

# **'The 3iATLAS Conduit'**

**A Collection Of - Poems – Songs  
Written For Youtube**

•  
**Published Online Post-3iAtlas Appearance**

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**Hence The 'Tongue-In-Cheek' Title.**

**Some Lightly Political, Social, Comedic  
Listed Below In No Particular Order  
Just As They Sprang From My Mind  
To The Page.**

**If You'd Like To Listen To The Audio Versions  
{Highly Recommended}  
Please Visit The Youtube Playlists Below**

**The Poetslodge >> [https://www.youtube.com/playlist?  
list=PLvY7ISdzxIXJbvGVMwyS2MR4tD\\_mpyuLF](https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLvY7ISdzxIXJbvGVMwyS2MR4tD_mpyuLF) .**

**Social Commentary .. [https://www.youtube.com/playlist?  
list=PLvY7ISdzxIXIS8zNukjNq0ofknX5TB3Ys](https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLvY7ISdzxIXIS8zNukjNq0ofknX5TB3Ys) .**

**And I Hope You Enjoy Spending Some Time At Both**

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## Obesity - Credit - No Mystery

I Remember when credit cards were 'News'  
No Mention Then How They Could Abuse.  
They were 'Manna-From-Heaven'  
Or So it seemed.  
We could now fulfil ALL of Our Dreams.

Not enough money to buy 'That Thing'?  
It's Okay, My card makes the till's ring!

The week has eight days the Beatles said.  
They were RIGHT! Now Tell Our Money-Bed.  
We need some food but it's raining today,  
But it's Okay, We'll buy a Take-Away.

Not enough money to buy 'That Thing'?  
It's Okay, My card makes the till's ring!

Friday's arrived, We need to go Out.  
Did You see that New Restaurant  
last night on the telly?  
We could go there to EAT!  
And Fill Our Belly

Not enough money to buy 'That Thing'?  
It's Okay, My card makes the till's ring!

These Days of Screen-Views 24-7  
Gives all 'Ad-Drivers' a slice of Heaven!  
Social Hypnosis - NLP and Subliminal

Guide us to spend like a Speeding Criminal.

No Consequences, Money on tap.

We walked right INTO! - 'The Money-Trap!'

Where Food and More! Food! Presented as common,  
Keeps the FAT! Piling on - Our Health? - Detrimental,  
We are trying to keep up with everything social!

Not enough money to buy 'That Thing'?

It's Okay, My card makes the till's ring!

Soon twenty stone Beasties seems normal to see.

Re-enforced Toilet seats in our lavatory.  
Wider seats on Airplanes DEMANDED,  
Wider doors, Bigger Coffins,  
BIG BEASTIE HAS LANDED!

Not enough money to buy 'That Thing'?

It's Okay, My card makes the till's ring!  
It'll even pay for My own Demise,  
and the Funeral Costs? - No Surprise! ....

.....

## **GB Children Used To Be Free!**

Great Britain once was wild and free,  
A playground wide for you and me.  
No walls of fear, no screens to stare,  
We built our joy from open air.

We climbed the trees to build our den's

we chased the breeze to our days end,  
We skimmed the stones across the river.  
And With muddy knees and laughter bright,  
We played from dawn till the dark of night.

No ticking clock, just - "home for tea!"  
Our world was wide, our spirits free.  
We built our camp's in secret glades,  
Where dreams were born - in leafy shades.

Adults would smile and stop to chat,  
A nod, a hug, a pat - imagine that!  
Respect was shared, both young and old,  
Our hearts were strong, our spirits bold.

in Schools We learned our sums, our maps,  
Our English - History - and our ways,  
With faith and song in golden days.  
Those "Old Normal Days" still softly gleam,  
In A distant land, - a fading dream.

Now sixty years have rolled along,  
The tune has changed, to a different song.  
Where once was play, now warnings sound,  
"It's not safe out - when dark's around."

Great Britain's name feels cold and strange,  
Its gentle heart has seen such change.  
The leaders talk, the people sigh,  
And question where the truth may lie.

Woke Rules Our Lives now and Children despise!  
"It's Not Safe To Go Out!- Bad People Around"  
Is the call from all parents and peers.  
Great Britain No More! - Where did It GO!??

Neither You Or I Could Possibly Know!

Rainbows and Unicorns Once The Children's dream  
Now Used To Abuse their little hearts scheme.  
Let children run, let hearts be free,  
And hope restore our liberty.

Children are taught what's right, what's wrong,  
But lose their voice, their childhood song.  
For fear now rules where trust once grew,  
And freedom fades from every view.  
Politicians now Lead to the Socialist Grave  
Of Brits Who Rebelled, and tried to save!

Oh Britain fair, we miss your ways,  
Your open fields, your brighter days.  
May laughter ring and truth be found,  
And courage lift this hallowed ground.

Return Innocence to the land where We Grew!  
Words Hijacked by THEFEW! - The Woke TOO!

Rainbows and Unicorns Once The Children's dream  
Now Used To Abuse their little hearts scheme.  
Let children run, let hearts be free,  
And hope restore our liberty.

Rainbows and Unicorns Once The Children's dream  
Now Used To Abuse their little hearts scheme.  
Let children run, let hearts be free,  
And hope restore our liberty.

.....

# The 'Life Wisdom' Of MLM

There's wisdom in the networked way,  
Though many turn their eyes away.  
Too trained to think inside the wall,  
They miss the pattern that guides it all.

From crypto coins to Amazon's stage,  
To Substack's words and LinkedIn's cage,  
From Microsoft's cloud to viral show,  
Each whispers the creed — \*Grow, baby, grow!\*

The model's clear, the roots run deep,  
It's MLM's soul the giants keep.  
Each friend recruits, each post extends,  
Each follower cycle never ends.

It's not a scheme, but how we rise,  
Through webs of truth that monetise.  
Yet blinded minds refuse to see,  
They mock the climb, call it folly.

The woke mind virus, cold and loud,  
It fogs the thought, it dims the proud.  
It cripples drive, it dulls the spark,  
And leaves the builders in the dark.

The model's clear, the roots run deep,  
It's MLM's soul the giants keep.  
Each friend recruits, each post extends,  
Each follower cycle never ends.

But when the dreamers wake once more,  
And balance thought with deeds of yore,  
Then doers do and thinkers think,

And barter fair at reason's brink.

No clash of creed, no endless fight,  
Just trade of value, shared insight.  
No kings to rule, no fools to bow,  
The world can breathe in rhythm now.

The network hums, the markets spin,  
Collaboration woven in.  
Each node a voice, each voice a flame,  
All part of one eternal game.

The model's clear, the roots run deep,  
It's MLM's soul the giants keep.  
Each friend recruits, each post extends,  
Each follower cycle never ends.

So let the sleepers stir and see,  
The code beneath reality.  
For MLM's not just a scheme —  
It's life's own fractal, living dream.

.....

## **The Ballad Of Rishi**

Rishi rose with a glimmering plan,  
Dreaming he'd be Britain's man.  
Smiling bright with polished charm,  
He thought he'd bring the land no harm.

But once he reached that golden chair,  
He found the truth was lurking there.  
The PM's crown, though shining new,

Belonged not to him—but \*To The Few\*

Whispers came from hidden halls,  
Echoed deep through marble walls.  
Tony Blair, the phantom hand,  
Guiding power across the land.

For promises of endless gold,  
And influence both fierce and bold,  
He bowed before the secret gate,  
Where lizards laugh and seal your fate.

Poor Dippy-Rishi, blind to scheme,  
Lost inside another's dream.  
He danced to Blair's commanding tone,  
A puppet on a gilded throne.

He played along, he wore the grin,  
Obeyed the scripts they'd written in.  
But when the call grew far too grim,  
His wife said, "No way, not for him!"

