

Poetry Series

Titus Llewellyn
- poems -

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Titus Llewellyn(26th December 1951)

For my past mistakes I can vouch that I have only ever loved one woman.

Maureen, this book is for you on my death. It is by copyright yours and yours alone. Although poetry has never been of interest to you, I sincerely hope you'll appreciate many years my loving you has provided for as somewhat sacrosanct. Epic didactic poetry is the portrayal of patience, over burden and perseverance, which, with each addition causes loyalty to strain sometime in a manner of frustration and anger, such as nature changes for the good and bad which, 'Eos', came about, I owe it to the persistence of mind over matter nature which has changed my writing somehow to present you with the didactic form. These were very much how the philosophers and poets of two thousand years ago wrote theirs, and I am in no way different to speak as one from that time. Therefore, due to the weight of each individual volume, it would be best wise to, 'Read at leisure, not for pleasure.'

May I add also, that within this work there are four plays to personify a mid 1500's - 1616 styled structure in dialect that honours the Bard The plays will present you with a time frame of between 99BC - 5AD, explaining four men named Titus, and this includes myself as a period reserved for transit to let me come and go as I please.

This work provides me to cocoon us all in a very personal way, to simplify an invite that was quite miraculous, and a death which is as important mysterious. One thing is for certain, you will live in the present more wonderful than at any time in our history to know that there is more to the hope that is always a gratifying thought, listening to a man, who somehow starts to transforms into the very death we face, due to the metamorphosis. Over all, it will bring some light down on the fact that we are all susceptible to death, and that is a beautiful level playing field to be playing on hereafter.

Due to copyright, these plays will be put in an order, attached at a later date:

LOVING YOU FOR ALL ETERNITY - TONY

Amour Propre

II

Though, I am the incentive of oneself,
to whom one loves, devotion cannot touch
that he may look upon me like an elf;
who spoke of fairytales he may well clutch.
Reflect a worth to mention to your friends,
an arm to hold on still engulfs my dreams,
in ardour let me look, the mirror seems
a trifle clouded still, see what transcends?
I feel a soul's lost cause than getting close,
to something that resemblance cannot lie
let beauty gauge the wealth of one supply
of virtue to the compliment it chose.
To whom the word was said, I am a dish,
cannot for any reason grant that wish!

II

And wishes have that once elusive show,
of envy that these other woman know
seduce their men with beauty and austere
can any other touch this earthenware?
An ornament, a realm to the abode;
that literature might make as soon an ode.
can paradise select what hast been shared
mistook the fake for fairytales prepared.
How gracious can benevolence be grand,
we bow or curtsy both towards the hand
god given view of mercy, lucky you!
who once upon a time led most accrue:
Not once can I remove the sight of eyes,
to whom one may give worship to you guys!

Titus Llewellyn

Dead Sea Scrolls - Codex

Let motions think amongst the essenes past,
of heathens all determined not to spoil
the once essential gifts of righteous oil
whom surplus was to bring it all surpassed.
The Kingdom of the Lord has fluid sense,
of purpose that from each, whose fingertips
hast brought great cargoes offering the dense
decision making freedom of lost scripts.
To whom the home apocryphal shall praise,
Who'd banish them mere scruple for unspent
each fragment shall establish it in phrase
that from the resurrection His consent.
Concede the home of parchments as a place,
to call it the remembrance of one's Grace.

Titus Llewellyn

Dionysus & Ariadne

Thus, legend can but worlds apart be put,
to best intention feel the grip beyond.
the hold and squeeze between the wine afoot,
as thou hath done an age shall thine respond.
It pours the heart of detail to the fold, 5
that once too soon untouched be often heard;
who'd harken it from source as slightly stirred.

This sour informant, this debate to both,
believed as the deliverer of springs;
who therefore lets imagined them betroth, 10
amongst auspicious gripes the grape it brings.
Stature turns the wine as nearer still
to whom the water was a vibrant thrill.

Hence, thou wonder woos who would to mention
slight, for faithful good to whom once were; 15
if thou have slurred it frenzies some attention
might it be that eyes show such a blur?
and yet too coy do lips too soon compress;
sweet grapes Divine indemnity's confess.

