

Poetry Series

**Penni Currie**  
**- poems -**

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# Penni Currie(1960)

# A New Day

a new beginning  
laughter and joy  
pain and tears  
all those hidden fears  
gone now  
faded into the past  
into oblivion  
sink into a deep sleep  
a trance-like state  
and awake  
refreshed, recharged  
ready to face another day  
A new day

9/88

Penni Currie

# As We Part...

As we part  
see the tears  
flowing  
from my heart  
into a river of love.

04/1987

Penni Currie

# Beautiful Fools

All those beautiful fools  
in that beautiful time  
getting high on love  
and cheap red wine.  
Their heads in the clouds  
their hearts on the line  
spaced out in heaven  
being young, their crime  
All taken away  
to play up above.  
Jim, Janis, Jimi  
such an endless list  
Their talent so special  
they are terribly missed.  
We still listen to their songs  
and think of them with love

6.87

Penni Currie

# Butterfly

Butterfly  
flew away  
tell me why  
you could'nt stay.

Butterfly  
I'll be your flower  
in me you'll lie  
to hide in a shower.

Butterfly  
I'll be your light  
before you die  
come to me in the night.

Butterfly  
why?  
Please stay.

6/87

Penni Currie

## Chapter II

In the beginning there was the light  
and the light was pure and bright  
but slowly through time, by facets it changes  
getting brighter then fading to dark  
and in the dark of the night  
we think and reflect on the day, and the things we have done.  
We make decisions and plan ahead  
for the new day when it comes.  
When the morning comes so bright and new  
nothing will be as planned.  
For the morning comes bringing fresh dew  
refreshing this brittle land,  
and like that land it refreshes our souls,  
makes us see things a little clearer.  
The decisions we make in the dark of the night,  
are clouded by tiredness, not always just right.  
In the beginning I saw the light  
The light still shines pure, it still shines bright.

2/87

Penni Currie

# Cold

permeating through my pores  
freezing my soul  
locked away  
in the dazzling brilliance  
of the Christmas lights.  
is my heart beating?  
oh so slowly  
slowed to eternity  
the Solstice fire  
burned  
oh so brightly  
flickers, smoulders  
deep in the ashes  
of my life.  
time to rebuild  
rekindle, defrost  
that frozen soul  
deep within still burns a spark  
fan it to a flame  
slowly build around it  
till once again  
we have a roaring fire.

1/92

Penni Currie



# Come Around

Grey tendrils creeping down and round  
and around my heart  
and around my mind  
squeeze  
squeeze softly  
harder now  
pulsating gently  
slowly thrusting forwards  
pushing towards the void  
the void that spells darkness  
and emptiness  
Bereft of tears, I cry no more  
I plunge into the dark  
I plunge into another life.  
A life so dark, so strangely morbid.  
A deep depression settles on me.  
Creeps in and down and round  
and around my heart  
and around my mind.  
Drift  
Drift in a star-spangled darkness.  
Drift through hues of red  
and weird.  
Down so down, and around,  
come around  
push me under yet again.  
Blood pulsating through my veins,  
with a throb in my temples.  
Come live with me,  
come die with me.  
Come around.  
Come around.  
Come around, around

5/88

Penni Currie

# Dark Light

A dark, dark light shines deep inside  
I opened my heart, to you I confide  
Don't abuse my trust and throw in my face  
my dark sordid past, my time of disgrace.  
I want to be free, free from my thought  
but its so hard happiness can't be bought  
All I wanted was a friend, someone special to me.  
All I wanted was you, but you couldn't see.  
The light was so dark, it didn't shine bright  
but it brightened my life in the dark of my night.  
Now in the daylight it doesn't show  
But when the night comes, then I know.  
I know it was wrong to put my faith in you  
I gave you my love and away you flew  
Still my dark, dark light  
shines bright in the night  
and I keep hoping one day you'll see my light.

Penni Currie

# Days Of Darkness

Rats

In their thousands  
creeping over the desolate land  
scouring for food - for life  
The stench was sickening  
The sky black, thickening  
so no light passed through

Ants

In their millions  
crawling through the empty houses  
looking for crumbs - anything  
dead bodies all over  
or writhing in pain  
as the skies darken again

Humans

In their hundreds  
Staggering through the empty streets  
In their hunt for companionship - and food  
cursing their predators  
Dead or dying from pain  
As the whole earth dies.