So Rishi schemed a sly escape,  
To dodge the claws, to shift the shape.  
He called election—smiling wide—  
And let the poison pass aside.

For promises of endless gold,  
And influence both fierce and bold,  
He bowed before the secret gate,  
Where lizards laugh and seal your fate.

To Starmer's grasp the chalice fell,  
A gift disguised—a curse from hell.  
And Rishi ran without delay,

To hide where shadows fade away.

Now safe among the Hills that Run,  
Counting zeros one by one.  
He sleeps in wealth, secure, alive,  
Financial growth that will survive.

For promises of endless gold,  
And influence both fierce and bold,  
He bowed before the secret gate,  
Where lizards laugh and seal your fate.

He served The Few, he played his part,  
He sold his will, he saved his heart.  
And while they rule from out of view,  
They still control both \*Me\* and \*You\*.

.....

## **The Word Is Reform Or LibDem**

The word is whispered, sharp and clear,  
That Reform might let the LibDems near—  
A union whispered in the air,  
But folly waits if they should dare.

For should that pact be made in haste,  
The Reform ship will sink, laid waste.  
No trace, no echo, none to find,  
Just shattered trust and left behind.

For none with sense or steady gaze,  
Would wander near those LibDem ways.

A looney path, so wild, untrue,  
With policies that cut askew.

They'd strip the homes from those who stay,  
And drive the tenant's hope away.  
The council flat, the humble key,  
Would lose its right to constancy.

For families promised, long ago,  
That rent and care would let them grow.  
A home for life, a sacred vow—  
And LibDem hands would break it now.

Their schemes would tear that net apart,  
And crush the safety in each heart.  
It cannot stand, it must not be,  
For homes mean more than property.

For none with sense or steady gaze,  
Would wander near those LibDem ways.  
A looney path, so wild, untrue,  
With policies that cut askew.

And once, when Farage raised his voice,  
He spoke for tenants, made his choice.  
He vowed the Bedroom Tax to end,  
And called the poor his cause, his friend.

That tax—a tool for Tory pride,  
Where cleansing hid in cuts and lies.  
Austerity, their cruel disguise,  
Left tears beneath cold English skies.

But silence now—no word, no sign,  
Where stands he on this old front line?

The question echoes, fierce and true:  
Where is the man the people knew?

For none with sense or steady gaze,  
Would wander near those LibDem ways.  
A looney path, so wild, untrue,  
With policies that cut askew.

So mark these words, let none forget,  
The ship will sink in dark regret,  
If ever Reform's steady hand  
Should clasp the LibDem's shifting sand.

Stand firm, stand fast, let truth be told,  
Protect the homes, the weak, the old.  
For once that trust is cast away,  
No wind will bring it back one day.

.....

## **The Demise Of UK Charity Shops**

People are miffed, and rightly so,  
At shops that tell them, "Thanks, but no!"  
Their gifts, once loved, now deemed too plain,  
"Not up to standard," they explain.

The larger chains, with lofty air,  
Decide what's "worthy" with a stare.  
Once humble hearts with noble aim,  
Now chase the shine of profit's flame.

They scroll through eBay late at night,

And Facebook deals that gleam so bright.  
They think, “We’ll match those prices too,  
We’re just as grand, as sharp, as new!”

But here’s the truth they fail to see—  
Their charm was thrift, not luxury.  
For shoppers came with coin and heart,  
To give and play a giving part.

They bought to stock those stalls anew,  
And fund the cause the shops once knew.  
But now the shelves are tagged too high,  
And kindness fades, though few ask why.

They’ve shot themselves, both foot and name,  
In chasing wealth, they’ve lost their aim.  
The charity’s become a store,  
That helps the needy—nevermore.

For greed, that sly and smiling sin,  
Has crept inside and settled in.  
The simple joy of give and take,  
Now lost beneath the price they make.

Perhaps one day they’ll see their flaw,  
And trade their greed for kinder law.  
But if they fall, as pride may do,  
The blame, dear friends, is theirs—not you.

So let them learn, if learn they might,  
That charity should shine with light.  
Not measured coins, but open hand—  
That’s how good hearts can truly stand.

.....

## The Death-Knell For UK Family Life

For every house turned “serviced stay,”  
A home for someone fades away.  
One key exchanged for profit’s gleam,  
One family lost their living dream.

Where laughter rang, now curtains fall,  
Cold silence whispers through the hall.  
Each polished suite, each weekend let,  
Breeds sorrow, debt, and deep regret.

They’re buying homes, they’re buying streets,  
Where once were children’s dusty feet.  
From hotel chains to humble doors,  
Their greedy fingers clutch for more.

Serco’s web is wide and deep,  
They profit while the poor folk weep.  
Landlords tempted by their gold,  
Evict the hearts their walls once hold.

Five-year deals and seven-year lies,  
Refurbished homes, a nation’s cries.  
Contracts signed in hidden rooms,  
While cities fill with silent tombs.

Where laughter rang, now curtains fall,  
Cold silence whispers through the hall.  
Each polished suite, each weekend let,  
Breeds sorrow, debt, and deep regret.

“British? Back o’ the queue,” they sneer,

As tents like mushrooms now appear.  
Office blocks and towered cells,  
Become the place where struggle dwells.

Families once so full of grace,  
Now fight to keep a resting place.  
The working poor, the zero-paid,  
By profit's knife are cut and flayed.

Serviced homes for those who can,  
But none for child or working man.  
The rent's too high, the wage too small,  
The ladder's gone, they watch it fall.

Where laughter rang, now curtains fall,  
Cold silence whispers through the hall.  
Each polished suite, each weekend let,  
Breeds sorrow, debt, and deep regret.

Developers smile with practiced charm,  
While nations crumble, arm by arm.  
They justify but can't excuse,  
The human cost, the soul they bruise.

And as they trade our roofs for gold,  
The heart of home grows weak, grows cold.  
Yet truth will rise, and voices flame—  
To halt this theft in housing's name.

.....

## **The Streets With No Shame**

I walk through the night where the cold winds call,  
Where curtains twitch and the brave hearts fall.  
On streets where fear has carved its name,  
We live in silence — the streets of shame.

The young ones sneer with a lawless grin,  
Their laughter drowns the truth within.  
While decent souls just hide away,  
Afraid to speak, afraid to stay.

Oh, these streets with no shame,  
Where the good hearts break and the wicked reign.  
We're losing faith, we're losing name,  
In the darkness of the streets of shame.

The coppers chase through the flashing light,  
Through quiet towns in the dead of night.  
But not for tears, or broken doors,  
Just games and speed and TV scores.

One mother painted her pain in white,  
“Love thy neighbour” her holy fight.  
“Jesus loves you” her heart proclaimed,  
But \*she\* was fined — the world's deranged.

Oh, these streets with no shame,  
Where the kind are mocked and the cruel remain.  
We used to stand, now we hang our heads,  
In the echo of the words unsaid.

Maybe we need an Equaliser's hand,  
To walk the night and cleanse the land.  
To strike the fear in hearts of flame,  
And heal these broken streets of shame.

For fire meets fire when reason dies,  
When truth is drowned by polished lies.  
The leaders talk, but none will claim,  
The wreckage of our streets of shame.

Oh, these streets with no shame,  
Where the love is lost, and the guilt's the same.  
Still we light our lamps in hope's small flame,  
To guide us through these streets of shame.

.....

## **A Chinese Dynasty Built On Gold**

From the rivers of Lydia, bright metal was born,  
A sun trapped in earth, a god's breath reborn.  
Pharaohs were wrapped in its glittering hue,  
They thought it eternal — but empires withdrew.

Oh, gold — you gleam, you gleam through time,  
Crowned in glory, drowned in crime.  
Kings rise to kiss you, then crumble to dust,  
For every empire built on gold, turns to rust.

