

Poetry Series

**john thomas**  
**- poems -**

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## john thomas(07/03/1962)

John Thomas, Writer in Residence at the Holmfirth Riverside Gallery is a Yorkshire born Pennine Poet and child of the 60's, he was raised among the worsted mills and iron works of Bradford, where their clattering looms and thundering steam hammers created impressions and memories that are still reflected in some of his works today.

Though formally influenced by the industry of the City, John's real passion is nature, particularly the wildness and wilderness of the Pennine Hills; here, on a farm, he resides with his wife, their children and their menagerie of pets.

John is currently writing a series of Sonnets entitled 'The Mole', for The Riverside Art Gallery, (please see below) , these can be viewed on line at

The Mole' is a series of poems written in the form of Sonnets. The series published in parts charts the relationship between a Man and a Mole exploring their attitudes, beliefs, personalities, politics and loves. The author expects the series when complete to be around sixty works. You are invited to follow the story of The Mole, which will be published in weekly parts, these are available free of charge from The Riverside Art Gallery or on line at

# Afraid Of The Dark

Flicker little candle bright  
Leadeth me to bed at night,  
Protect me from that squeaky stair  
And whatever lives in there.

As I make towards my bed  
Keep me safe with brightness spread,  
Now sit awhile here by my side  
And dance your light on eyes so wide.

Flicker little candle bright  
Keep me safe from what is night,  
Wrap me in your golden glow  
What is dark? I need not know.

Stay with me my little friend  
For it will soon be dawn,  
When specters of the night will go  
And you'll settle with a yawn.

john thomas

# Angst

Such pain and suffering as ensues  
From the torment in my head,  
O sweetheart, why do you refuse  
That I keep faith to our bed;  
Such burden there is to my heart  
That a mule could not stand firm,  
Yet the cruelty, when loves apart  
Is naught, to gold of loves affirm;  
Then brightness lifts that inner soul  
Makes mock of wise and fool,  
And banishes the darkened shawl  
That caused sweet love to cool;  
Though pain and suffering ensue  
My love, my sweet, stays true to you.

john thomas

# Awake My Love

Awake 'My love', embrace the light  
And feel the warmth of what is bright,  
For 'Tis my love for you.  
Do not stay blind, for you must see,  
This warmth, this light I bear for thee,  
Regard me with the love that I once knew.  
Regain 'My love', that passion deep,  
Do not dismiss sweet dreams of sleep  
Unite your kiss upon my eager lips.  
Without your love I'm but a shell  
An echo in the driest well',  
Adrift, marooned, aground, two drifting ships.  
So let it be we sail as one,  
Awake 'My love', I am your sun.

john thomas

# Be Happy For Me

I held his hand when I was young,  
I held it when his life was done,  
Held it as he sighed his last -  
Recalling times, and glories passed.

Then, as a child and hoisted high  
I soared with clouds, became the sky,  
When riding on his shoulders broad  
No oceans depths could we not ford.

I never thought to see him weak  
That words, he would choke to speak,  
To see him quietly lying there,  
How tortured is my own despair?

The finest words, he spoke, when well,  
Before that black and final knell,  
My mentor still now on the ear  
And freely rolls the grieving tear.

He bade me close toward the end,  
Blue eyes of my greatest friend,  
In that moment, I soared above -  
Hoisted by his undying love.

Cheek to cheek I sought his words,  
Was adrift upon his sea,  
Then gasping like a drowning man,  
Heard, "Please be happy for me."

john thomas

# Broccoli

Vile vertian growth of no delight  
Who will not pass beyond the craw,  
Whose colour is unnatural bright,  
No twig do I detest the more.  
Dispatch you! For you will not sate  
For hunger I would rather greet,  
Your clogging florets gag the pate'  
Your presence? It insults the meat!  
From whence you came I do not know  
You are naught upon the tongue,  
A plague on those, your seeds, do sow  
O rot in ground, be done!  
Vile vertian growth of no delight  
Be banished, ever from my sight.

john thomas

# Curses

Catch a curse upon the lips  
And pucker it in to a kiss,  
Think before you let it go  
Before it does the damage; Oh! –

If the words you plan to speak -  
Do so intend to red' the cheek,  
Or show you strong, against those meek,  
Then do not let that falseness reek.

