

Poetry Series

taxi poet
- poems -

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taxi poet(22 03 48)

Fat old taxi driver.I get board sh*tless sat on the rank so I doodle poems about owt and nowt.

Please read my trash and coment.

Sometimes you may find the words a bit mixed up that is because I am dicklicksick.

Taxipoet

50th Birthdays Are Banned

50th Birthdays are Banned

You're banned from having birthdays, a new rule has been made,
Signed, sealed and delivered by the local Fire Brigade!
They say that all those candles would create such a blaze;
They'd have to come and put it out and stay around for days!

So, I guess you'll have to party, without the birthday cake,
Perhaps well just one candle, just for old time's sake,
And miss all those Firemen! So fit, so Handsome, so Strong,
Let's light the lot anyway and invite the Whole Brigade along!

Happy Birthday.
Taxidave

taxi poet

Amore

My Valentine

The 14th of Feb. someone decreed,
A man has to show his love, his need,
But this man shows his trust, his love,
To the one that's named up above.

Sometimes I'm stupid, thoughtless, wrong,
Other times generous, forgiving, strong,
This is what makes me a man,
Only doing what a man can.

I know I can be trying, taxing to,
I also know I mean a lot to you,
So darling if you can find the time,
Will you be my loving VALENTINE?

taxi poet

Europe Us And Them

The time is coming for you and me,
To see what's right in E.E.C,
Bananas short, long or fat,
I'm really into sorting that,
The money thing I'm into too,
Euros for me, Pound's for you,
But what about the humble socket,
This really gets me on my rocket,
You go to Italy, Greece or Spain,
Not one plug is the same,
Two prongs, three prongs and the rest,
God only knows which is the best,
Let E.E.C look into it,
At 57 I'm no twit,
A standard plug should be decided,
And by all the choice abided,
So I don't carry in my luggage,
Lots of plugs and excess baggage,
Why don't they check the human race?
Now don't blush it's on your face,
And for us to recreate,
For a man and his mate,
Socket and plug is all we need,
It's common in the human field,
We aren't different from the rest,
One plug, one socket fits it best,
Why can't Europe sort this thing?
They are all thick in my thinking,
One plug to fit is what we pine for,
And we'll all be happy for ever more.

Taxidave

taxi poet

Foody Valentine

My Valentine

Another day, another year through the passage of time,
Another day, another year still wanting for you to be mine,
But in my heart and in my soul as time goes whizzing by,
I'll be addicted to you all my life till the day I die.

So I send these gifts from my heart to the one I need,
And hope there're not rejected by the one I love to feed,
Then taste these ribs that I send and become addicted to,
And every time you taste them you'll be affected to.

You'll love the ribs the noodles to,
The taste will always stay with you,
Then all through the passage of time,
You'll be my spare rib VALENTINE.

IS THIS HOT ENOUGH

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

p.s. women were made from a spare rib (Genesis)

taxi poet

I, M Still Here

I'm Still here

You all were there at the pub last night,
I was there but out of sight,
I was in the breeze that rattled the chimes,
I was really there many times,
I'll be with you all as time goes on,
I'll be there in the glinting sun,
I'll be there when the wild wind blows,
I'll be there in the diamond glint of snows,
I'll be with you through gladness and pain,
I'll be back again and again,
When you awake I'm the morning hush,
I am there with you in the daily rush,
At the end of the day and there is no light,
I'm the stars that shine through out the night,
Do not stand and forever cry,
I am here; I did not die,
Don't think of me as if I've gone,
When in reality I've just moved on,

Taxipoet

taxi poet

Lucia Long After

She's Still Here

I'm sitting here on the net,
Lucia's here with me yet,
Tapping my shoulder I don't know why?
To contact all she's not shy,
I feel she's happy where she's at,
I don't know why I'm writing that,
I feel only joy there's no pain,
Lucia's joyous and laughing again,
Perhaps through it all, she thought it out,
To be with the love she was left without,
Now she is happy love entwined,
With all her love and grace combined,
This is sent so you might live on,
Do not grieve I have not gone.

Taxidave

taxi poet

Lucia The End

We are standing here together in prayer,
Not just to show that we care,
But to send our love to you,
And knowing you'll receive it too.

We are standing here with heads bent down,
Looking at a hole in the ground,
Where a tree of life will soon be,
Planted here by those you see.

We are standing here now we are hush,
Looking at the little bush,
Let it grow let it blossom,
Lucia's here and not forgotten

taxi poet

Lucia The First News

Taxidave says goodbye
To the Italian girl I've tears in my eye
In life she was real, full of fun
Liked the wine and then drank some
Loved the kids I used to bring
Some of them dreadful things
Always with a smile and cuddle
The two year olds were the most trouble
She braved them all without a bit
Put up with mothers out of it
Smile on face when met with agony
After the wagon did for her balcony
Slightly sexy sort of lush
Reminded me of a young Kate Bush
This bubble of life has now gone by
The only thing I ask you to try
Is to send your hearts up above
To wish LUCIA all our love.

