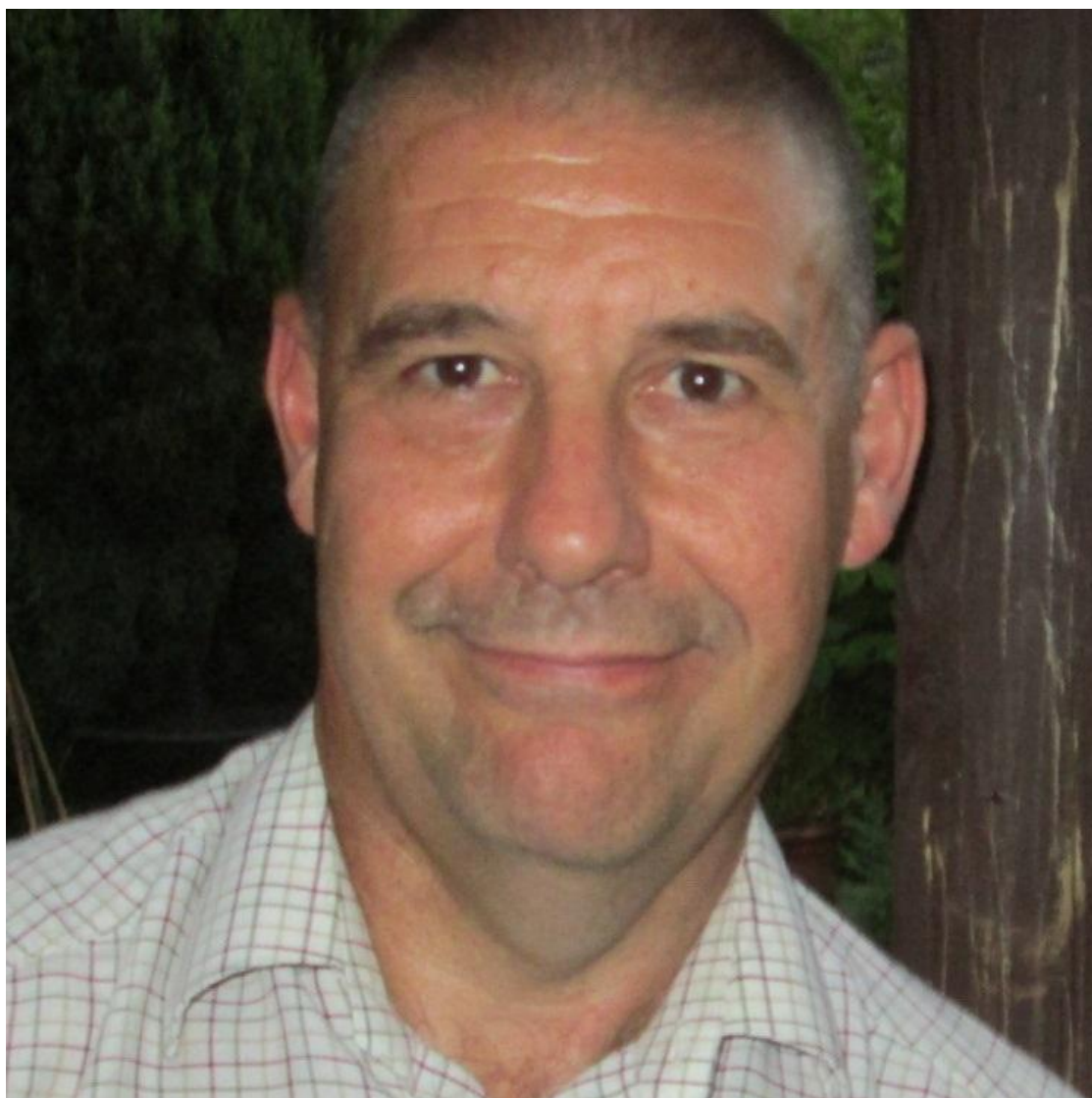


**CHOICE WORDS
BY
COLIN BOYNTON**



MY LINES

AN INTRODUCTION TO MY POETRY

DON'T ASK ME TO INTERPRET
SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW,
ALL I DO IS SIT HERE
AND SLOWLY WATCH IT GROW,
I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT COMES FROM,
IT JUST SEEMS TO APPEAR,
QUICKLY, LINE BY LINE BY LINE,
AND THEN MY POEM'S HERE.
I HAVE NO TIME TO STOP AND THINK
WHAT I WRITE ABOUT,
THE WORDS JUST FLOW INTO MY MIND
I HAVE TO LET THEM OUT,
DON'T ASK ME TO INTERPRET,
I CAN'T EVEN EXPLAIN,
THE WORDS JUST MAKE A POEM,
TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