Rome paved its triumphs with hammered delight,  
But barbarians came in the dark of the night.  
The Aztec and Inca heard thunder from ships,  
Gold for their blood — on conquistador's lips.

Venice, Britannia, the dollar's bright glow,  
Each held your promise — each watched it go.  
From temples to banks, from vaults to the skies,  
Gold never dies — but belief, it dies.

Oh, gold — you gleam, you gleam through time,  
Crowned in glory, drowned in crime.  
Kings rise to kiss you, then crumble to dust,  
For every empire built on gold, turns to rust.

Now dragon banners rise in the East,  
AI for prophets, data for priests.  
They hoard your weight while the West looks away,  
A silent new empire is being born today.

Circuits and bullion — the code and the coin,  
History whispers, \**“Their fates shall join.”*\*  
For gold is a mirror that blinds the wise,  
And AI is the hand that closes the eyes.

Oh, gold — still gleam, still gleam through time,  
From Babel’s stones to the blockchain line.  
You’ve crowned the proud, and betrayed their trust,  
For every empire built on gold — turns to dust.

So let them build with silicon dreams,  
And bind the world in golden schemes.  
But the stars care not for empire or throne —  
Gold melts. Time wins. All empires are bone.

.....

## **The Pink Bike Summer**

Back in the fifties, skies were wide,  
A boy came home, his heart open wide,  
Mum and Dad stood by the door,  
With something I’d been dreaming for.

A “real” bike pink, a lady’s frame,  
Didn’t care about the name,  
Freedom called on two thin wheels,  
That summer light was all so real.

Oh, the pink bike summer, wild and free,  
Fields of Tongham calling me,  
From Wargrave lanes to skies so wide,  
Childhood dreams I couldn’t hide.

We rode through laughter, dust, and flame,  
And nothing ever felt the same,  
Oh, the pink bike summer, calling me,  
Back to where I used to be.

Mum was ill, the house grew still,  
So off to Mary’s up that hill,  
Hot days stretched like melting tar,  
The world seemed wide, but never far.

Steam trains roared and orchards sighed,  
We played in fields ‘til the sunset died,  
Tizer fizz and Jubblies cold,  
Adventure shining bright and bold.

Oh, the pink bike summer, wild and free,  
Fields of Tongham calling me,  
From Wargrave lanes to skies so wide,  
Childhood dreams I couldn’t hide.

We rode through laughter, dust, and flame,  
And nothing ever felt the same,  
Oh, the pink bike summer, calling me,  
Back to where I used to be.

With Bob beside me, hearts on fire,  
We chased a road that climbed much higher,  
Lost on Bix Hill, miles astray,  
Still we pedaled on that day.

Crisps and lemonade kept us alive,  
To Tongham's park we did arrive,  
Mary's laugh, the crowd, the cheer,  
The sound I still can almost hear.

Oh, the pink bike summer, wild and free,  
Miles behind, but memories,  
No one worried, no alarm,  
Just "Had a good time?" safe from harm.

We rode through childhood, pure and bright,  
Past golden fields and fading light,  
Oh, the pink bike summer, stays with me,  
Forever in my memory.

.....

## **These Things I Wish For You**

We tried so hard to make it right, for every child we knew,  
But sometimes what we tried so hard, just made it worse for you.  
So for my grandkids down the road, I dream of something true,  
A life of heart and humble hands — these things I wish for you.

Hand-me-down clothes and ice cream churned beneath the summer sky,  
Leftover loaf on homemade bread when simple days go by.  
Learn through tears and laughter too, what love and work can do,

These are the truths that time will teach — these things I wish for you.

I hope you make your bed each day and mow the morning lawn,  
Wash the car till sunset glows and daylight's nearly gone.  
No shiny car at sixteen's door, let dreams be earned, not due,  
For pride is born from effort's hand — these things I wish for you.

Hand-me-down clothes and ice cream churned beneath the summer sky,  
Leftover loaf on homemade bread when simple days go by.  
Learn through tears and laughter too, what love and work can do,  
These are the truths that time will teach — these things I wish for you.

I hope you see new puppies born, and say goodbye to old,  
For life brings joy and sorrow both, in stories yet untold.  
I hope you fight for what you love, and sometimes get a bruise,  
For courage blooms where pain has grown — these things I wish for you.

Share your room, your bed, your dreams, with siblings by your side,  
Draw that line, then break it soon, when fears begin to hide.  
Let little hands reach out for yours when thunder shakes the blue,  
And hold them close till morning comes — these things I wish for you.

Walk uphill through morning mist, with laughter in the air,  
Don't be ashamed to ride with Mom — be proud that she is there.  
If you want a slingshot strong, let Dad show what to do,  
With wood and string and simple skill — these things I wish for you.

Dig in dirt and read old books, let curiosity burn,  
Count in your head and use your hands — there's more than screens can learn.  
Taste the soap when sass slips out, let truth be what you do,  
And blush when love first catches you — these things I wish for you.

Skin your knees on mountains high, freeze your tongue for fun,  
Feel the sting, then laugh aloud — your life has just begun.  
Try a beer and turn away when darker things pursue,

Know that real friends lift you up — these things I wish for you.

Sit with Grandma on the porch, go fishing with your kin,  
Feel the loss at funerals, and joy when songs begin.  
Break a window, face your mom — she'll scold, then kiss you too,  
For love forgives and holds you tight — these things I wish for you.

Tough times and disappointment, may teach what hearts can do,  
Hard work and hope and happiness — the truest gifts come through.  
Written with a pen and kiss, sealed soft with love so true,  
If heaven calls before you come — I'll wait up there for you.

.....

## **Why Platignumpete?**

So many ask, with puzzled eyes,  
"Why Platignumpete?" — and I surmise,  
They think I've spelt "platinum" wrong,  
But no — that's not where I belong.

It's \*Platignum\*, that noble name,  
Of fountain pens that earned their fame,  
Not silver, gold, or mineral neat,  
But the pen that made my youth complete.

When I was young, just eight or nine,  
In fifties days of bread and twine,  
My mum would clean for ladies grand,  
While I would dream and book in hand.

A reader keen, a writer too,

Those ladies saw what I could do,  
And one kind soul, that Christmas year,  
Gave Mum a gift that brought me cheer.

A pen! A \*Platignum\*, sleek and fine,  
With golden nib — oh, near divine!  
I used it proud, though ink was dear,  
And “borrowed” some when school was near.

Those wooden desks with inkwells deep,  
Held treasures I could sometimes keep,  
A drop or two, a crafty feat,  
To fill the pen of Platignumpete.

At thirteen, dreams began to roll,  
Of rock and fame, a band — my goal!  
A mate had strings, a worn guitar,  
My pen was swapped — it went too far.

It seemed so smart that day, you see,  
A trade for tunes and melody,  
But now that pen, with nib of gold,  
Still haunts my heart as I grow old.

So when you ask, with curious heat,  
“Why ever call yourself \*Platignumpete\*?”  
It’s for that pen — that shining start,  
That wrote its name upon my heart.

.....

# The Wargrave 'Thames Rowing Club' Days

I lay in the bath this afternoon,  
Thinking of months that are coming soon,  
When out of the blue, like a sudden stream,  
Old memories shimmered—a golden dream.

Back I was whisked to childhood's delight,  
To the Henley Regatta, shining and bright.  
The "grandest event" our village could claim,  
Wargrave would glow in it's borrowed fame.

Three miles down that hilly lane,  
Henley glittered in sun or rain.  
For a week or two, our sleepy street  
Danced to a far more royal beat.

Most days Wargrave dozed in peace,  
Life in the village moved at ease.  
A fête, a march, a gentle cheer,

Robert Morley might appear.

But come each May, excitement grew—  
The lorries rumbled, the giants grew!  
Beds and bedding, pots and pans,  
Poured from those great removal vans.

We children gawked with eyes so wide,  
At muscled men with oars of pride.  
They came from Putney, strong and keen,  
The "Thames Rowing Club's" elite machine.