For weak are those who do not stem,  
And always blunt, be sword to pen,  
So write them down; go bury them!  
And save the grace of fellow men.

john thomas



# Gardeners Friend - The Robin

Friendly little bird with the human eye  
When spade strikes the earth you stop by,  
Standing in garden by my side  
Watching blade till and glide,  
An eye to the worker one to the ground  
A dart to the soil a new meal found.

Colorful icon of Christmas fest  
With proud display of crimson chest,  
Stark in contrast on crisp white snow  
Or safe in nest amidst thick hedgerow;  
Year long you are a joy to see,  
More, you are a friend to me.

As I mulch after winters thaw  
Sow seed in shallow drill,  
There to my side as seasons roll  
You stay and watch me still.  
Friendly little bird with the human eye  
Never cease to stop you by,  
Lest I lonely in my garden stand  
My day not touched by your cheery cry.

john thomas

# Haiku - Indulgence 1

Monosyllabic  
Indivisibility,  
Congratulations!

john thomas

## Haiku - Star Gazer 17

Black, white, green Quiche Moon,  
Whose night eye shrouds far bright star,  
Close and joy will come.

john thomas

# Ingleborough

Most revered mountain of my Countyland  
A Yorkshire Folks Mecca to atop your summit stand,  
Your anthem sung by travelers all  
Hob nail on millstone grit,  
The Pilgrims toil most justified  
When on your back, permitted, they sit.  
Majestic King of all the hills  
Upthrust from valley floor  
Your limestone riddled cavernous holes catch gales that make you roar.  
Proudest of the children three  
Refilling empty hearts that glimpse of thee,  
Broad shouldered giant of these lands  
Rex you are crowned by natures own hand.

john thomas

# Merrydale Clough

O, to pause o'er Merrydale Clough  
Upon that ancient bridge,  
To linger with the sessile oaks  
And ponder their lineage.

I rest upon the parapet  
To gaze upon the bowes,  
A pilgrim who but chanced to rest  
Afore Scout Lane he ploughs.

O, listen to that singing Clough  
Alive with silver stream,  
That twinkles as if of the night  
When vale be drawn, be clean.

And like those countless twinkling stars  
So Merrydale Clough does play  
Upon the eye, upon the mind,  
Paints image ere to stay.

No longer turns that Scribbling Mill,  
That stream did toil so long,  
But on the breeze and whispering trees  
I hear its ancient song.

That silver song of silver stream,  
With guardian Oak above,  
I close my eyes, turn back a page  
And pause o'er Merrydale Clough.

john thomas

# My Daughter – In Her Eyes

Oft' I look and tempest see  
Though tranquil be the turne'd page'  
For though there's shelter in the lea  
There's naught but peril in the rage,  
Though not an Asp there be to sight –  
Her admonishments Medusa like,  
And Man may flee and Man may fight  
Yet petrified he be in spite,  
But in that ever changing book  
That's not yet wrote its chapters,  
There's joy and magic in her look  
And in the hearts she captures,  
Thorough tempest and tranquility  
A joy of love my daughter be.

john thomas

# My War

I pray each day my Mother  
That you will come for me,  
Though I endure the Parsons saw  
I fail to follow he.

I alone in congregation,  
He a'preaching to his sea,  
Why would his solemn service  
Bide his flock to pray for me?

To think of those less fortunate,  
Of those so far from home,  
Those torn away from loved ones -  
Who in strange lands do roam.

Although I am but seven  
Should ten lives I live again,  
I shall return to walk this soil  
And be close to you again.

john thomas

# Poppy The Fairy

Upon a bank beneath a tree  
Beside a trickley brook,  
Upon an upturned nutshell I saw a fairy stood.

I offered her a sandwich and asked of her, her name?  
"Poppy Bell", she quick replied, and "This ham is rather tame, "  
I thought this oh so curious as in the bread was game.

I took the fairy home with me for a cup of tea,  
"Would you like one lump or two? " Said she "I will take three! "  
I'd never known a fairy take three sugars in her tea.

So filled to brim with sandwiches and tea up to her head,  
That little Fairy Poppy Bell dozed off upon my bed  
At lunchtime she was snoring loud by teatime she was dead!

It may have been the sandwiches; it may have been the bed,  
It may have been the sugared tea that to Poppy' I fed,  
I'm not sure what it really was that made that fairy dead.

