2015

I ran across the field at breakneck speed
My feet a blur through tears I shed
A fleeting glimpse of grass so green
A carpet of cushions amidst sodden turf
So much rain washing away the things I love
Sweeping aside all in its path
Damaging lives without mercy
Expecting us to show resilience
To rebuild
Until the next time

Phil Soar

Too Much Romance?

Have you ever run from romance?
Perhaps when you were young
And thought of love and intimacy
As something that was wrong

And maybe when you thought of it
Before you went to bed
You played around all by yourself
Because that was safe instead

Phil Soar

Too Much Sadness

'There's too much sadness now' she said
'It won't be long before you're dead
So fill your life with happiness and fun
Don't wallow in self pity
Grab a pen, and write a ditty
For you won't have time for that when you are done'

Phil Soar

Topical Writes

The topics of my poems seem to range from good to bad
I've written about many things, since I was just a lad
From nature to life's many faults, and others in between
From paper plates and mass debates, and sights that I have seen

Some flow like tides on moonlit nights, and light my merry way
While others seem to flounder, when I don't have much to say
And some are very flexible, and change as I compose
Resulting in a mixture of bad verbs and muddled prose

The comments I receive are like a welcome mat of sorts
They lift my spirits and inspire some other writing thoughts
I love the interaction from the folk across the world
My face lights up with pleasure as their comments all unfurl

So I will just keep pen in hand, in case I get ideas
Whether they be wonderful or just relate my fears
I'll keep the spontaneity, for that's what suits my mood
The odd rhyme that will make you think, and some just very rude

Phil Soar

Torch Bearer

She carried a torch for Michael
And he hadn't got a clue
For she was a girl from Anchorage
And he lived in Timbuktu

Phil Soar

Torn

The paper torn and lying next to me
among the others scattered all around
reminded me how fickle love can be
and how a broken promise lets you down

The poems that you wrote had me elated
and now they have been ripped and cast aside
those words that fed my heart, were love related
and fill my mind and soul with so much pride

And now, no words could ever bring the feelings back
the last and final words we spoke, were bland
and the poems that I kept in gilt edged paperback
have been destroyed in loves own velvet hand

Phil Soar

Torrents

A thousand tons of water flowing from an unknown source
Nothing in its way can slow it down, or go off course
And when it drops a thousand metres, bursting through the air
A waterfalls created, and it's great that I am there

Phil Soar

Tortured Souls

So many tortured people
Writing nothing but sadness
Or reflections of madness
Not believing in better things
Not hearing how their hearts beat
In time with melodies so fine they shimmer
In a light of perfect symmetry
And yet still they write of sadness
why?

Phil Soar

Touch My Heart

Touch my heart softly with delicate hands
Never make waves on the soft golden sands
Only take memories from all that you see
Touch my heart softly and set feelings free

Phil Soar

Touching The Moon

If I could only touch the moon
It seems so close sometimes
If I could only see up close
It's mystical lunar lines
Like sand across a desert floor
I guess it would be vast
I wish that I could touch the moon
And make the feeling last

Phil Soar

Toward The Light

The light from the edge of the forest shone like sunbeams through the canopy
Falling on the floor and shedding its warmth across the greenery
Bringing a wealth of fungi to life, sharing its blessing with life at ground level
And opening up the surface as new life broke through stretching upwards
Toward the light

Phil Soar

Toxic

The toxic words she twittered
Were as hurtful as could be
Full of choice obscenities
And flowing so freely
She voiced her very feelings
With vitriolic wit
And all because I said I felt her mother was a tit

Phil Soar

Toxic Metaphors

The toxic use of metaphors that people use each day
Makes me wish I could click 'pause', and make them go away,
When things are better left unsaid, and words are not required
Then life can be exceptional, and we all might be inspired

Phil Soar

Toys

He built a haunted dolls house
To scare the girls to death
Some gallows for a cowboy game
To catch the young boys breath
It all was quite macabre
But dad thought it was fun
Until his wife came up to him
And shot him with home-made gun

Phil Soar

Traces Of Me

Traces of me
Left in spaces where I have been
Places on tarmac
Lawns of green
Countryside picturesque
Farm land, manured
Streams and rivers
Where feelings were pure
Dazzling emptiness
That's what I know
A stroll in my own time
Footsteps in the snow
Casting my spell
Where the earth touches me
Feeling alone
But ever so free

Phil Soar

Tracing My Steps

If I could trace my steps, what would they say of me?
Would all those imprints fade into a mystery?
What would an archaeologist in later days
Make of my meanderings and wandering ways?

Phil Soar

Tracing Patterns

I traced a pattern in the sky
When all the stars were shining
And later as the clouds passed by
It needed some refining
And like a painters canvas
It became a work of art
A pattern with a meaning
And traced with all my heart

Phil Soar

Tracing Steps

Tracing my steps over trips to the woods
With the sights and the sounds ever present
Gives me strength to display, my joy of the day
And the way every walk is so pleasant

I would give up most things, just to fly on birds wings
And to see from the sky up above
All these things that please me, from a plant to a tree
This beauty in all that I love

Phil Soar

Trained Orchestra

The Orchestra played timely on the Orient Express
As scenes flew by the windows at some pace
However, there was someone
Who was sat there in disgrace
A member of the brass who should desist
He played too loud, and he was proud
To be a deep train trombonist

Phil Soar

Training

They trained together every day for years and years and years
The pain and trauma they endured reduced them both to tears
And then one day the starter, turned up with the wrong gun
And accidentally shot them, and their training was all done

Phil Soar

Trampolining

My dad bought me a trampoline
To bounce on as I pleased
I flew over next doors fence
And have broken both my knees

Phil Soar

Transylvanian Pain

I went to Transylvania to meet a well known count
I knocked upon the castle door, but no-one was about
It wasn't until darkness fell, that someone was around
Right then it flew from up above, and pinned me to the ground

I felt a sort of bite that made me think it was a bat
And then I went a shade of white, and thought that that was that
My blood was being drained from every corner of my frame
It made me realise I won't be coming here again!

Phil Soar

Travelling

I sat among the roses and the fragrance took my breath away
I walked across a meadow and the distance led my mind astray
I sailed across an ocean and the waves accompanied the spray
I drove a hundred miles or more with only just a slight delay
I flew across a continent to reach a temple where I'd pray
And every time I left my home, I knew that I'd be back some day

Phil Soar

Treasure Trove

The house is like a treasure trove of monumental size
Everything from socks to bikes are stored before your eyes
Some are lost forever, as you don't know where they've gone
Lying around in a constant mess, as the cobwebs linger on

Dust and woodlice hang about, the very place your searching
And you are there, with dust filled hair, looking like an urchin
And even if you find that thing you need after some years
The mice have probably chewed it up, and that would end in tears

Phil Soar

Treasures

Imagine if you would, a life in places that you've only dreamt
OF things you wish you owned, instead of things that you've been lent
Of snow and ice, and sun and rain, all seeking out your pleasure
A place where everything you see, is regarded as a treasure

Imagine if you would, a complicated mix of treasures
Ones that you can sit and muse about, whilst at your leisure
Index them in folders, labelled 'smiles' and 'joy' and such
Then reflect on them, every now and then, and enjoy them oh so much

Phil Soar

Treasures I Share

I often spread my treasured thoughts around
I wait for memories to set inside my mind
Sharing them with those who raise my spirits
Storing them carefully for future use
And when the day provides me with the opportunity
I hope to give them to those who care
Brightening their day
Making mine

Phil Soar

Treatment

It's nonsense thinking life owes you a living
it does not
It's nonsense that there should be some forgiving
it does not
It's right that life is what we make of it
That's what it is
It's nonsense that the world is not in trouble
because it is.

It's nonsense thinking that there is a purpose
there is not
It's nonsense that we all deserve to be here
we do not
It's nonsense that we treat each other badly
as we do
It's even worse the way we treat god's creatures
we just do

Phil Soar

Tree Of Life

The tree of life has branches almost everywhere
Just like my local pharmacy, and I am often there
As I get old, my bark is much worse than younger days
And like the tree, my bits fall off, when autumn has it's way

Phil Soar

Trending

I wrote a poem yesterday
Someone said it was 'trending'
I had no sense of what that meant
Social media wrote the ending
And now I'm almost trended out
And back to somewhere plain
I will not write another one
In case I go insane

Phil Soar

Trespassing

No trespassers allowed, the notice read
Stuck on a tree, a hundred feet ahead
But I insist my 'right to roam' is free
No-one will ever be the boss of me
And yet I understand the need for privacy
It's not my land, and I should behave properly
But I cannot resist the thought that I
Can wander where I like as I pass by

Phil Soar

Triangular Cheese

What is the purpose of triangular cheese?

It won't fit on my bread

So instead I'll have a slice of cake

That's a great option instead

Phil Soar

Trick Or Treat

The trick or treater's knocked our door
I tried my best to hide
And then I saw the ghostly eyes
All peering from outside
They opened up the letter flap
And screamed "we know you're home"
I sat there listening to this crap
And wished I was alone
But they were not deflected
From the task they should complete
Their skills had been perfected
As they wandered up our street
I waited for a little while
And hoped they would be gone
I gently drew the curtains back
And looked out from beyond
The little bastards shocked me
They had hidden by a tree
And as I looked into the night
They scared the shit from me
And so I opened up the door
And played a trick on them
I sprayed them with some custard
Hoping it got rid of them
I hadn't contemplated
That their parents were there too
The night began to darken
The air was turned to blue
The language got a little coarse
And so did my nose too
A father punched me in the face
And broke my nose in two
It left me feeling queasy
My eyes were all a glaze
I should have just been happy
To join this stupid craze
So maybe next October
I'll go out for the night
And then the brats can knock the door

And stand around all night.

Phil Soar

Trickling By

I lay beside the waterfall and listened as the water trickled by
I heard no sound for miles around, just water as it trickled by
And then the silence broken by a splash as water trickled by
I wondered what had happened and the water just kept trickling by
The stone had hit me on the head, as water just kept trickling by
And I'd fallen in the pool below, as water kept on trickling by
The muffled noise was tempered by the water keeping trickling by
And as I lay there drowning, all the water kept on trickling by
With my last breath I heard no sound, as water kept on trickling by
And as the pool engulfed me all the water kept on trickling by
The wildlife returned to the pool from where the water trickled by
And life returned to a murky pool, and yet for me, it trickled by

Phil Soar

Trojan Virus

They said there was a TROJAN in my system
That it would soon infect my very core
My INTEL would soon cease to have a function
And my hard drive would be ever so slightly sore

It would cost me almost more than I could handle
To restore everything, and stop the hacking
And yet I bought it just last week on E-Bay
And had only just removed the outer packing

So somewhere in the magic 'super highway'
Where all things internet have a black hole
Someone else has now got my identity
And I no longer feel that I am whole

Phil Soar

Troubled

If my world should stop revolving
Or my troubles get too much
When I need someone to turn to
Who will save me with a touch
A word or just a warm embrace
To help to see me through
I know that there is someone I can count on..
and it's you.

