

Poetry Series

**Ross DixPeek**  
**- poems -**

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## Ross Dix Peek(10 July 1970)

Born in Salisbury, Rhodesia, and brought up in South Africa. Now resident in Dublin, I late to Poetry, which ostensibly began as an adjunct to his writing. Interests include Military History, History, Writing and Poetry, The English Language, and Sport.

# "hollywood Vows" (Satirical Poem)

"Hollywood Vows" (Satirical Poem)

by  
Ross Dix-Peek

I promise never to love you,  
Nor ever to hold you,  
If this so-called "marriage" does last but a week  
Believe me, that shall be quite a feat,  
I promise never to cherish you  
And always to be untrue,  
For you I shall not care,  
For you I cannot bear,  
Hate and disdain is all I can offer  
And vile vanity all I can proffer,  
I promise only "Mammon" to adore  
And for you I shall only but abhor,  
When life is good and fair  
I shall then still be there,  
But when I black clouds do see  
Then do I thee promise to flee,  
I promise only to remain for life's sweet "honey"  
And to fleece you of all your money,  
And when your hair and looks do fade  
So then shall I thee farewell bade,  
I promise to often make you cry  
And your sad tears never to dry,  
And if reward my way could come  
I promise to murder you, and then some!  
I promise to drive you to "suicide"  
And for you never to provide,  
When your figure rotund does become  
Then shall I for the hills run,  
I promise to make your days so very "blue"  
And to make our dear children hate you too,  
I promise never to by your side lay  
Unless you remunerate me for time spent, and the day,

Comfort you shall never know,  
And anguish shall be your only shadow,  
Worriment and distress shall also your companions be  
And I promise, me you shall hardly ever see,  
So, lets get this damn farce over with, why don't we!

(This is merely satire and my opinion of Hollywood marriages, and the fact that they do not have a smidgen of a clue as to what "true" marriage is really about, but of course, there are the exceptions...sadly, very few and far between, however!)

Ross DixPeek

# Aces High!

Aces High!

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Silver "dots" ablaze in the bright azure sky  
The alarm, "Bandits, 12 O'Clock High! "  
"20 plus, " shouts the skipper  
And to us all, "end that damn chatter! "

Frantically climb to meet the foe  
Need altitude, far too low,  
Can't see anyone  
The sun, the damn sun!

Heart a pumpin'  
Full of adrenaline  
Can see them now,  
Going to "bounce us", and how!

"Wingman, stay with me! "  
That's me, that's me!  
Not long now 'til we meet,  
Good old "Spitfire" and the "Messerschmitt"

"Tally-Ho, "and then begins the awful "game"  
The bright cerulean sky aflame,  
Sadly, one of ours gone already  
Plummets, an orange flame spewing from his "belly"

"Crikey! ", 109 screams past  
All so damn fast!  
Gone is the "Teutonic Cross"  
Too quick, my loss!

Ears abuzz with the squadron chatter  
As we all frantically scatter,  
My eyes do anxiously the tangled sky search,  
As beneath me does my "Spitfire" lurch

"Dogfight" now in earnest,  
Can't tell ours from the rest,  
Lost the skipper, can't think  
Someone shouts he's "okay, but in the drink"

"Damn! , Damn! "  
Not much of a wingman!  
Be the butt of all their jokes,  
If I ever get back to the blokes

And then, a 109 right in front of me  
My face lights up with glee,  
Time to redeem myself  
But, slowly, slowly, use stealth

Finger on the trigger  
Too late, he's alert and quicker,  
Frantically dives for the sea  
And on his tail, little ol' me

Engine screaming!  
The "old bird" trembling!  
Too low, too low!  
Can see the foamy white waves just below!

This chap's no novice,  
On we plummet to the ocean's surface,  
At last, he pulls up,  
Thank God, nearly caught me a "scup"

Catch a glimpse of his "cowling"  
His crest, aptly a "Knight" scowling!  
Closer, ever closer  
My "Merlin" a-purr

Now, gently, gently, in my sights  
Got him now, by all rights,  
"Bang", "Crack", "Shudder", I look  
Behind me, oldest trick in the book

"Blighter" jumped me from behind

Another "Emil" 109,  
"Shell" after damn "shell",  
He's sure "ringing the bell"

Engine on fire,  
A funeral pyre  
Lean back on the "stick",  
Climb, climb, and then the "flick! "

Great benevolent sky  
Does then me pry  
From my burning "pulpit",  
and gone forever, my "dear" chariot!

Hit the "brolly",  
Feeling pretty damn "sore and sorry"  
And then into the cumbered "drink",  
Too cold to think!

This "Show" not my best,  
Inflate my "Mae West",  
My spirit begins to revive,  
For am I not still alive!

Look up yonder to the blue sky  
As the "Victors" overhead fly,  
A quick "dip" of their wings,  
As the "Daimler-Benz" engines sing

And as the cold, icy water my chin gently laps  
I then in "salute", raise my hand to the chaps,  
Although we "Foe" may be,  
It's good to see, does still live "Chivalry"

But as they do slowly over the horizon disappear,  
I then do solemnly vow and declare,  
That should I ever again the "Luftwaffe" see,  
I then most assuredly the "Victor" shall be!

(A tribute to all the fighter pilots of the Second World War, both Allied and Axis,  
amazing men all!)