**CHOICE
WORDS**

**A compilation of work selected from my first three works – My Lines,
Passing Thoughts
& Rhythm Of Life**

By

Colin Boynton

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KEY TO POEMS:

MY LINES = (1)

PASSING THOUGHTS = (2)

RHYTHM OF LIFE = (3)

STORYTELLER = (4) This is due to be published late 2015 early 2016

1. THE COACH TOUR

“EYES ALL TO THE LEFT PLEASE,
EYES ALL TO THE RIGHT”
AND STILL THE COACH JUST TRUNDLED ON
PAST ANOTHER SIGHT.
“THIS IS WHERE THE HERO LIVED,
AND THIS IS WHERE HE DIED”
STILL THEY HARDLY GOT TO SEE
NO MATTER HOW THEY TRIED.
“THERE’S ANOTHER SITE FOLKS
SOMETHING ELSE TO SEE,
GOT TO KEEP ON MOVING,
IT’S ALMOST HALF PAST THREE.
WE HAVEN’T TIME FOR PHOTOGRAPHS
THERE’S STILL A LOT TO DO,
I KNEW I SHOULDN’T LET YOU STOP
AT JUST TURNED HALF PAST TWO”
“EYES ALL TO THE LEFT PLEASE,
EYES ALL TO THE RIGHT,
WE HAVE A LOT MORE THINGS TO SEE
BEFORE DAY TURNS TO NIGHT”
“YOU HAVE TO SEE THE SIGHTS FOLKS
SO PLEASE DO AS I SAY,
I’VE GOT MY LIST TO FOLLOW
EACH AND EVERY DAY.
I MUSTN’T MISS A THING OUT,
YOU HAVE TO SEE IT ALL,
AND HERE WE ARE AT LAST PLEASE
OUR FINAL PORT OF CALL.
WE HAVEN’T TIME FOR PHOTOGRAPHS,
WE HAVE TO GET ON BACK,
DON’T GET OFF THE COACH PLEASE
YOU’LL ALL GET ME THE SACK,
DO GET ON THE COACH PLEASE
WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?
DON’T GET ON THE TRAIN THERE
YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT TO DO,
PLEASE GET ON THE COACH FOLKS
DO NOT WAVE GOODBYE,
I TRY TO DO MY JOB WELL
HONESTLY – I TRY!”

2. RETIREMENT PLAN

FEELING DOWN, AND FEELING GLUM
NOW YOUR WORKING DAYS ARE DONE,
SO NOW YOU'RE OLDER AND MORE WISE
TRY TO SEE IT THROUGH MY EYES,
I'VE GOT TO GET UP EVERY DAY
RAIN OR SNOW COME WHAT MAY,
I'VE GOT TO MAKE THINGS MOVE ALONG
EVEN WHEN I'M NOT THAT STRONG,
I CAN'T JUST DOWN TOOLS WALK AWAY
AND TAKE AN UNPLANNED HOLIDAY,
WEARY? TIRED? NEED A REST,
BUT I STILL HAVE TO DO MY BEST,
EARN A PENNY, EARN A POUND,
THE WORKING DAY SOON COMES AROUND,
GOSH, THAT MAKES ME FEEL QUITE GLUM
I WISH MY WORKING LIFE WAS DONE.

3. HOME FROM HOME

UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES
THE WIND BLOWS HARD AND COLD,
LITTER PILES UP ALL AROUND
NEW UPON THE OLD.
HIDDEN IN A CORNER
THE OLD MAN HUDDLES DOWN,
COVERED UP WITH BOXES
HE FINDS ABOUT THE TOWN.
THE MORNING PAPERS KEEP HIM WARM
TUCKED BELOW HIS THINGS,
THE EVENING PAPER LINES HIS SHOES
HIS TROUSERS TIED WITH STRINGS.
EACH DAY PASSES INTO WEEKS
YEARS KEEP PASSING BY,
TIME IT HAS NO MEANING NOW
HE'S WAITING JUST TO DIE.
WHAT A SAD AND LONELY END
FOR SUCH A LONG LIVED LIFE,
TO END UP LIVING ON THE STREETS
NO CHILDREN AND NO WIFE.
AND PEOPLE PASS HIM EVERY DAY
NO ONE SEEMS TO CARE,
A GLANCE IS ALL THEY GIVE HIM
THEY LEAVE HIM LYING THERE.
UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES
A STORY NOW IS TOLD,
OF LITTER THAT IS PILED ON TOP
A BODY STILL AND COLD.