With those it chose to cloister such an arch, 20
in brevity, a glance to quench one's wrath
discloses much stores brief entrancing march
along some grand surmise or bridal path.
Who glimmered first prepared the subtle glaze,
of one approach to whom it 'twould amaze! 25

O! Theseus bravest martyr of command;
to whom hast since retained the sleep of Gods.
Hast stirred almighty wine from this demand
far gracious, whom devouts such love at odds
Hast chosen Ariadne's place equipped, 30
almost every order seen as worshipped.

If wine were the consumptions soon as bold,
 reduced to this fine state of wonderment.
 Since Naxos 'twas the region's host for gold
 enlighten me why don't you, swathe consent? 35
 the night of sorrow shed for parti pris,
 with otherwise relentness thoughts on these.

'twas met by Ariadne's avidness,
 at that point loathed with tarnish during dusk.
 Aromas far succeeding thy obsess 40
 most certainly described perfumes of musk!
 How life away from feasts the truth of war
 has honoured it benevolence and more.

Beguiling though mistaken by default,
 the name of Ariadne passed like wine. 45
 Amongst the more discerning for assault
 like witness-wise 'tid envy interwine.
 Nimbly loose fastnets - full ye pull O moon;
 Trade for trade do weary sails too soon.

How appetite hast tho' unleashed some slack; 50
 towards the far preamble once 'twas met.
 How lesser still sets stays some finer track,
 to suit the gods their making me regret.
 I somehow see some method to the wise
 A calmer more assuring green despise. 55

You spoil yourself the muttering of sides,
 one's period alone, hast long been said.
 Between the state of darkness duly tides
 shalt lead us soon tomorrow's stay instead.
 A dutifully skulk amongst the thieves, 60
 Of beauty so bestowed upon believes.

Equipped, are you the laurel to the vine,
evading ev'ry practice fearful host?
Amongst ye so immortal should a toast
to gods in all their glory, be divine? 66
 Horizon, some true whereabouts I urge,
 Be moved away from markers to emerge.

Sighting of Naxos

(attendant to Ariadne)

As swift do eyes of mournful turn of gaze
towards the now unfriendly spot behind. 70
To tease one, would concern be more of praise,
the loyalty you bring is somewhat blind.
 'Tis firmly seen the sea now has surround
 Unusual as thy sighting is, 'TIS FOUND!

Courageously, she looked around to face, 75
shaking, never quaking swerves duress;
the way whitewaters cease to find a trace
could there have been terrain pinpointed less?
 It answered many future duly wrongs;
 upon the freshly new swathed pull alongs! 80

And I know, Theseus, once my suitor,
shall smitten more directly than I know;
Than any grape god charm or even cuter,
Dangled thence for having in you grow.
 Not really, though apart as any should, 85
 consider it more pleasing sharing would!

Heroic can the legions so rely!
abandoned after helplessness befalls,
the Minotaur its labyrinth so nigh,
attempts to sole remember it has walls! 90
 A passing sage could pilfer words as wise,
 to think me merely grand for second prize.

Though, enraged the Maenads had torn,
to shreds, the frenzy to which Orpheus
was blamed for nearing love as thus adorn
to gods who in their lifetime worshipped us. 95

How intertwined are we to share what use,
this said occasion has, chose too by Zeus.

Dionysus' homecoming deters you not,
to pardon, this his birthright over them 100
who in their rightful mind maintains the plot
to question the arrival of such men.

O No! It is Dionysus to whom,
this love can worship most not to assume!

Titus Llewellyn

Erinyes - The Furies

His emerge from this fountain of inherit,
as the alter-base state cradle's one's merit
evolving from the invite of our forefathers
insisting such a godless insight to ferret!

Who, with alteration exceeds embrace,
over that fury as we do, once in a trace
to masquerade the initial panic to calm,
a senseless balm, numbing for it to replace!

As harbinger to the alleged wait,
once in a while, a hint of the languid state
shall tease retribution from its soul host,
as lurking in one's labyrinth of hate!