(To "Bounce" in fighter parlance was to attack an enemy from a superior altitude, and preferably from "out of the sun"; "My Merlin a-purr" refers to the Spitfire's Rolls Royce Merlin engine; "The Drink" is the sea; The "Emil" was the Messerschmitt 109 E (more accurately the BF 109 E) : The "Scup" is an Atlantic fish; "To Ring the Bell" was to get good results; The "Pulpit" was RAF slang for the cockpit; The Messerschmitt 109 E3 was powered by the Daimler Benz 6/1A; To "dip" your wings was to "waggle" the wings to-and-fro in salute; "Luftwaffe" was the German Air Force)

Ross DixPeek



# An Ode To The Autistic Child

An Ode to the Autistic Child

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

I care not for what you wish.  
I am a planet unto my own.  
To you I am strange.  
But, you cannot see my world.

In your world, you are limited.  
In mine, I am "King",  
Where effulgent stars know no bounds,  
And my dreams no limitations.

Think not of my body,  
For it does not define who I am.  
No, look into my eyes,  
For that is the very window to my soul.

To you I am lost,  
Needing to be found.  
But, while you seek me,  
I am at play...

In a world where sunshine is my constant companion,  
Where "limitation" is but a word, and joyous freedom a reality,  
Where "Peter Pan", "Winnie the Pooh" and "Barney" are my dearest friends,  
Where I am "Superman", and the world a mere speck in the distance.

Instead of searching for me,  
Why, my friend, don't you join me?  
For it is then, and only then, that you will find me!  
For it is then, and only then, ... that you will know me!

(This Poem was written in tribute to the wonderful children of "Stepping Stones" School, situated near Kilcloon, County Meath, Ireland. These are merely the

thoughts of an ordinary layman and should be interpreted thus!)

Ross DixPeek

# Boys Flinging Mud-Pies!

Boys Flinging Mud-Pies!

My mind harks back to another day,  
To Africa and a shallow riverbed,  
Three young boys at play,  
Wet mud all about and overhead

We're playing our favourite game,  
The "Art" of flinging mud-pies,  
Hiding, and taking careful aim,  
Shrill laughter fills the skies

The "enemy" clearly in sight,  
Mud "loaded" on the end of a stick,  
The Sun so very warm and bright,  
And then, "Bombs Away" with a deft flick

"Got Him" I yell with sheer glee,  
But not long is it before  
A thick dollop of wet clingy mud strikes me,  
"Ah, damn" I shout with a happy roar

What fun, all day we would scurry  
To and fro in that old riverbed,  
In a paroxysm of playful flurry,  
As the Sun slowly waned overhead

All muddied and gooey,  
And very dirty we were,  
Truly, it was ecstasy,  
The day just one big happy blur

And then, unfortunately, the time would come  
And we would have to go,  
Always made us feel a bit glum,  
Trudged back home so very slow

And as we left that old riverbed,

I would always look back,  
And still it lives in my mind, never dead,  
A well-worn memory, a mental bivouac!

Ross DixPeek

# Consumerism, Merely Another God!

Consumerism, Merely Another God!

We don't ask why, we just buy  
Seduced by yet another lie,  
Told we need,  
The subliminal bleed,  
Spend, spend, spend  
The madness knows no end,  
Consumerism, merely another God  
And still transfixed, onward we plod,  
Desire and possession,  
Money the obsession,  
Man's maniacal law,  
The fiscal flaw,  
And meek, do we genuflect  
Before the invisible architect,  
Told what to wear, and what to eat  
What to buy, the ultimate deceit,  
And when in debt, spend they say  
And like mere robots, we obey,  
Not a murmur, Not a whimper,  
And still we feed this Monster,  
And when, I ask, alas and alack,  
Will we finally take our lives back!

Ross DixPeek

# Contact! (A War Poem)

Contact! (A War Poem)

By

Ross Dix-Peek

The tracer lights up the night sky  
All around bullets fly,  
A great cacophony of sound  
"Zip", "Zing", the rounds sing  
And bite deep into the ground

Where is the enemy?  
Where could the buggers be?  
Can't see a damn thing!  
Mind agog, I kiss my wedding-ring  
And hug mother-earth close to me

My fearful heart pounds away  
Will I survive this awful day!  
Great dollops of cold sweat burn my eyes  
As more bullets my way flies,  
And in the wet sand I lay

"Zip", "Zing", the sounds of combat ring  
a great battle unfolding,  
I frantically clutch my rifle  
My only means of survival,  
And fire at every thing

"Grenade", someone bellows  
Off it goes, and in its wake death sows,  
Feel a mighty blow to my leg!  
"Don't want to die, God, " I beg,  
The crimson blood flows...

I lie completely still,  
Hear the medic, his voice shrill,  
Consciousness fades in and out

"Casevac" I hear the men shout,  
I think of home, far beyond this lonely hill

I fall asleep, to awake but later,  
To hear the soothing sound of rotors  
And I smile as we ascend into the air  
The door-gunner's gentle hand upon my hair,  
As the awful sounds of war fade far into the distance....

Ross DixPeek

# Finally, This Is Cricket!

Finally, This is Cricket!

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

The hustle and bustle  
In the middle a great tussle,  
The crowd so alive  
As cricket does thrive

"Biff", "Bang" and "Crack"  
The sound of a lively whack,  
As the ball does heavenward fly,  
To soar amidst a waiting sky

A great hurry and flurry  
As players scamper and scurry,  
Dust, grass and bails fly,  
As excitement and emotions run high

The cricket world abuzz,  
As the great battle does  
Glorious unfold and unfurl,  
All quite a-whizz and a-whirl

Now that 20/20 cricket is here  
Surely it's all so very clear  
That never back can we go  
To the old ways, so very slow!

For now we have our own "Mardi-Gras",  
Of great song, sound and colour,  
An amazing and most wondrous stage,  
As finally, cricket comes of age!

(A tribute to 20/20 Cricket, the future of cricket!)