1979

Penni Currie

# Drowning

The white foam  
rushes in

Sprays up

falls back

ebbs and dies

It is warm  
so warm

and I am wet

I'm drowning  
in emotion

It sprays again

I flinch  
but lie here still

cover me  
take me

Take me  
'till I die

05/1988

Penni Currie

# Ydc Competition Entry

2014 has begun  
this calendar will help you keep time  
but only if its won  
so please place a bid on mine

pretty twinkles for your mobile phone  
but only if you bid and make it your own

this canvas of a piper  
dressed in a kilt  
but only if to place  
a bid thou wilt

YDC is wonderful fun  
the bidding,  
the buying,  
Trying to outdo everyone.  
Many a bargain is there to be had  
But Tick- nicking, that is sooo bad  
Choose your charity  
Raise some money  
Try to make your listings funny.  
Chocolate and handmade soap  
Off to the PO with your sales you lope (ooh bad rhyming!)  
24th-28th, these days are reserved  
Found my items, sanity preserved.

Jan/Feb 2014

Penni Currie

# Empty Feeling

Tears

red hot on my cheeks  
the pain that never subsides  
builds up and finally peaks  
like the ebb and flow of the tide.

My head is so sore from crying

I feel so empty inside

Sometimes I feel like dying

if only there was someone

in whom I could confide.

I want to leave, I want to stay

I feel so confused.

I want you to go away

I don't want you to feel

you're being used.

I need someone to comfort me.

Someone who'll stay a while

someone who might make me see

someone to make me smile.

Why do I get like this

It's silly I know

cuddle me again please

you know I love you so

9/88

Penni Currie

# Eternal Light

Then the angel came and said  
'look up my child, do not be afraid.  
Look into the light, for what is revealed  
is only the reflection of your inner self.  
Your wants. and desires are shown here.  
Reflected in the light.  
Open up, reveal your soul,  
come alive this night.'

The child said 'but I'm so afraid.  
The light is very bright.  
It's so high up, I'll never reach.  
I don't have the knowledge that you teach.'

'Just close your eyes', the angel said.  
'Flow with the pictures that come into your head.  
'Mingle and mix and float through your dream.  
Too soon you will learn nothing is as it seems'.

The child's eye shed a tear,  
for in her heart she knew,  
this vision spoke the truth to her,  
and through her dreams she flew.  
Flew towards the point of light.  
Flew towards the conclusion.  
Flew towards the journey's end,  
where there could be no confusion.

This is heaven, this is death.  
Oh what a wonderous sight.  
Just close your eyes and slowly sink  
into the the eternal light.

10/87

Penni Currie

# Fantasy

In the mists of Time,  
When the Earth stood still,  
The Gods summoned creatures  
at their will.  
Unicorns with horns so bright,  
Horses that were unequalled in flight.  
To the earth the Phoenix flew,  
With rainbow feathers of every hue,  
Dancing dragons to meet a whim  
Mermaids and sea-horses,  
together they swim.  
The Gods looked down  
and it was good;  
Fairies and Elves in every wood.  
In the caves, goblins  
and trolls abound,  
and animals that run  
without making a sound.  
But the Earth, she moved  
and it was found  
These creatures proved to be  
unstable on moving ground.  
The Gods were sad  
for they had to destroy  
All the creatures they so enjoy.  
But some escaped  
and to this day  
they're in secret grottos,  
hidden away  
Where no man can see  
nor may despoil  
These creatures hewn  
from sacred soil.

1986

Penni Currie



# Feelings

The feelings inside  
the feelings I hide  
The pain  
and the hurt  
and the tears.  
I want to cry  
I want to die  
to wash away the years.

Penni Currie

# Fire

The white hot pain of emptiness  
that burns so deep within  
The vortex of ever growing loneliness  
crawling across the skin.

The red hot tear of anger  
that sting behind the eyes  
the feeling of growing restlessness  
the pain i can't disguise.

The fire that burns within the soul  
fuelled by unobtainable pleasure  
knowing these things you cannot hold  
cannot take at your leisure.

02/1988

Penni Currie

# Float And Fly

Float and fly.  
Swirl high above.  
Joined together,  
united in love.  
Touch my hand,  
caress my back.  
You and me,  
on the same track.  
We'll jump together  
into the void.  
Coming back alone,  
when with love we have toyed.  
Take me up,  
bring me down,  
Take me up again.  
I cannot wait  
until the day when  
you believe that I love you,  
you believe that I care.  
Whenever you need me  
I will always be there.  
I float and I fly  
I swirl alone  
In my dreams  
I am with you  
In my head I am home.