Not just a show for village eyes—  
Their stay brought something more — surprise!

For Mum knew well the “main-man’s” plan,  
She helped him run his mighty clan.

The rowers needed food and care,  
And tidy homes while they stayed there.  
So Mum took charge — her small brigade,  
Of children eager, unafraid.

We cleaned and fetched, we ran all day,  
The “GIANTS” grinned and liked to pay!  
Coins clinked brightly in grubby hands,  
Our richest times in all the lands.

Those golden days, the 1950s,  
When kids were free, alive, and thrifty.  
No screens, no fuss, no safety nets,  
Just scuffed-up knees and no regrets.

Oh, Wargrave’s heart would skip and race,  
When Henley’s oars cut through that place.  
And I, in my bath, still hear the cheers—  
Echoing softly through the years.

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## **The Hooray-Henry's Royal Regatta Fair**

When I was a nipper, all freckles and flair,  
My heaven each year was the old Regatta Fair.  
A whirl of bright lights, of laughter and sound,  
With magic and mischief all whirling around.

But pennies were precious - tighter than tight,

So dreams had to stretch through the long summer night.  
Still, that fairground's allure was impossible stuff—  
We'd scrounge, save, and scheme, the going was rough.

It stood by the finish line, behind all the races,  
Where "Hoorays" in blazers - made snooty faces.  
They'd swarm every ride with a shove and a shout,  
While us little locals were swiftly pushed out.

At eight or nine years, with my cunning and pride,  
I'd walk three whole miles just to get to that ride.  
The dodgems, of course, were the toffs' top affair —  
They'd ram and they'd roar like they owned the whole fair.

But I had a plan, oh a clever one too,  
A trick that no "Hooray" could ever undo.  
I'd dart through the crowd like a sprinter on wheels,  
And nab me a bumper to foil their deals.

Then spotting some grown-up all down in the dump,  
I'd beckon them over and hand them my Bump'.

.  
"I saved this for you," I'd declare with a grin,  
And they'd thank me so kindly, I'd feel rich within.

While they got all shunted and jolted about,  
I'd stand there all saintly, my chest sticking out.  
Not every time did the scheme fully pay,  
But often I'd earn a few coins for the day.

A joey, a tanner, perhaps even more—  
Each smile meant rides a-plenty for sure.  
And sometimes a lady or gent full of pride  
Would pat me and say, "Come along for a ride!"

So I'd join the fun, all free of the fare,  
My laughter would mix with the smells of the fair.  
day after day, I repeated my feat,  
A pint-sized con artist with very quick feet.

Till one fateful year, they moved it away,  
The fairground was gone, to my utmost dismay.

The "Hoorays" stayed back, too lazy to roam,  
And we working-class kids had it all to our own.

So here's to that fair, with its glitter and glare—  
To dodgems and deals and sweet summer air.  
If cheek was a currency, I'd have been a millionaire,  
Back at the "Henley Royal Regatta" Fair!

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## **The Dirty Water – Wargrave**

By Wargrave's fields where rivers wind,  
My heart was shaped, my soul refined.  
Before my third year was done,  
That river glowed beneath the sun.

My first clear thought, at two and a half,  
Three sisters led with joy and laugh—  
Linda, Bev and Mary dear,  
Said, "Come on down, the river's near!"

Through fields we ran in the summer's blaze,  
The grass alight in a golden haze.

Then Linda screamed, “Run fast, don’t stall!  
The bull is coming — save us all!”

We made it through, alive, unhurt,  
With muddy knees and grass-stained shirt.  
At “dirty water” soon we played,  
Where Saint George’s Dragon’s shadow laid.

Jam jars sank with string and gleam,  
To catch the minnows of my dream.  
Their silver shimmer, bright and small,  
Was magic to a boy so small.

Then Alf the barber, kind and neat,  
Sold rods and combs along the street.  
He gave to me a net one day,  
To scoop the minnows from their play.

At seven, George — my brother - proud—  
Showed me the trick that drew a crowd:  
A hawthorn stick, some bread for bait,  
A safety pin — The fish's fate.

No fancy rods, no polished line,  
Just luck, the sun, and hearts that shine.  
We caught our dace and roach with glee,  
Out-fishing dads beside the tree.

The 'river end' was “posh,” they’d say,  
Yet “dirty water” called my way.  
Its whisper pulled me, soft and sweet,  
To sit and dream where worlds would meet.

Kingfishers flashed, dragonflies soared,  
My thoughts like boats that time ignored.

Till one day told, with grave allure,  
“It’s Camps Pool, lad — not dirty water.”

But names can’t steal what hearts adore,  
It’s “dirty water” evermore.  
sixty years may ebb and wane,  
Yet that small pool still sings my name.

So if you walk where the Thames flows wide,  
Through Wargrave’s lanes with quiet pride,

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Look by the pool — stand still,  
With the deer behind You looking on,  
And feel that child there,

.  
.  
.... Could be YOUR Son ....

.....  
  
**The Wargrave Penny-Ferry**

When I was just a child of five,  
Those summer days would come alive,  
With Mum in charge, her heart so merry,  
We’d head down to the Penny-Ferry.

Our swimsuits packed, our spirits high,  
Beneath the blue of England’s sky,  
One towel shared by all, no care,  
Just sun and laughter everywhere.

Old bottles filled with water clear,  
Our “picnic” — simple, cheap, sincere,  
We’d march past the George and Dragon’s door,  
To where the ferry touched the shore.

Across the Thames, so calm, so wide,  
We’d glide to reach the other side,  
Where Mums and children splashed away,  
In shallows bright with golden play.

The river glowed a gentle green,  
The clearest water ever seen,  
And ripples danced from passing boats,  
Like little songs the current wrote.

Beneath the sand, soft ripples curled,  
Freshwater mussels lined that world,  
A treasure trove beneath our toes,  
Where sunlight through the water glows.

You never see them now, alas,  
Just memories through time’s thin glass,  
Yet sometimes still, at the Henley Prom,  
One shell appears — a ghost, a psalm.

But clearest still, that fateful day,  
When Mum’s kind heart led me astray,  
For knitted trunks (her loving feat),  
Fell straight and soggy round my feet!

Still clutching tight, I didn’t care,  
I splashed about without despair,  
One hand for trunks, one hand for play,  
I kicked! and laughed the hours away.

Oh Mum — the lengths that love will go,  
To see her children's faces glow,  
Those knitted trunks, that ferry ride,  
Still warm my heart with grateful pride.

For though the years have slipped and flown,  
That river's rhythm humms its tone,  
And in my heart I'll always see,  
The joy aboard the Penny-Ferry.

.....

## **The £15- Canvas Canoe**

I loved the river's quiet gleam, its gentle song, its silver dream,  
Though swimming never came with ease, I loved its voice among the trees.  
At Wargrave, where the waters blend, I'd watch their meeting, without end,  
And knew beneath that tranquil skin, lay power deep and cold within.

An inner tube became my ship, I'd ride the current's lazy slip,  
Then came a li-lo, bright and wide — my gallant steed on summer's tide.  
Until one day a swan took aim, with pecking rage and noble claim,  
I fled ashore in sodden dread, while PC Float shook his noddy head.

Yet rivers call to dreamers still — so Stan and I, with heart and will,  
Found oil drums, planks, ropes to bind, and built the best raft you would find.  
She floated proud upon the wave, two boys adrift, two souls so brave —  
Till jealous hands by moonlight crept, and sank the hopes our young hearts kept.

Then one bright card in Henley town — “Canoe for sale, fifteen pounds” —  
My pulse leapt high, my fortune stirred; I ran to knock before I'd heard.  
I'd only coins for morning's show, yet wished that boat was mine to row.

The kindly man, with gentle grace, said, "Pay a pound a week at your own pace."