Phil Soar

Troubles

There are times
When troubles are meaningless to me
And nothing can explain the way I feel
There are moments
When nothing is all that I can see
And time seems almost empty and unreal

There are days
When sympathy is not the thing I need
And comfort is a pleasure I can't find
There are hours
That I sit alone, and watch as life goes by
And the emptiness makes shadows in my mind

So in measuring
The many ways I strive to ease the pain
I can't complete the course I need to take
But resolving
All these issues as I go along my way
I must forget the times I've made mistakes

Phil Soar

Trumped

Standing on a precipice
Where no-one's stood before
I stare down into the abyss
Unstable and unsure
I wonder where the future lies
And whether I should jump
And the one guy I'd want with me
On the trip, Is Donald Trump

Phil Soar

Trust

I trust in many things
but sometimes life just isn't like that
and justifying trust is complicated
I always thought of everything as honest
and now I find I'm always aggravated

A life without much honesty is flawed
and it seems that more or less I'm damaged goods
and looking for a reason for my insecurity
is like a search for ashes in the dust

Phil Soar

Trust Me - I'm A Doctor

'Trust me- I'm a doctor'
Said the man attending me
Trying to establish
How I'd fallen from a tree
How stupid was I feeling
As I lay upon the floor
An OAP, up in a tree
At the age of sixty four

Phil Soar

Truth And Honesty

The true and honest facts could soon escape me
And what I see, can't separate the two
But deep inside I know the worst is coming
And there'll be no escape for me and you

The times I waited in, and worried for you
Not knowing where you were, but hoping soon
That I might doubt the facts, yet see right through you
And sweep away the thoughts with hope, not gloom

I gave without instruction or contrition
I worshipped, with no thought of recompense
And for you to feed the gun with ammunition
To me, made not an ounce of common sense

So as that truth controlled honest reaction
I'm truly sorry for the end result
In time I will announce a small retraction
Until then, and for now, I will revolt

Phil Soar

Truth And Lies

Tortured by lies in early life
Not able to see rhyme or reason
Worried by armies of jealousy
Marching through minds set on treason

Crawling with guilt, resurrecting my past
Not able to shed my emotions
Destroyed by a process of guilt ridden youth
And the symptoms of hurt and devotions

I have spent so much time seeking treasures
Just a word or two meaning the most
Not expecting the lies and the pain thus received
From a so called impervious host

Dwelling on things that happened before me
I'm on trial in my mind for a cause
How nice it would be to hear some true words
Or the odd pleasant round of applause

Phil Soar

Tulips

The tulips are appearing now
Peeping out from underground
Searching light and nourishment
Waiting to spread their colour around
Those petals missing as they emerge
In gardens and by roadside verge
Alongside crocus crying out
Spreading happiness about
Following snow drops as they fade
Leaving Daffodils in the shade
Tulips give my heart a lift
A springtime joy
A joyous gift

Phil Soar

Tulips 2

The soft petals of tulips no longer thrill my soul
The once proud stem held such beauty
Now pinched to avoid setting seed
Goodness returning to the bulb
Preparing for next spring
When my eyes will brighten and smiles return

Phil Soar

Tune In To Nature

The rain has freshened the air
and split opinion
and now the sun is breaking through again
how beautiful the greenery
how views change
and how wonderful we get the chance to thank the rain

We might lose faith at times
feel lost a blue
no chance to get outside and watch the world go by
to sit and revel in nature
raise our spirits
welcome the return of the sun and the blue sky

Phil Soar

Turn The Lights Off

'Turn off that light! ', my mum would say
'We don't give Ohms and Amps away,
We barely can afford to pay the rent'
So I became an electrician
Which was quite a welcome vision
And my time as an apprentice was well spent

I rewired all the property
Connected it to the grid for free
And all our lights shone brightly all the time
My mother then went blind
Looking at the light that shined
And I was soon arrested for the crime

Phil Soar

Turning A New Leaf

I took a leaf out of her book and tried to speak non stop
I ran a hundred miles, though she thought that I would drop
I had to run away, because I chose to answer back
I tried to hide away, but she then went on the attack

She reached inside her memory, to trace my whereabouts
She found the place I'd hidden, and she turned it inside out
But In anticipation, I had doubled back around
And when she realised I'd gone, she made an awful sound

Imagine if you will, a pig that's squealing for it's life
Well, that's the noise that's emanating from my angry wife
And when she finally finds me, I'm sure I will regret
Speaking out of line and not apologising yet.

Phil Soar

Turning The Clock Back

'You'll lose an hours sleep tonight', she said
and then she smacked me hard across the head
'you'll lose a few hours more you piece of crap'
As she laid another blow that made a crack
She left me lying on the floor, and then
She turned the clock back one more hour again
thinking that authorities would find me dead
she left another blow across my head
the time, for me, drew slowly to a close
as blood began to pour out of my nose
the minutes and the seconds shaped my fate
I tried to reach the phone, but much to late
they found me in the early morning light
with the clock insisting it was dead of night

Phil Soar

Twice Nightly

Politely, twice nightly, I asked her
Would she help with a little extraction
But she wouldn't perform, from night until dawn
As my antics would cause a distraction

Phil Soar

Twin Towers

Where two towers stood, now one stands proud
Built almost up to the clouds
To show how life must venture on
Even though the two have gone
The faces in the memorial museum
Looking down on those who want to see them
With tears that stain the viewers eyes
Images creating multiple sighs
From those who wish to pay respects
With emotions that no-one expects
Travellers from around the world
Every boy and every girl
Wishing they could turn back the time
And return those soles to family ties

Written after a visit to New York and the 9/11 museum and after being deeply affected by powerful images and sights.
Sharing with our friends in the USA.

Phil Soar

Phil Soar

Twitter

Twittering happens across the globe
Millions of twitterers on overload
Twittering until their phones explode
Or brain cells swell and then implode

So much to say in a few short lines
It doesn't mean much and doesn't rhyme
It's just a snap-shot, in a second of time
I'm sorry, but I don't have the time

Social fingers tap away
Throughout the night and all the day
It's like a never ending play
So much to share, so much to say

A reminisce, a warming gesture
An insult or two that starts to fester
The sort of comments that turn to hate
The image sent, now all too late

Confine them to the trolling trash
Extinguish them, and the tag that's hashed
Put down the phone and embrace the day
Unsubscribe to your twitter account today

Phil Soar

Twittering

Posting messages on twitter
maybe some that raise a titter
is not a trend that I might really care for
for the things that people say
to pass the time of day
are sometimes tasteless an not needing to be shared for

Phil Soar

Twittering Birds

The birds that twitter in the trees
Worry me
How do they post their blogs?
How do they type?
Where did they get their I-phones?
How do they hold them tight?
Twittering birds all twittering
At all hours of the night

Phil Soar

Twittering People

Groups of people
Standing around
Texting and twittering
While on the ground
Some of them trying
While they're in the air
Contacting people
They've just left down there
What is this addiction?
For constant interaction
Why can't it wait?
For a minutes relaxing

Phil Soar

Two Hearts Together

My heart is beating alongside your own
And has strengthened its grip as our love has grown
No matter how often in the past it's been broken
Those days are behind me, and now only a token
Of those moments I thought I had found number one
Only to find that they wouldn't last long
And now with our future filled with satisfaction
I know that we both have a great interaction
So hold on to the moments our hearts share together
No matter the troubles, no matter the weather
My heart is beating in time now with yours
We both know the reasons, we both know the cause.

Phil Soar

Two's Company

Can I accompany ewe
Said the Aussie Kangaroo
To a sheep stood lonely in a patch of grass
Of course bring Joey too
Said the Ram to the Kangaroo
Because if you don't, I'll butt you in the ass!

Phil Soar

U.S. Medical Dramas

In U.S. medical dramas
Why do they shout out 'STAT? '
I wonder why their patients
Never ask 'why shout like that? '
It's pretty much a U.S. thing
The U.K. is more polite
They just leave you in a corridor
Where you can die of fright

Phil Soar

Udderly Ridiculous

With udders full to bursting point
They waited at the gate
The farmer smoked his habitual joint
And made the cattle wait
Unrest began to circle round
And hooves began to kick
A solution needed to be found
And processed pretty quick
With udders swaying to and fro
The cows were getting frantic
The farmer knew how far to go
The swellings were quite drastic
And so he let them through the gate
Into the milking parlour
And the swift relief was beyond belief
And was over in an hour

Phil Soar

Unallowed

I kissed her lips, she slapped my face
My hand had wandered to her most important place
She said it was a bit early for that
I guess I was a bit of a prat

Phil Soar

Unattractive

You couldn't say that I'm attractive
Or say that I look like a knight
But if you look really close
I'm not all that gross
But I still my give children a fright

Phil Soar

Uncertainty

Through a window of uncertainty, I view the world around
Not knowing what I'm looking at, or what I think I've found
The corridors I walk along, lead only to despair
I look out of that window, and I wonder what is there

Where love had once surrounded me, I now have nothing more
Where dreams I had of comfort, left me, through an open door
And the path that led away from me, came to a sudden end
No love around the corner, no comfort from a friend

Through a window of uncertainty, I look around the sights
I stare with obsolescent eyes, my heart has taken flight
And if the view should brighten, that would only make my day
And let me see a future, past that window on the way

Phil Soar

Under Moonlight

Under moonlight, deep in darkness, woodland starts it's day
As the wild nocturnal life, begins a new display
And if you ever venture there, and sit in quiet and wait
You'll see some things that will amaze, and think it's all so great

Phil Soar

Under The Covers

I slipped under the eiderdown
I heard you sigh and saw the frown
'Oh no' I heard you think, and then
I went and slipped right out again

Phil Soar

Underground

I'm going underground, implied the Rabbit
I'm sorry, it's become a kind of habit
As my family home gets bigger
I have my way with extra vigor
Every woman that I meet just has to have it

Phil Soar

Underground Corridors

A network of corridors, deep below ground
A home for the creatures that scurry around
Safe but dark passageways, forming a map
Spreading out sideways, while some inter-lap

The trials and relations that take place inside
As the old teach the young, and the infants just hide
A tunnel of strength, and a world without light
A home from home land, away from our sight

Phil Soar

Underpants

My underpants are seldom seen
By anyone but me
My underpants are shades of green
For all the world to see
But no-one ever sees them
Except the odd close mate
I take them off at bedtime
Or when I masturbate!

Phil Soar

Underpants 2

My underpants are missing,
I think I had them on,
I just went to the toilet,
and my underpants are gone.
I swear I put them on today,
Just after I awoke,
Who else could need my underpants,
Unless it was a bloke.
I hope it wasn't auntie Jean,
I think she's on the run,
She stole some ham the other day,
And put it on a bun.
And now it seems her crime wave,
Has reached more dizzy heights,
I better watch my clothes line,
In case she steals my tights.

Phil Soar

Underpants 3

A fleeting glance, of underpants
As they spin around the drum
Skid marks and some staining
All left there from my bum
Not the prettiest of sights
As they move around at speed
Identifying that my plight
Is brought about by feed
My appetite is gruesome
I eat a lot of Pies
I wish that I could lose them
As they determine my size
When I remove my underpants
I don't know what I'll find
As there is quite some nasty stuff
That escapes from my insides

Phil Soar

Understanding

Pockets of understanding
On a cloak of helpfulness
To help those who require some hope
And a little tenderness
Scarves that cover scars of hurt
Around a furrowed brow
To help warm up the feelings
That you overcame somehow
And with a stitch or two of time
The cloak can be repaired
Leaving feelings left behind
As a love that has been shared

Phil Soar

Unexpected Loss

Unexpected, death took her away
And left her friends to rue how fast she'd gone
Nothing could have helped her on the day
Her life was over, and her time had come.

Though seeming to be well, she didn't know
That 24 hours earlier she'd be
An unexpected loss, and such a blow
And now she's just a pleasant memory.

While sadness at the time was so extreme
She'd love the way her passing was reported
And even though her mind no longer dreams
Through her passing she will be escorted.

And only when she gets to heavens door
Will friends and family have to depart
They'll miss the lady they had loved before
But will always keep her deep within their hearts.