4/87

Penni Currie

# Friday Feelings

\* note this poem was originally drawn on a large canvas in all different colours and metallics in long meandering swirls and the page had to be continually turned round and round to follow the narrative. It was all different sizes and styles of font and It was embellished with butterflies, flowers, paisley patterns and assorted symbols\*

Lights, bright lights, coloured lights, flashing, swirling, floating, dying. Rushing through my head. I swirl in and out. I float so high on the noises that are never said. Reds and greens, pinks and blues, mixing and merging together.

Androgynous beings, being. Here, now, alive. Perhaps, well maybe never, someday, one day you'll say, 'I love you, love you, love you', and mean it. My heart is beating, beating regularly but it's held together with elastic bands. Sometimes they get too tight, and cut in.

No matter how hard we try, it doesn't ease the pain.

Take me to bed and lay with me. Lay down by my side. I want nothing more from you. I would be your asexual bride. No need to talk I feel it all in my head. The lights, bright lights, coloured lights but not blue, especially not with red. It drives me wild, goes way back to when I was a child. I hate blue lights. They make me show my fear. I'd rather have the dark of the night. Swirl with me. Float with me. Baby take my hand. In and out of corners we'd fly in this multi-faceted land. Do I ever tell you I love you, in words, not in rhyme. I wish I had the ability to tell you all the time. I dearly need a friend now. I need you to be mine. All the day, in every way my head is full of you. I don't know what you've done to me and I don't think I want to. Please take my hand and show me the way to total spiritual love. We'll leave our bodies down below and float high together up above. Psychotic reactions to what I feel, so very up, then down. Unrequited, unshared. It hurts so much, I wish I knew if you cared. Pinks and blues and yellow dots, dancing dragons with luminous spots. My head is in there. It's in there alone. Looking for rest, too far from home. My legs are walking down the street. In mid-air they follow you. Hear the tune I dream. I dream sometimes you do. I'm dreaming of you. I fall on my face, upside down. Fall on my face so hard on the ground. The butterfly flits around the flowers, looking for a place to land. The butterfly flits around the flowers, only to land in your hand. Sometimes I wish that I were dead, I'd be more alive inside a tomb than I can ever be inside this room. Flashing, swirling, floating dying, falling to the ground to lie, until disturbed again. The mote swirls faster, roun and round. To finally rest on barren ground. Please put out that light.

With stardust in my eyes the moonchild grows in me. Soon he will be born and I

will be set free.

3/87

Penni Currie

# Gowan

Wee white daisy  
wi' yellow e'e  
growing sae innocent  
for a' tae see  
reaching up to sunny sky  
close up at dusk  
your sweet wee eye  
a careless kick  
you're ripped apart  
it makes me sad  
it breaks my heart.

10/93

Penni Currie

# Hannah

Your eyes dance, they shine so bright  
your face a picture of pride  
As you gaze on this face of innocence  
She smiles and opens her arms wide  
You tenderly caress her  
You wipe away a tear  
She snuggles in much closer  
You love to hold her near.  
She reaches out to touch your hair  
You turn to her and smile  
A tender kiss and a cuddle  
you whisper 'I'll be back in a while'  
She closes her eyes and drifts into sleep  
You stand and gaze in wonder  
baby Hannah so small, so sweet  
And you, the proudest father.

2/88

Penni Currie

# Hope

In the cloudy sky  
there flies a bird,  
a bird so light on wing.  
A bird that comes  
with the message anew  
that persuades our hearts to sing.

5/87

Penni Currie



# Human Zoo

In the dark, dark night  
I dream of you.  
United in flight,  
we escaped the human zoo.  
We flew so high,  
above even the stars.  
Together we would lie  
in the place where dreams are.  
Listen to the tune  
that plays in your head.  
And you'll find very soon,  
you have heard what I said.  
We're no longer trapped  
in this human zoo

Penni Currie

# I Close My Eyes

I close my eyes and see the lights.  
They flash, they dance, they swirl in flight.  
I hear the colours coming up from the floor.  
I close my eyes and listen for more.  
Dancing dragons all in a row.  
Their fire crackling down below.  
Pretty noises in my head,  
Knowing words before they are said.  
As I stand and look at my butterfly  
I realise I don't want to die.  
I want to be beautiful  
I want to be free  
I want time to discover me.  
As I open my eyes I can see  
all the things that were meant to be.  
I can see such evil, but kindness too  
That was when I decided I wanted you.  
My decision that night was to set myself free,  
like my butterfly, i'd spread my wings and fly away.  
That little pink dot revealed so much,  
It changed my life in just one day.