I quickly took a shoebox -  
After taking out the shoes,  
And in it I placed Poppy on her everlasting snooze.

I went back to the trickley brook,  
I stood beneath the tree,  
And there I buried Poppy with her sugars - One, two three.

No sooner had I buried her,  
That on that very bank  
The reddest little Poppy grew and bowed to me in thanks.

I picked the little Poppy  
All red and bright and new,  
And now I always wear it upon my favourite shoe.

It was a short time later  
Whilst rambling through a wood,  
That on an upturned nut shell I saw a fairy stood.



I offered her a sandwich and asked of her, her name?  
"Poppy Bell! " she quick replied,  
"It's me! I'm back again."

john thomas

# She Dances With The Devil

Come to my arms and lay, 'My Love',  
Please grant me this, my boon,  
And in your eyes show me that 'Dove'  
Whilst lips sing sirens tune!  
You'll coyly hide your fair, fair breast  
Yet nails will dig my skin!  
You'll settle to an Angels rest  
Yet dance the Devil in!  
Dance fair ye will in moonlit rills  
And silvered be your flight,  
And dance until gold faint tendrils  
Spin web that captures night,  
When dawn, shall, on our window break,  
And cast her light, on what will wake?

john thomas

## She Dances With The Devil (2)

So fine and sweet she art, 'My Love',  
To tear the eye of purest Dove,  
And none could ere but say -  
'Tis with an Angel, that you lay'  
And to her beauty, low I bow,  
Whilst in her wraith! O, I do cow',  
For both are of her fame -  
Two faces of the same,  
For in a moment, at a glance,  
To Pipers blow for changeling dance  
She opens heart as door,  
And dance does purge what's pure,  
Then though there's no intent or sin,  
My Angel lets the Devil in!

john thomas

# Snowflake

The snow fell on my face today  
I let it sit and melt away,  
Felt it cold as course in ran,  
Funny little snowflake man.

john thomas

## Sonnet - Sweet Holly, Pine And Mistletoe

Sweet Holly, Pine and Mistletoe,  
Your charms I here compare;  
Though Yuletide guardians of frosted snow,  
'Tis my love who's Goddess there.  
Holly berry, scarlet as shame; Who -  
To her Poppy red lips, I must dismiss,  
And though your sweetness doth enflame,  
No bloom is sweeter than her kiss.  
Pine, you're fresh as breeze from sea, Yet -  
Her perfume yields more joy;  
Mistletoe, you embrace the tree, Whilst -  
'Tis with me her arms do toy.  
See how the Yule has no finer place  
Than my loves heart, her charm, her grace.

john thomas

## Sonnet - Your Hand

Do not rush to take away, that -  
Which soothes the fevered brow,  
For I should be forever lact;  
And stunted be this love that grow.  
Recall of when the seed first spun  
That, which unseen hand did sow;  
When lost and weak, and parlour dun;  
'T'was natures golden gift; so know -  
For countless moons and equal suns  
Through Summers warm and Winters blow,  
For countless years, ere all eons  
My love shall blossom; ever to grow.  
Forever may the beauty stay,  
In hand you gave on wedding day.

john thomas

# Sophies Story

A courting did go Sophie Blow  
On Grimsby's salty front,  
A coy young girl as ere there be  
But she was on the hunt.

Along came a fine gentleman  
Will' Wheatley was his name,  
Within a month of meeting him  
Sophie's was the same!

But bliss was not to tarry long  
As Wheatley; well he died,  
Fell in to his Sunday lunch  
Her mushrooms on the side!

But she was not the kind of girl –  
To let death get her down,  
So up she got, and out she went  
To meet the men O'Town.

She chanced upon sea fairing man  
A maker of fine sails,  
Within a month his 'Sow & West' -  
Were swapped for wedding tails.

John William was an outdoor type  
Keen on cliff top views,  
Alas one day he tripped off one  
After Sophie tied his shoes!

Within a month she wed once more -  
A man who was of fame,  
'Solicitor William Rozer'  
Through Law had made his name.

Rozer was a Golfer –  
But hit a 'hole in one',  
When Sophie told the Coroner  
She couldn't tell Wedge from gun!

Poor Sophie's reputation  
Now plagued her wooing ways,  
But came along Will' Cawkwell  
To seaside for the day.