Taxidave

taxi poet

Lucia The Prayer

Do not stand and start weeping,
I'm not there; I'm not sleeping,
I'm the wind that blows and blows,
I'm the diamond glint in the snows,
I'm the sunlight on the ripening grain,
I'm the gentle patter of the rain,
When you awake I'm the morning hush,
I am then the swift uprising rush,
Of the birds in circled flight,
I'm the stars that shine through out the night,
Do not stand and forever cry,
I'm not there; I did not die,
Don't think of me as if I've gone,
When in reality I've just moved on.

Taxidave

taxi poet

Nvq (Not Very Qualified)

N.V.Q.

(Not Very Qualified)

It's come to pass that some fat ass within the council's writ,
Has been granting a licence's to drive a taxi to all who are a twit?
So the mouthy git who shall not be named wants now to put things in order.
When he can not stop those who come to Stockton from over the border.

So now we all have take a test a N.V.Q to boot.
A test to pay for and to pass more cash into the council's loot.
But if you come for Berwick on Tweed or Hambleton as well.
Does the council give a sh*t, does it bloody hell.

Who is the prat who thinks it's all about kissing the customers arse,
He should be on this side of the fence and he'll find out it's just a farse,
We work to make a lively hood against all odds and some,
When you get someone into your car who thinks your are taxi scum.

In 20 years the list is long, abuse and it's not right,
There is the ones leg it and do a runner into the night,
Then the ones that spew up in your car and couldn't give a toss
You're off the road for the rest of the night another costly loss.

I haven't mentioned the beatings up, in which the law has been involved,
In fifteen years, its 12 assaults, not one has been convicted, nothing been
resolved,
The law don't give a sh*t for our trade or our local town,
As long as we move the pisseds on from the high street and all around.

Where? Are the council lot, in their cushy jobs?
Are you out there supporting us, when we are dealing with the slobs?
You tell us buy a super taxi at £30,000 plus but in this town a dust bin cart will
do,
To get the sh*t that we pick and you know it's true.

I would like to meet this prat who has never been up late,
And take him on the town at night to look into our fate,
To see the fights and the wroth and bloody the farse,
And I'd like shove his legislation right up his bloody arse.

Taxipoet

taxi poet

Ode Of Shelly

Shelly is the barmaids name,
Pulling pints is her game,
Her consistent rabbit drives you mad,
In the lounge of the Highland Lad,
All the lads the big spenders,
Should be given ear defenders,
Her mouth just goes on and on,
Like a bloody Asteron,
She likes to smoke the brand OP's,
Borrows them from all she sees,
At this game she's an old lag,
Do you want a pint? Can I borrow a fag?
When she finished after work,
Shelly is no common flirt,
Round the bar and with the lads,
Tapping drinks as well as fags,
Knocking back the drinks so fast,
We wonder if she can last,
But she can go on and on,
Like a bloody Asteron,
Shelly with the rusty hair,
Do we worry, do we care,
All that's written is a farce,
The barmaid with the big fat arse,
And the big fat beer belly,
That's the girl our barmaid Shelly.

taxi poet

Ode Of The Taxi Driver

A taxi driver full of woe,
The punter don't know where to go,
Full of booze and brain dead,
Does not know which way to head,
Then she say's just take me home,
Where is that this side of Rome?
You should know you bloody freak,
You took me home just last week,
Been in this car and in the back,
Or one just like it I know its black,
A yellow sign on the top,
So hurry up and dropp me off,
Take me home she yells at me,
I'm busting for a bloody pee,
The driver takes off down the rank,
Up the high street past the bank,
Opens the door sets her free,
Pointing to the lavatory,
Into gear and off like a rocket,
With her five quid in his back pocket,
Back to the rank for another prat,
Easy money just like that.

taxi poet

Our Gav

Our Gav

Gavin Robinson is pronounced dead'
How can you get this in ones head?
He was a still a boy, a Jack the lad'
Always charming never bad'
Taken from us by violent abuse'
In this day there's no excuse'
I am saddened, degraded, angered and wild'
Who could do this to a meek and mannered? Child.

Gavin was Thoughtful full of life'
Went through life not causing strife'
Brining sunshine on a gloomy day'
Smiling, happy that was his way'
Laid back, quiet with no cares'
Always around when need there'
To help and comfort those in plight'
Anytime of day or night'
Gav would be there to see you through'
Supportive, helpful just for you.