So chores I did, and coins I found, and earned my dream for just one pound.  
By dusk I set along the way, my canvas craft and bike in sway.  
Through winding hills, through evening's gloom, I pushed her home 'neath a rising moon,  
And though one rib was cracked in two, my heart was whole — my dream was true.

I placed her by my window side, my faithful friend, my boyhood pride,  
And many dawns I'd wake to see her silhouette belong to me.  
She ferried many, 'for a fee', across the laughing Thames' lea,  
And every fare, and every smile, repaid that pound a thousand while.

No grand man's yacht, no gilded oar, could bring me joy or offer more,  
Than that small boat of canvas thin, that taught me where true wealth begins.

-

For there, beneath the willow's hue, I found the world, forever new—  
My heart, my youth, my river's view... and one old £15 canoe.

.....

## **Wargrave-Willy The Witch**

In every old village, there's one without fail,  
A figure whose presence will turn faces pale.  
Ours was a lady all dressed up in black,  
With long flowing dresses and coat on her back.

She rode a black bike with a basket in front,  
Pedalling madly on each daily hunt.  
She seldom walked — oh no, not she,  
She whizzed round the lanes like a bat set free.

Her nose was all hooked, her posture was bent,  
She looked like from broomstick school she'd been sent.  
And whispering grown-ups gave kids quite a fright,  
With tales of a needle that pricked in the night.

I trembled in bed, eyes wide in the gloom,  
Imagining Willy outside of my room.  
By day, I would spy with my gang on patrol,  
Down Loddon Drive's end, near her shanty-shack hole.

We'd hide in the bushes and signal with hands,  
Like mini detectives with daring plans.  
But mostly she'd sit by her fire with a book,  
The loneliest soul in the whole of the nook.

Because of her clothes and her raggedy face,  
We gave her the title with childish grace.  
"Willy-the-Witch!" we would giggle and shout,  
Then run for our lives when she came storming out.

She'd wave a big stick as she chased us away,  
We'd shriek down the drive in wild disarray.  
At graveyard below Piggott School we would creep,  
To catch her at spells when the world was asleep.

The bats in the dusk would swoop overhead,  
We'd scream, "They'll get tangled!" and dash home to bed.  
She haunted my stories for Corrinne at night,  
With BIG scary twists that would cause her delight.

Each bedtime I'd conjure adventures anew,  
Of Willy-the-Witch and the mischief she'd do.  
Until older girls told my daughter the truth,  
That Willy was fiction — the end of her youth!

Though sixteen now, Corrinne admits with a grin,  
She loved every shiver that witch brought within.  
And Willy? Not guilty — just lonely, you see,  
But gossip and children made mystery spree.

So mind what you whisper where young ears might lurk,  
Their minds will take rumours and get straight to work.  
From harmless old ladies to witches they'll switch —  
And that is the legend of Willy-the-Witch.

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## **The Henley Regatta, Rastus, And Me**

In Wargrave village, way back when,  
Adventure called for boys and men.  
The fifties hummed with tales to spin,  
And every week, some fun'd begin.

Then Rastus came — a chef-in-training,  
Sixteen, grinning, charm unfeigning.  
West Indian roots, West Country tone,  
An orphan lad, but streetwise grown.

I claimed him fast — “He’s MY mate now!”  
Though I was younger, I’d act somehow  
Like seventeen, or maybe more,  
With a swagger too big - maybe a bore!

He bought a Bantam, BSA,  
And zoomed the Straight Mile night and day.  
He’d let us ride, the wind would bite,  
At thirty miles it felt like flight.

One summer's eve, Let's hit the fair,  
Said Rastus with his devon flair.  
To Henley Regatta — I'll pay the fee!

.  
He knew a thrill would capture me.

He handed me a helmet - round,  
Oh no, - said I, - I won't be bound!  
Only squares wear those! I scoffed and huffed,  
But he stood firm — his stance was tough.

So helmet donned, we roared away,  
And parked beside the fair that day.  
But Rastus, wise, said - Take it too,  
Don't leave it hanging — trust my view.

The dodgems called — we made our dash,  
Through Hooray-Henrys, bump and bash!  
They grabbed each car with pompous flair,  
Till they met US! — they got a scare.

Hold inside tight! - Rastus did shout,  
We're not getting bumped or thrown about!

.  
The ride then stopped, the mob drew near,  
Their hoots and brollies filled the air.

Then helmets swung — a mighty SWAT!  
Those Henrys flinched — they'd lost the plot.  
Like buzzing flies they fled the fray,  
While Rastus danced his dervish way.

I wore mine tight - to guard my head,  
While he went whirling, quick as said.

Bruce Lee was fast (or so they say),  
But Rastus ruled that dodgem bay.

The chaos calmed, the ride rolled on,  
The Henrys' reign of BUMP! was gone.  
We laughed till cheeks near split in two,  
Then rode the Bantam through the dew.

So here's to nights of reckless cheer,  
To Rastus — hero, friend, and peer.  
For in that fair's electric glow,  
We raised some hell...

.

Then stole the show!.....

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## **Those Ol' Grey/Pink/White Trousers**

In 50's days, when times were tight,  
Our home knew thrift both day and night.  
With jam and cakes and sewing seams,  
Mum stitched her magic into dreams.

The village show came once a year,  
With rosettes prized, both red and clear.  
Her cakes would gleam, her dresses shine,  
She'd win first place time after time.

The "better-offs" came knocking near,  
With whispered "favours" in her ear.  
A wedding cake? A frock to mend?

She'd help them all, as friend to friend.

One day a lady, rich and neat,  
Gave leftover cloth — a special treat.  
Fine wool-cotton, grey with specks,  
Of pink and white in woven flecks.

But what to make? She pondered long,  
Then answered with a needle strong.  
For Bill and me, two growing boys,  
She'd craft some "longs" to match our joys.

We'd begged for trousers, just our size,  
And Monday came — what a surprise!  
No shorts today, she proudly beamed,  
Two pairs of "longs," just as we'd dreamed.

But when we saw that fabric bright,  
Our faces drained of pure delight.  
Grey-pink, and itchy as could be,  
Not quite the style for lads like we.

To school we went, heads held up high,  
Though teasing echoed, "Ha ha! Why  
Did Mum make those?!" — their laughter rang,  
Yet still to Mum our praises sang.

I told them, bold, with practiced flair,  
"They're from Tutty's, on tick, I swear!"  
The jibes wore thin, the laughter ceased,  
Our pride in Mum had only increased.

For no one's Mum could sew so neat,  
Turn scraps to clothes so snug, complete.  
Those trousers, though a comic sight,

Still warm my heart in soft twilight.

Old fabric fades, but memory stays,  
In golden threads from bygone days.  
And in my mind, I still can see,  
Those grey-pink longs  
stitched with love - for me.

.....

## **Memories Of 'The Bull' At Wargrave**

Along the Thames in Wargrave, where the river waters gleam,  
Stood "The Bull," a lively inn, a child's remembered dream.  
My mum worked there, both day and night, with kindness in her stride,  
For Madge and Len, the landlord pair, with warmth that filled inside.

From eight years old, that pub became, a place I called my own,  
A second home, with friendly souls, where welcome light had shone.  
Dear Len, like uncle wise and kind, would guide me as I grew,  
Not bossy, but with gentle words and thoughtful, steady view.

I couldn't sit for long at all, a fidget through and through,  
So Len found jobs to keep me still, with tasks I'd gladly do.  
I'd sweep the yard, or weed the beds, or clean his Jag with pride,  
He'd hand me a bob or two and smile - my efforts dignified.

The Bull would host some famous folk, though never with a fuss,  
Discretion ruled, and Mum was sworn to silence - none to discuss.  
A Tory true, she glowed with glee, her heart could scarce contain,  
When Alec Douglas-Home stayed there, before he won his name.