2/87

Penni Currie

# In The Beginning

In the beginning  
it was the end  
In the beginning  
you were my friend  
In the beginning  
I loved you so much  
In the beginning  
I longed for your touch...

unfinished 2/87

Penni Currie

# Joys Of Summer

Light nights,  
heat haze,  
midgie bites,  
warm days.  
Holiday time,  
Vodka and lime.  
Duty free booze,  
Airport queues.  
Don't drink the water.  
Lock up your daughter.  
Foreign men  
never know when  
No means no.  
It's time to go  
home again -  
delayed flight.  
In the airport  
spend your last night.

The joys of Summer!

Penni Currie

# Key To Love

The key slides in  
and noiselessly turns  
tension building higher and higher  
The door unlocks  
the tension drops  
setting my soul on fire.

This is love!

1978

Penni Currie

# Knife

freed from constraint  
freed from the past  
freed from pain  
you free me

08/88

Penni Currie

# Light

It is daylight yet it is dark  
dark both outside and in.  
A penetrating darkness, a fog  
that seeps deep into my being.  
to chill my bones, and my soul.  
Thoughts of pain, of eternal sleep  
frequently flash through my mind.  
I am blind to the peeping snowdrops  
and see only the snow.  
The sky is heavy with laden clouds  
and I feel heavy, burdened by thoughts  
oppressed by intangible fears and guilt.  
Oppressed by frequent tears.  
Yet I have places to go  
to learn to be me, to see  
the coming spring, the glint of sun  
in every day. It is a long way  
but there is help along this lonely path  
Physical voices to still the noise within  
to begin to hear with clarity  
the hum of the earth. The birth of each new day.

Penni Currie 23 March 2006

Penni Currie

# Little Butterfly

Hold it gently  
let it fly  
Beautiful little butterfly  
squeeze it tightly  
make it die  
Poor little butterfly

06/1988

Penni Currie



# Lonely City

Lost  
not knowing where you are  
Lost  
are friends near or far  
Lost  
in a city full of people  
Lonely  
no-one to talk to  
Lonely  
No friends, just you  
Lonely  
in a city full of people  
Lost  
but in a crowd  
you ask for help  
they don't make a sound  
Lonely  
but not alone  
no-one wants to know you  
no-one even phones.

1979

Penni Currie

# Lonely Hours

Lonely hours  
spent  
watching the rain  
like tears  
on the window pane.

Lonely hours  
wishing  
you were here with me  
as I gaze  
over another cup of tea.

Lonely hours  
spent  
alone, crying  
dying slowly  
because you are gone.

1979

Penni Currie

# Love Is Never There

you open the secret place  
to let a stranger in  
you knew when you saw his face  
it was a game you couldn't win  
but you tried  
and you'll die trying  
love is never fair  
but you cried  
and you'll die crying  
love is never there  
you'll pick up the broken pieces  
your heart will slowly heal  
then go out and face the world  
someone else's heart you'll steal  
but you sighed  
and you'll die sighing  
love is never fair  
but you lied  
and you'll die lying  
love is never there

8/88

Penni Currie

# Mist

rising up from the water  
on this hazy dawn  
the call of the geese  
fluttering only inches above water  
trailing their feet and honking loudly  
the leaves turning from green to gold  
and beautiful russet shades.  
the last flowers wilting now  
as summer turns to fall  
the fox peeks out from behind a tree  
and, sensing human presence  
disappears.  
the beauty of this  
my favourite time of year  
never fails to amaze me

10/88

Penni Currie

# Moonlight

Moonlight bright  
Light my heart  
Come in tonight  
and never depart  
Moonlight glisten  
In the dark sky  
Someone who'll listen  
who'll never ask why.

Penni Currie

# My Dream

In my head I have a dream  
a dream where happy people go  
In my head I have a dream  
A dream that no-one really knows.

And in my dream  
there is only love  
no fights, no hatred  
just feelings from above.

In my head I have a dream  
A dream of skies and butterflies  
In my head I have a dream  
A dream where no-one tells lies.

And in my dream  
no-one gets hurt  
There is no need  
We know each other so well.