Phil Soar

Unique

I am unique
So are you
We only exist
For an hour or two
In a world that's ever growing
In a universe extreme
We are unique
But so is the time
In which we can only dream

Phil Soar

Universe Awaits

The telescope that points into the sky
Searching for that mystic star at night
The one you yearn to witness spring to life
Or the comet that shoots by at speed of light

The universe out there to be explored
The sights that no-one really should ignore
But gaze at, till you almost fall asleep
Staring into space, so far and deep

Phil Soar

Unjust Moon

The waning moon will treat me unjustly now
the horoscope advises not to fall for this trap
my ruling planet plays with my emotions
like a child with a toy
like the wind in a hurricane
and tries to manipulate my day
my nights are restless
the pools of light emitted by this fragile moon
follow in my steps and try to input suggestions
my mind must not be taken by this mystery
and yet I struggle with the mood
my positive side need to secure a win
like a team in need of something special
the moon must lose during this wane
and I must stay sane
or it will treat me unjustly now

Phil Soar

Unnoticed

Are you blissfully aware of today?
or has it passed you way?
Unnoticed

Are you scared you missed something?
While you were slumbering
Unnoticed

Did birdsong accompany the dawn?
While the sun rose, making it warm
Unnoticed

These things we take for granted
Are like seeds after they had been planted
Unnoticed
Until they bloom
Noticed

Phil Soar

Unstable

When I was five she took me by the hand
And said that I was mental and unstable
She said she'd hit me until I could not stand
And banged my head upon the kitchen table
She said that Hatton was the place for me
Now I am mad and nearly sixty-three
Hatton was an asylum full of twits
Her bad remarks had left my soul in bits

Phil Soar

Unwinding

To help myself unwind, I walk for miles
I notice things that always make me smile
The fields of cows all standing chewing grass
While swallows swoop around them as they pass

Nowhere is there such a pleasing sight
Walking on, until the dead of night
The barn owl silently flies overhead
And bats all flutter through the air ahead

To help myself unwind I walk through leas
It never fails to help my ageing knees
To exercise while nature plays it's game
Without it, life just wouldn't be the same

Phil Soar

Up That Hill

On a hillside I walked for a few hundred yards
Not knowing how fate would have dealt this days cards
And as I dropped my bucket, and the water spilled out
My wife stood there laughing, until the light petered out

Written by Jack.

Edited by Jill

Phil Soar

Upon The Moors

Upon the windy moors I sat alone and watched the sky turn charcoal grey
Smothered by the solace, I watched the world move on its way
I tracked a bird of prey as thermals held it in its grasp
I thought of life and nature and the spell it always casts

The wind that cut across my face seemed borne of air and water
A swirling torrent building up, the rain came as nature's daughter
While moments changed my actions, as I sought for warmth and cover
The weather played conditions as a boyfriend would a lover

Caressing all the land and sky, and teasing out a storm
Where air flow meets the cold and wet, and undercurrents form
I hid beneath a cloak of mist, and sat inside the cave
And just enjoyed the atmosphere, that crossed the land like waves

Phil Soar

Upside Down

I knew when I woke, that it wasn't a joke
The world had turned quite upside down
I thought It's a failure
Of those folks in Australia
Being sporty and jumping around

Phil Soar

Urinary Track

I think I need to live near a urinal
I cannot even hold a little drink
My urinary flow does not seem final
And I think I might as well pee in the sink!

I go to bed and wake up minutes later
Walk to the bathroom, then go back to bed
My wife thinks I'm a secret masturbater
I think that thought is only in her head

Phil Soar

Us

Together we climbed up the peak of romance
We might tumble and fall and yet all we recall
Are the days we were close
And those days were the most
Happiest of them all

We reached the summit of passion
In our own perfect fashion
And we danced on our way
As we lived through each day
With nothing to keep love at bay

Phil Soar

Used

The key to my performance was a highlight
of many evenings locked inside a room
staring at a screen that sat before me
my eyes adjusting to the darkening gloom

Among the many sentences before me
were some so meaningless, they warped my brain
I sat there in a sort of psychic trauma
and watched as words and numbers filled the frame

Calculations, metaphors and rhetoric
mispronunciations by the score,
Binary and Algebraic connotations,
sapped my energy, and made me roar

They let me out when I had a solution
By then, I was a portion of myself
I'd calculated pi and more for many hours a day
and then the bastards left me on the shelf.
when all that I had left was

Phil Soar

Utter Nonsense

Amps and Ohms and midnight Proms
And things that are electric
Large pork pies and Mystic eyes
That make me look demented
Long tall spikes and weekend hikes
And things I find uplifting
How much hair have I got down there?
Are the sands of time just drifting?
Turtle neck sweaters and payment letters
Lying on the hallway floor
Wellington boots, and childhood flutes
That I just don't need any more
Blocks of crazy paving that for years I have been saving
And the need to wash my underwear at night
So no-one sees my naked knees
Or the fact my sheds alight
All this utter nonsense
Means an awful lot to me
I can't remember who I am
But I know I'm sixty-three

Phil Soar

Vacation

Turn out the lights and lock the door
We cannot stay here any more
Our time has come and we must flee
From our beach home, beside the sea

No more gulls who wake at dawn
Screeching out their morning drawl
No rolling tides that rush to shore
Until we visit here once more

Phil Soar

Valentine

Roses are red
Violets are quaint
I wish your were beautiful
It's a pity you aint!

Phil Soar

Veiled Curtain

I drew a veiled curtain over times I must forget
Expecting nothing more to seal my fate
And though I've not seen anything to help me with this yet
I hope I do before it's all too late

Phil Soar

Vexed

I have searched for explanations and solutions
For why my mind works in the way it does
Of why I went to find a resolution
And ended up upon a London Bus

I travelled to a psychic in the city
Who told me I was troubled and off-key
I told him that I thought it was a pity
And thought it strange that I sat on his knee

So many times my instincts have been suspect
My thoughts and deeds were often rather flawed
And when I've had a 'moment', when I reflect
It seems my system cannot be restored

So when I lie awake and feel quite flustered
Lying there with thoughts all mixed and vexed
I go and get a bowl of rhubarb custard
And wonder what on earth I can eat next

Phil Soar

Victoria Plumb

Victoria Plumb became a mum,
and was tickled pink that she had done it
So she sat on the bed cradling her baby's head,
and the baby just started to vomit

Phil Soar

Visions

Visions of something that brightened my day
With no interference or things in the way
A picture of beauty, across rolling hills
A sight for the soul that encompasses thrills

Phil Soar

Visions Of The Coming Winter

A delicate breeze brushed my face in the cold morning air
And whispers from the bulrushes softened the sounds of the wind
Where shadows were cast by the early sunrise
My image was etched in the ground like a water colour

Of deepest darkness, that shadow followed my steps
Unlike the gold of the sun, it blended with the scene
Swans moved graciously on a mill pond
And the ripples on the water reflected the sun

As we passed by, the air felt fresh and alive
The morning seemed to have become unaware of its presence
While along the footpath, the odd robin flashed by
Brightening up our morning walk, and sang his winter song

Phil Soar

Visiting Alaska

Alaska

A visit to your wilderness has many memories.

Glaciers that stretch the mind with their distance and substance
National Parks that bewilder
Out of the way places that fire the imagination
And wildlife that stirs those fires within us

And as the Salmon return, the feasting begins
Hungry Bears, Wolves, Eagles wait in remote places
Food for the young, food for the old, food for them all
And yet millions of the fish will spawn then die
And the circle of life resumes

The sea abundant with visitors, but remains faithful to the residents
Providing for them in a way that baffles our minds
The Whales, the Seals, the Otters benefit
They thrive in these waters, and we take our images home

My only visit leave me wanting for more
Five years have passed since I filled the memory with special times
Glaciers that calved as if they knew I needed to see the event
Brown Bears catching the salmon at Brooks Falls, majestic

I long for more, and one day hope to return
Until then, I will recall the memories
Re-visit my photographs and videos
Marvel in the sights and sounds of this wonderful place.

ALASKA

(Visited with my two children aged 25 and 23 - July 2012, Never forgotten)

Phil Soar

Voices

There's no need for animation when the voices get too much
When words expressed, are more or less meaningless as such
Don't throw your arms up in the air, when nonsense rears its head
Just laugh out loud, among the crowd, and wish they'd all drop dead

Phil Soar

Voyeurs

Why do people look inside my windows?
When they pass along the street at night
Maybe they think we are up to something
And the view they'd have would be a welcome sight
Voyeurs everyone of them, these viewers
They look as though they're stalking us for days
We cannot help but wonder if they're mental
Or maybe they're just twisted in their ways

The other day, a person took the liberty
Of walking down our garden to the door
Like it was just some river or a tributary
That led to places they'd not been before
We hid behind the curtains with them staring
Peering in our windows for a while
We felt that we should scare them whilst preparing
To make them break the record for the mile

Phil Soar

Waiting At The Airport

Sitting at the airport
With travellers all around
Some excited children
And the odd inevitable frown
Some trips are almost over
While others are just starting
Sitting waiting for the flight
To home or just departing

We're people watching while we wait
All shapes, all forms, all sizes
People looking strained and drawn
Some needing exercises
Amazing how some travellers
Can fit in airline seats
They look like they have eaten
One too many joints of meat

Phil Soar

Waiting At The Church

As long as pride is on your side
You'll never really falter
Unless you leave your expected bride
Just waiting at the altar

Phil Soar

Waiting For A Bus

I wait at the bus stop far too long

Hours

And then three come along

Phil Soar

Waiting For The Train

On the platform waiting for the train
To take me back to whence I came
My ticket was a day return
I wish I had some money to burn
And then I'd go to Timbiktu
I wonder if there's a ticket there too

Phil Soar

Walking Away

I'd like to walk away sometimes, and never ever stop
Stroll at my own pace, and maybe walk until I drop
Taking in the sights and sounds, exploring on the way
Breathing in the atmosphere, loving every day

I'd like to search my world alone, and take my precious time
Develop scenes within my mind, reflect on things sublime
I'd never finish dreaming, and always sleep so sound
Taking in the knowledge, that there's no-one else around

Phil Soar

Walking On Coals

When I am cold and my feet are Froze,
there's only one solution
Light some coal, and walk on souls,
and forget about pollution

Phil Soar

Walking On Gods Creatures

I guess I've walked a thousand miles
Or maybe, even more
I've trod on things unpleasant
As I've walked on woodland floor
I've trampled on gods creatures
Without making a sound
I'm sure they'll crawl all over me
When I am underground

Phil Soar

Walking On Sand

Stretching for miles, the golden sand invites me
To walk along the beach in my bare feet
To feel the grains of sand between my toes
And paddle where the sand and water meet

The feel of waves caressing soles and tingling toes
Nothing else can matter as I slowly stroll
And as the tide gets stronger and rises upwards
It makes me feel that I am not that old

Phil Soar

Walking Shoes

I walked a hundred miles in someone else's shoes
And now I'm lost

Phil Soar

Walking The Beach

The beach we walked upon was long, and we both took our time
Together we enjoyed the sights, our arms were both entwined
Strolling in the surf, barefoot, and thrilled to walk for miles
With nothing but a setting sun, and passers-by who smiled

For age has been no danger to the way we show affection
We've always had this bond, and many thoughts and recollections
To sit upon this sandy beach, when our walk is through
And dream in this warm setting, with the knowledge, I love you

Phil Soar

Walking Through Woodland

I wander through woodland
Knowing I am being watched

Unable to see my stalkers
I look over my shoulder

All I see are the trees being stroked by a mild breeze
Nothing else is obvious

And yet I am being watched
And it is me who is the guest here

The roots try to trip me
I try to go quietly, but the leaves are crisp under foot

Giving my presence away to those who spy on me
And they hide until I pass by

I can hear them laughing in my wake
Knowing they appear after I have moved on

I think they probably talk about me later
As they chatter through the wood

Talking to each other, carried by the wind

I shall go there again and hope to meet them
For it is them I seek

As I wander through woodland

Phil Soar

Walt

Oh Walt you have taken over everything
Your vast empire a tactical explosive drone
You've made your name a worldwide huge phenomenon
And Disney is alive in every home

Phil Soar

War Game

'Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes'
our leader would shout from the trench
'But sarge, won't that mean they're a little too close'
as the cheeks in my backside would clench

He would shout his instructions from a safe point of view
which made all us soldiers unclear
if insurgents were targeting us from the front
or were creeping on us from the rear

It gave us a limited time to decide
if we wanted to make a retreat
our leader seemed happy to stay where he was
and not even rise to his feet

Either he was an expert at war games
who had weighed up the chance of attack
and decided we needed to see in their eyes
if the likelihood was they'd come back

So we waited for what seemed like ages
and lay in the field full of clover
it was over a year before we saw a soul
no-one told him that the war was over!