Now Cawkwell was a mason  
With strong and bullish head,  
Yet before his holiday ended  
To Sophie he was Wed.

Quick to work she put him  
For a 'middin' she would build,  
When Cawkwell put the last brick in –  
Mysterious, he was killed!

Now long on reputation  
Our Sophie courts no more,  
But rich beyond comprehension  
Thanks to her 'Williams' four.

john thomas



# The Ancient And The Moon

Amid fallen leaves from Autumns show,  
Caught in a flickering fires glow,  
Upon fatted moon of butter white,  
Gazed ancient eyes on frosty night.

Blue, woaded face turned to the sky,  
Heavens orb in ancients eye, drew warmth -  
Yet not from fires glow,  
But warmth of soul from moonish show.

And ancient eyes held long that stare,  
Drew deep upon enchanted air,  
Alone no more that autumn night  
Brother of shadow, cast of heavens light.

When came the dawn to frosted land  
Where fires lay cold aside still hand,  
And unseeing eyes lay on the ash,  
Then earthen fingers took wanderlings back.

Yet, from the depths of that freeze  
One ember flickered in dawning breeze,  
And earth she yield, let go her grasp -  
And gave her sister her ancient back.

john thomas

# The Barrel - A Coopers Tale

Smote the 'lump' upon the 'drive'  
The ancient oak did groan,  
Smote it down a second time –  
And not a stave did moan.

Riven hard and driven tight  
The chime hoop bore the load,  
Its rivets creaked; an iron child -  
Born of Hells hot forge.

The 'Barrels' calloused hand aloft,  
Like child with candy cane,  
And four pound lump of hammer head  
Was driven hard again.

Sparks flew from the molten band,  
Searing smelt the wood;  
Could Thor have walked this Earth again,  
As 'Barrel', here he stood.

Heady as the Hoppy brew  
The smell upon the place,  
And fires of oak and charcoal  
Toasted red on every face.

Riven stave stacked high on high  
And wood shave underfoot;  
With flashing Adze and Draw Knife  
Each plank and side was cut.

Another crushing, driving blow  
Then mighty lump was stilled,  
And cask was set and cask was stacked;  
Another to be filled.

What journey now before it lay?  
Once filled with mans great prides!  
To travel beyond creators dreams  
Of rich man's lands, and lives.

Again did raise the calloused hand,  
The lump did blot the eye,  
Danced high the spark upon the hoop  
Then it, like dreams, did die.

john thomas

# The Barrow Man

Long, long I have lain here  
Two hundred lives or more,  
Once a clannish warrior  
Now I carry my spear no more.

The aeons have made my melting pot  
Marked by the phases of the moon,  
The threefold Goddess overhead  
She the mother, maiden and cro'ne.

Once I walked upon this earth  
When sun did warm my face,  
And breeze did sing with ancient song  
Whispered words that fill this place.

Brothers now, I and the earth  
Our hearts and souls are bound,  
Here rests my spirit in this soil  
Mixed in these stones, this ground.

Long, long I have lain here  
And I have listened and understood,  
For moons eternal, beyond all harm  
Content, at peace, such love.

Around me lies my splendid mound  
Now scattered to the four,  
Gone too are my earthly bones  
What use to I? No more.

Gone is the World which I once knew  
When a warrior; when a man,  
That quiet World, that cruel World  
Untouched since creatio'n.

Linger pilgrim, rest with me  
Touch me as the ground,  
Hear my voice upon the wind - Hear  
'Errintgoth'; as ancient as the sands.

Rest, drink and fill yourself  
Here memories do abound,  
Long, long I have lain here  
Taste this world which I have found.

Sweet pilgrim heed my song  
Travel far and see this land,  
For one day I will be your all  
When we lay here hand in hand.

john thomas

# The Basket Maker

On Thanet Isle off Kentish coast,  
The Land that bore the Saxon host,  
Wove long in to a fire lit night  
The callused hands of a Basketwright.

Aside him sat his tender bride  
Who bore the son, who'd be his pride,  
Who'd learn to split and work the reed,  
And carry on this English breed

Though cold and dampened to the bone  
No word of sorrow did this Wright moan,  
His baskets were to cross the sea  
For Wellington, Waterloo, and Victory!

Through night grew worse the Baskets cough -  
Though tender wife did ply the broth,  
And aching limbs did slow the weave,  
But from his post he would not leave.