Penni Currie

# Nearly

The time is drawing closer  
the day is nearly here  
my heart is almost breaking  
filled with trepidation and fear  
I know that you don't see it  
that you don't feel this way  
It hurts so much, I feel in pain  
I wish that you could stay.

04/1987

Penni Currie

# Nine Month Story

A tiny sperm  
a little egg  
merge  
grow  
getting larger  
kicking  
that miraculous bump  
growing ever bigger  
in a nine month story

and then breathes...

Penni Currie



# October

The days are closing quickly now  
Winter is on it's way.  
The leaves turn red and gold somehow,  
butterflies and bees all gone away.

10/88

Penni Currie

# One Day

Petals fall to the ground  
so red, against stark black.  
The wind the only sound  
blowing through the trees.

To flower for one day only  
to live and then to die  
never to be lonely  
red faces turned to the sky.

Turning to the crimson fields  
such a wonderous sight  
makes you feel so happy  
though they'll be gone before this night

One red poppy.

8/88

Penni Currie

# Our Childrens Legacy - This Ruined Earth

In that dreamlike state we call living  
We give in to desires of the flesh  
We take without thought, without giving  
until there is nothing left  
We destroy all the land round about us  
We'll destroy the balance of life  
Barren wastes will lie deserted  
Whilst we still cause trouble and strife  
We have no thoughts of the future  
Our childrens legacy, a barren land  
So pollute and destroy, build and bomb  
leave no green land, just atomic sand  
Tear down the trees, concrete it over  
after all, WE won't be around that long.

January 1988

Penni Currie

# Petals

Sitting by a river,  
sitting by a tree  
seeing in the water,  
reflections of me.  
Rippling, distorting,  
flowing away.  
Throw in some petals,  
hope that they'll stay.  
Suspended a moment,  
captured in time.  
Like I captured your heart  
entrapped it with mine.  
Entwined together  
like the branches of a tree  
growing together  
always you 'n' me.  
But are we choking each other  
is it really fair,  
to keep someone with you  
when they don't want to be there.  
I feel so sad  
this bright sunny day.  
To make me happy  
just say you'll stay.  
But I couldn't keep you,  
if you wanted to go.  
Ask if I want you  
and i'll tell you no.  
Like this river,  
my tears would run,  
washed away  
into the midnight sun.

3/88

Penni Currie

# Poems

Poems mean so much to me,  
they open my heart, they set it free

2/87

Penni Currie

# Presence Of The Goddess

The darkness,  
dampened with fat teardrops  
running down chubby cumulus cheeks  
splashing on the tweedy lap of  
the hills and valleys.  
Browns and lilacs and deep lush  
greens, all now a uniform grey.  
Homogonized to obscurity by dusk.  
The golden globe  
supported on a titian cushion  
hugged to the breasts of the  
reclining mounds  
thrust into the air  
by centuries of seismologic caresses  
deep in the loins of the earth.  
Pale wraiths  
now flickering scar-like across  
the face of the moon.  
And She, nestled fully and comfortably  
in the velvet backdrop,  
reassuringly plump. pregnant  
anticipation  
as we wait for darkness to fall,  
almost completely into the arms of night.  
The golden globe giving way to the silver.  
The fresh smell of newly watered heathers  
riding on the breeze.  
All senses tingling, we join hands  
and slowly circle, chanting softly  
Isis, Astarte, Diana, Hecate, Demeter, Kali, Innarna  
As we raise our praises to her,  
on such a perfect night. Her presence  
can be seen, here in this landscape,  
can be felt, here in this circle  
on this air, on this night  
Blessed Be!

07/1992



# Reaching Back

Cold lonely moments  
on hot sticky days  
missing you,  
wanting you,  
reaching back through the years  
to a time when  
our love was so young  
holding you  
touching you  
gave me so much joy  
I did not know then  
the things that I know now  
If I could  
If I would  
Should it have been?