# Here Comes The Rain!

Here Comes the Rain!

Soft patter upon my window,  
Above, clouds most grey,  
The sound of sweet rain a-flow,  
Bejewelled ribbons at play, □

Cascading petals of sweet reprieve,  
Upon parched soil,  
Ever -eager to receive,  
To end the day's toil

And when the rain has fled,  
And in the distance lost,  
A new "Eden" bred,  
Heaven and Earth crossed

A bedazzling dash of colour,  
Of every shade and hue,  
What divine splendour,  
As all begins anew

And with the new start,  
A Joyous melody and song,  
Perhaps, a change-of-heart,  
And to embrace life, most strong!

Ross DixPeek

# I Grieve!

I Grieve!

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Beloved Father, Dear Sister  
Gone you are,  
No more,  
Never again with me  
to walk this mortal floor

And although the years  
Be many,  
I still do grieve,  
My broken, shattered heart.  
Knows no reprieve

Often, your ethereal spectres'  
Haunt my dreams,  
A parade of  
convulsive tears  
And silent screams

So many things  
Still to say;  
"Lost" words that  
Haunt my  
every day!

And after all these years,  
I still can't look  
At the photographs on the wall,  
Heart still far too sore,  
Sorrow still a great, dark pall!

But too,  
do wonderful memories

Flood my mind,  
Emotions both joyous and sad,  
All at the same time!

My only comfort be,  
that in "Sweet Heaven" above,  
My Beloved Father and Dear Sister,  
Do know that I will them forever Love!

And come the day  
I too do succumb,  
Together we  
will again be,  
As 'One'!

Ross DixPeek

# Ireland On A Sunny Day!

Ireland on a Sunny Day!

By

Ross Dix-Peek

A Glorious Burst of  
Golden Sun,  
upon a great "canvas" rendered!  
Heaven's warmth sent!  
The sky, a majestic blue!  
A vast mantle of joy,  
The streets vibrant and alive,  
People a hustle and a bustle,  
Milling to and fro,  
Excitable chatter,  
The Irish tongue a-wag,  
Cars, bicycles, motorcycles  
and big yellow buses,  
The day a rich tapestry of colour,  
Apparel and clothing of every hue,  
Verdant, luxuriant grass,  
Beneath tall towering trees,  
A million shades of green,  
The flowers a veritable artist's palette,  
White, Yellow, Blue, and Red,  
The birds infused with life's joy,  
Their magnificent song  
a most heavenly and divine choir,  
Its sweet dulcet tones  
cossetting happy, laughing  
children at play,  
while mottled Butterflies float  
lazily upon the soft breeze,  
All is so very alive!  
Ireland is alive!  
But, Alas, a sad portent,  
For in the distance,  
A most dark, pregnant sky!

Ross DixPeek

# Lost At Sea!

Lost At Sea!

By

Ross Dix-Peek

Solitary and stark stands the memorial,  
A granite-grey testimonial  
To Old King Neptune's sons and daughters,  
Asleep silent beneath the cold waters,  
Now in death's repose, brothers and sisters all  
Beneath the vast watery shawl,  
The white-crested waves do them loving adorn,  
Poseidon's royal crown upon the great ocean borne,  
The most noble and exalted deep,  
Now their immortal lair and keep,  
And to forever-again  
Stand dear sentinel over them,  
Their souls never again to know foul and fevered fear,  
Never again to shed an earthly and torrid tear,  
Their worldly woes forever ceased,  
At last to know the gentle, kindred kiss of eternal peace,  
And now beneath the briny coffin shroud,  
Their sweet serenity is at last avowed!

Ross DixPeek

# Never Give Up!

Never Give Up!

By

Ross Dix-Peek

When all is so bleak  
And the mind and body so very weak,  
When life's travails  
Your being assails,  
Never Give Up!

When to live is but strife,  
In this fitful endeavour called life,  
When to be, brings only anguish and pain,  
And the mind no-longer seems at all sane,  
Never Give Up!

When your poor bleeding heart so ails,  
And there be no winds of fortune in your sails,  
When each day brings but only misery and strife,  
In this great quagmire called Life,  
Never Give Up!

When great dark storms your flimsy ship batter,  
And your heartfelt dreams do shatter,  
When distress your aching heart does rend,  
And the Gods no providence do send,  
Never Give Up!

When your only bedfellow be but misfortune,  
And trouble your only ken,  
When stygian darkness and endless night,  
Dear and eternal hope put to flight,  
Never Give Up!

For I promise you my Dear Friend,  
There will come an end,  
To all your grief and sorrow,



And in time, hope bright and effulgent light will greet your Tomorrow  
So Never Give Up!

Ross DixPeek

# No Such Thing As Democracy!

No Such Thing as Democracy!

People love to talk of Democracy,  
But, like a dog without fleas,  
Truth be told, arrant fallacy,  
Merely subjugation in varying degrees,  
For, no matter time nor age,  
Life has never been fair,  
Never without its cage,  
The wolf forever in lair,  
Man cares not for equality  
And sentiments most divine,  
His only concern is his reality,  
And to drink of life's sweet wine,  
And thus ever will be,  
The vile Fat Cat,  
Wealth, caste and hierarchy,  
And the poor Drowned Rat!