Not to diminish that a trace of gore-
shall inherit one significant whore
to whom apparel has entranced us by,
becomes aphrodisiac to that of lore!

Tamed by the mercy of blood dropped,
we consume by misadventure from an opt;
of lame excuse for the echo to dwindle
as one of make-believe for myth to adopt!

No more supplied as Erinyes from it throes
as I am depicted phantom for one's decompose,
answered as nature's cause for an intention
soul seeker to which vengeance from it grows!

Wreathed by serpents more like anchor men;
astounds those strengths brought masterful
against self awareness of a keenly svelte when
indeterminate a capacity known as the omen!

With a psyche, there is the mind of illusion,
overpowered by the echo merely by intrusion
narcistic by all means by constant threat,
be well intentioned though more a delusion!

He has a velvet feel for the words he'd free!
though to saunter woods it is keenly by me
a three pronged charactered triptych graph,
shows more an unceasing, grudging banshee!

To transform without warning, not to fulfill
heredity cause by the nature of Gods will
more sinister creatures than first envisaged
yet, I seem to exist more as a 'luscious ill'.

There is 'macabre' written all over the place,
a once filled entrance by the beautiful race
acquired in them days to exorcise what rage
spread by the delight of a frenzied displace!

'Alecto', 'Megaera', I recall was Virgil's Aeneid,
making his a dance with death owes this tirade
as a trilogy of sorts overwrought by it mystic
more derisory, worthless grin of the betrayed!

I whither way with this a cautionary measure,
do, with intention, read allowed at leisure,
the thoughts of my assessment as one of late,
intention it to the delight of one's pleasure!

Titus Llewellyn

Fields Of Gold - Pantoum

They stand the test of time in fields of gold,
considered best when husks have ripened fine
for cutting wheat then too should corn be told,
whilst autumn tends the scorn before this sign?

Considered best when husks hath ripened fine
that harvest trusts the sun for the per cent
whilst autumn tends the scorn before this sign
could night time too retract whilst too it leant.

That harvest trusts the sun for the per cent,
retrieving light through its persistent lapse
could night time too retract what too it leant
against the moonlit ochres made perhaps?

Retrieving light through its persistent lapse
surveying sweet tagettes as host grandeur,
against the moonlit ochres of perhaps,
prepared by natures clock, the raconteur.

Surveying sweet tagettes as host grandeur
for cutting wheat then too should corn be told;
prepared by natures clock, the raconteur
they stand the test of time in fields of gold.

Titus Llewellyn

For The Sake Of Avarice

Italian Sonnets

I

..and gripped by the contempt my longings for,
suffice to say how adequate a theme,
may yield that whilst one part of man may seem
too eager may his younger heart so pour!
An ounce of mirth can verily before,
be showing how polite or how supreme
he honours you- the price he pays is such
good manners can elude what we adore.
A cocktail of assumptions sooth a trend,
subjective to the purpose of lost cause
Oh avarice! What sweet curtails applause
exonerates mere beauty afterwards.
How innocent are we to comprehend,
what beauty has obliged it reaps rewards.

II

Wanton! Thou should'st see believe your eyes,
content! That aphrodisiac; Locale:
It pays by chance with interest - the male
whom rightly thought he owned it through apprise,
shalt seek the compensation due, the prize,
that no more does sophistication hence,
forthwith to grade what action's commonsense
a rather in-depth sight of inner thighs.
To compromise restraint with an ideal,
cementing limb to limb with liquid bonds
a promise such as this which soon absconds,
with fearful consequence I do intend.
If one so gallavants with an appeal
That nature had once beauty to pretend.

Titus Llewellyn

Let Death Not Be Displaced Than Found Afar

Look down say I the dead of night
Whom twas it, dispatched himself;
As thou as sure, a hint of might,
May give return in Wealth!
Such Wealth received with interest paid,
To err for this that right from wrong
Care nonetheless for life,
Will not a share of this be stark
To hazard it be more than dark.