7/91

Penni Currie



# Rendezvous With A Lost Love

Like a smile, the crescent moon lit up the sky  
For a while all was quiet, all was still  
There was a movement in the shadows  
Like the soft whisper of a lovers caress  
Footsteps slid almost soundlessly through the dark  
I turned from the broken street light where I stood  
Where I waited, where I had waited  
Where I still waited, hope slipping away  
Now renewed with the almost imperceptible  
sound of someone approaching  
The shadow eclipsed the dim moonlight  
A silver glint, the light playing on the back  
of a fish, playfully jumping upstream  
the day we spent by the river.  
You kissed my neck, it kissed my throat  
Icy, like the water that day  
Brought a smile like the moon, to my sombre face  
your hand slid down my body  
awakening passion, sensations never felt before  
lightheaded, as the blood drained away  
I slid down the lampost to lie  
at your feet, a crumpled heap  
like our discarded clothes that day  
Images flashed, consciousness flickered  
As I was swept along in a tide of red, red passion  
I didn't want to lose you, I wanted to hang on  
As I now want to hang on to life  
From behind a cloud, the smile slid  
mocking, laughing. So I closed my eyes  
and drifted off to the winter of my life.

06/1992

Penni Currie

# Shadowtime

And in the dark  
as the shadows  
close down  
I close my eyes and cry  
I feel so sad  
it feels so wrong  
why can't I be with you.

Penni Currie

# Song Of Love

no more pain  
no more tears  
no more hurting  
drift through time  
drift through space  
as in an opiate dream  
Touch the ceiling of feeling  
float to the stars  
share the inner peace.  
the conviction that all is well  
in this restless world.  
close your eyes and dream  
of the finest things  
soon it will seem  
you've found your wings  
only joy  
only happiness  
only contentment  
in this dreamlike state  
we call love

79/88

Penni Currie

# Speed In My Veins

The rushes,  
the flashes,  
the beautiful lights,  
Speed in my veins  
and I won't sleep tonight.

The talking,  
the sweating,  
endless nights and days  
Speed in my veins  
and life is a craze.

Coming up,  
going down,  
the knot in my gut,  
Speed in my veins  
I'm getting into a rut

The darkness,  
the sleep,  
the horrible pain,  
No speed in my veins  
and there won't be again.

1979

Penni Currie

# The Angel

The Angel is flying so high up above  
he doesn't realise down here  
there's a world filled with love.  
He wants to fly so high in the sky  
He can't see that one day he might die.  
Together the Angel and Lady H play.  
She's cunning, she's obsessive  
she'll want him to stay.  
Lady H has caressed him  
he wants her touch,  
more and more he needs her so much.

The Angel is trying to break the strings  
to get away from the Lady  
but he's tied by his wings.  
The Angel is struggling to break the hold.  
Our love will pull him back into the fold.  
The Hawk is flying high up above.  
She'll surround him and hold him  
and save him with love.

The Angel is flying but soon he will fall  
Doesn't he realise, he's loved by us all.

2/87

Penni Currie

# The Beltane King

'Lay down my Lord, give me your staff  
your rod, your life'  
'But nay, I will give you my body  
but my life I keep for myself.  
Free I roam, these woods my home  
your arms maychance a prison would be.  
You see, I enjoy this life  
Rutting here and there. Pan calls on me  
but first I give you my seed.'  
'That is not all I need,  
come with me, stay,  
as King take your rightful place.  
Leave behind the chase.  
Lay in my arms.  
Let me be your wife, your life,  
I provide the sustenance you need, take heed'  
'But alas, I cannot. I'm too free, you see.  
I am not yet man enough.  
The child in me still shows,  
even as the child in you grows.'  
'Upon your head i'll set this crown,  
these kingly robes of red and green.  
The Wheel ever turning, on it is seen;  
Your blood on the corn.'  
'For this I was born.  
If this be my fate, then this be my will.  
Come down, I accept the crown! '

April 1992

Penni Currie

# The Boy's Plea

Running, running we always run  
looking for love, looking for fun  
we get so bored, excitement we crave  
so we run from the cradle towards the grave

Penni Currie

# The Fading Sun...

The fading sun, the fading light  
Hastening on to mid-winter night  
The bracken turning rufous red  
The hedgehog to his winter bed  
The God, as Tanist between the Gates  
The Goddess, as Cailleach, still she waits  
The falling leaves, the falling rain  
Until Spring comes round again

20 Sept 1993

Penni Currie



# The Long Night

The night is long  
so long.

The days don't get any clearer.  
My thoughts don't get any easier.

Understand  
me. Understand they  
are always in my thoughts.

Like distant lights.

Sometimes dim,  
sometimes bright.

The rain.

Cuddling in  
like a snake.

A boa constrictor.

Gently wrapping himself  
around you

before crushing your life out.

The fox.

Cunning, but not cunning enough,  
stops, waits.

Runs when you get too near  
but will be caught in the end,  
and someone will get hurt.