Ross DixPeek

# Rwandan Elegy

## Rwandan Elegy

The foul stench of burning flesh permeates the air,  
Rotten, putrefying bodies lie in the baking sun,  
Bright crimson death everywhere,  
Frightened masses on the run

Wide-eyed terror on the prowl,  
Africa rent asunder,  
Can be seen Death's scowl,  
Sheer madness in Rwanda

Frenzied killing unabated,  
A fevered orgy of blood,  
Hate and bloodlust not sated,  
A vile and incessant flood

Machete's a-glint in the firelight,  
Dark night knows no end,  
Rampant death beneath stars bright,  
The victims' souls ascend

Sculpted in lifeless repose,  
Torn bodies and silent screams,  
The legion of dead in abject throes,  
Naught can ever the killers redeem

And, where must be asked, was the World?  
When they were needed the most,  
Why were their actions not most bold?  
Why was saving lives not topmost?

And today, the land lies sullied in shame,  
The rabid killers remain unbowed,  
The dark pall of hate still silently aflame,  
And beyond, a menacing cloud

But perhaps, as if from the ashes of the dead,

Rwanda can rise once more,  
To assuage the blood, terror and dread,  
And embrace "Peace" forevermore!

Ross DixPeek

# Saved By A Woman's Love!

Saved by a Woman's Love!

A sorry and abject wretch was I,  
Before I drank from the fount of love,  
Lonely pleas to an empty sky  
Brought pure blessing from above,

Came the love of a woman,  
Most unselfish and sublime,  
It was then that life began,  
Contentment at last mine

And in her warm embrace I do lay,  
Her bounteous love my sweet succour,  
Forever to greet the day,  
With this woman I do so adore,

Her soft words a stirring melody,  
Her eyes a celebration,  
Life no longer a sad threnody,  
My Love, My Salvation!

Ross DixPeek

# Sublimation 360

## Sublimation 360

When we were children,  
We would always let our  
Emotions out,  
Say what we felt,  
Jump, scream and shout,

But then society deemed  
that wrong, and insisted  
we sublimate,  
Whereupon we were  
Taught to hide normal  
Feelings, such as anger,  
frustration, sorrow and hate

For society this was  
All very good and well,  
But for many folk  
this meant living in  
their own little Hell

And then many  
Years on, when it  
All became far too much,  
These same people  
would then need to see  
Psychologists and such

This they did in  
Order to at last understand,  
Those selfsame feelings  
The world had  
originally banned

So it was that many  
Years, and loads  
Of cash,

Were then spent to  
Avoid a society-induced  
Psychological "crash"

And thus can  
We see life's  
emotional cycle,  
Which all began by  
Suppressing feelings  
Most natural and vital

And what does this teach us,  
Indeed, what lesson?  
That's easy, to heck with Society,  
Always be your own person!

Ross DixPeek

# Sweet Nessie!

Sweet Nessie!

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Oh sweet Nessie, are you there?  
'Neath the cold clear waters of your lair,  
Or are you but legendary,  
To remain mere cryptozoology

Oh, great aquatic megapod,  
Do come out to upon the waters plod,  
So we can at last put paid  
To all the fuss, man-made

Was that grainy picture you?  
That did great speculation brew,  
Ah, that "pic" caused quite a stir!  
But gone again you were

And o'er the years do people still say,  
That they have in truth seen you cavort and play,  
So then I must ask, my dear denizen,  
When will we see you again?

Or does your great bold chest  
Often the still waters of Loch Ness crest,  
Possibly, at that time of day  
When all the folk have gone away

Whatever may be the mystery  
The world sure needs you Nessie,  
For no story looms larger  
Than the Tale of the "Loch Ness Monster! "

Ross DixPeek



# Sweet Sanity Lost!

Sweet Sanity Lost!

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Life's short and fitful embrace  
Does fevered race  
Across the sands of time  
A dark cloud among a summer fine

A rapturous miracle  
Yet a curse inimical  
A celestial gift so divine  
Yet an imprecation by design

Manifest madness so entwined  
Among a life enshrined  
Each day cast in mire  
An accursed crucible of fire

One man's dream  
For another but Hell supreme  
For those who truly see  
Perdition be but the only reality

We are merely shackled consorts to Queen Nephthys  
Life be naught but death amiss  
In reality a cold clinging corpse  
Deceived by hopes eternal and hoarse

And yet still we stare into the great yawning abyss  
Seduced and tortured by deception and the spectre of bliss  
Beguiled by life's majestic cloak  
When tis really life that be the oppressive yoke

This cosmic accident we so worship  
Be but really an accursed little ship  
Battered upon a heavenly tempest

Really naught but sweet sanity lost!

(Queen Nephthys was the Egyptian Queen of the Dead. I wrote this when overcome by depression (yes, that little "condition" the world likes to forget exists) , but thought it worth keeping nonetheless! The implication is that life is in fact Hell and death pure salvation! But truth betold Life is truly worth living!)

Ross DixPeek

# The Real Weapons Of Mass Destruction!

The Real Weapons of Mass Destruction!

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Arms aloft and in the air  
The politicians shout, "Beware! "  
Of the "Weapons of Mass Destruction",  
Again it is but mere "Spin"

For the real worry is not the WMD's,  
Bin Laden, Al Qaeda, or the Iraqis,  
It is indeed far closer to home  
That the threat does unbridled roam

These pernicious maladies  
Afflict us all, and our dear families,  
And indeed do take a far greater toll  
Than an imagined nuclear bomb in some hell-hole

And yet very few are alarmed  
Hardly anybody "up in arms",  
And no politician or anyone  
Does this vile malaise shun

For, far more dangerous than some despot's vitriol  
Are the "terrible twins", cigarettes and alcohol,  
So many more lives thus destroyed and devastated,  
Than some little lunatic aggravated

And still these "terrible twins" do us "ill",  
Still our children and loved one's kill,  
And yet, no warnings, no uproar,  
No protestations galore!