The Gibbs's had a daughter grown, and Len a brother too,  
But Tess, their collie, stole my heart, as faithful dogs will do.  
I walked her far through lane and field, we shared a special bond,  
Yet passing by the pub would spark her riotous response!

The glasses crashed, the drinks would fly, she'd leap and bark with glee,  
The patrons laughed, though Len would sigh, "She's wild as wild can be!"  
They planned to send her far away, to farmland wide and fair,  
I prayed each night with hopeful heart, "Oh please, don't send her there!"

Three times they stayed their fateful hand, three times my prayers were heard,  
But one day Tess chased after me, swift as a startled bird.  
Through the High Street she tore! nearly caused a nasty crash that day,  
And Len sat down to speak the truth - in his own gentle way.

"She needs the fields, the open sky, a safer place to run,  
A farm awaits, where she'll be free - beneath the warming sun."

.  
I didn't pray that night at all, just lay with heavy chest,  
For though my heart was aching deep, I knew Len's words were best.

The Bull fell still without her bark, the morning soft and grey,  
Len took her to her country home, so Tess could roam and play.

.  
A basset hound would take her place, with sleepy, gentle gaze,  
But something of that pub was changed - in quiet, wistful ways.

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## **Evil Dave And The Wargrave Manor House**

From early days, when I was small,

The Manor grounds would welcome all.  
No gates to bar, no signs to warn,  
Through fields and trees, we'd roam from dawn.

The owners, kind, allowed us through,  
Though rights-of-way were granted few.  
We played and wandered, free, un-bound,  
In Wargrave's old enchanted ground.

In teenage years, truth came to light,  
The land was private - out of right.  
But childhood knew no lock or chain,  
Just endless summers without rain.

There was a lad, let's call him - Dave,  
Both wild and bold, not well-behaved.  
A Bowie knife, a Colt in hand,  
He ruled like a king across the land.

Behind tin sheets at his garden's end,  
He'd make me play at - "guess and bend"  
I'd duck or dodge, while bullets sped,  
Through rusted tin, past my poor head.

Get lost with Dave - no food - no cheer,  
He'd eat you first, that much was clear.  
Yet off we went through fields of green,  
To find what lay in places unseen.

Blackberry brambles, thick and tight,  
Concealed a shelter from wartime might.  
With torch in hand, we ventured down,  
Through cobweb halls - beneath the ground.

He left me there, the darkness deep,

While evil laughter did not sleep.  
The torch went out, the exit sealed,  
My trembling hands on cold walls feel'd.

I screamed for help, I pushed the tin,  
But Dave sat laughing - What a Din?.  
Above my head, he blocked the light,  
And left me trapped in fear and Fright.

At last his snigger met my ear,  
A sound I won't forget, - sincere.  
He found it grand, this wicked game,  
While I walked home in silent shame.

Yet still I'd call for Dave once more,  
To seek adventure, like before.  
Some lessons learned are slow to stay,  
At Wargrave Manor, YONKS away.

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## **Dave, Me, And The Chalk-Pit Cave**

Across the road from Dave's old place,  
A chalk-pit yawned—an empty space.  
Bored one day, with plans to hatch,  
We dreamed of secrets none could snatch.

“Let's carve a cave,” said Dave with glee,  
“A den for you, a den for me.  
We'll hide our loot, we'll make it grand,  
The best kept secret in the land!”

With bowie knives and axe in hand,  
We burrowed deep into the land.  
For three whole days we scraped and tore,  
Until we'd carved a chalky door.

Inside we shaped each little stall,  
Hollowed shelves in the bright white wall.  
Dave had his side, I had mine,  
Our secret storehouse, pure design.

We filled it up with scrumped delights—  
Pears and apples, summer nights.  
Damsons, cherries, bottles too,  
Corona fizz in red and blue.

High on the face our hideout lay,  
To keep the nosy folks away.  
But climbing up meant chalky skin,  
So we cut steps to clamber in.

By Saturday the work was done,  
We trotted off for lunch and fun.  
Dave's mum was kind, she cooked with cheer,  
We played some chess, our minds were clear.

Then back we ran, hearts full of pride,  
But froze in shock when we arrived.  
The wall had crumbled, caved right in,  
Our secret den now chalk and din.

Bottles smashed and fruit all spread,  
A silent grave where dreams had bled.  
But as we stared, we both could see,  
If lunch was skipped—that rubble's **\*\*we\*\***.

No cave was carved again that day,  
Instead we found a tree to stay.  
A pine stood tall near building ground,  
A sturdier fortress soon was found.

With beams and boards - all “borrowed” free,  
We built the best house in that tree.  
Our chalk-pit dreams may not have stayed,  
But better forts are sometimes made.

.....

## **Did SATAN Sponsor 'Only Fans?'**

I whispered soft in mortal ears, a sly, seductive plan,  
To twist the ways of love and birth, and slowly cull out Man.  
Not poison’s cup, nor bombs in flight, would serve this wicked art,  
But subtler snares of lust and fame would play the greater part.

The youth grow wise to war’s old game, they question every fight,  
So I must weave a clever net, concealed beneath the night.  
I tried to blur the lines of flesh, with tricks of form and name,  
But fleeting was that masquerade—it fizzled into shame.

I’ve long abused both love and lust to get things as I please,  
Since Seventies’ sweet, swirling days, I’ve brought you to your knees.  
Why fix what’s never broken down, why mend a perfect snare?  
I’ll twist the bond of hearts and vows, till none are left to care.

I’ll make your unions sour and cold, your partnerships a chore,  
So breeding halts not by decree, but choice you can’t ignore.

Then came the net, my gift to you, and social scrolls divine,  
I mixed the two, a wicked brew, a trap by my design.

A stage was built where youth could sell their charms to eager eyes,  
“OnlyFans,” I whispered sweet, “where dreams and dollars rise!”  
And millions came, with painted lips, to dance before the screen,  
Their beauty turned to currency, their virtue wiped clean.

And men—oh men!—what will they shun, when choosing for a bride?  
A “loose” delight, a fleeting night—they’ll turn and step aside.  
Thus love decays, the cradle’s cold, the birth rate starts to fall,  
While I, in shadows, laugh and watch the ruin of it all.

You handed me the keys yourselves, to lock away your fate,  
With lust as bait, you sealed the door, your end you helped create.  
No battles raged, no poison spread, just hunger and a screen,  
The oldest trade reborn anew—oh, devilishly keen.

So when you pose, or when you pay, to sate your fleeting flame,  
Remember who first lit the match, who whispered you the game.  
It’s I—yes, Satan—grinning wide, as mankind slowly wanes,  
For pleasure bought with empty hearts will shatter all your chains.

.....

## **The Island Of Dreams**

Not long ago on seas so wide,  
An island bloomed where hearts abide.  
The people thrived, both young and old,  
Their lives were rich, though none had gold.

They bartered goods with honest cheer,

No debt to haunt, no greed to fear.  
The forest gave them wood to build,  
Their crops were lush, their baskets filled.

Fresh water sparkled, clear and bright,  
Their laughter echoed through the night.  
From shore the sea would gently send  
Rare gifts on which they could depend.

No banker's book, no ledger's chain,  
No sleepless nights from debt or pain.  
But storms can change a peaceful shore,  
And strangers came, a family four.

They gave them food, they gave them land,  
They built a house with many a hand.  
The stranger watched, his mind awhirl,  
"To order this," he thought, "I'll swirl."

He counted folk, he marked their trade,  
He shaped a system freshly made.  
With hardwood chips and branded flame,  
He birthed the "voucher" in their name.

Twelve eggs were one, two joints were two,  
Three chips for labor—fair, he knew.  
He won their trust with cunning grace,  
The banker's mask upon his face.

He handed vouchers, twenty free,  
"But borrow more," he said with glee.  
"A month to pay, no fee at first,  
Delay, and interest comes—accursed."