Before the dawn on Thanet Isle,  
Apart from Wellington by many mile,  
A widow cried and mourned her loss  
And Waterloo's grave bore one more cross.

john thomas

# The Gathering

Out of the mists of eternal night  
Bourne on the tail of a zephyr's flight  
Danced the lingering pipes of Pan,

Light carried o'er the cotton grass  
Where soft the notes did gently pass,  
Not meant for ears of Man,

Yet urgent feet did run amok  
For merrily danced the fairy Puck –  
Among that dovish fan,

And drawn those feet to azure dell  
From where Pan's notes did ebb and swell,  
And Oberon once ran,

Come, come and spin in eternal trance,  
Tho' you'll never leave this shaman's dance!

john thomas

# The Jester Birds Secret

Beyond Nut Wood where Jester Bird –  
Gambols among the hedge,  
Where daffodils are bowing  
Their golden crowne'd heads,  
Where regimented corn shoots  
Form their military lines,  
And rooks and jackdaws take their fill –  
Whilst farmers head is blind;  
A joyous spring this day did bring,  
Filling bush with buds anew,  
Where careful unfurls the cautious leaf  
In fear of frost or chill;  
What hand did make this day so fair –  
Pray tell me Jester Bird?  
But of the seven that I did ask  
Not one would speak a word.

john thomas



# The Lesson Of The Shore

The Lesson of the Shore

Come forth my child and take my hand,  
Let's take a walk along the sands;  
Imagine now this curving bay  
As being the life that for you lays.

Each breaker that does rush to shore,  
There's one, there's two, there's many more,  
Each breaker will a burden be  
To never end; an endless sea.

Each grain of sand on which you tread,  
Imagine lies with you in bed,  
Each grain that will become a chore  
Upon this golden, curving shore.

Each pinch of salt in salty sea,  
Those gallons of eternity,  
For each a tear from you will be,  
Until you've cried a salty sea.

But see that sun that fills the sky?  
That is your love, that is your joy,  
For all your toils, the sand, the sea,  
That sun will cease your misery.

So come my child and take my hand,  
Let's take a walk along the sands,  
You are the sun that fills my sky,  
For you my child, that sea I've cried.

john thomas

# The Mole Series - Part 1 - The Mole

O damn you! For you sap my mirth,  
Digging, clawing, under earth,  
Your days will soon be done,  
Inch by inch, your endless toil  
To mountain slag, on lawn you spoil!  
O run you rodent, run;  
Your blindness does not sap your wit,  
For tasty poisons, do not sit  
Upon your furry tongue;  
And wary you of snare or trap  
Ere baited, triggered, but no snap!  
O run you rodent run;  
But you no more will blight my day,  
The game is run, I've moved away!

john thomas

## The Mole Series - Part 10 - The Wife

O, I shall rid this minnowed sprat,  
Repair my lawn, unspoil, intact,  
'My Wife, attest to this, '  
Until that carcass ripped by spike  
Doth dance upon impalers pike!  
I shall enjoy no rest,  
To see that pelt of inksome tease –  
Upon the fence, reeked, cured by breeze -  
Dark sack to maggots nest!  
'My Wife, O, can't you taste the kill,  
Of one who aims to do us ill,  
Whose claims are self confessed? '  
Such peace, such calm shall then abound  
When stilled those voices of the ground.

john thomas

## The Mole Series - Part 2 - The Moles Reply

O arrogant, ignorant, common foo'l  
Who would rid me with poisons cruel,  
By what right does sightest thou?  
Know, 'Adams son', who claims the mud,  
Whose laws and writs attest the crud –  
'Tis natures land you plough!  
And here I dig beneath the earth  
My Citadel, for what it's worth  
To please her watchful eye,  
While you! O Lorded, simple fool,  
Of my demise, you dream and drool,  
Her pleasures to deny,  
What makes you, 'Adams son', so cruel?  
O arrogant, ignorant, common foo'l.

john thomas

## The Mole Series - Part 3 - Mans Retort

Fair bleat and crow you from dark hole  
You runtish cur of ancient troll!  
Weak coward to the sun,  
Wet, reekish, subterranean rat  
Who on ill worms does sup and fat,  
And of whose countenance you've become,  
What care of I, your 'Nature' dear,  
Or of your 'Citadel' so drear?  
My regards for you are none;  
You are a prank, a skank of hole  
A cruel trick of better vole,  
A joke, a jibe, a pun!  
So rot you in your loathsome mire,  
You're fit for naught, 'cept mans attire.