Why is that so?  
But the answer we already know,  
For, in the "corridors of power",

"Money" and "Greed" does the conscience devour

So when you next chance upon a "drunk"

Or see a "smoker" in a coffin sunk,

Then perhaps may you see

Where the "Real Weapons of Mass Destruction" be!

Ross DixPeek

# The Actress

The Actress

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

She stares forlorn  
At her face worn,  
The countenance of youth gone,  
Like the rays of a setting sun

Her aching heart so longs for yesterdays,  
When she was but the sum of her vanities,  
She remembers the fevered embrace  
Of an enraptured crowd, a vast adoring face

For that is sadly all she is,  
For without them is gone life's kiss,  
She was but an unreal creation,  
Of man and the wiles feminine

To them but an object of desire,  
A mere "thing" to admire,  
But now mother-time her beauty has undone,  
And now her "flock" her does shun

To the lonely floor she falls,  
Tears awash in great waterfalls,  
Each long furrow upon her face,  
Her beauty now does deface

For vile vanity was but her stage,  
Her great and gilded cage,  
But now all she has is regret,  
As mother-time and all, her does forget!

(Pulchritude is but fleeting!)



# The Boxer

The Boxer

By

Ross Dix-Peek

The boxer stands with his gloves at the ready  
His gait sure and steady  
His eyes aware and to the fore  
His mind on the bout and nothing more

But deep within, and on his face written  
Are the many scars of a life hard-bitten  
And while ne'er shy of a hard-fought fight  
There is no longer within the feeling of delight

His face has too oft been made to pay  
By an opponent better on the day  
And though within beats the heart of a lion  
His poor pummelled body has given up tryin'

And while a fighter to his very core  
Just the smell of gloves now he does abhor  
Yet, still he stands, eyes puffed and blood galore  
Still ready to wage a pugilist's war

As blow after blow upon his battered head does fall  
He knows but only one way, and that is the brawl  
And though his poor body has long since given in  
The Spirit of the "Fighter" knows no such thing!

Ross DixPeek

# The Castle

The Castle

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Through ages past have ye stood sentinel and proud  
And ne'er by the enemy's sword been cowed  
Your great walls ever steadfast and resolute  
And even did the onslaught of time put to boot

Ah, ye great big monster of stone, if only you could talk  
And with us through the pages of history walk  
What could you tell us of ages gone by  
Of the horrors perpetrated within and why?

Would your walls again with awful cries resonate  
Of the vanquished and the unfortunate  
Would the sky above and this verdant view  
Turn to a dark pall of bloody hue

Would thy be able to hold back the souls of the tortured  
That within your deep dark dungeons their lives forfeited  
And upon your cold grey slabs of stone did lie  
Before the carrion crow the cold flesh from their very bones did pry

No, O' Great Castle I think not I your secrets want to know  
And I'm sure you too do not your vile memories wish to show  
It be best rather if you and I your ghastly past do forget  
And instead upon a far better future our dreams and hopes do set!

Ross DixPeek



# The Dawn!

The Dawn!

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

The ink-black night retreats,  
Comes the first blush of dawn,  
Its long luminous fingers unravel  
night's dense dark blanket

The soft kiss of silken light falls upon  
Hope's waiting lips,  
Night's insecurities and anguish begin  
Slowly to vanish 'midst a most brilliant and fulgent embrace

Welcome Day advances lazy,  
Almost surreptitiously, yet inexorably,  
to vanquish the vast dark juggernaut,  
as sweet joy does then sing unrestrained, unbridled

A euphonious melody, a most wondrous and exultant symphony,  
While the last slivers of darkness genuflect forlorn and submissive  
before the great "Illume",  
Kneeling to a greater, unrelenting force

And then is gone dire darkness,  
And before my very eyes  
do the steel bars of Night's awful "cage", wither and wilt,  
and at last, spent, does succumb to the great bliss that is the Sweet Dawn's Kiss!

Ross DixPeek

# The Death Of Nanking,1937

The Death of Nanking,1937

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Was the year nineteen-thirty-one  
When came the might of Nippon  
Across the great Manchurian plain  
A vast sanguine stain

The tumultuous years did wear on  
And still sang the machine-gun  
The Emperor's armies unrelenting  
And then, the fall of "Nanjing"

Twas then did open the Gates of Hell  
As sanity did bade a woeful farewell,  
An immense and merciless flood  
Of fire, brimstone and red blood

Hirohito's soldiers upon the masses did fall  
A most heinous massacre of the people, almost all  
So Many innocents by Nippon's sword did die  
While on high the heavens did plaintive beseech, "Why? , Oh Why? "

Not content, the soldiers of the "Rising Sun" did then the virgins defile  
Atrocity upon atrocity committed, most vile  
And the great Yangtze River did bright crimson glow  
As the vast silent legion of the dead upon its waters did flow

And although the Emperor's hordes now be gone  
And the great city of Nanking again peace has known  
Still oft can be heard the terrible cries of those days long-ago  
A sad lamentable threnody of great anguish and sorrow!

(In memory of the more than 200,000 Chinese people massacred in Nanking by  
the Japanese in December 1937 and January 1938)



# The Door

The Door

I may just but be a door  
But I am indeed far more  
I am the gateway to many worlds  
The timeless observer of Life's many folds  
Janus-faced, I see all before

You cannot hide from my all-seeing eyes  
Your inner-most secrets you cannot disguise  
I am always privy to your world  
And your dearest dreams and desires all-told  
And I see all life's truths and lies

Whether I be gilded or shoddy  
I am the guardian of man's folly  
The eternal keeper of secrets and woes  
It is I who shrouds life's throes  
And protects man's realm from sully

So, when your eyes next alight upon my frame  
Remember I am far more than my humble name  
For it is before my very feet  
That two-worlds do meet  
For I am the Keeper of the Twain!