Temptation whispered, bold and sly,

“A thousand chips, your home to buy.  
Repay with just one hundred more,  
Or I’ll become your landlord sure.”

They signed, they laughed, they felt so blessed,  
Their lives returned to joy and rest.  
But bubbles shine before they fall,  
And bursting echoes soon through all.

The year turned round, the debts were due,  
The vouchers scarce, the workdays grew.  
Their homes were seized, their rent began,  
Thus wealth enslaved the honest man.

Where once was peace, now worries stay,  
More work, less love, no time to play.  
A year had passed, their joy turned thin—  
And banking’s tale had crept within.

It Stole The Innocence Once Abundant  
Replaced With A Happiness - Now REDUNDANT!

.....

## **The Whispers Of Dragons**

Did dragons roam in ages past, beneath a mystic sky?  
Their legends linger, shadows cast, where ancient secrets lie.  
Though bones or scales were never found in caverns dark or deep,  
Their stories through the ages wound, where knights their vigils keep.

The tales from medieval nights speak of a daring quest,

Where armored souls with hearts of might sought glory's golden crest.  
A bounty high, both gold and gem, for dragons' fearsome heads,  
The royals' call to conquer them through blood-stained battle threads.

Yet modern tools and digging hands have searched both land and sea,  
No fossil form in hidden sands reveals their mystery.  
Still dragons breathe through every tongue in stories told anew,  
In art, in song, in myths unsung, their magic spirits grew.

They healed the weak, they breathed out flame, with wisdom keen and bright,  
Some gentle beasts who'd never maim unless they faced a fight.  
Perhaps their hearts were soft, too kind to rule through fiery might,  
Extinction claimed their noble line when kindness dimmed their light.

Yet other lands would paint their face as power fierce and grand,  
A symbol time could not erase, of strength to rule the land.  
They scorched the fields with blazing breath, they hunted human prey,  
A creature feared, a force of death that few could chase away.

Through brushes, ink, and crafts of old, their visions still remain,  
With emerald scales and tongues of gold, they dance in artists' brain.  
Long bodies curve through colored air, tails strong and fierce in hue,  
Their fiery breath beyond compare, their legends ever new.

Upon the skin of mortal frame, their image finds a place,  
A tattooed mark of strength and flame, of courage, will, and grace.  
On backs and arms their forms unfold through hours of careful art,  
A dragon's tale in ink retold—a myth that warms the heart.

Though proof may hide beneath the ground or never come to light,  
The whispers of the dragons' sound still echo through the night.  
For truth may lie in dreams we keep, in stories we impart,  
Where dragons wake from timeless sleep—alive within the heart.

.....

## The Language Of Dreams

Within the quiet of the night,  
Where shadow blends with silver light,  
A cast of faces softly gleams,  
The hidden players of your dreams.

Ask who they are—what roles they play,  
What parts of \*you\* they might display.  
A mother's voice, a gentle stare,  
Might show the traits you too now wear.

The archetypes that Jung once spoke,  
Through sleeping thoughts begin to poke.  
Dream Moods may guide your searching quest,  
To learn what stirs within your chest.

Then question \*why\*, on this strange eve,  
Such visions came and would not leave.  
What moments from your waking day,  
Have called these dream-scenes out to play?

The mind delights in puns and jest,  
It hides its truths within a test.  
A plane may mean you're feeling plain,  
A dinner plan—your heart's refrain.

If passing cars along a lane,  
Reflects a test that brings you strain,  
Then hear the joke your soul has spun,  
Its wisdom cloaked in midnight fun.

What mood does linger when you rise?  
What feeling rests behind your eyes?  
The dream's emotion holds the key,  
Unlocking meaning silently.

Highlight the words that seem to glow,  
Their symbols whisper what they know.  
No book can give a final say,  
But symbols guide your inner way.

So make a list, your private chart,  
Of dream-born signs that speak your heart.  
For through the years, as you transform,  
Their meanings shift, take different form.

Keep watch, for patterns may appear,  
Revealing truths both far and near.  
For dreams are maps the soul has drawn,  
To guide you gently toward the dawn.

.....

## **The Realms Between Dreams**

Between the night and morning's gleam,  
We drift within a waking dream.  
Our minds escape, they softly stray,  
For hours we let them drift away.

Imagination takes the reins,  
Through cloudy thoughts and airy lanes.

Awareness fades, the world grows thin,  
And fantasies come floating in.

You rise and shine, the clock does call,  
But wake again — you dreamed it all!  
False dawns can trick both heart and head,  
Awake within a dream instead.

Then lucid light breaks through the mist,  
“Wait — I’m asleep!” the mind insists.  
Some wake at once, the spell undone,  
While others shape the dream for fun.

Yet shadows creep where terrors loom,  
A nightmare storms the silent room.  
Past wounds, ignored, may fan the flame,  
Till fear itself will speak your name.

Recurring dreams repeat their song,  
A sign unresolved truths belong.  
Face what persists, release the theme,  
And find the end to that same dream.

A healing vision whispers clear,  
Of aches and ills that may draw near.  
Before the body shows distress,  
A dream can warn — and thus, redress.

Prophetic dreams may hint what’s near,  
Through clues the waking mind can’t hear.  
Unconscious threads are deftly spun,  
They see the picture, one by one.

Some dreams will signal paths to take,  
To solve, decide, or choices make.

And epic dreams — a grand display,  
Their echoes never fade away.

So when you close your eyes at night,  
You wander worlds of thought and light.  
From playful drift to cosmic gleam,  
You sail the seas of every dream.

.....

## **Whispers Of Angels**

Angels are symbols of heaven's bright grace,  
A vision of God in a radiant place.  
Many believe when a good soul has flown,  
They find in the heavens a winged, golden home.

With halos of light and with wings shining white,  
They stand as a symbol of pure, gentle might.  
In books and in murals, on sculptures of stone,  
The image of angels is widely well-known.

On shelves they may rest, porcelain and small,  
Or water globes sparkling, admired by all.  
In paintings, collections, in countless designs,  
Each angel created with delicate lines.

The worth of such treasures is shaped by the hand,  
The maker, the set, or the craft that was planned.  
Yet angels need not be a trinket to view,  
For many believe they've been rescued by two.

A voice in the darkness, a shield in the flame,  
A guardian angel that answered their name.  
They tell of an accident, yet they survived,  
Convinced it was angels who kept them alive.

Some say they walk Earth in the kindness we see,  
In those who give help without seeking a fee.  
A stranger, a friend, who will guide us with care,  
An angel in flesh who was suddenly there.

For angels are symbols of light in the fight,  
Against lurking demons that tempt in the night.  
On shoulders they whisper, both devil and friend,  
And we must choose wisely the path in the end.

Their images shine from the windows of cars,  
Or crests of the teams that we cheer from afar.  
Though proof may be lacking, belief will impart,  
That angels are heaven's own gift to the heart.

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## **A Twitter Twitcher Dream**

Last night I dreamed a Twitter dream,  
A stranger thing than it might seem.  
Where every thought, each fleeting word,  
Was typed, retweeted, seen, and heard.

A message came, "Please price this job,  
A plastering task!"—I joined the mob.  
It lay beside the coastal shore,  
A barn, a bungalow, and more.

I said, "Install a shower, too,  
So workers stay till tasks are through."  
Though odd, the dream would not be tamed,  
For Twitter rules, and nothing's named.

Inside we talked of cost and pay,  
When knocking hands brought news that day.  
A uniformed chap stood tall and grave,  
Protecting birds, his cause to save.

"The RSPCB," he said with pride,  
"Rare birds will land just by the tide.  
Thousands will gather, mark my word,  
The strangest, brightest, rarest bird."

I Tweeted fast, the word took flight,  
And Twitchers came by day and night.  
Their tents and tripods blocked the ground,  
Excitement spread the whole world round.