john thomas

## The Mole Series - Part 4 - The Moles Threat

What murderous intent do you cheer?  
That severs me from life so dear,  
Though our journeys just begun,  
You tauntest me, you quib and jibe,  
And yet you'd wear my 'Skanky' hide!  
'No regard' ye Adams son?  
But one day you will cease detest,  
If only for your final rest,  
And then what will become?  
For planted deep you, in my ground,  
Where nere of sight, nor sun, nor sound  
But tapping of a drum!  
Those tapping claws that will not stay,  
Until they prise the box! You lay.

john thomas

## The Mole Series - Part 5 - Quib

What torment to my thoughts you crave  
To dissenter me from my grave,  
Far escalates our quib!  
You'd violate such sacred box?  
With claws you'd drum, assault my locks?  
You mock, dark thoughts? Mere squib!  
You take me for a sap, a fool?  
With taunts so lame, yet feel you cruel,  
Your day? O, it is done,  
For as you dwell upon your plan  
To rid yourself of higher man,  
The battle is o'er, it's won!  
For one that plagues both night and day  
Does own the soul whose mind wont stray.

john thomas

## The Mole Series - Part 6 - The Arrogance

What joy you bring, my inept foe,  
Whose whit, like gait, is ere so slow,  
And with whose thoughts I merry play,  
Should you but only prise blind eyes -  
Away from plot of my demise  
Your worries would allay,  
For then you could fair sightest He  
This Man, your font of misery,  
Who betters you each day,  
Then turn your focus and admire -  
A creature clearly born much higher,  
And whose homage you should pay,  
No longer on my fate do dwell,  
For closer you than I to Hell.

john thomas



## The Mole Series - Part 7 - The Underworld

You speak of 'Hell' as 'Under Earth, '  
But have no clue of 'Hades' worth,  
For long that King has toiled,  
What image you of Hell? I'll sum –  
It's one of Satan's well, where dun  
Are those of Peter's foil!  
Crude fantasy! Of Man's own make  
To manage Man through lie and fake,  
And whose prose are waxed, well oiled,  
Whilst Kings and Queens of Underworld  
Are mirthed by twisted tales, so knurled,  
Yet weep for World you spoil,  
Poor Adam's son, your kind must run,  
You've opened Hell! And they do come.

john thomas

## The Mole Series - Part 8 - The March Of Man

For blasphemy? You'll rot in Hell!  
And languish long in Satan's well,  
'The Book, ' doth spake it so,  
That merest utt'rance, from crook'd lips,  
Of darkest World where Hades trips –  
That Hell will overflow!  
O, Beelzebub will on you rip,  
No Lord will grace repentless quip  
And you will eat that crow;  
And of this World you claim I spoil?  
'Tis beauteous, and through Man's toil,  
And by his grace fair grows,  
What sanction you, who dare condemn?  
For 'tis out time, the march of Men.

john thomas

## The Mole Series - Part 9 - Some Pity

As tempest of a salty spew  
Whose view of World is wild, askew  
These words that you will spake!  
What trips ere from your tongue is fact?  
'Tis not pure thought; which is most lact  
But billage that you rake.  
Who wrote this book of words you quote?  
'Twas Man, of Man! So now it's mote?  
O, tempest, where's thine eye?  
In quiet times I pity thee,  
Though have you claims to higher be,  
In truth, we cousins lie,  
More sightless than your blinded foe!  
Until the battle's won? I know.

john thomas

# The Moth

As the moth is drawn to the flame  
It is so that I am drawn to you,  
As the flickering light entices him  
So your eyes draw me too,  
He dances to the flickering rhythm  
I to your every word,  
Ceaselessly beating gossamer wings  
As fragile as my pounding heart,  
Singed, he keeps to his final dance  
Yet burnt, still I dance for you,  
And then to death, through fear or flame  
Should this be my end too?  
Why is the moth drawn to the flame?  
So it is that I love you.

john thomas

# The Night Garden

Come see my precious garden grow,  
There Foxglove, Ergot and Savin blow  
And Hemlock and the Sea-Squill white –  
Do bloom and grow for my delight.