Ross DixPeek

# The Face In The Mirror

The Face in the Mirror

By

Ross Dix-Peek

I know not the face in the mirror  
The years much change have wrought  
Fluctuations of life's fortunes  
And the vicissitudes of time  
Have upon my visage a road map etched

A vast map of strife and sorrow  
An arid land of Great furrows  
But it is the very mirror to my soul  
That I no longer know  
For my eyes have lost life's vibrant glow

Gone is the lustrous light  
These eyes no more filled with glee  
Where fleeting youth once gaily danced  
Only to later flee  
And now nowhere to be seen

Ye poor, poor face  
Battered and forlorn  
The residue of existence  
Across your pages drawn  
But, wait...

What is it I see  
For deep within my orbs  
I still flickering embers doth see  
Of hope and the desire to live

And although I may battered be  
I still life embrace  
For Lady Fortune  
May still one fine morn

Upon this weary countenance shine!

Ross DixPeek

# The Fishing Trip

The Fishing Trip

By

Ross Dix-Peek

Oh, How I remember those fishing trips with my Dad  
Ah, They made me so very, very glad  
Up at three in the morn  
Long before the coming of the dawn

My father assembling all his fishing tackle  
So very gleeful, a laugh and a cackle  
"Have you got the bait boy, ready to go? "  
"Yes, Dad", and away we would go, all in tow

In our dear old "Landie" the rugged road was ne'er a problem  
As we traversed the winding dirt tracks, and some  
Ah, the window down and the wind in my hair  
The smell of fresh bait a waft in the air

Rugged Africa all about, myriad of sounds ringing out  
My dear old Dad gaily whistling, as we headed south  
A cigarette forever dangling from his smiling mouth  
And all the while the great African sun beats down

And then to the river waters we would come  
Excitement in the air and then some  
Dad would sit and the waters study  
A swig of Coca-Cola, and then we were ready

The fishing gear debouched  
Us along the river bank crouched  
Rods dangling in the silver stream  
Waiting for our first catch, possibly bream

Ah, those days, those days were so fine  
The scorching sun upon my spine  
Sitting next to my beloved Dad

Ah, but those days be gone now, really quite sad!

Anyway, with our great bundle of fish in tow  
We would finally onward to home go,  
But now years later my dear old Dad is dead  
Only those wonderful memories do remain in my head  
So, if you with your Dad fishing do go  
And the seeds of bonding do sow  
Don't the time wish away  
For there will come a day  
When your dear old Dad no longer is there,  
And wasted time together is too awful a cross to bear!

Ross DixPeek



# The Ghost

The Ghost

By

Ross Dix-Peek

A white sliver of light  
Diaphanous and so bright  
Heralds the arrival  
Of a being spectral  
A sad keening wail  
Does then the world assail,  
"My name be Ann, "  
"Not a child, but not yet woman"  
Her awful story does then unfold  
Of days long ago and things untold  
Of her dear lover  
And her vicious father  
Of how one black night  
She stole away by candlelight  
'gainst her fathers iron will,  
Her fear second to love's thrill  
But, alas, unbeknownst to her  
Lay there deep among the heather  
An awful contraption so vile  
Put there by her father, so evil  
And the poor lass upon it did step  
A lurking monster, a mantrap  
A mean menace meant for her lover  
But 'stead did ensnare dear daughter  
Its steel claws her flesh did rip asunder  
As o'erhead the heavens did thunder  
For so very long did poor Ann struggle  
Until from its great vicious mouth did she spill  
And then among the sweet heather crawled  
Til upon her bedroom floor dying she lay sprawled  
A delicate crimson angel  
For whom heaven's bells did mournful toll  
Killed not by a base stranger

But by the wrath of a wicked father  
And now does she, this unearthly spectre  
Twixt two worlds forever waver  
So much pain, borne of temporal anguish  
And n'er to be extinguish'd  
Her sorrowful lament to be heard for all time  
As she for her dear beloved does forever pine!

(In tribute to Ann Dixie, who, in 1750, is said to have inadvertently stepped upon a mantrap set up by her father, Sir Wolston Dixie, which was meant for Ann's lover, the gardener's son, in order to deter him from seeing her, and it is believed that her Ghost now haunts "Bosworth Hall", her home! May her restless soul one day find eternal peace!)

Ross DixPeek

# The Hunter And The Hunted

The Hunter and the Hunted

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Twass the year eighteen-seventy-three  
In "Darkest Africa", you see,  
That these events did transpire,  
Events most dire

A hunter came a-hunting in the midday sun,  
Montagu was his name, an Englishman,  
Twass but sport to him,  
And the killing merely a whim

But in the bush, midst the tall elephant-grass,  
Lay a lioness, too a killing machine, lean and fast  
She and her cubs just basking in the baking sun,  
Not aware of what their way was to come

And gaily through the veld marched old Montagu,  
While behind him trudged his weary retinue,  
Ah, he could not wait to his trophies show  
To the folk back home, and in their adulation glow

But, in the interim the lioness had seen this stranger,  
Who would her dear little cubs endanger,  
Her fiery eyes were now intent,  
And her mind upon this interloper bent

But, Montagu of all of this was soundly unaware  
As he upon the majestic veld did enraptured stare,  
And as the sun began to wane upon this African day,  
Who was now the predator and who the prey?

The end did come sharp and swift,  
As the lioness the long tall grass did rift,  
And no sound did her presence announce,

As she did upon Montagu pounce

No time did he have to raise his gun,  
No time did he have to run,  
And soon the fearful deed was over,  
And poor Montagu was no longer

And as his torn body in the sunburnt grass lay,  
The Lioness into the African bush did melt away,  
And, it was not long before the vultures o'er their meal fought,  
The fresh flesh of an Englishman who thought killing mere sport!