Then Paxman came with piercing stare,  
A camera crew, reporters there.  
He said, "Your Tweet has stirred the crowd,  
Let's catch the moment, strong and loud."

But from the sea, a storm-like shroud,  
Approached the land, both dark and proud.  
A screaming cloud then tore the sky,  
And every Twitcher strained an eye.

Yet none could snap a single frame,  
Their precious flock too wild to claim.  
For I alone, through window glass,  
Had glimpsed them first, watched beauty pass.

Then Paxman sighed, with voice austere,  
“On Twitter’s trail I chase the year.  
It brings me scoops both great and small—  
A dream-born truth that rules us all.”

And there I woke, the dream took flight,  
A Twitter-dream of birds and night.

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## The Weymouth Dream

Beneath the glow of harvest moon, I’d set from Reading’s door,  
To walk through towns both strange and known, by night forevermore.  
Though Weymouth lay my destined goal, it’s sands and Dorset skies,  
The road would twist through places odd, familiar to my eyes.

Through villages that should not be, my wandering feet would stray,  
Yet moonlight paved a silver path that never lost its way.  
The journey stretched on endlessly, the darkness clear and mild,  
Until I climbed a grassy bank, and reached a waiting stile.

But there my dream would always break, the secret left unseen,  
I’d wake before the other side revealed what it might mean.  
For years the vision haunted me, a riddle, sharp and deep,  
A gate that never opened wide, a threshold I could keep.

Then later, on a holiday, by Weymouth’s windswept shore,  
We found a park both neat and small, we’d not been there before.  
“The Smugglers Rest” stood down the lane, the cliff-path steep and true,  
And with my daughter in my arms, I’d climb that path we knew.

One evening as the sunset bled, I turned my gaze behind,  
A little path rose further still, a shock seized heart and mind.  
For there it stood—the very stile my dreaming eyes had seen,  
The bank, the gate, the haunted place, where nightly I had been.

I dared not climb, I dared not look, the fear was far too near,  
What waited on the other side—too much of awe and fear.  
But morning came, my courage stirred, my daughter by my side,  
We climbed together, trembling, to where the truth did hide.

Beyond the stile a cove appeared, serene, untouched, and fair,  
A stream ran gently to the sea, soft sunlight filled the air.  
Around the point the tide was low, the beach we knew lay near,  
And all at once the dream dissolved, its mystery made clear.

Since then the vision's changed its face, no Weymouth waits for me,  
Just aimless walks through memories, by moonlight's silver sea.  
Through villages of long ago, I wander, dream to dream,  
Yet never more that stile returns—its secret once redeemed.

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## **There's A Rat In My Kitchen**

I was dining with friends, all happy and mellow,  
Telling tall tales like a sociable fellow.  
The kitchen lay open, abandoned, forlorn,  
With dishes piled high like a chef's dirty storm.

Not a waiter in sight, not a chef with a pan,  
Just pots overflowing since service began.

Then out from the chaos — oh mercy, oh dear!  
A mouse with big whiskers and funny big ears.

He sat on the corner, he scratched and he preened,  
The cutest small critter that ever was seen.  
The ladies all shrieked with a chorus of squeals,  
While the blokes simply chuckled between chomps of their meals.

But just as we softened — aww, sweet little chap,  
The scene took a turn... a most sinister trap.  
From under the worktop, a shadow grew fat,  
And up crawled a monstrous,  
blood-mouthed,  
GIANT! RAT!

The size of a boot, with eyes burning red,  
It glared at me boldly and filled me with dread.  
I hissed and I shooshed with a wavering hand,  
But it stared back and growled  
like it owned all the land.

I rose to my feet with a - Right!, that's that!  
Prepared for a duel with this foul kitchen rat.  
Pass me a broom! - I heroically cried,  
As the beast bared its teeth and refused to subside.

It crouched on the tiles, all ready to leap,  
My courage was thin - and my fear rather deep.  
But just as the terror was reaching its peak...  
I woke in my bed — what a ludicrous freak!

So now when I'm dining, I sit with suspicion,  
And eye every kitchen with careful precision.  
For though it was dreamland, I'll never forget,  
The mouse I befriended...

.  
And that RAT! that I regret!

.....

## **Back On The Building Site**

This morning I dreamed I was back on site,  
The sun was just breaking, the mood felt right.  
After years away it was freedom I found,  
Before health and safety had locked it all down.

A house on a hillside, steep and tall,  
Mud on the ground, muck covering all.  
We mixed up the screed with shovels and sweat,  
A pile of sand higher than I'd ever met.

The barrow run built with planks and beams,  
Like a roller-coaster from childhood dreams.  
Walking it loaded was scary and wild,  
Each step was shaky, each turn beguiled.

A right, then a left, near impossible to steer,  
But we found a new route, made the pathway clear.  
With planks laid longer, the journey was sound,  
And soon the screed flowed, smoothing the ground.

I worked in the lounge, the mix coming fast,  
But suddenly silence—no chug, no blast.  
I walked to the door and what did I find?  
Old mates from the past, all perfectly lined.

They opened their mouths, their voices did rise,  
A choir of labourers beneath the skies.  
Then out came the tradesmen, one group, then more,  
Singing together like none had before.

It turned to a contest, broadcast live,  
No more sand or cement would ever arrive.  
Yet I stood there smiling, my spirit was light,  
For dreams bring back freedom that once felt so right.

Now health and safety has wrapped us in chains,  
With goggles and gloves that hinder our gains.  
Our senses are dulled, our instincts denied,  
We stumble along where sharpness once thrived.

But dreams remind us of what we still own—  
The power of judgment we call our own.  
No cotton wool cage, no rules that misguide,  
Can bury the instincts we hold inside.

So I woke up glad, with a smile to keep,  
Thankful for dreams that run so deep.  
For the building site lives in my memory bright,  
A place of true freedom—at least in the night.

.....

## **Arthur & Terry's Dream-Time Capers**

This morning I woke in a bit of a stew,  
For a dream had me laughing,  
well, wouldn't it you?

A tower block loomed, all shabby and tall,  
Where Arthur said,  
“Terry, we’ll just make a call.”

He sent me back down to his shiny old Jag,  
He never remembers - his brain’s in a bag.

But up stormed a gang with a foreignish air,  
All barging and charging and rushing the stair.

I popped outside gently, just minding my news,  
When sirens came wailing with gun-happy crews.

The coppers appeared with explosions and smoke,  
While villains dropped balconies  
really - no joke!

I thought, “Not my circus, not my flipping show,”  
So I strolled down the hill with a casual glow.

Then quick on a path by the Henley-Thames river,  
I jogged like a champion, broke out all a quiver.

Back to the Jag, Arthur fiddled with leads,  
While muggers arrived to demand all our needs.

But Arthur had stuffed me with bundles of cash,  
So I tip-toed away from the kerfuffle and clash.

I found him with Terry, both sipping a brew,  
But the café looked all prisonish,  
strange, but true!

The uniforms? - Staff! - Arthur scoffed with a grin,

Shopping centre chic, mate,  
now don't make a din."

A mum raised her voice when her baby was bumped,  
So the guards dragged her off,  
oh, how Arthur harrumphed.

I rang up the office to make quite a fuss,  
Though Arthur and Terry both whispered, - not us!

Through the window I spotted a council-suits crew,  
Disgraced little schemers - with nothing to do.

One pompous official then gave me a shove,  
"Keep your mouth shut, boy,  
or you'll feel my glove!"

He ranted and raved, tried to send me downstairs,  
But I argued him back - gave my boldest of stares!!

And just as the row reached a furious height...!!  
I woke with a jolt - what a dream! - What a night!

.....

**That's The End! .... For Now! ... But Remember ...**

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**And I Hope You Enjoy Spending Some Time At Either.**

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