See Monks-Hood, Wolf-Bane and Gratiolle  
For the do fill each gap and hole,  
And one can not but chance to hap' –  
Upon that Deadly Nightshade sap!

There's tubs of Henbane; Figwort too  
And see the Buckthorn buds; O do!  
There's Paris-Herb, Asarabacca bright  
O taste them all.....And say Goodnight!

john thomas

# The Path Of The Calder Cam

At Carreg Cair on the Calder Cam -  
Gazed the Celtic eyes of Aran John,  
Across a bay becalmed with fret  
He breathed the dawn of the day he met.

Each draw of breath in cloud ensued  
And sodden misted locks did run,  
Yet ne'er a shiver from Aran John  
For passion warmed this Celtic son.

Beholden, riding on the fret -  
Across the Calder Cam,  
Came riding, fathers of his past,  
Savior's for their lamb.

And breeze did blow on Carreg Cair -  
Salted breath on sodden hair,  
And voices sang on Calder Cam  
And reached the ears of Celtic man.

So stirred the heart of Aran John,  
And the bay did clear as he gazed on,  
The path to take, afore him lay -  
The Calder Cam it led the way.

john thomas

# The Phrenologist

John William the Phrenologist  
Read bumps upon my head,  
He then informed my Mother-  
"Get this child at once to bed! "

"This boy will be unruly  
Not of the social kind,  
Spiritually he's redundant  
And not of normal mind, "

"He'll learn naught from observation,  
Wont walk for sitting down,  
This boy is just a lazy scamp  
And will grow up to be a clown! "

"This case is most alarming, "  
The Professor to my Mother said,  
But I just thought it all too strange  
And ignored it all instead,

John William the Phrenologist  
Read bumps upon my head,  
Now sat here in my prison cell -  
I wish I'd been nicer instead!

john thomas

# The Snowy Sea

I sat and pondered at the sight –  
A sea of monochromed delight,  
For where all colours once did paint  
Now laid an Ocean of white taint.

And sky was white, and roadways too,  
And white were fields where green I knew,  
Where lines amok by childish hands  
Had stood dark walls upon these lands.

And yet, the more that hid from me -  
The more, much more, that I did see!  
Each skeleton of twig or branch,  
Each naked tree that I did glance,

Each mountain ridge set to the sky  
And valleys shadows caught my eye,  
And dotted farms, mere silhouettes,  
Sat in this sea, cast, lonely sets.

Too bright the glare (I turn the eye) –  
Turn from the land, when from the sky  
That low, low ball of golden hue  
Breaks out to shine on World anew.

I pondered on this beauty long  
Collecting thoughts of scene and song,  
To keep and savour for the time  
I'll sail again this sea of mine.

john thomas



# The Wild, Wild Moors

O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
Of rolling hills, and rolling gorse,  
O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
To be so free again.

O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
Where thick the heather decks the floors,  
O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
Beneath a crimson sky.

O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
Where on the wind the curlew calls,  
O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
To hear his song again.

O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
To taste the wind, to dance with squalls,  
O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
To spin, to spin, to spin!

O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
Where I may roam, unbound by walls,  
O let me to my wild, wild moors,  
To be so free again.

john thomas

# Two Bums Billy

Two Bums Billy has got two bums,  
His sister Wendy has four thumbs,  
His Father whistles -  
And his Mother hums,  
Two Bums Billy has got no chums.

john thomas

# Voices

The voices, how they call to me  
To me, to me alone,  
In silence, how they call to me  
One day they'll lead me home.

They sit toward that inner soul,  
To left, beyond the eye,  
They bade with words, a long time dead  
Yet never sound or sigh.

With move of hand or twist of head  
Their meanings I imbibe,  
While faces calm, forever watch  
As they move from side to side.

They turn their glance to look and see  
When voices shout the most,  
They guard and worry, wait for us  
And last become the host,

And ever will their voice remain  
To mark us day or night,  
So call to arms, for they will come  
Not alone now in your plight.

The voices, how they call to me  
To me, to me alone,  
And will until I dance with them,  
The day they lead me home.

john thomas

## What Me! – Exaggerate?

Two billion times I've told you -  
No, It's probably three or four,  
I know at least a thousand boys  
Who've lost fingers in a door!