Ross DixPeek

# The Immigrant's Lament

The Immigrant's Lament

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Oh cold, cumbered foreign shore  
I do thee so implore  
For warmth and respite  
From this my sad, dejected plight

To these lands I did hat in hand come  
Seeking a better future, sweet freedom  
Yet now so very beleaguered I do feel  
A drowning soul upon its keel

For my family I did joyous venture  
To embrace this cold unhappy censure  
For them I gave my tomorrow  
So that they may not my sorrow know

And each day `neath this unforgiving sky  
I do the sweet heavens on high  
Beseech for blessings and times fertile  
Yet still this torrid land does me so revile

For my family I do the empty streets endless trudge  
Needs be but a hopeful drudge  
But oh cruel mistress I do decree  
Where be thy great bounteous mercy

Each day I know only but the lash of a foreign tongue  
Great toil and sweat I do give to succour my dear wife and young  
And yet the faint spectre of hope is nowhere to be seen  
This new day like the last, be also just obscene

And still do I these stygian depths plumb  
As I thro' the pages of my gilded dreams thumb  
Each day still I willingly give of my humble life

To stem my dear family's mortal strife

Oh, how I do miss the warm kiss of my native land  
Again to upon its sweet, sweet soil stand  
And yet, so very deep within  
I know it is upon this soil that my family's life shall begin

So, oh vile and cruel shore  
Even though I thee so deplore  
Come great feast or mere crumb  
Never shall I succumb

Come cold stinging rain  
Or awful and eternal pain  
I here shall stay  
For their tomorrows, I willing do give my today!

Ross DixPeek

# The Land Of My Heart, Rhodesia!

The Land of My Heart, Rhodesia!

Rhodesia, land of my heart,  
Oh, wondrous and rugged jewel,  
Whence my soul shall never part,  
And forever love most purposeful

Most majestic nation of yesteryear,  
And Pride of Africa indeed,  
Forever ensconced in memory most fair,  
Oh country of noble breed

For many you shall never die,  
Always to flourish anew,  
Your vast cerulean sky  
A beloved imprint most true

Bulawayo, Kariba, the Great Zambezi,  
Their noble names a melodious song,  
The Matopos, Gwelo, Umtali and Salisbury,  
Will in memory forever live on

And, when I do leave this mortal coil behind,  
And most pale do lie in deathly leisure,  
Emblazoned upon my lifeless heart they shall find,  
Only one word, "Rhodesia"!

(This poem has nothing to do with politics, it is merely a heartfelt tribute to the land of my birth...Rhodesia!)

Ross DixPeek

# The Philosophers!

The Philosophers!

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Round the table does sit the Cabal  
Philosophers, "great minds" all  
And do upon the world pontificate,  
To each other its "woes" communicate

Borne aloft are the words of these "erudite"  
Who in their verbosity do so delight  
And serious do discuss matters "Ontological",  
Of "Epistemology" and the "Metaphysical"

And since time immemorial  
Have so many other men waxed lyrical  
Too, convinced of their great sagacity  
When merely but bombastic and haughty

And naught did their abstract concepts do,  
Did not feed the hungry and their abject retinue,  
Naught did their pompous words achieve,  
Still the piteous poor their plight do grieve

And what be the use of "Wisdom" and "Intellect"  
If we cannot egalitarian change effect,  
What be the use of a "great mind" and "brain"  
If we cannot even help our fellow-man!

Ross DixPeek



# The Politician

The Politician

By  
Ross Dix-Peek

Beware, for I am the son of Machiavelli  
The "Pretender" immortal  
From my lips pours forth only pure cunning  
My Gilded words drip with honeyed seduction

Glib-tongued and the prince of artifice  
I thee will enthrall  
A promise of all things I thee give  
Things all

My words a golden fleece will weave  
Only to deceive  
And when my position untenable becomes  
I fear not, for just another cause I shall as quickly embrace

A vile mercenary I am  
Golden ingots my god  
Unassailable Power my desire  
Naught will stand in my way

I shall seize the day!  
Loyalty, I thee hate  
Betrayal, I thee love

I am but a chameleon  
My colours changing with each passing day  
And yet, although thee know I am but a mountebank and charlatan  
Ye still my vile countenance and mien embrace

Ye still into my web of treachery doth stumble  
Aware ye fully of my lies and duplicity  
And that my dear friend,  
is why I shall for all times eternal prosper!

For am I not the son of Machiavelli!

Ross DixPeek

# The Soldier

## The Soldier

From the very dawn of time  
They have left their homes with dreams fine  
Ready for battle and hearts ablaze  
Swords unsheathed for hellfire days  
Their noble breasts to the fore

But soon the hell of war  
Doth destroy the vital core  
Gone soon is the eager smile  
And the mere thought of battle, most vile  
Frayed nerves, tender and raw

The awful days proceed unending  
Many a dear friend's soul ascending  
The indelible stain of young men's blood  
Sacrificed to the gods of war in a ceaseless flood  
Reason has fled, no-where to be seen

All that is left is benumbing dread and fear  
And the "Thousand-Yard Stare"  
Each day a quest for survival  
Each day but to "Kill", "Kill", "Kill"!  
Death's stalking shadow ever-present and near

And yet, Wars beating drum still beats aloud  
A dark, morbid and fitful cloud  
To the soldier, all is in vain  
As life's fancy begins to wane  
The awful cries of the vanquished, the only sound

And when the crimson sword is again sheathed  
And the comfort of home to the soldier bequeathed  
All that remains is the silent, haunting night  
Unwanted memories and a fevered mind in fright  
His shackled soul never to be freed!