Phil Soar

Warriors

Warriors of the world unite
Put down your weapons
Stop this fight
Redeem yourselves
Put honour first
Resist temptation
Burn the hate
Turn around
Close the gate
Channel love
Cease the pain
Come back to the world again

Phil Soar

Watching Dogs

Where dogs walk, I follow
I watch them as they race from side to side
taking in the woods and fields around them
Processing the smells and sounds with every stride

They have nothing else to think of
but that moment
when something new attracts their sense of smell
and rushing to the place where this will take them
I wish I had that sense in me as well

No words express how much I love the antics
as both of them explore in different ways
and watching them at any given moment
their exuberance will be with me all my days

Phil Soar

Watching Life

Watching my life from a wide open place
Sailing along at an unwelcome pace
Not giving me chances to take it all in
Just lots of good memories of places I've been

Years flying by in an alarming fashion
Living my days with a grace and a passion
Trying to slow down, and enjoy each minute
And knowing that there is so much joy within it

Smiling through troubles and grinning at hate
Laughing at those who say I'm overweight
Dreaming of something to help me move on
Enjoying just everything, before it's all gone

Phil Soar

Waterfall

And when I stand alone beside the water's edge,
Where waterfalls meet rivers and the spray is like a ghostly mist
When the power breaks the fall and carries on its way
I marvel at the journey from the sky to the sea
As evidence is left in sediment on the canyon floor
Enriching the water and creating a new environment
Its dependents take the nutrients and the circle starts again
And all is beautiful and synchronized
Nature at its glorious best

Phil Soar

Watery Eyes

I saw you from the riverside,
Making eyes at me
At least that's what I thought it was,
It seemed so real to me,
Your eyes met mine
A smile entwined
That moment now etched in my mind
You walked away
And now I'll never know
But I'll think of you when I see water's flow.

Phil Soar

Waves

I sat looking out to sea and watched the motion of the waves
Its soothing nature lapping at the very edge of me
The breaking sound of water on the beach far down below
Made me realise
That it was not the time to go

Too much beauty lay before me, spread for miles around
I sat there, mesmerised, by the very nature of the sound
My eyes took in the scale of it, with optical review
More beautiful than I had thought
More impressive than I knew

The thoughts that earlier had filled my mind with nothing good
Were distant now, and registering as they always should
Informing me that everything around me has its place
The soothing sound, the ebb and flow
The wind that touched my face

I sat on the edge of nothing, balanced on the edge of time
Knowing that the place I love, was never far behind
The thought of missing out on this, all too much to bear
Missing out on beauty
Of never being there

And so I moved in silence, and taking in the sight
Knowing that my sleep would be much better on this night
No poltergeists, no random thoughts
No time to feel repressed
A feeling now impressed on me
The feeling that I'm Blessed

Phil Soar

Wax On, Wax Off

Wax on, wax off, the tutor said
Trying to teach me something new
I waxed and waxed and waxed some more
Until my face came into view

And then he held a plank up high
And told me to attack it
He gave me a hammer and rusty nails
And said 'Go make a bracket'

He was only a failed Karate kid
And he taught me all he knew
He tried his hand at carpentry
But his business had fell through

So there I was a-waxing
And feeling pretty dim
So I took all that he taught me
And took it out on him!

Phil Soar

We Crept In The Crypt

We crept into the crypt that night
Pitch black, our phones were shining bright
And no-one could dispute that we weren't scared
Then the sound of footsteps near
Gave the pair of us diarrhoea
Which we're glad to say we didn't need to share

Phil Soar

We Danced, We Loved

The orchestra had left, and yet we danced
the moonlight shone, and brightened up your hair
we danced until the early hours of daylight
and no-one even noticed we were there

The stars that shone so brightly in the evening
replaced by morning sunlight as we lay
engaged in reminiscing our last movements
when we danced and loved the previous night away

Phil Soar

We Laughed

She laughed at me
I laughed at her
We had a certain relationship
On laughter, we concurred

Phil Soar

We Need To Laugh

We need to laugh a whole lot more
Roll around upon the floor
Giggle until our tummy aches
Smile at others daft mistakes
Play a joke most every day
Chuckle at what our bosses say
Make them think it's good to smile
Throw a party all the while
Bad news is a stones throw away
We hear too much of it each day
We need to laugh a whole lot more
To pick ourselves up off the floor

Phil Soar

Weather

From the purest of white, to the darkest of grey
The clouds tell a story of rain on the way
And after the downpour the blue re-appears
Like a sky full of smiles, after torrents of tears

Phil Soar

Weekend Dogs

Weekend mornings that start way too soon
When one of the dogs peeps into the room
And I wake with a smile, as I know it is time
To get myself out, with a smile on my mind

Though cold, spring has broken the back of the gloom
And the tails are there wagging, at the door of my room
It doesn't take whining or barking to start
They know we are one, and have one joyous heart

So the three of us make our way out to the scene
Where dawn sheds a glow on a crystal clear stream
And we walk side by side for a few miles and more
With nothing to worry us, as we explore

And when walking is done, we return for a rest
Our old bones are aching, our hearts fill our chests
With a warm cup of tea and some toast shared by all
A weekend together, and we've all had a ball.

Phil Soar

Weeping On Her Own

In a small community quite nearby
She sat alone one night so she could cry
No-one could see her anguish and her pain
She had no reason to go out again

Her loss was total, and she felt bereft
There was no love for her that had been left
Just quiet abandonment and no remorse
He'd left as if it was matter of course

Although he had no chance to say goodbye
So he could tell her that she shouldn't cry
The sudden nature of his leaving kiss
Was something that she knew she'd always miss

In a small community, she sat for days
Wondering why god moved in painful ways
She stayed indoors until the pain had gone
The trouble was, the days just carried on

In a small community not far from me
She sank into a world of misery
So when I knocked the door, no-one seemed home
Except that person weeping on her own

Phil Soar

Weight Watching

I'm watching my weight for a reason
I can't carry on at this size
it's like a pie eating competition
with a heart attack as the first prize

Phil Soar

Well Of Emotion

Beneath a well of emotion
At the end of a love so strong
After the power and passion passed
Only memories live on
And the ones that held a resonance
And hurt my very mind
Are seldom recalled happily
And best just left behind

Phil Soar

Well Spotted

Out on safari I saw a leopard without any spots
He must have got changed in the bushes! .

Phil Soar

Whale Song

The sound heard through the surf was mesmerising
but only to the other whales who joined the orchestra
the song they spirited to each other like a symphony
written by history, sung by the old, learnt by the young
a whale song

Phil Soar

What A Morning!

The morning treats me to its overtones
Blue sky, a frost that chills to the bones
A crispness in the grassy carpet I walk on
A smile on my face that lights my way
How beautiful the world today

Phil Soar

What A Stunner!

There she stood all bare and voluptuous
Looking quite stunning and ever so scrumptious
She smiled when she saw me at my bedroom window
And then pulled her curtains

Phil Soar

What Have You Done Today?

Have you been the best you can today?
have you helped someone along the way?
Do you think That you've embraced your very heart?
Have you touched another's mind today?
Have you reached someone who's far away?
Would you like to turn the clock back and restart?

Don't think of just yourself, and do be mindful
Of the others in your life who need your will
You can help them with a kiss, a word, a moment of your time
They will know that deep inside you love them still

Phil Soar

What Is Bliss?

What is bliss?

Can it be what we all crave for?

Romance in a tranquil place

Or sex upon the floor

A walk with someone special

A dance under the moon

A pretty girl who walks on by

And makes you want to swoon

A kiss beneath the stars at night

Fishing on a river

The first glance at a partner

That sets you all a quiver

A dream of extra chocolate

Or a sailboat on a tranquil sea

What might mean bliss to me, for you

Is elementary

Phil Soar

What Is Going On

If I am honest
I don't know what's going on
Where I came from
Or who I am supposed to be
I could say that I am trying to find myself
But I am not lost
I am here though
Just don't know what's going on
So should I be invited to stay?
Among this uncertainty
The doubt of not knowing where my road will lead
Or indeed if it has an end
Some Cul-De-Sac of fate awaits
And I turn into it
Hoping it takes me to whatever is going on
In case I never find it

Phil Soar

What Next

They can pinpoint where we are from space, via GPS receivers,

I bet that they can even tell, if we are non-believers,

They can track our every movement, and tell us where we've been,

And maybe even tell if we've run lights that are not green;

Cameras almost everywhere, you can't move without they see,

Every time we leave the house, or make a cup of tea,

Processors in your phone and home, and in fresh air dispensers,

They've implanted breasts in women's chests, and willies with motion sensors;

Whatever will they think of next, a chip inside your pants,

That pulls your zipper up and down, and cleans your underpants,

A memory stick, inside your prick, that tells you when you're ready,

An implanted rod gives you the nod, and keeps your knees quite steady;

An artificial Christmas tree that decorates itself,

And Presents that are wrapped for you, by a robotic elf,

Self-recycling Christmas cards, that finish New Year's Day,

And turn into an Easter Card to use on Good Friday;

A car that drives itself for you, and doesn't need re-fuelling,

A woman who's quiet from time to time; who do we think we're fooling? ,

A man who never thinks of sex, to keep the female happy,

A child that never cries at night, and never fills it's nappy

Phil Soar

What The Eyes See

Cast your eyes across the skies of grey autumnal haze
Imagine that you're on a beach on many different days
The sun is high, the surf is up, and a breeze is in the air
And the winter your expecting, is just happening elsewhere

Phil Soar

What's In That Nappy?

Undoing the nappy
Expecting a smell
A sort of explosion
That I knew so well
Wiping that bottom
And gagging a bit
Surrounded by noises
And covered in shit!

Phil Soar

When All Is Done

Will you meet me after all is done?
Will you hold my hand again?
Will you touch me just for old times sake?
Will you ease my aches and pain?
Will you steer me to a welcome world?
And see me through transition
For that is what I need right now
Whilst in this poor condition

Phil Soar

When Archie Smiles

He smiles, and things just disappear
And every time his smile is near
Our lives are blessed with something great
That we could never contemplate

And every day that Archie grins
A whole new episode begins
The laughs, the smiles, the pleasure grows
From his twinkling eyes, to his delicate toes

Bless him.

Phil Soar

When Darkness Comes

When tears are in your eyes, and darkness comes
and all around are sleeping in the wings
you lie there lost inside your little world
Imagining all sorts of wicked things

The stories you were told before your bedtime
were cruel enough to make a grown man cry
and the images portrayed by such an awful man
made me wonder how you would get by

But only in your mind were ghouls and monsters
who knew they would impact upon your dreams
and getting off to sleep at night was torment
as your brother read aloud those awful scenes

Phil Soar

When Her Hand Left Mine

It's like she left me on my own, although her love surrounds me
I know this always will be home, these feelings now astound me
Although she moved away from me, quite some time ago
She needs to know I love her, and that always will be so

That moment that I passed her hand to his, I sort of knew
That she was gone for good, and there was nothing I could do
And now a sort of emptiness has filled each waking day
No matter how I'm told it's good, I don't know what to say

Through tears I walk in silence, and my mind has played a game
I know I'll always be her dad, but nothing seems the same
And yet she smiles that silly smile, and I am whole again
A never ending love inside, quite hard to be maintained

Phil Soar

When I Am Gone

In case you look for me when I am gone
Look no further than the dust and earth
I will return to where I first came from
The bosom of our greatest mother earth

Phil Soar

When I Was A Lad

I don't remember hugs and kisses,
when I was a lad
No words of comfort and encouragement,
and that makes me sad,
No substantial signals from my parents
making me feel great
When you needed it most, it's missing
and now it's just too late.