At school not one child in my class –  
Had a finger on their hand,  
Not one of them could find a job  
And all were jailed or hanged!

I know at least ten million girls -  
Whose pigtailed trailed the ground,  
Who whilst being careless near to ponds  
Were grabbed by fish and drowned!

Old Mrs Smith – Aged a thousand and two -  
Had one hundred backward sons,  
The reason for their fateful plight?  
They wouldn't eat greens – Just buns!

Not one of them would eat a pip,  
Never saw an apple or pear,  
They all turned blind! – Their legs fell off!  
Oh dear! I do despair.

Now you know me, 'Honest as long',  
No lie would pass my lips,  
But I know this man who went bright blue –  
From too much salt on crisps!

There are boys with bellies full of worms –  
From dirty finger nails,  
And girls with Pinocchio noses  
From telling lies and tales.

Now I know sometimes I do go on,  
And can get quite irate,  
But heed my words, you know they're true,  
What me? - Exaggerate!

john thomas

# Whispering To Spiders

I saw my Daughter sitting  
Just the other day,  
In our cottage Garden  
Apparently at play,

Long I fondly watched her  
And was just about to call,  
When a curious thing did happen  
I saw her talking to the wall,

I heard her softly singing  
to a tiny little gap,  
Between a course of old red bricks  
And the copings sat on top,

I went in to the garden  
And sat myself beside her,  
"My dear, what are you doing? "  
"I'm just whispering to the spiders"

Although a little taken  
I soon again took stock,  
And on I slowly ventured  
This mystery to unlock.

So my dearest Daughter  
Will you not tell me,  
What do you say to spiders?  
What replies do they give thee?

"They tell me all about the World  
Beyond our cottage walls,  
They tell me of their insect friends  
About their insect balls, "

"They tell me of the stars at night  
That I do never see,  
They tell me of the secrets held  
By each and every tree, "

"I've learnt of Elves and Fairies  
Of Dwarfs and Giants too,  
I've learnt the Dragons stories  
And all the things they do, "

So tell to me my Daughter  
What do you say to them?  
For they have told you very much  
What do you say of men?

"I tell them of our houses  
And to watch out for the baths,  
To keep away from plug holes  
And stay up by the taps, "

"I tell them, if they visit  
That once they are indoors,  
To try and stay in corners  
And to mind out for the doors, "

"It's nice my dearest Daughter  
You have such special friends,  
But it's time to say goodbye now  
Until you visit them again."

She bent down to the cottage wall  
And in a voice so low,  
She whispered to the spiders  
"Goodbye, I now must go."

And did my eyes deceive me?  
I really do not know,  
But I thought I saw a spider  
Bow back to her so low.

john thomas

# Your Name

I whisper your name

Feel the familiar soothing sounds and rhythms

As they slowly tumble over my wracked torn lips,

See them free-fall in to the abyss, ever downward

Unseen, unheard by a busy disinterested World.

In that whisper I feel the loss

Each parting syllable cutting the memory

Slicing as a switchblade brandished by a callous hand,

Leaving me bleeding and afraid, yet indifferent to my fate -

And wrestling with your final and ebbing chorus.

But on the breeze, into the azure, your name is bourn!

Whisked by unseen hands, carried on the zephyrs soft breath

Eastward and homeward to Natures tender bosom,

Away to a World unaltered, one which does not mourn loss

Has not the inclination nor the time.

It is there, among the daisies and hocks

And mingled with the hawthorn whites,



That the tussling, warm west wind pauses,  
And slowly as feather dusted pollen, you settle,  
Midas rests, and my heart is gold.

john thomas

# Yours - Today I Become Yours

Yours; I'm yours! Today's the day;  
No more countdowns, No time to delay;  
Yours? - Too early to reflect; to doubt -  
Doubt! - I have none; of this I am sure;  
But Yours? To be owned! No to belong -  
To be cherished, be wanted, be loved;  
If this is to be yours, then I want to belong,  
And yes I long to be cherished,  
And more, much more, to be loved;  
For if I am yours then you are mine,  
Reflected, a mirror, yours, mine, the same;  
Black, white, Ying, Yang; coupled -  
You and I 'a couple'; Joined; Yours?  
Yours - Yes I become yours today;  
There is no doubt, no need to pause;  
Look upon me now, for forever, I am yours.

john thomas