Then my Moth,  
our minds touched  
but perhaps it was too much

He knows

the way I feel. He can read me  
but does he understand?

Do I?

My dragon  
so solid, so stable.

Breathes fire into my life.

Wants so much,  
but is scared to take it.

There is a maiden tied to the stake  
by her own bonds  
of wanting.

But still he sits in his lair

just watching.  
The Horse, so proud,  
too proud for me.  
Too wild, too unsettling,  
    too free.  
But still I love him,  
    hate him,  
    love him.  
The sharp claws of the cat,  
when trapped in a corner,  
disappear when treated with love,  
    and kindness.  
Too tight to get involved,  
But he knows I know.  
    We both understand  
each others pain.  
The night is long, it gets longer still.  
The road home winds through the night.  
Home with my thoughts,  
    My troubled thoughts.  
Where everything is waiting for me.

Penni Currie

# The Night

I gave you wine  
You gave me time  
I came to you in pain  
We walked in the rain  
then you kissed my cares away.  
Now I feel so good  
I know just where I am.  
I needed to escape  
You conspired to set me free  
So if you ever need me  
Know that i'll be here  
I've told you how I love you  
Now you no longer fear.  
I hold you sacred in my heart  
The fire burns so bright  
and now I feel the ghosts depart  
Thank you for the night.

4/87 - For Serk

Penni Currie

# The Nuclear Eve

In the distance a lone dog howls,  
pitifully plaintive, saliva drips from it's jowls.  
Rats scurry along the deserted street,  
their hunt for food more relevant than the heat.  
Wrapped in rags, a once pretty child,  
now dead and discarded,  
carrion for the dogs running wild.  
From the rubble a movement slight  
and a remnant of a man staggers upright.  
The shops all looted, their windows broken.  
Of the life before, a meaningless token.  
Redundant equipment now clutters the street.  
No desire now for technology, they only want meat.  
The cats are all gone, dogs are disappearing fast.  
How much longer can these people last.  
Their festering sores, the wounds that never heal  
are less important than the mental scars,  
the pain that they feel.  
Without food they die, without water they thirst.  
Of the small supplies left, it's who gets there first.  
No television, no phones, no communication.  
Now this truly is a divided nation.  
No attempts made to start again.  
No feeling of motivation, how can anyone explain.  
Death came from the sky in the dead of the night.  
No message, no warning, no time for flight.  
The few survivors of emotions bereft,  
dying of malnutrition, of neglect,  
soon there will be no-one left.  
Why did they do this, this terrible thing?  
The mad politicians in their bunkers surviving,  
of the ordinary people, not a thought they gave.  
Is this the world we want to see?  
Buildings ruined and demolished,  
the people really free.  
No leadership, no powers that be. The nuclear eve.  
Total desolation, this is what they would achieve.  
Dismantle the bombs and give us a chance  
to live in peace and the quality of life would be enhanced.

5/87

Penni Currie

# The Offering

I offer to you jasmine,  
sweet smelling and white,  
upon a silver salver  
to remind you of that night.

I offer to you music,  
sweet sounding and light,  
delivered in tones  
sublime and so right.

I offer to you love,  
sweet feeling and right  
gliding high upon sensation  
consummate in flight

5/87

Penni Currie

# The Price Of Fame

I know just who you are  
You don't even know my name  
You are a superstar  
Loss of privacy the price of fame  
I know your every movement  
I read about everything you do  
Your new house, your latest girlfriend  
I probably know before you do.  
I know your likes and dislikes  
though you don't know that I exist  
Your private arguments and public fights  
none of them the papers missed  
But are you really happy  
being in the public eye  
or is the reason you're so snappy  
that you are basically shy.  
The price of fame is a high one  
No private life you've got  
Now you've got what you wanted  
you know happiness can't be bought

1/88

Penni Currie

# The River

It runs and it flows  
with the ebb and the tide  
still pools and rapids  
sometimes hidden depths.  
It's murky and it's clear  
devoid of life, and full of it.  
Fast and slow,  
deep and shallow,  
known and unknown.  
Uncharted  
as I navigate along this stretch  
finding so many unexpected things  
On the river of life.

