

A photograph of a man in a light-colored shirt pouring tea from a teapot into a cup. The scene is set in a kitchen with a stove and another teapot visible. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent red filter. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

**Yorkshire Love**  
**Poems**  
& other Desperate  
Stuff

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Volume 2

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## **I stare in the window a gleam in my eye**

I stare in the window a gleam in my eye  
Come in beckons the lady - Me? Innocent I  
The lace is St. Lauren and the panties are  
French  
I so want to buy them, innocent I

The doorway is wide - no need to be scared  
Come in beckons the lady there's nothing to  
fear  
The sign says the lace is authentic; the lady  
smiles  
"Obviously for a special person in your life"

Well now I'm talking - what do you think?  
In a shop of ladies underwear, without a blink

"If my husband bought me that heavens  
knows what I'd do"

Yes now we are talking, and there's only  
us two  
We've moved from St. Lauren to G-  
strings and briefs

"Some people will wear them some  
people won't"  
What about your lady does she or don't

I say that you are special, that your  
figure is finest serif  
That you are fun to be with; educating,  
I'm innocent see

"But are you shy and retiring or experimental and gay?"

What! - no, no, no absolutely not,  
Just a slight misunderstanding, we have a little laugh

"I mean outgoing, energy for life"  
Yes that's right; back on track, a teeny weenie gaff

Do you think a lady would like to be given these? I ask

"Oh yes, oh yes, absolutely, especially that - that would leave her in absolutely no doubt"

As to what would not be in doubt I dare not ask, or tout

Well that's it - I'll take 'em  
Wrap 'em up

"Nay you'll need t`stockings an t`slip"  
She smiles, with a whip and stirrup by her side

"You innocent I"

## **I had it in my mind to write**

I had it in my mind to write  
And so I shall  
I can understand that  
I can see what you mean

And so the play went on  
Rhythm and rhyme  
A story in time  
Yes the play went on  
I can understand that  
I can see what you mean

But this was just a part of it  
Of a day only a moment  
Still the story was told  
And I can understand that  
If you can see what I mean

I hoped you would write  
Did I misunderstand?  
Form follows function  
Words naturally reverb  
Yes I can understand that  
And the play went on

The play went on  
I can understand that  
No what I mean  
I can see that  
Do you know  
What I mean

## Crystalline crimsonmine

Crystalline crimsonmine  
Colourblue clouds along  
From the pen to the paper  
A mind, a thought, a picture,  
A realisation, a transposition,  
A transmazzimission

From the paper to the eye  
To mind to thought decipher  
Uncouple, rearrange, absorb  
Realise lives transposed  
Wonderblue bounds along

## I ought to sleep

I ought to go to sleep, I want to carry on  
I ought to, want to  
Anyway what's to stop me  
The rain and the wind?  
They are outside

The dark of the night?  
Simple - artificial light  
Is it artificial? Light  
Seems odd that.

What is nature ...  
Things not made by man?  
But am I not made by ...

Perhaps?  
I ought to, go to, sleep

## When the whites of your eyes

When the whites of your eyes  
don't see the light of day too often  
Then my friend it's time to call a halt

Yes when every waking moment  
bequeaths some form of escape  
The time is nigh to seek gestalt

Each cringe of skin  
Each sudden jitter  
Listen, listen good  
Time to change

So how do you go, where to look  
The answer is screaming  
But it is within  
And no more lies will help you  
Begin

Of course the biggest most damaging lie is to  
oneself  
But also the most easy until self respect  
returns

Clutch not onto straws  
Unless to hold them in your hands  
Gaze real hard  
Mean something

Stare beyond the bricks and mortar  
Focus your attention on the most miniscule

Be not afraid of being misunderstood or of  
misunderstanding  
Slowly now, real slow, take all of your time

Soon, soon the thinking will begin

Take a thought and write it down  
Pluck another as they race across  
your myriad of disconnection's

Now mix the thoughts with pen on paper  
In words in pictures

And as you draw, as the ink flows  
from some thousand instantaneous hits inside  
your head

Remember, no conception this from  
stimulant  
No alcoholic haze or nicotine dullness  
Just you and you

Move on, move on, still, smooth, still, slow  
Reach your tips of toes beyond the body  
Stretch out to your very extremities

Turn on the music listen, listen  
to just one heartbeat amongst a hundred  
thousand collisions of sound

Take a colour and rub it rich  
Deep into the canvas  
A life in layers  
Layers of golden crimson

Now pick up the silk  
Soft so softly stroke between your fingers  
and your thighs

This is you and only you  
Alive to tactile sensory sensation  
Stimulated within, within by you

Step now, step forward, step back  
Twist your toes and smile  
Learn to say, to say *control*

You may feel if you wish a little pleased with  
progress  
But progress one moment only

Knowing full well this house of cards  
is not yet to turn to stone  
So stop, stop now and work hard to recollect

Remember that very instant when you would  
not, did not, could not say no  
Folding, falling for fictitious viscous 'freedom'

If, if only  
Avoid if only  
Build a test to test temptation  
All the while fondling silk and feeling good

Each and every once you see temptation  
eating at your core  
Work, work with pen and paper work with  
thoughts and thoughts  
Now decide in the full light of day and the  
full light of your being your reason your  
rational for living

Escape if you wish  
But escape to nothing  
Nothing more than the oxygen of you and  
you

Stroke the marble, marvel at the texture  
Mould the ball within your palm  
Say soft words say them slowly

Sometime take time to contemplate  
Two thoughts intertwined with a common  
bond  
Molecules in mesh

Upon this creation add your own idea  
Try to weave your way inside this composite  
stable living breathing structure

Feel, feel not for a parting but for a solid  
bond, a point of high energy waiting for your  
fusion