A still but asked for claim to fame,
Be it subtle or not;
To freedom its need to do the same,
Let me withhold this spot:
That my entrance be such a dream
To whom it was, a length of time,
No concern to you lot;
Yet this from where I stand,
It was somehow fated not planned.

It was such to make me a slave
Whom deservedly would be,
A soul to whom it was shall save,
All it can to mimic thee.
To rove with praise the joy of peace,
Let ease the will to withhold cease,
Self immerse to potpourri:
At least to stave thou canst do wrong
To shed some light where I belong.

It could be still that death hast raised;
It may as well be said:
It took a life from thine once praised,
Shall never more be dead.
How peaceful can one's longing for

Be needed as to ask for more;
If it be to request
That whilst the soul be still aware,
To roam as one's own said affair.

The persist is carried soon attach'd
To the ethereal state;
Sure as found naturally matched
From which it shall relate:
As yet known as the subtle blend
To which all substances, end to end,
Belonging to those sedate;
Where fusion can of late be soul,
To grace what change it makes as whole.

Remove thy inert embroiled,
when you see nothing pour;
than the plight of unknown spoiled
shall none be foraged more:
That day complete when death hast pass'd,
could it be portrayed to the last,
exceptions, claus'd without;
like a lone path head long in haze
does unrest seem for now always.

Titus Llewellyn

Moods Of The Macabre

Fragmented by each malevolent mood
tranquility would boast in abundance
whereas abhorrent ramblings enfeeble
sustaining one's savagery of the mind.

How macabre does it feel to believe,
that once a travesty is committed
another takes it's place in elegy;
towards it being forced by vengeance.

Not to incorporate the calamity it brings,
but how reverberate can move such things.

Titus Llewellyn

Octavia

Discussion between Octavia & Virgil

in an Athenian mansion

Ten-thousand sesterces grant you
for second, fourth and sixth recites,
how difficult donations too,
encourage worse for tensile nights.

My son to whom in death revives,
a trenchant honed on public praise,
be asked of you, if it survives
for gluttonies of worn out phrase.

And courage has no part to play;
between the rise and sunsets down
tonight though if it should outweigh,
the prospect from more tears to drown...

For sorrow hath encouraged more

beyond an eye-fuls blur foresee
so weary detail solemn's core;
hast satiate such flaunt before.

How sympathy to dying seems,
it saturates the undue term
as wisely tending loosely themes,
inadequately held but firm.

A ghastly shame hath Virgil been,
inviting blame by brevity
assure thee that malaise within;
for inclined thought proclivity.

... you shall be Marcellus ellege
that overall paternal traits;
where draped is bound for privilege,
far worthier for cause translates.

And since the death of Sychaeus,
hath sworn esteems should fill extol

as clemency from of both of us,
should as indulged be wonderful.

Titus Llewellyn

Ode On A Pedestal

1.

THOU hast submitted faith to commonplace,
and either way the routine life shows least,
unsure endeavours whom it canst replace
how wantonsome had deepest sleep increased:
What curse hast deep encouraged this restraint? 5
whence deities hast legend the Greek urns,
mortals dwell residing them oratory
this modern form of relic time adjourns
to engage arts inner exploratory
draws nebulous limits from translation. 10

2.

Sweet supernals are felt, for mere rewards
as touchless; though more frequently to flaunt
than consummate bad feeling held inwards
to pedestal immortal by this taunt:
Salve breeze, ripple the edge, to oust free will 15
hast breadth forever in that breeze before;
for cover, would it tether, canst hide whole,
nor escape if for thine fault - soul to spill;
Should upon that wish, whom inherits stole
and out it 'twas from which all parts would pour 20

3.

Origin hast been bought for Greek urn myths
assume hast merely tokened them an age;
whence having stood for time in endless drifts
explaining Grecian art their youthful stage
Hast cursed deep down encouraged and it paints! 25
more epics strive! For mighty more indeed,
This thingy has been weighted down by dense

forboding terms expressing epos taints
the brutes breed war where chivalrys' exceed,
what former glories hides djinni's thence? 30

4.