6/87

Penni Currie



# The Serpent And The Boar

The golden bristles shone, clear in the eastern sky  
As the boar raised his head, with a glint in his eye  
Patric saw the serpent and chased it from the land  
But the boar, too strong and mighty,  
took no instruction from his hand.  
The people said to Patric, the serpent you have slain,  
but the boar with the golden bristles, Lives to rise again.  
And now we wake each morning and look to the clear blue sky  
Where the boar shines so brightly,  
that we praise him as he goes by.  
The serpent on his belly, was smote by Patric's hand  
But the boar will live forever on this fine green land.

Tinne 28 CE 1998

Penni Currie

# The Winds

The mists of time run closer  
closer to the edge  
the precipice awaits us  
like lemmings, perched on the ledge.  
The dark tresses of the wind  
compel us into motion.  
We walk the tightrope of life  
that leads to our future emotion  
never slackening you may fall  
In tightening, its too taut  
The wind forcing ever onwards  
the winds of time and change  
have you caught  
blowing through our lives  
nothing remains the same.  
We must change as time decrees  
If you want to remain sane

6/87

Penni Currie

# Trees

Trees, the memory of you.  
The butterflies flitting together from flower to flower.  
Your touch, so soft and gentle. Hold my hand.  
Your laugh, so full of fun yet hides so much.  
Smile for me.  
Your eyes, always hidden, yet so revealing.  
Your hair, so soft to touch, so beautiful.  
Smother me in it.  
Your kisses, so light, so sweet, so gentle.  
Like the gentle brush of a butterfly wing  
on the petal of a flower.  
You woke me up.  
Showed me what was inside myself,  
what I had forgot.  
You showed me beauty where there had been none.  
I remember, and in remembering, I forget.  
Music, time. Time for music.  
Music is a great healer, and a great knife  
to rip open a gaping wound.  
I listen and I think of you, so many songs,  
I think of you.  
So many things make me think of you.  
I love so much there is a pain in my heart.  
You are blind. You do not see.  
Too much of your hair is in your eyes.  
You don't want to see.  
I would tell you how I feel, but i'm scared of losing you.  
I have felt this for so long, the ebb and flow.  
First a zephyr, then a hurricane.  
It blows me away.  
Like a butterfly in a storm I seek shelter but find none.  
Look at what is coming to be and what is passing away.  
Focus on that which abides.  
The runes say patience,  
but I have been patient for so long now  
I feel like a patient.  
I need a doctor, someone to heal. I need knowledge.  
I need to walk and look at the sky,  
The birds, the butterflies.

I need to think of beauty, of trees.  
For in trees is the memory of you.

6/87

Penni Currie

# Vacancies

In my heart there is a vacant space  
always waiting for you.

In my heart there is a secret place  
for when you say you do.

Love me as I love you

1979

Penni Currie

# Valentine

As Persephone returns  
so does the green,  
As I turn to you  
On the wheel it is seen  
Slotted in, a moment in time  
When I am yours  
and you are mine.

Feb.1992

Penni Currie

# Vernal Equinox

The circle turns once more  
and we, the children of the elements  
watch in wonder.

The stately dance of the planets  
As Mother Earth sings her tune  
of life, of death, of re-birth.  
Day and night, now equal,  
in this time of fire.

The sun kisses the earth  
Fills her with a heat, deep, deep down  
and she responds to his gentle caresses  
by showing her bountiful,  
lustful, beautiful face.

And by giving life to all things.  
As he rides out, he grows in power  
in the everturning of the wheel.

And slowly, o so slowly  
the cosmic dance continues.

The Wheel of Life is in the fertile phase.

3/92

Penni Currie

# Voices In My Head

I've loved you for so long now  
I've loved you oh so much  
I want you to show me how  
I want to feel your touch.

Sometimes I sit and listen  
to the voices in my head  
Sometimes I really wish that you  
could hear what they have said.

We have shared some happy times,  
we've also shared some bad  
but all the time I knew you cared  
You're the best friend I could ever have.

3/87

Penni Currie



# Winter Blues

The wind howls and rushes through the trees  
I am cold. Inside, yet so cold.  
Winter creeps upon us quietly and unseen.  
I am waiting. I don't know what for.  
Perhaps another day  
that will fade away,  
like countless before.  
The leaves shake with the unseen force.  
I shiver as the first snows float  
down like little balls of cotton-wool.  
The fire roars  
and I snuggle closer to it  
So, so cold. Waiting.  
Nothing to do but wait for Spring.

79/88

Penni Currie

# Wishes

I wish I were a butterfly  
flying high and free.  
I wish I were a butterfly  
Free to be what I would be.

1980

Penni Currie