4. A FOOL SUCH AS I

I WANDERED THROUGH THE RAIN LAST NIGHT
AND MY, I LOOKED AN AWFUL SIGHT,
RAIN DRENCHED CLOTHES AND RAIN DRENCHED HAIR
I REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN OUT THERE,
MY DEATH OF COLD I'LL CATCH ONE DAY
FOR WALKING OUT IN SUCH A WAY,
THE FOOL AM I AND SUCH A TWIT
FOR WANTING OUT A LITTLE BIT,
THE FOOL AM I FOR GIVING WAY
THE DOG FIRST WALKED – THEN RAN AWAY,
I LOOKED AROUND, I GAVE A SHOUT,
AND THOUGH 'T WAS RAINING I STAYED OUT.
“POOR SOUL HE'S LOST WHERE COULD HE BE?”
THIS THOUGHT AND MORE IT WORRIED ME.
MIDNIGHT CAME AND MIDNIGHT WENT,
ONE O'CLOCK I'M NOT CONTENT,
TWO O'CLOCK AND STILL NO SIGN
AND SOAKING WET I DRAW THE LINE.
FEELING BLUE AND FEELING LOW
I WENT BACK HOME – WHERE COULD I GO?
MY DEAREST PAL AND LIFELONG FRIEND
WAS THIS HOW IT WAS TO END?
I PUSHED THE DOOR IT OPENED WIDE,
AND THAT DAMN DOG WAS SAT INSIDE,
KEEPING DRY AND KEEPING WARM,
AND KEEPING WELL AWAY FROM HARM.
AND THOUGH I'M TIRED AND SOAKING THROUGH,
I LOVE THAT DOG –
HE LOVES ME TOO!

5. THE GOOD AND THE BAD

PLAYING AS CHILDREN
AT ROBBERS AND COPS
FIGHTING THE BAD
THE GOOD CAME OUT TOPS,
DREAMING OF SOLDIERS
AND GOING TO WAR
WE DREAMED OF THE GLORY
NOT OF THE GORE,
WITH BOWS AND ARROWS
OR GUN IN HAND
WE'D KILL OFF THE BADDIES
THROUGHOUT OUR LAND,
KILLING MEANT NOTHING
AS ONLY BAD DIED
DAY AFTER DAY
THE GOOD MEN SURVIVED,
AS WE GREW UP
WE CHANGED OUR GAMES
DIFFERENT IDEALS
DIFFERENT AIMS,
AND NOW I'M MUCH OLDER
THE KILLING GOES ON
BUT THAT'S NOT MY HAND
THAT'S NOW ON THE GUN,
REALITY NOW IS
ANYONE DIES
THE GOOD OR THE BAD
WOMEN OR GUYS.

6. AFTERNOON TEA

SOMEONE CRIED “SMILE!” AND WE ALL DID,
MY, WHAT A SIGHT THAT MUST BE,
US TOOTHLESS OLD WRINKLIES ALL HUNCHED TOGETHER
HAVING OUR AFTERNOON TEA.
CRUMBS ON THE TABLE AND DOWN ON THE FLOOR
IT CANNOT BE HELPED YOU SEE,
THEY FALL THROUGH THE GAPS THAT WE HAVE IN OUR MOUTHS
THE ONES WHERE OUR TEETH USED TO BE.
THERE’S PUDDLES OF TEA IN OUR SAUCERS
AND DRIBBLES HAVE RUN DOWN OUR CHIN,
AND IF THEY’D PUT SOMETHING INTO OUR CUPS
JUST THINK OF THE MESS WE’D BE IN.
WE COME HERE EACH WEDNESDAY P.M.
TO PARTAKE OF OUR AFTERNOON TEA,
BUT TODAY IS A SPECIAL OCCASION
OLD TOM IS 100 YOU SEE!

7. INSOMNIA.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I LIE AWAKE
WAITING FOR THE DAY TO BREAK,
TOSSING AND TURNING THROUGH THE NIGHT
UNABLE TO SLEEP I'LL TURN ON THE LIGHT.
IT DOESN'T HELP TO SEE THE CLOCK
AND LISTEN TO IT'S TICK AND TOCK.
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT LYING AWAKE
DREADING THE TIME THAT DAY WILL BREAK,
FOR WHEN I RISE GO DOWN THE STAIR
I FALL ASLEEP IN A CHAIR.
I REALLY SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN BED
TAKING TIME TO REST MY HEAD,
BUT WHEN I LAY MYSELF BACK DOWN
I LIE AWAKE AND WEAR A FROWN.
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT JUST THE SAME
SLEEP FOR ME NEVER CAME,
LYING AWAKE AND TOSSING AROUND
THE WORLD OUTSIDE MAKES NO SOUND.
I CLOSE MY EYES COUNT TO TEN
THEN I COUNT THE SHEEP AGAIN,
ONE SHEEP, TWO SHEEP, THREE SHEEP, FOUR
STILL AWAKE I COUNT SOME MORE.
AND AS I COUNT THEM PASSING BY
I SEE THE SUN RISE IN THE SKY,
TOO LATE FOR ME TO FALL ASLEEP
AFTER COUNTING ALL THOSE SHEEP.
WHAT A WASTE OF ALL THAT TIME
I MUST GET UP AND START BY NINE,
AND NOW I'M FEELING QUITE WORN OUT
I'M SURE I'LL SLEEP TONIGHT – NO DOUNT.