We will remember Gavin with aching heart'
The memory of him will never part'
He will be with us all when we meet'
In the pub or on the street'
He walked his path through all he knew'
Touching our lives as he grew'
From being a child, teenager then man'
Being there as only he can'
He will be with us all even though he's gone'
His memory lives with us. On and On.

Taxipoet

taxi poet

Passing Ships

The days of my youth have long since gone by,
But the memories flood back with a smile, or a sigh,
They speed through my mind like birds in full flight,
And they are all just like ships that pass through the night,
Some memories I have are like dreams in my sleep,
And I know forever those dreams I will keep.

They are all just like stars that are shining so bright,
But they are still just like ships that passed in the night,
I go back to the years when I first went to sea,
And I was so young then, so happy so free,
I thought that this life for me was just right,
Now those years are like ships that pass in the night,

My first trip was a nightmare I did nothing but throw up,
But it taught me the speed that I had to grow up,
The ship tossed and rolled against the waves might,
With no help from the other ships that passed in the night,
But those years on the ships I soon learned to adore,
So many new places for me to explore.

There were big shoals of Dolphins what a wonderful sight,
Now they are all just like ships that pass in the night,
And the lands that I visited I saw more and more,
Of man's different cultures on a far distant shore,
But no matter how hard or desperate their plight,
We were just on a ship that passed in the night.

Any place in the world was our port of call,
In countries so great or ever so small,
No matter if black, no matter if white,
We were still just a ship that passed in the night,
Each ship that we joined we would soon make new friends,
Never to see them again when that voyage ends.

It was somehow accepted that it was so right,
That we were all ships that passed in the night,
But the best days of all, especially for me,
Were the days that we spent out there on the sea,

The hours spent alone looking out for a light,
So we could stay clear of that ship in the night.

Comrades ashore they go you forget,
But out there at sea I'll never regret,
Now I'll always remember my nautical friends,
And the adventures we shared, whatever life sends.
No truer words said can pass through my lips
I loved all those nights that passed on those ships.
Taxidave

taxi poet

Salute To Youth

Salute to Youth

Honourable child do not bow,
To those who are in power now,
Stand up and shout with all your will,
Do not go out with thoughts to kill,
But stand up tall like a tower,
And show them that youth has the power,
To change the world for something new,
This is what youth should do.

Youth join hands across the lands.
Shout out loud for your demands,
And if those demands are not met,
Rally the youth on the net,
Create a blog to join as one,
The youth of the world sing the one same song,
Then the mams and the dads and the old folk too,
Will have to start to taking notice of you.

Taxipoet (age 61)

taxi poet

Still I'M Sad

Still I'm Sad

The man has called the end of the day,
A god send to some' the fast way,
No lingering pain going on and on,
Just a knock on the door and then you've gone

Still I'm Sad

Left behind are the ones who are there,
With saddened hearts the one's who care,
Who loved you through all your life.
A beautiful mother, a loving wife,

Still I'm Sad

You went in peace to another place,
We know you'll be happy in that space,
You will stay with us in our hearts,
The memory off you will never part,

Still I'm Sad

The thought of dying is not that bad,
It's your leaving us that's makes us sad,
But in the end and this is right,
Sometime in the future we will all reunite,

How I'm Sad

Taxipoet

taxi poet

Taxi Poem 'The Pick-Up'

The Pick Up

Morning comes with a pain,
To see me driving off again,
Out into the morning sun,
To pick up her at 31,
Getting there don't be slow,
For the lecture she has to go,
To learn what she really wishes,
And doesn't end up washing dishes,
A lady of letters Dr. B.A.P.H.D.
Doesn't mean that much to me,
But you may now have thought,
A student that I carry forth,
To the campus I must go,
Through the crazy traffic flow,
One thing strange about this one,
No don't think I'm having you on,
This ones funny in one respect,
Never hung over at least not yet,
She really is a bonny lass,
Curvy body no fat ass,
Should be out more on the town,
Drinking, Shouting, knocking it down,
Partying long into the night,
Giving parents such a fright,
What's happening to our little girl?
Her mind is in a drunken swirl,
Hay mam and dad its not taboo,
This is what all students do,
Then at the end of the course,
Into her room with no remorse,
She'll sit with candle burning bright,
Through the long and lonely night,
Swotting up on what should have been,
Not out raving on the seen,
But She'll do it just you see,
She'll come out with her DEGREE

Taxi poet

taxi poet

Words

Words are useless, Words are bold,
Words get fainter when you get old,
Words are something we rely on,
Words are something to get by on,
Words are pretty when wrote sincere,
Not so nice when written queer,
Words show all that you are great,
Written in a form you can relate,
Words are bad when all mixed about
Not spelled right and you all shout,
What's this twit is he sick?
No you clowns he's Dicklexick.

Poem by Taxidave

taxi poet