Methinks to question timeless shalt resort,
unanswered until spoken words suffice
their silence drawn towards it highly aught
with hugeness still immerging from that price.
How value soothes the soul for desolate, 35
when empty urns have stood for those restored
and use is still unknown yet we create,
Djinnis' for our own self seeking hoard;
O pleasant shape of art, please come aboard
for ignorance, our pastures strive sedate. 40

5.

Than this, be said refrain, to whom thou say'st,
has leant against the kilnship of placate
it harbours the release from self embrace;
with nurture far exceeding part mutate!
This state is fair adapted pleasings trade, 45
and brief sensations flow from beautys whom,
would permeate the half baked pots inlaid
thence 'twas, the said affair a vibrant tomb?
'Spirit adhere, adhere to it' - to parade
the umbilical nature of the womb. 50

Titus Llewellyn

Sappho - Love Without Limits

Sappho circa 630 B.C.

Aroused? I am no more contented by the lyre,
than my body is depicting change to harps.
Having seduced you doubt and prominence;
cast the contemporary eyes over a matter of things,
warily - you have judged accordingly to discord-
partaking too much the odd variety to which we caper!

Gender pursues itself needy to the self mutterings,
as an otherwise check on one's insanity,
then you scurry an allegiance for valuation purposes
the rudimentary shapes despised by often as not.
So there's symmetry between these gods and mortals?

To deny it far exceeds Lesbos than it does the universe,
we are limiting our region beyond our own capabilities
to share what is unequal by nature's standards - untrod.

Gayly does the mirror through one's expulsion,
blame the other for noticing the free range dialect,
associated with whispers that to the ear are furthest most;
when neither resounds in the joy of promiscuous acts:

To whisper than to shout out the true interchange;
I imagine to shut an eye be less permanent for the loss of sight,
but the memorable hiding from relishing this tease,
we are languishing behind the shame of gargoyles,

an ugliness that through the temptation of the sarcophagus'
to whom orderly fashion sees fit to muse for fashion,
most ardently proclaimed as the lesbian act.

As one we wish to carry on regardless of that image!
the wholeness to one whose nature reserves solely
that stage of metamorphosis, due to a feminine trait,

the caring but domicile warmth, pledging love's survival.

Titus Llewellyn

Socors Fraudulentus Frendo

I

Melancholy, steeped inside portrayal
hopelessly retained where trapped inside
abysmal days, are years long much denied
where steadily they backtrack to a crawl.
From there, the darkest mysteries suffice
to notably less worthy ones that formed;
destroying most, the charities less warmed
and having lost the best things life made nice.
from inside looking out the bleak released
is thus caved in, whilst others looking in,
Can see, what changed in sloth's deceitful grin
was living life like death, and now deceased.
how idleness conceives to closing eyes,
when making it the master of disguise.

II

An idle's worth too close for comfort for,
shall dream pretentious longing for a fool,
to whom acknowledged-wise it rather cruel
she hide that sin from him as did before.
I ask you, hast there further been concern,
for afterthought to chief pursue what love,
aghast, hath I determined she remove
the only clothing, nakedness shall spurn.
How sloth and intervention shall oppose;
concede to follow suit, that idleness
wilt love the indignation further less
than any least forbidden why, she chose.
Then what is love if love for the return,
of effort; can but not be tested; Learn!

Titus Llewellyn

Soothing The Sense Of Whole

If sighing can nigh grip the edge of your seat,
let bold be it worthy, to charm you this sweet
compare such a love that the moment you wept
can worthy enough move the heart as 'twas swept
The cinema prompts that the past need not try.
I don't need a tissue, for longing to cry,
I don't need it seemily wanton for wry
My dear, and I don't need reminding you why.
(How handsome a fellow yet weaker than ill
We'd cuddle up close, whisper, Oh! I love you still
Whilst the warmth simmered on the edge of a stir.)
I don't want the rest of my life as it were.
(To be found lying awkward instead, for care,
had settled him down in an ordinary chair.)
No woman's the worse for loss littlest though;
There's one thing about him, his temperature's low.
'He hadn't disagreed as he would have done
What calm, is comfort. Stillness had begun.
Death defies what has been ready to give.
'If not for the want for the reason to live.
His liveliness awhile had an arrogance sought,
Us carefully asking, if alright were fraught,
As much as we tried, to bring him back to life-
Doctors and nurses and a poor dear wife.
To bring back what cannot be a part of me
Which will be a sadness, selfishly free.
How movies (have reminded me what I miss)
That for once, entered within my soul.
A soothing of the mind a sense of whole.