Since their passing, times have flown
yesterday's are in the past,
And yet the feeling's strong
It's just a shame it didn't last,
My children mean the world to me
I make sure I let them know,
It's a shame my parents missed that trick
in the years they watched me grow.

It has left a deep impression
one that I cannot replace,
There's nothing in my memory
to help them both save face,
I just can't seem to think of moments
when they said to me,
That they were proud, or loved me so
and now it's history.

Phil Soar

When I Was Just A Kid

It seems like only yesterday, that I was just a kid
Learning how to get things wrong, and crying when I did
Getting into trouble, and loving every minute
Spending evenings reading books, and wishing I was in it

As a kid I was an Astronaut, red Indian or Soldier
I never did achieve those aims, as I grew and got older
The days I was a fireman, putting out those massive fires
Were filled with sheer excitement, and I never ever tired

My journey into boyhood, never failed to cause alarm
As I practiced all the sorts of things that helped to cause me harm
I never expected failure, or the scenes that would occur
As childhood rushed by rapidly, and vanished in a blur

Now all that I look back on, has made me laugh a lot
I sometimes think my life was blessed, as I forgot the plot
And now that time has rolled on by, my thoughts turn back to when
Everything seemed new to me, and how I managed then

My dreams don't change, I still think I should reach out for the sky
Become a social misfit, or learn how to watch the world go by
I still think that I'm five years old, although I'm sixty three
I'm sure my dreams will all come true, and be the death of me

Phil Soar

When I Was Just A Lad

When I was just a little lad
I was a wonder to my dad
He seemed to think I was a poo machine
And Sixty-five years on
I really miss him now he's gone
But he visits me at night within my dreams

Phil Soar

When I Was Seventeen

I stood in pools of innocence, when I was seventeen
Imagining how love would help to clip my wings
Too many true love stories had led me to dream
And played with my emotions and harboured misgivings

And as my love began to be intrinsically restored
Where past mistakes had left their mark upon me
I found myself returning to a place I'd been before
And I wished I'd be involved in love's sweet mystery

Phil Soar

When I Was Small

When I was small and adults were tall, I used to pay attention
I used to be mischievous, and do things I couldn't mention
And when it was my time for bed, my dad would read me tales
Of ghosts and ghouls and stupid fools, and horrible slimey snails

The daily taunts were more than fraught, with visions quite horrific
My mind was fed with tales so bad, which were really quite specific
My dad was like an uncoiled spring, when it came to family skills
He would take me to a garden shed, and then he'd take his pills

I would sit me on a wooden stool, to watch him carpentering
And then he would try and lance my ear, and fit it with an ear-ring
The oddness of these daily tasks was missed by social workers
And the fact his name was Yon Fong tu, and a member of the Gurkhas

So the morale of this oddly tale, is that nothing's as it seems
I was young, with a problem that was broken up by dreams
Of ghost and ghouls and stupid fools, and soldiers armed with knives
It's no wonder that I'm quite insane, and have been all my life

Phil Soar

When I'm Gone

Please don't talk about me when I've gone
I'll hate you for it from that moment on
I'll visit you when I am just a ghost
And scare you half to death, then drink a toast

Phil Soar

When Night Time Comes Around

From where I stand, upon a hill
When night time comes around
I like to stare into the sky
And listen to the sound
Of nothing in particular
That takes my breath away
From where I stand, the evening sky
Has so much more to say

From where I sit, upon a stone
When night time comes around
I'm lost in a world that's all my own
And I hope I am not found
Unless the stars seek out my soul
And whisper to it's heart
From where I sit, the stars at night
Are where my feelings start

From where I walk, upon that path
When night time comes around
To get where I can sit and stare
Upon a hallowed ground
I watch for passing comets
And I seek out stars so bright
And wonder if they will be back
Again, tomorrow night.

Phil Soar

When Sunday Comes

When Sunday comes, it means a time to rest awhile
To take the time to recognise the need to smile
And make the best of hours that are our own
Relax, enjoy and not answer the phone

When Sunday comes, some choose to go about their day
Monday to Friday, are just days that got in their way
Whilst welcoming the weekend and a Sunday too
To go to church, to pray and meet those close to you

When Sunday's gone, the world goes back to crazy mode
We make our way to work on many crowded roads
Looking forward to the next day we can rest
Giving of ourselves and welcoming all that is best

Phil Soar

When The Leaves Have Fallen

When all the leaves have fallen
The trees are bare and limbs hang cold in winter mist
The wind scatters gold and yellow images across the woodland floor
Creating scenes of consummate beauty
Covering the last signs of autumn
Breaking down the very fibres of the life that was the spring and summer
A tree of many uses
A life of many seasons
Of trials and tribulations
Attacked by fungi
Eaten by insects
Nested in by birds
All helping to establish a land so rich and fertile
Waiting for next year and it's re-awakening
Winter Solace
A wonder of nature
A delight to the sight
And the sound of leaves under foot
Breathing a new life into the woods
I am pleased
I too am of the earth

Phil Soar

When The Wolf Howls

When the moon is only a quarter full
And the wolf howls on the ridge
It's time to get the beer cans out
And raid the kitchen fridge
Then sit out in the garden
And watch the world go by
And mumble words of anguish
And after, wonder why..

Phil Soar

When We Were Cowboys

We dressed in cowboy outfits
Pretending we had guns
Riding off into the night
As we ate 'Chelsea' buns
Bikes for horses, holsters drawn
Looking for Geronimo
Playing from the early dawn
With nowhere else to go
We rode into the sunset
Until we reached the town
And shot up everyone we saw
And left them on the ground
And just as they surrendered
We heard a familiar shout
Mum screaming it was time for bed
And we could not stay out

Phil Soar

Whenever

Whenever things get more than I can manage
I return to my shell and hide away
And won't appear again until I'm happy
And that may take forever and a day

Whenever I feel blue, I walk in silence
And no-one hears my footsteps as I go
And only when my confidence rekindles
Will I reveal myself and start the show

Whenever loneliness begins to mock me
And deep anxiety flows through my veins
I strive to be the first to smile at nothing
And see the trials of life as welcome gains

Phil Soar

Where Are You Now?

Where are you now, common sense?
Why do you sit on that fence?
When I need something to solve the equation
Not sit in a field of persuasion
Where are you when I need you most?
A vision of me, or a ghost?
I can't make my mind up, and so
I want you to help, not let go

Phil Soar

Where Are You?

Where are you now my love?
In some place where the stillness soothes the soul?
Sitting in a silence you enjoy
Somewhere making you feel that you're whole

Phil Soar

Where Has All The Romance Gone?

The things I keep a secret
My sexual undertones
Are best left in those places
Where my wife will never roam

I'm at age when self abuse
Is more than just a weak excuse
It seems to take me twice as long
To get the required service on

Phil Soar

Where Heavens Meet

Where heavens meet and angels fly
There's always brightness in the sky
A place where treasure can be found
No worries hanging all around
Where love has wings, and hearts have grace
And joy is all around the place
Unwelcome guests are shown the door
As they don't matter anymore
Where heavens meet and angels sing
While they are floating on the wing
A place so warm and welcoming
And joy is almost everything

Phil Soar

Where Rosemary Grows

She aint got no money
Her clothes are rather funny
Her hair looks like a damaged tree
Oh, but love grows in between her gross toes
And she smells just like a lavatory

She talks kinda crazy
Her memory is quite hazy
And she has a custard recipe
Oh but she shows, she don't smell like a rose
And she doesn't mean a thing to me

There's something about the way that she smiles
Makes blokes run for some miles
When she comes out to play
She has a sort of magical smell
Like it's dragged up from hell
And does not go away

She's a kind of smeller
Who'll never get a fella
But she tries her best to treat it for free
Oh, but stuff grows, in between her fat toes
And nobody knows it but me

(with apologies to the song, Love Grows Where My Rosemary Goes)

Phil Soar

Where The Stars Are

Up there, where the stars are
How silent might it be?

Up there, where the stars are
Does the light ever fade?

Up there, where the stars are
A mixture of worlds

Up there, where the stars are
The vastness unfurls

Up there, where the stars are
Surrounded by space

Up there, where the stars are
An endless dark place

Up there, where the stars are
It seems there's no end

Up there, where the stars are
The future extends

Up there, where the stars are
We might be there soon

Up there, where the stars are
There is so much room

Up there, where the stars are
When we settle in

Up there, where the stars are
The future begins

Phil Soar

Where Was The Asylum?

When she was forty three
My mother said to me
'You need to know where the Asylum is'
I didn't know it at the time
As she spoke to me in rhyme
And I thought my mum was just taking the piss

However, some years later
As I ate some mashed potater (?)
The men in white coats knocked upon our door
My mother then admitted
That she'd inferred I'd be committed
If I kept on being stupid like before

When My Mother was fifty three
She came to visit me
As she hadn't set a foot inside the place
Where my days were spent alone
With no laptop or cell phone
So as she left, I slapped her in the face

There's no morale to my tale
And the rights are not for sale
I have written my biography while here
It's called 'A Time For Crazy'
Even though the facts are hazy
And my mother's dead, so Iv'e nothing else to fear

Phil Soar

Whispers Among The Grass

Wind blown whispers echo across fields of grass
Where birds sing and nothing breaks the spell
To stand alone and listen to those echoes
Reminds us that all is well

Standing barefoot as those grasses brush the feet
Creating something nothing else can match
Smelling the air, tasting raindrops oh so sweet
A day out with nature really is a catch

Phil Soar

White Swans

The crimson sun highlighted the evening mood
As white swans glided on a mirrored lake
They danced as moonlight wafted in on evening tide
And nothing in the scene could have been faked

Regal necks that stretched into a hazy light
Resplendent on the cool and spring like air
They moved as snow across a frozen thoroughfare
So silently as ghost like figures there

Paired for life, and moving with a common goal
They made their way as moonlight filled the night
To rest awhile beneath a tree lined waterside
A truly warm and welcome evening sight

Phil Soar

Who Guides Me?

Who guides me when I'm lost and all alone?
Who helps me through when I can't sleep at home?
How can I be at peace and not be calm?
I'm lost and no-one else can see the harm

The many troubles hidden from your view
Are multiplied when I can't see them through
And yet I cannot share this hurt with you
I'm lost, alone, and don't know what to do

Adrift on seas of melancholy grief
A smile would be a sign of some relief
And yet a sigh is all that I can shed
Whilst all this nonsense swirls around my head

I guess I have to cope with who I am
Mystified by things that are not planned
And try to contemplate a change of style
Maybe I should walk a placid mile?

Who guides me through these patches of remorse?
The only help I have, is me, of course.

Phil Soar

Who Knows?

They did not hear me scream when I dropped the iron on my toe
They did not see me hit the cat for reasons I don't really know
They did not watch me roll around in deep and dark despair
They laughed when I became a monk and shaved off all my hair

Phil Soar

Why

I steal a kiss while you sleep soundly
I touch your face, caressing every curve and line
Immersing myself in our sweet relationship
I fall asleep believing we are fine

You begin to talk while lying sweetly dreaming
It gives away a part of you I didn't know
Beyond the mystery, I slowly realise
There's nowhere our relationship can go

And so I kiss goodbye to all the dreams I had
I leave and reminisce the times gone by
And all that stands before me is an emptiness
I walk away and ask the question why

Phil Soar

Why (3)

Why climb a mountain when there are hills instead?
Why run a mile when you could walk instead?
Why glimpse the moon when it's a quarter full?
Why paint it black and make the outlook dull?
Why justify your actions for your sake?
Why do it wrong and not learn from the mistake?
Why take a truth and lie about its source?
Why steal something and not show some remorse?
Why make believe you're happy, when you're blue?
Why aim for the top, and then not see it through?
Why complicate your life and not address?
Why not resolve what hurts your happiness?
Why simply strive perfection and then fail?
Why hate the job you do, and become stale?
Why lead a troubled life and not be strong?
Why suffer and keep quiet all along?
Why would you not seek help and put it right?
Why take a road that has no end in sight?
Why give yourself no hope and then give in?
When the one you trust the most lies deep within

Phil Soar

Why I Write

I write to try and raise a smile
Or make you cry for a short while
To tease your mind
To make you think
To help you sleep
Or make you blink
Sometimes I shock
But it's oh so true
I write to try and get to you

Phil Soar

Why?