This is friendship  
Here the lies are gone and to enter your first  
pass is to be true to yourself

And friendship is a form of magic  
Conjured from the craziest calculations  
Open your arms, embrace, smile,  
Enter

## **A word in your hear**

A word in your hear  
A picture in your eye  
A silly little joke  
A mindless sigh

## **I sit inside the Christian fellowship coffee shop**

I sit inside the Christian fellowship coffee shop  
Amongst a melodramatic search for reason

Day dreams of retreat into sublime silent solitude  
Sparrow-crumbs of memories in flight across my mind

Actually I sit astride the Easy Rider metro double-decker bus  
Visualising heathers of golden crimson  
that one day we will walk on together

## Twenty four pence

Twenty four pence  
Boundless limitless value  
A moment, a minute, a lifetime

No one not ever  
Opened my heart or my pen  
Opened and broken

Twenty four pence  
A stamp to save our love

## You cried

You cried  
I had no need to lie  
My love for you  
Already freefall flowing

In between  
Happy...Sad...Kind...Mean

I cried  
You had no need to lie  
Your love for me

Rock solid  
Hugging  
Going

## **I have a plan**

I have a plan  
Someone said I always did  
A plain and simple plan  
From a simple and plain man

## **I try your phone**

I try your phone  
Lonesome's there not you

I wait for you to call  
Read Dylan Thomas

I take his words, his patterns with wonder, I  
wander, through a vocal vocabulary regained

I drift inside his world - poetry should always  
be thus, beyond here and now

The telephone rings, startled I try to gain a  
grip on the night

I hear your happiness, your body is  
recovered  
Forever I can tell you - of Rollo May

## **You sit at the glass topped table**

You sit at the glass topped table  
You browse your pile of books  
You write your own reflection  
Colours painted on the page

You are your own possession  
You strive for your own satisfaction  
You see beyond, beneath the surface  
Peoples thoughts, deeds and words

You struck me with such energy  
You bounced and lived and sought  
You wanted all and then still more  
Exploded your own introspection

You actualize reality  
You see your strength to give  
You have a soul so gentle  
Goodness only you know

You always work with reason  
You see no limitations  
You encourage, empower, console  
Those for whom you care

You are more  
You are many  
You are sat  
At the glass topped table

## Today is one of waiting

Today is one of waiting  
Telephone calls to expect  
The prospect of income, work,  
A return from the rituals of idle life

In between the wanting and the waiting  
Astride my galloping mind  
I learn a little French  
Le tranquil, grand et bleu

Laughter shaping movement  
Fingers forming freedoms  
Stillness's slow evolvement  
China wall-plates on the wall

The courage of our creation  
The cockerel made of clay  
A figure of Capi de Monte  
Treasures, of a trinket, seaside holiday

Inside: white walls  
Wooden floors  
A glazier's gift of light  
Platforms way up high

Outside: solid stone superstructure  
Doors that close just so  
A place, a peace for everyone  
Consummate – one consistent whole

## To the name of Benny Parker

On Cartworth Moor  
A well bred lad  
But one of the boys

On Cartworth Moor  
A pub he had  
Served ale for the boys

On Cartworth Moor  
A rotter, a cad  
But one of the boys

On Cartworth Moor  
A wife and a lady he had  
A one, not only with the boys

On Cartworth Moor  
A stylish strad  
A player to the boys

On Cartworth Moor  
His pub burnt, so sad  
No more laughter, no more boys

## **Lady bird where do you go**

Lady bird where do you go  
White green grass your canvass  
Quarried stone once cold  
Laid dry on a warm broken wall  
The moment passed  
Passed for all

## **This is just**

This is just  
Just for  
Just you

Musk  
Magic touch  
Touch of blue

This is just  
In place of musk  
In place of touch

For you  
Never blue  
I give you truth

That's all you ever asked

## **Hold cold hands**

Underneath the moon  
Hold, cold hands

Hold hands - tight  
Walk, barefoot in the sand

Wear tee shirts  
With open minds

Walk, to the wave's edge  
Talk on until to tomorrow

Walk, hold bold hands  
Warm deep inside

Talk on, on and through the moment  
On and into the next one

Wear just our imagination  
Our wishes that wish

## Now a little story

Now a little story  
Of the girl in the balloon  
Who touched life  
Not a moment too soon -

Light cried the captain  
We need somebody light  
I`m light whispered the little girl -

Bright cried the captain  
We need somebody bright  
I`m bright whispered the little girl -

Fight cried the captain  
We need somebody who will fight  
I`ll fight whispered the little girl -

Might cried the captain  
Might turn rough  
We`ll need somebody tough

Might be a lady, whispered the little girl  
But I`m bright and I`m light and if it  
Turns rough then I`ll get tough! -

Hop aboard whispered the captain  
Gentle like

**Reading, everyone's reading**

Reading, everyone's reading  
Speaking, no-ones speaking  
Quiet, everyone's reading  
Reading  
About confident speaking

**New**

New  
Not existing before  
Now first made  
Brought into existence  
Invented, introduced  
Newfangled  
Of recent growth  
Not worn or exhausted

## New poem, for your return

New poem, for your return  
Flowers swim on the breeze  
Sunbeams mingle, jingle, in flight across the  
sky  
New poem

Plagued by destructive desires  
Undone by absence of spirit, body and soul  
No longer so strong  
New poem

Float, bream, weep willow  
Orange blossom full in bloom  
Big blue sky – all, of you  
New poem

Scattered thoughts slip as cankers  
Time without time, without...  
Broken bonds  
New poem

Crystal swings in vain glory  
Casts rainbows colours in droves  
Nature's curtains hang ill at ease  
New poem

Ladies languor  
With their stolen cigarettes  
They too do wait for your return  
New poem, lost loves