Titus Llewellyn

The Cello

With affluent variety shaped in wood,
the holder would encourage understood
huge details where the scurry to it delves,
has played nomadic jest will do themselves.
How much an octave later, cello called,
with frivolous locale that first enthralled
a tune to worthy note, augment release
the shoulder cry is non-such merely peace.
If slumber were to detail strings attached,
Renaissance the gambit moved for matched
shall Byzantine plethora's swoon in Zen,
to comprehend what move it next would then.
How sleuth became uncouth by wry baroque,
escapement, true viola's wrapped in mock.

Titus Llewellyn

The Courtship Of Nightingales

'Twas split by syrinx calls at la Versailles
like courtesans to whom the nightingales
would thrall exalt to frolics and excess,
to flit amongst the Château's lost details.

As unpaired males assert themselves, i guess,
their valiant to efforts acquiesce,
lolita fashioned, envies them offhand
reward, - some kind of throne or noblesse?

Then listen, during dusk to understand,
distinction, neoclassic styles expand
the nightingales shall woo until a gauge,
in artform has accomplishments in grand.

So freely to remain outside this cage,
the life and times, the nightingale back stage
enchants us soon by flight, the height it scales,
we otherwise may else at young an age.

Titus Llewellyn

Un Caneton Heureux

SHAKESPEAREAN SONNET

This snowflake illustration, have no doubt-
Appears as like-wise to a dying swan;
Let's not deter for their sakes yield without
We'd purposefully put this scene upon.
I need to ask if all your dreams have died,
To reappear from feathers duly felt
Half cuddled to the next new ones supplied
If need be fetched for huddled softer svelte?
Assured! It's no more, less conspicuous,
Than swans who've masqueraded idle wakes,
Who'd sell the dying theme as one immerse;
Too often seen, in lifeless path remakes.
To honour such a ballet known for pluck,
Could countless scorn begrudge a haughty duck.

ITALIAN SONNET

When there is much to gain than to mistake,
The swan, its entire dignitary, Bliss!
Reports of ducks preventing them all 'this',
Their rightful place to wade in half a lake.
Could sense of the denial be spared an ounce?
Resounding joy exhibiting this threat?
The judges would award them their rosette
An audience to whom one would announce!
I ask you, who'd participate in both,
For lake and field for furies sake shall act?
Diffusing matters more concerning blame
To whom it was infringed themselves I loathe! `
Tis not the lay of land that lakes retract,
But height from which the wiser word became.

Titus Llewellyn

Waiting For Godot, Doggon It!

Our golden years page 'twas never a mother of verse
an old codger maybe, on the verge of diminished capacity,
forever torn by the puppy dog eyes of some reimburse
who waits for some bona fide poet with wry eccentricity.

Casper scarecrow they called me, derge of the small talk
surrounded by the dislocated facades, whose endeavor
and British humour 'twas never clear cut crystal, to walk,

like a failed dreamer - though, who'd fathom me clever?

Oh! Bleed me love! My curiosity is so much deceived,
in its so-called envelope of a hopeless romantic?
Mercury rising on a whim, a soul meets body seethed
while another goes on about something pedantic.

Crushed by all this generic hearsay, untitled of course
that the voices, the war angels to your alto-ego
presumes the chromatic gesture, be that of remorse
accepts that any Gypsy via Orleans forecasts in Santiago!

Earthstone, that foundation from where I came from,
ignores the fact that the melodies I am hearing,
are as olde as the lute from which our deaths' become,
graciously as my imagination is somewhat overbearing.

Godot for some known reason views me, 'George McKim',
as one who wants to be left alone, not as a token
but as the echo of silence from your reading of him,
sees now, your young confusions - but I'm not broken!

Titus Llewellyn