Who first named all the colours?
Who identified their hues?
Who thought they needed heels
So high on ladies shoes
Who thought that cold was really cold
And hot would burn you hand
Who thought that you could milk a cow?
What's the use of a hand stand?
Who said that we should form a queue?
And spell the word so strange
And stand like statues at the till
Then pay up as arranged
Who gave the Fish some fingers?
That we all went out and bought
Who decided Brains were faggots
That Algebra be taught
Who said there were Religions?
That had such weird extremes
That we might get warm feelings
As children, with wet dreams
Who first ran in a marathon?
And decided it was fun
Was that person all alone?
And sat out in the sun
Why was the sun so awfully hot?
Enough to burn your skin
And all the unused household waste
Be thrown in a dustbin
Most of it just wasn't dust
A multitude of waste
Mountains made from landfill sites
And smells you can almost taste
Who was the first to masturbate?
And why did they feel the need?
Were they alone and thought of it?
And who would have followed their lead?
Why are we all so different?
What makes some of us succeed?
Whilst others fall like autumn leaves

Which feel like they've been freed
Floating down on a random breeze
To rest and go to ground
Touching down to rot and freeze
Without a single sound
Why do some folk have confidence?
Whilst some are weak, not strong
Who knows how we will rectify?
All manner of things so wrong
For life is strange and a weird event
If you think about it deeply
A mountain to climb, a hill to fall
All rise from the earth so steeply
What makes it all important?
What makes it all worthwhile?
No matter how bleak, we all can seek
Something that makes us smile.

And then the who, and why, and what.....mean little.

Phil Soar

Wild West Rapids

I took on the rapids beneath a warm sun
Until a wild Indian shot me for fun
I was way out west, in my kayak/canoe
And I sank without trace, beneath deep skies of blue

Phil Soar

Wilderness

A desolate wilderness beckons me
Through broken branches, lichen and fungi I make my way
Looking over my shoulder like some stalked prey
Trying not to panic, but to see the flowing river ahead
Fighting my way past satin tinted flowers
Lingering smells
Of pine and grass mixed with death and birth
The midges bite through my camouflage
Seeking blood
Passing time on my frail body
Bleeding me dry
I fall
Silence
Until I shut out the pain and regain my strength
Climbing to the lofty hilltop with the view of flowing water
I plunge
I dive
I land
Water seeps through my clothes and I drink
I look to find the wilderness has welcomed me
And its beauty is beyond comprehension
It beckoned me
I answered
It coaxed me
I made it
I resolve to take in all that is before me
And then I die.

Phil Soar

Wildlife's Circle

Enormous fangs on enormous beasts
Scary things often unleashed
Killing zones on African plains
Lions hunt whilst monsoon rains
Claws rip flesh and legs kick out
Wildebeest, Zebra, scream and shout
Warning signals come too late
The need to eat, determines fate
The young, infirm, are targets for
The cheetah or the lions roar
As daily, the circle of life begins
The weak will lose, the hunter wins

Phil Soar

William Shakespeare

When Shakespeare died in 1616
Perhaps to die, perchance to dream
His words would continue for hundreds of years
With thou arts and twaddle, and subsequent jeers

Some say he was great as a playwright and poet
Was wise and remarkable, just didn't know it
Yet when I have read stuff that Shakespeare had penned
I don't understand it, from start until end

Phil Soar

Wind

I've always loved the sound of wind, blowing freshness everywhere
Within a storm filled sky of grey, creating waves up in the air,
Causing all our plans to cease, and everyone to look up there,
Watching debris tossed around, all we can do is stop and stare

Phil Soar

Windows

I've had new windows fitted
They are Triple/Double glazed
I didn't think such things exist
But I have been amazed
You cannot hear the outside world
From Inside my abode
Not a bird, or even rain,
Or cars upon the road
It feels like I have gone quite deaf
A strange and worrying fact
My smell is as it always was
My vision still intact
But the sound of life
Outside my door
Has all but disappeared
The sound of silence deafening
And worse than I had feared
The salesman rang the other day
To check if I was home
I couldn't take the call from him
I couldn't hear the phone
I couldn't hear him knock the door
I couldn't hear him screaming
I sat in the conservatory
Asleep and really dreaming
Oblivious to sound outside
I snored away the day
And when I woke at half past two
The man had gone away
It's nice to notice silence
If you live alone, it's great
So go and get your windows done
Before it is too late.

Phil Soar

Winklepickers

I bought some winkle pickers
These shoes were all the rage
When I was just a teenager
Going through a phase
Paired with my bell bottoms
I looked a proper mod
And now in later years
I feel I was a stupid sod!

Phil Soar

Winter Blue

After the rain we wish for blue not grey
In winter
Our hearts and minds may hurt because it makes us sad
That sky we wish for is gone
So many hours lost in sadness
We wish for the crisp blue air of a winters morning
That air that pierces our very soul
Yet feels refreshing
Though cold and frozen
It makes our lips blue
Which incidentally matches the surrounding hue
And all that appears is grey
For days on end
Without any warm feeling to intercept the gloom
But when that Blue sky appears
We smile
Happy days in winter

Phil Soar

Winter Blues

I'm looking out the window
Don't like what I see
Grey and overcast skies
Staring back at me
It makes me think of springtime
And the colour that ensues
To lift me quite emotionally
From all these winter Blues

Phil Soar

Winter Days

The colder the days, the darker nights
Winter is around
The icy chill, the frosty hill
The hardness of the ground
The crunch as you walk upon the grass
The slipping, sliding, ice
And the welcome sound of a robins song
All make this season nice

I love the crisp wild mornings
The haze, as darkness fades
The leaves that lie on the woodland floor
All different autumn shades
The yellow and gold, the Red and brown
All scattered through the trees
The chill of the air on a breeze filled wind
Almost brings me to my knees

To be out in our warm winter clothing
To walk with a feeling of glow
To see the all our world as a wonderful place
To go where some folk never go
It all makes the days seem abundant
And the seasons as they come and go
Will never be lost or redundant
And forever will put on a show

Phil Soar

Winter Is On The Way

The frost casts its bitterness on freezing glass
And coats the grass with the thinnest filter of white
The crisp nature of the web it casts is underfoot
And the morning has a cold glow that warms the heart

The view across the stream that weaves is highlighted
As through an ice covered countryside it passes by
And your breath filters the cold and exhales the chill
Whilst the morning sun welcomes the dawn and wakes us

Not quite the depths of winter, but it's not far away
Our morning stroll takes on a new meaning
But the dogs do not notice, and romp along together
And we smile as our breath seems to hang in the air.

Phil Soar

Winter Song

I was listening to the Robin singing high up in the tree
Signaling his whereabouts for all around to see
With a song so bright and wonderful it promised something more
And made that winter's day for me as I went back indoors

Phil Soar

Winter's Wonderland

A winter wonderland with snowflakes falling
With Robins and with Turtle doves a-calling
With drummer boys and carol singers too
I guess this is what Christmas means to you

The very essence of this time of year
The time for joy and endless family cheer
Not lost are those who need support and then
Find solace in the angriest of men

For Christmas brings the best from those who care
Even though at times their cupboards bare
And even when the odds are stacked too high
They manage to make happy people cry

Samaritans of everyone they touch
With warmth and comfort, mean so very much
Sometimes their anger reaches fever pitch
At Christmas time, the anger's just an itch

On New Year's Eve, resolutions seem just right
They're usually lost in sleep within a night
But just the very nature of those schemes
Can be tomorrow's everlasting dreams

A winter wonderland with snowflakes on the ground
With friends and family gathered all around
And plenty of discussion around the hearth
And the blessings of one god across the earth

Phil Soar

Wiping Bottoms!

In early years someone will wipe your bottom
In later years, someone will do that too
Maybe that's because you have forgotten
To clean your ass after a number two!

Phil Soar

Wishes

Do you ever wish the ground would swallow you whole?
Take away your lapse in tactfulness, and steal your soul
After you have made an error, and caused pain
Don't you wish that you could wash it down the drain?

Do you ever think that words are meaningless?
That it's better to live in silence, than confess?
That it's not worth all the worry or distress?
Do you ever feel your life is second best?

You should never disrespect the life you've made
The person that you are, and roles you've played
And always believe in the things you've done
So people will remember when you're gone

Phil Soar

Wishing I Was Someone Else

Wishing I was someone else, has haunted me for years
Through many states of mind,
Through kindness, love and tears,
A myriad of circumstances all affect the brain
No two days identical
No two days the same

If I encounter loneliness, it always takes control
Increases some injustice
Affects the mind and soul
And so I hide away inside a shell made out of steel
Just hiding from reality
Hiding from what's real

No matter how the years have flown and confidence subsides
I never have controlled the fear
Residing deep inside
So when the mood envelops me, and I may seem somewhat lost
I realize there will be change
And yet I've paid the cost

Phil Soar

Wisteria

It's nearly time the wisteria shows off
I look forward in eager anticipation
Those delicate blooms that means it is it's time
To display a beauty that transcends all
My favourite time
Wisteria

Phil Soar

With You

In dreams I walk with you
Along shores lined with driftwood
Through mists of purest white
Beside a lake so still our shadows cast a mirror image
Beyond beauty
In dreams

In waking hours I talk with you
Of life and all it's put us through
Through laughs and tears I share with you
Beside each other
In waking Hours

As darkness falls I comfort you
We share a light caress or two
Through fireside flames and golden hue
We lie together
As darkness falls

Phil Soar

Without You

I can't imagine life without you here
I feel a little lost when you're not here
I lose a little feeling when you leave
I'd love to be a button on your sleeve
I would then be always near your warm embrace
You'd see a loving smile upon my face

Phil Soar

Wizards In The Garden

A delicate fragrance danced across the pampered lawn
and drew me to a place where I could sit
and watch and listen
as flowers jived to the breeze
rising in the afternoon sun
striving for warmth
waiting for rain to freshen the humid air
and casting a spell
like wizards of nature

Phil Soar

Woods

Woods, so full of life, they make me glad to be alive
Strolling through them makes it all seem fine
Watching out for wildlife, seeing beauty in a weed
Makes the walk magnificent, and that is all I need

The shades under the canopy, have always been a thrill
There's nothing else compares with it, and time might just stand still
With sights and sounds around me, giving me a moments pleasure
It makes my life seem so wonderful, and days like this I treasure

Phil Soar

Word Apnea

I sometimes look at all the world
Through my bloody eyes
The white in them a light crimson
Suggesting I am tired and need sleep

I try to keep thinking of ways to express myself
The ideas struggle to force their way through
and yet, when they do, my fingers dance
And the keys on the laptop are those on a piano

They dance to the tune of my thoughts
Flashing through a dictionary stored internally
Sometimes at a pace that scares me
But when done,
So am I

Phil Soar

Word Attack

I write things down with confidence
But when I read them back
I find that I have made mistakes
A sort of 'word attack'
My pen goes all dyslexic
And errors fill the page
I read them through again, and then
It leaves me in a rage
How can I be so stupid?
And disrespect the language
My solace is a lonely room
And Bacon and Mushroom sandwich

Phil Soar

Words

Thousands of words written, some cast away
Some with a method, or just something to say
Nonesense or cynical, thoughtful or stressed
Something quite lyrical, something possessed

Words flow quite freely, most of the time
Some with a meaning or some with a rhyme
Letters together make up something absurd
The will to encompass, the well written word

With a mindful of twittering and reflective sounds
All turning to words, the sentences mound
Building a hill or a mountainous book
The words build a dictionary in which to look

Never knowingly lost for an unusual theme
Making a meaning from a beautiful dream
Taking a story and making it flow
Words from one's mind, with a place they must go

Written on paper, or typed on a page
To be held for a while, left there to age
With the hope they can makes someone smile or grieve
Yours for the taking, mine for to leave.