Tis only the "Grim Reaper" and death's ardent ring  
That peace to the anguished warrior can bring  
Tis only the shedding of mortal anger and regret  
That shall his martial soul cause to forget  
And then, at last content, to rise on-high upon an angel's wing!

Ross DixPeek

# The Springbok (A Rugby Poem)

The Springbok

By

Ross Dix-Peek

The Springbok runs supreme,  
Fleet-footed and light  
Fast, lithe and lean,  
An awe-inspiring sight,  
With noble ingenuity  
He weaves in and out,  
Sublime sinuosity,  
The defence in rout,  
To place the oval ball  
Behind the hallowed line  
"Green and Gold" the call,  
The day, so divine,  
while on a patch of grass,  
Plays an excited little boy,  
Throws a well-timed pass,  
His heart awash with joy,  
And dreams of the day,  
When he too in "Green and Gold"  
Will join the mighty fray  
Steadfast and most bold,  
At last to take his place  
Among these worthy men,  
To pit his wiles and grace,  
Against the best, again and again  
Ah, Those dear old enemies,  
Across the rugby divide,  
The British Lions, All Blacks and Wallabies  
The prize, national pride,  
But, he wishes most of all  
With resolve, grit and pluck,  
To stand, most proud and tall,  
A mighty "Springbok"

(A tribute to South Africa's rugby team, the incredible "Springboks")

Ross DixPeek

# The Stretcher-Bearers

## The Stretcher-Bearers

Upon a hill windswept and bleak  
Shoulders slumped and most meek,  
Came four warriors' worn and weary,  
Atop that awful, silent eyrie,  
Twixt the four a fallen comrade,  
Their tender tears a silent serenade,  
The soldier carried from battle's lair,  
Great sorrow awaft in the fevered air  
Their Eyes most dead and most dull,  
Dark burning orbs in a benumbed skull,  
And on that hill that very morn,  
Did they bury their comrade, of life shorn  
And beneath the virgin earth does he now rest  
Only a rifle and helmet to mark the very best,  
And again, did they melt away,  
Back to battle's torrid fray,  
In their cluttered minds a warriors' farewell,  
And the tolling of yet another bell!

Ross DixPeek

# The Wedding Ring!

The Wedding Ring!

The wedding ring I wear  
upon my finger,  
Is far more than just that,  
It is in essence a most majestic  
golden-band forged on a white-hot anvil  
of unconditional and eternal love  
within the deepest recesses of my beating,  
burning heart, a most enduring  
and indestructible bond that  
transcends time immortal, and  
forever binds my fevered soul  
to this flame-haired Goddess  
of my destiny,  
Sweet love and passion incarnate,  
My Dearest Aphrodite...

Ross DixPeek



# The White African

The White African

By

Ross Dix-Peek

Over the great ocean seas  
My ancestors did choose to flee,  
Europe's rumblings and poverty,  
And to "Darkest Africa" did journey

It was many, many years past,  
When Queen Vic' was still at the mast,  
When my forebears resolute did come,  
To live beneath the great African sun

Since has Mother Africa suckled our young  
To us her lullabies and sweet songs sung,  
And all this time 'neath her fiery mantle  
Did my people in Africa live, toil and battle

Africa is not for the mild and the meek,  
It's no place at all for the feeble and the weak,  
And the days oft be savage and so very long,  
Yes, it's only for the brave and the very strong

Many generations did pass, and many years shorn,  
Before I too upon African soil was born,  
Like my fathers' before, a White African,  
Created and cast beneath her scorching sun

And although I have since her rugged shores left,  
My soul to Mother Africa's bosom will forever be cleft,  
And though I may miss the tight embrace of an African sun,  
It matters not, for I will forever be a White African!

Ross DixPeek

# What Does It Take To Be Nice?

What Does it Take to be Nice?

In truth, what does it take to be nice?  
To proffer a compliment or two  
Even a cursory nod will suffice,  
Which for many is long overdue,  
And you might just happen to see  
Upon proffering a ready smile  
A granite frown turn to glee,  
And a happy face for a while,  
It really does not take much  
To light up a person's day,  
Nothing but a friendly touch,  
And a few good words to say,  
You see, naught can withstand  
the magic of a friendly "Hello! "  
and nor can they misunderstand  
a hale and hearty "Cheerio! "  
so before you growl and scowl,  
and embark upon a diatribe,  
or cry most fevered foul,  
remember first to prescribe  
a wave and a cheerful smile,  
a most potent potion for the day,  
makes it all so very worthwhile,  
as you go upon your way!

Ross DixPeek

# What Looks Back At Me?

What Looks Back at Me?

By

Ross Dix-Peek

My eyes do heavenward fly  
To rest upon a celestial sky  
And then do thoughtful ponder  
As to what may lie yonder

While I upon this temporal orb do stand  
Just a mere speck among a sea of sand  
What is it I would beyond the stars could but see?  
And what could be looking back at me?

Ah, what lies beyond this supernal curtain?  
Well, no man can be certain  
But could it be thee, O' Creator?  
Or just another me on some planet backwater

Does there beyond this ocean of stars  
A being stand who the same question asks  
And who also does but wonder  
If the worlds beyond be better

And when we both our mortal cloaks do shed  
And when we both be stone cold dead  
Will our lonely souls then nowhere go  
Or just amidst cosmic nothingness flow

No, I prefer to believe  
That the bright pulsing stars I perceive  
Be the welcoming eyes of my loving God  
Whose arms there for me will be when I life have shod!

Ross DixPeek