Phil Soar

Words 3

Who first said Red would mean to stop?
That snow would be called snow?
That rain would fall out of the sky?
That wind blew to and fro?
Who knew that news would be the news?
And create news reporters
Who turned roads into motorways?
And rivers into waterways?
And hills into the countryside
And motions into poo
When we look back on history
Before words were invented
We just said 'UGH' and walked around
As if we were demented

Phil Soar

Words Of Love

Sit awhile and write of love's enchanting nature
From the heart let it flow as doves of pure white
Flying over where you sit and then they venture
To areas permitted, as a welcome sight
Love makes everything we live for special
Without it, nothing matters anymore
And if you do not have the chance to feel it
It's like a feeling you've not had before
Your arms should wrap around those who mean something
Enrich your life with warmth and soothing words
Do not let go of passion or it's lessons
And listen to the sound of calling birds
Write about the life you see around you
Let your mind be vivid and descriptive
Just imagine what you see, and then describe it
In words that only you can hear and see
Then share those thoughts and words, so that others
Imagine that their world is just like yours
And when they seek their solace in the future
Your words will rest awhile deep in their thoughts

Phil Soar

Wordsearch

My Hand and it's digits
Are required for my fidgets
My toes and my feet
For pacing the street
My eardrums are playing
The words that I'm saying
Repeating them nightly
In my dreams

My fashionable clothes
The Smell from my nose
All combine with my being
My eyes left for seeing
My laughter, my tears
Help me get through the years
All the time

My rhymes, at the time
Begin as if they're benign
I'm given a sign
A word, might be fine
By the time it's complete
I'm up off my seat
And seeking something new

To rhyme, is to fidget
Penned by my digits
Yet again it's complete
Like the smell from my feet
And yet I'm still trying
Typing and rhyming
Perfection I seek
Unable to speak
Just using my mind
All of the time.

All of the time.

In my head they are.

Some alone, some together
I hope,
They're forever.

Phil Soar

Workmates?

You don't have to like who you work with
You don't need to let them be friends
You just have to get through the rest of each day
And rush home the moment it ends
You don't have to wish them good morning
You don't have to smile at their traits
You just have to grin and then bare it
Until you drive out through those gates

Phil Soar

Worry

I compensate for worry with more stress
My mind's not right unless it's in distress
Resulting in a mix of stressful days
All helping to reflect my ageing ways

I've struggled with this trait since I was young
Unable to restrict it, life goes on
And tempting as it is to just give in
I really don't want all this grief to win

There's not a day goes by that I don't think
That it will all end faster than a blink
And though the negativity's extreme
The positives are only in my dreams

Although I might not show it, I'm a wreck
Enveloped from my toes up to my neck
With things that may not sound like that much pain
but rattle around inside my ageing brain

I sit alone on days where stress begins
Carrying all the worry of my sins
One day there will be nothing left of me
Except the results of self inflicted misery

Phil Soar

Wouldn'T It Be Nice

Wouldn't it be nice if all our lives were blessed with love?
Wouldn't it be nice if there were only sun above?
Wouldn't it be nice if every day was full of hope?
Wouldn't it be nice if angels were on hand to help us cope?

Wouldn't it be good if clouds were surrogates for wishes
Where hopes and dreams were held, in pure satin heart shaped dishes
Where nothing but the good things that we hope for, are dispensed
Where rain fell down as feathers, and their tickles were intense

Wouldn't we all share these things, between the whole wide world?
Spreading joy, and showing how our feelings could unfurl
And wouldn't it be wonderful if all the world stood still?
To give us chance to dwell in it, and all have time to kill

Phil Soar

Writers Block

I said I'd write a poem every day
It's proving harder than I thought it might
My brain cells don't perform well if I'm honest
Especially when the moon is out of sight

As writers block becomes a major problem
And lunar schedules play with my emotions
I can't help thinking all my thoughts are going
As if a witch has slipped me toxic potions

So I'll try and make an effort every morning
And even if the words don't flow so freely
I'll look up at the moon with a sad expression
And howl like a banshee with one word:
'REALLY? '

Phil Soar

Writers Block 2

I started typing yesterday and writers block set in
I wrote, erased, and wrote some more, I wore the paper thin
There wasn't any substance, to anything I'd penned
I felt alone in a sea of words, in a world that had no end

I paced the floor, I locked the door, and isolated thought
I remembered all the other words I'd written times before
But I still could not make sense of it and my mind was just a blank
I was lost in a world of nothing, and I had my mind to thank

Through hours of light and darkness, I struggled with the cause
I couldn't understand why even simple lines had paused
But just as everything seemed doomed, and nothing else would come
The words flowed freely once again, I wrote, then I was done.

Phil Soar

Writers Block 3

When I started to write yesterday
My emotions caused utter dismay
My mind wasn't straight
And it opened a gate
To a part of my brain far away

So I sat in somewhat of a daze
To see what might be the next phase
But my brain let me down
And with a grunt and a frown
I set all my paper ablaze

Phil Soar

Writers Plight

The words I hear and write, are always random
Flowing in a sea of aimless junk
They leave the mind and sometimes they are candidly
Typed as if the writer is quite drunk

The moon is always at the epicentre
My ruling planet sets these words adrift
Sometimes making nonsense of their symmetry
But often give my writing days a lift

Today, as an example, they do not agree
With how my mind is working at this time
Garbled as they are, and almost gobbledegook
And I think I need a bottle of white wine

Phil Soar

Writing Sh*t

The pleasure of writing shit
Is that I do not care a bit
If I think that I am funny, that's my trait
And if you could write it too
There'd be lots more of our poo
And for that, will our readers sit an wait

Phil Soar

Writing Sh*t 2

The levity with which I view all things
Has led me into trouble several times
And oh the joy my silliness can bring
Has led me to write very many rhymes

From absurd innuendos, to silliness supreme
I write because I'm stupid and uncouth
And when I've written down the things I dream
I sometimes think that I'm still in my youth

Enjoying winding people up excites me
Laughing at the world and all it's faults
And watching their expressions just delights me
And I will laugh out loud until I stop

Phil Soar

Written Words

No longer do I put my pen to paper
Or use an old typewriter anymore
I sit and spread my words on Poem hunter
In the hope my words are something you adore

Phil Soar

Wurthers Originals

I Bought a pack of Wurthers
Which wasn't very bright
Who wants to eat a bag of sweets
When they all taste like Shite

Phil Soar

Yeast

I bought some yeast for a daily feast
And made some bread and dough
I Stuck my tongue, in a baker's bun
Who I didn't even know

Phil Soar

Yellow Ducks

Floating downstream
Rubber ducks
Yellow forms flowing freely
Some becoming entangled and held
Among willows and water lillies
Others racing toward the finish line
For charity
Whilst teams line the banks
Cheering them on
Providing help for those in need
A summer event
Cheerfully embodying the good in people
Donating the proceeds
Feeling good
Floating downstream
Like pooh sticks
Yellow ducks

Phil Soar

Yellow Snow

I wrote a message in the snow
In yellow highlight pen
At least I think that's what it was
As my willy is out again!

Phil Soar

Yesterday I Ate Ice Cream

And yesterday I ate Ice cream
the bright sun heightening my senses
making me think that summer was here
taking me to a comfort zone
holding me there for just a few hours
only to break the spell in the morning
returning me to early January
when I was wrapped in layers
chilled
waiting for him to re-appear
that sun
who fooled me into thinking
summer was here
the trickster
the joker
the star that lay hidden for months
returning briefly
then lost for a while
and yesterday
I ate Ice cream

Phil Soar

Yongki

We claimed that we're civilised
How can that be?
How can we claim we are top of the tree?
We kill for no reason
And Yongki lies still
Murdered by someone who hides in the hill

The sight of that elephant
Lying there, dead
Fills me with such a phenomenal dread
Civilised?
NO
We have no right to say
They were here before us
And should be left to their ways

My tears were unhelpful
They just hide my pain
More animals killed with little restraint
Civilised?
NO
We're not worth that description
How will we all feel after animal extinction?

Phil Soar

You

I can tell, by your smile, that you've probably been lovely for ever;
And the stars in the sky shine so brightly, just because you're here;

When you cry, all your tears mean you care, when the worlds seems it's against
you;
And the Dreams that you dream, when you're sleeping, reflect the beauty deep
inside;

If the world needed someone to remind them that it's magic, then you fit the role
completely;
And when the moon is new and bright, and lights up the very night, it's like your
mirror;

And that mirror just reflects the eyes that glisten, with a sparkle from within you;

When you take the time to listen, there's a sharing side to you that shows you
care;

So don't ever change the person that you are, because you're special;
And everyone who knows you can be sure that you'll be there, in times of need.

Phil Soar

You Are

When all around seems likely to implode
And all my thoughts are anywhere but here
I gather friends around at my abode
And chat for hours to guide away the fear

It's easy for the matters of the world to fry your brain
To make you feel unwanted,
Or to drive your mind insane
It's the way you handled it that changes you
And makes your life
More bearable to view

Giving in to all that makes life tough
Giving up
Like you have had enough
Doesn't make the problem go away
Sorrow is a hefty price to pay

If we can smile when all around seems lost
Maybe we won't pay that heavy cost
Remember that the world owns you and then
Smile
And begin the day again

Forget the bad
Remember why you're here
Remember how you smiled away the fear
Remember life is everything you are
And in your eyes
You are the only star

Phil Soar

You Are A Friend To Me

I discovered the journey from beginning to end
How you started unknown to me, and now you're a friend
And the paths that we've taken have led to this place
Where a smile starts in seconds, when I see your face.

Phil Soar

You Are Always There

I woke to find you there, and making eyes at me
From far away, you brightened up the day
I saw you in the distance, and you set my spirit free
And took all of my doubts and fears away

You followed me all morning, and just hovered in the sky
No need for me to look for you, I knew that you were there
I didn't need a horoscope to know the reason why
You are my Moon, and are with me everywhere

My ruling planet, and my guiding light each day
Only clouds can hide your deep mystique
And if perchance, I think that you have gone away
Between the clouds, you have a little peek

Phil Soar

You Are There

I don't need to wake to see someone else lying close to me
To watch someone else sleeping beside me
Or to walk hand in hand with someone else at night
Along sandy beaches close to home
I just want to know you are there
Whenever I look around

Phil Soar

You Are Who You Are

List your faults and foibles
Write them in a book
Invite your friends to read them
And then hope they take a look
Let them see your openness
And all the man you are
And hope they spread the news that you
Are the man they think you are

Phil Soar

You Can

You can be lonely but surrounded by friends
You can live for tomorrow until the day ends
You can trust in your judgement but fall by the way
You can worry for nothing or live for today

You can stand by your feelings and make a mistake
You can train your emotions but then be a fake
You can put up a fight but be knocked off your feet
You can stand and be counted or make your retreat

You can wallow in pity or show self esteem
You can sit in a puddle or swim in a stream
You can dwell on your past or forget it and then
You can solve all your problems and start over again

You can save all your anger and decide to be calm
You can make yourself happy by doing no harm
You can stand on your own and be faithful to one
And leave nothing but good from your life when you've gone

Phil Soar

You Cannot Make This Up

You couldn't make it up
The hurt and suffering
The animals worked until they cannot stand
No food or water
No love or time to rest
And we see ourselves as rulers
As emperors across vast swathes of land
Owning it
Managing it
But cruel to the extreme

We were not the first here
No the second
There were custodians before us
But not human
Animals
Roaming
Living
Eating
Breeding
Owners of all they survey
In death, giving life back to the earth
In Life, helping keep a sense of purpose

And then we came,
And now we believe our right is to own
To bludgeon all before us into submission
If you get in our way
We will be merciless
Use you
Abuse you
Hurt you
Deprive you
In Death, we give nothing back
In Life, there are those who take all
Those that do not, must do more
Protect the needy
Comfort the poor back to health
Care more

Phil Soar

You Have A Way

You've got a way about you
It makes me want to know you more
To meet you first and then explore
You've got a sense of knowing
That your stage is set for you
To act out what you do
And present yourself so briefly in act two

You mystify without the magic
You implore me to dig more
To come knocking at your door
And shadow you to learn my lines and then
You'll have a way to keep me near you
There'll be no message un-received
But Just the answers I retrieved
That you have a way about you

Phil Soar

You Helped Me

I cried a tear
You wiped it dry
Although I'm lost
Only you know why
She tore my soul
And took the heart from me
You saved my life
By being close to me
And as a friend
You had no equal to
The many hurtful folk
I foolishly clung to
So when you wiped my tears
You were just helping me
To piece my heart back whole
And really comfort me

Phil Soar

You Know Me

You know my moods, you know my name
You know my rather plumpish frame
It does not put you off romance
Your arms surround me when we dance
Although they struggle hard to touch
Around my frame so very much
And still you love me as you do
Even though you're four foot two!

Phil Soar

You Left

I felt the hurt
I woke and you were gone
Just a note to show that I was wrong
I tried to read the note without a tear
Knowing that you are not even near
You've flown the coop
You've left this room and then
I'm here and all alone once again

It's not that I'm not used to pain like this
It's not that I won't miss your evening kiss
But best for both of us that you should leave
And I can sit alone again and grieve

Phil Soar

You Moved Me

You moved me to tears with your words
As I read them my eyes glazed
Through a misty haze I continued
Determined to finish the journey
Through your words

You moved me to tears with your songs
As I heard them, my ears felt engaged
Through an echo of sound I was taken
By the way your songs drew me along
Through your songs

You moved me to tears with your actions
As you weaved your true magic, I cried
As if no-one else mattered before me
And nothing thereafter was tried
Through your actions

Phil Soar

You Need To Smile

You need to smile
Not everything requires sadness
Not everyone needs to experience hate
You need to smile

You need to grin
Not everything requires heartbreak
Not everyone needs to witness pain
You need to grin

You need to laugh
Not everything requires tears
Not everyone needs to experience stress
You need to laugh

Phil Soar

You Never Give Up

You never give up on me
You keep me cocooned in an embrace of love
Warmed by your caress of kindness
Nurtured under your spell
I open my heart and mind to accept your beauty
And you never fail me
You inject the moon and stars with your brightness
You keep a steady flow of wonder flying in my direction
I look up and thank you for the gift
That is life

Phil Soar

You Poked Me

You made me laugh
You made me cry
The night you poked me in the eye
I cried out loud
Was in some pain
So you poked me in the eye again

Your were a quite sadistic man
Enjoying people's pain
So I reversed the process
And drove you quite insane

I placed an egg into your bed
Along with toast and jelly
And when you tried to go to sleep
You got it on your belly

And by the time I'd finished
serving up my sweet revenge
You were madder than those people
Who dance around stonehenge

Phil Soar

You Retreated

And so, to ease my comfort, you retreated
Took yourself away from all the pain
Reversed into a retrograde position
And love will never ever be the same

From the outside there was not a clear distinction
Between where love began and hurt prevailed
And after all this time the love has faded
And the partnership of years, right now has failed

The steps we took to try and save our friendship
Were like the footprints, moulded early on
Set in stone, and preserved there for forever
Now meaningless, now love has really gone

We talk, but do not speak that early language
The lover's words that took the breath away
And now those words are empty as our hearts are
At times we feel there's not much more to say

So take your time to equal out the balance
Of where you were, and where life takes you now
And don't forget the hole you left inside me
After you had made that early vow.

Phil Soar

You Saved Me

I gave in to your kindness when my will was challenged so
You helped me through a troubled time, and showed me how to cope
You saved me from the certainty of sadness and depression
And made it all seem innocent and this taught me a lesson

No matter where my feelings go and how it makes me feel
There's someone there to help me and who knows the pain is real
And just that very message, gives the saddest heart a lift
To me you were a welcome break, a saint, a love, a gift

Phil Soar

You Snooze, You Lose!

I fell into a slumber as I sat and watched TV
An episode of something that I thought I'd like to see
I woke up with a startled look, as if I didn't know
That I had nodded off to sleep, and missed the bloody show

The wife said not to worry, and she looked it up on line
And said I could use 'catch up', and then watch another time
So I put it in the planner, with all the other dross
And did what I was told, because I knew that she's the boss

Phil Soar

You Take My Breath Away

You took my breath away
I'd like it back again
You make most every day
Worth getting up again
I seem to wait for you
In dreams you visit me
And when I wake next day
You take my breath away

You make the world seem fine
When times have been so poor
You help me on my way
Through fields of open doors
You join me on my trip
From sleep to waking time
And when my mind is still
You make the world seem fine

You take my breath away
I'd like it back again
You're there for me at times
When all around is pain
Some days your beauty finds
Me staring out at you
And wondering if the sun
Is there for only me

The very fact that you
Welcome me every day
With skies of such a blue
They take my breath away

Phil Soar

You Too

Of all the friendships I have nurtured, yours is truly fine
Not with me very long, but getting better over time
No mood is missed, and words of comfort flow from deep within
And when received, they lift my soul, and recovery begins

The slow and personal build up, from unknown, to best of friends
Has helped distribute happiness, and the thought love has no end
A certain type of common bond, that seems to grow each day
And one that should be cherished, and should never go away

So with a little help from personal feelings, warmth and care
I hope this friendship stays on track, with feelings we can share
Just as you have been there for me, with words to help me through
I'm thankful that you seem to be, someone I can turn to

Phil Soar

You Were Beautiful

You dressed in silk pyjamas
The sort that make me shiver
I watched as you undressed yourself
And walked into the river
Then just as I was shaking
At the beauty in the lake
A crocodile ate you alive
And now I'm at your wake

Phil Soar

You Were There

You threw me a line at a moment in time
You met me in my time of need
You defended my honour and then some
And now my emotions are freed

Your words had such passion and value
I dwelt on each sentence you spoke
And from being a wreck in a Tsunami of hate
It's amazing what your words evoked

So forgive me if I have my moments
Your advice was like treasures of gold
At the time that I needed a shoulder
You stood arms outstretched and were bold

Phil Soar

You Wrote To Me

You wrote of love and feelings on a paper thin notepad
You wrote so very graphically of all the thoughts you had
You wrote of understanding, and the reasons that you do
You never thought you'd finish with the words I want you to
You finished with a heartfelt line, of love and all its passion
You had me in your grip and touched my heart in such a fashion
Your words creating imagery, of all that you convey
And painted such a picture of the things you want to say
I read it with a tear stained face, and felt that I was blessed
That you had thought to write this down, your feelings you confessed
And as I wipe these tears of joy away, and raise a smile
I guess I should reply in my inimitable style

I'll write to you of feelings that I've had for many years
I'll spell it out in complex words, and hope to quell your fears
I'll tell you that I love you, and you mean the world to me
And I'll keep your note within my heart, under a lock and key

Phil Soar

You, The Artist

Capture me a scene or two
From deepest grey to lightest blue
And with your brush, paint hills of green
Where only sheep and cows have been
Include a river bank of sorts
Where otters and their young cavort
Develop strokes that please the eye
As long canal boats meander by
Add some fallen trees in too
That's all that I can ask of you
And when you're done present to me
A piece of magical artistry

Phil Soar

Younger Years

I love the innocence of youth
Of infancy and all it means
And as I watch my ageing frame
I wish that I was there again

Playground kisses, chasing one another
Friends almost as close as a dear brother
Classroom notes passed underneath the desk
Love letters to the girl I liked the best

When looking back on many lunchtime breaks
Skipping from the classroom out to play
I know it shaped my life and my mistakes
But still I long to be there once again

Phil Soar

Your Face

The mirror doesn't lie
You perhaps wonder why
What you see, is what you are
But that thought won't travel far
Because, each day it is the same
No make up will remove the pain
But when all is said and done
You have only get the one
Face

Phil Soar

Your Letters

Delving through the letters left behind you
I lie awake when I should try to sleep
Drawing on emotions, I try to find you
As only finding you makes me complete

I search through lines, your written words surprise me
I didn't understand where you got lost
And now that everything is left behind me
It's only now I really count the cost

You group your feelings well in written stanzas
But nothing draws me back into your arms
Your words are like a poetry bonanza
And make me miss your effervescent charms

Phil Soar

Your Life

All grown up with nowhere else to go
All lessons learned, and little else to know
Years of endless knowledge tucked away
Helps us get through each and every day

Tests that stretch the mind and search the soul
Make your life seem meaningful and whole
And even though new challenges appear
You take them in your stride with little fear

And trusting in yourself takes little skill
After all you have no shoes to fill
And as each day begins, there is no doubt
Your life is just what everything's about

Phil Soar

Your Poetic Nature

The lines you wrote when we first met
The things you said in Rhyme
Were all so smart and full of life
I loved them at the time

But as we lived together
And the love began to fade
Your words turned to tics of sorts
Our story had been played

It was on that Sunday morning
When you cooked my bacon butty
I noticed all the emphasis
Was turning rather 'Nutty'

The rhymes began to fall apart
The stanzas got extensive
The words you used, were quite confused
And the language quite offensive

Our love affair had reached a point
Where I thought that I should go
So I packed my things and left the joint
And you didn't even know

I guess your rhymes have now returned
To a much more gentle state
I knew it was best I left the place
Before it was too late

So I hope that now your poetry
Has a much more fluid tone
And I'm glad that I have left you
And you're sitting there alone

Phil Soar

Your Songs Mean Nothing Now

The songs I play mean nothing now
I play them all day long
Familiar tunes, with empty words
Mean nothing now you're gone
You left in such a hurry
No time to say goodbye
Now all I do is play your songs
And sit alone and cry

Though people say we must go on
That's not what comes to mind
I understand the feelings said
Are only meant as kind
And if music soothes a heavy heart
It does not help the beat
It's had a big effect on me
And knocked me off my feet

The tone of each and every song
From the sorrow to the glee
Engraved into my aching heart
Have a balanced effect on me
Some mean so very many things
I picture you still here
Dancing to those songs you loved
And to every note you hear

Those songs that say I need you
The ones that time will heal
Are hard to hear, but need to be
To make the feelings real
So I'll sit alone and listen to
The songs that made you smile
And dream that you are here with me
Every once in a while.

Phil Soar

Your Task

'Your task, should you accept it'
Said the man from M.I.5
'Is to find an old Beekeepers house
And bring me back a hive
And if you find that you get stung
Don't blame me a bit
Because, if you accept this task
You must be quite the tit!'

Phil Soar

Youth

Youth

Ah Youth and Childishness

One of my traits

Almost sixty-four and yet

Always younger

Time waits for nothing

And although the bones creak

The mind hurts

The Legs ache

I can still be silly

I can still play games and not be bored

And when there is seriousness

I can still say something stupid

And not feel guilty

Those who say I am childish are right

And at sixty-four

I do not care

Youth remains

Phil Soar

Youth Versus Age

Direct your mind to valleys in your youth
remember them and see how much you've changed
no longer are you able to be smooth
and years have stemmed your movement as you've aged

Wander through an image from your past
remember how you tackled every task
no longer can you run and make it last
that image from your past seems like a mask

Re-visit times when all you did was learn
and challenges were met with youthful zest
remember things that made your fitness yearn
for excellence for you to be your best

And now those changes in your life are set
remember things will never be the same
and the days you once felt comfortable, have left
and only time itself can be to blame

Phil Soar