OR WILL I ?

8. THOUGHTS

WALKING THROUGH A GRAVEYARD
ON A WINTER AFTERNOON,
THE DYING LIGHT REFLECTING
ALL THE MISERY AND GLOOM,
A LAYER OF SNOW IS HIDING
ALL THE FOOTSTEPS OUT OF SIGHT,
AND ALL TOO SOON THE WORLD
WILL BE HIDDEN BY THE NIGHT.
READING NAMES AND SENTIMENTS
FROM AGES NOW LONG GONE,
MAKES US STOP TO THINK ABOUT
THE THINGS THAT'S YET TO COME.
A FLEETING SHADOW FROM THE PAST,
A FADING MEMORY,
OF PEOPLE, PLACES THAT YOU KNEW,
OR THINGS THAT USED TO BE.
AND AS YOU LEAVE AND CLOSE THE GATE
YOU LEAVE THOSE THOUGHTS BEHIND,
HIDDEN IN A CEMETRY,
BURIED IN YOUR MIND.

9. GOODNIGHT

THE WORLD KEEPS SLOWLY TURNING ROUND
TIME KEEPS TICKING BY,
OLDER NOW, AND WISER NOW,
JUST MY FRIEND AND I.
THE FIRESIDE GLOW
MAY WARM OUR FEET
ON LONG COLD WINTERS NIGHTS,
VALLEY SIDES AND MEADOWS,
OUR FAVOURITE SUMMER SIGHTS.
NO LONGER CAN WE RUN AROUND
AGE HAS MADE IT'S TOLL,
BUT STILL WITHIN US THERE REMAINS
OUR SAME OLD CHEERY SOULS.
WE MAY NOT SEE AS MANY FRIENDS
SO MANY HAVE GONE ON,
I KNOW YOU WON'T DESERT ME
YOU'VE LOVED ME TRUE AND LONG,
AND AS I WAIT HERE TO RETIRE
I WATCH THE EMBERS DIE,
YOU WAG YOUR TAIL CONTENTEDLY
AND LOOK ME IN THE EYE.
WE LIFT OUR FEET SO WEARILY
MAKE OUR WAY TO BED,
WE'LL CLOSE OUR EYES FOR ONE LAST NIGHT
AND REST OUR WEARY HEADS.

10. CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU

I KNOW I'VE SEEN YOU HERE BEFORE
AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN,
I'VE WATCHED YOU PASSING SLOWLY BY
AND ONCE MORE FELT THE PAIN,
THE PAIN OF KNOWING WHAT I KNOW
OF THINGS I CANNOT HOLD,
I KNOW THAT I MUST WEAR A SMILE
APPEAR THAT I AM BOLD,
YET EVERY TIME I SEE YOU,
I FIND I STOP AND STARE,
AND STILL YOU ALWAYS PASS ME BY
AS IF I WASN'T THERE,
COULD ANYBODY TELL ME,
WHAT I NEED TO DO,
TO MAKE YOU STOP AND NOTICE
AND KNOW MY LOVE IS TRUE?
I KNOW THAT YOU'RE WITH SOMEONE ELSE,
SO WHAT AM I TO DO?
TRAPPED HERE IN THIS DOGS HOME
IN NEED OF ONE LIKE YOU.

11. STOP!

WATCHING THE WORLD GO PASSING BY
DAY AFTER DAY ALL THE SAME,
PEOPLE ALL MOVING IN ONE DIRECTION
EACH WITH A DIFFERENT AIM.
MOVING ON FORWARD, NO TIME TO STOP
NO TIME TO LOOK AROUND
RUSHING THROUGH LIFE DAY BY DAY
MAKING A DIFFERENT SOUND.
GOING SO FAST THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK
OR CARE ABOUT WHAT IS OUT THERE
ALL BY OURSELVES YET OUT IN A CROWD
NO TIME TO STOP AND SHARE.
THE WORLD KEEPS ON TURNING DAY AFTER DAY
AND TIME PASSES TOO QUICKLY BY
BEFORE WE HAVE CHANCE TO SAY "HELLO"
WE HAVE TO SAY "GOODBYE"
SO AS THE WORLD GOES PASSING BY
STOP FOR JUST A WHILE
TAKE TIME JUST TO LOOK AROUND
AND MAYBE TRY A SMILE.

12. LEFT ALL ON HER OWN

SHE SEEMED SO SAD AND LONELY
AS SHE WAS SITTING THERE,
NO ONE SEEMED TO BOTHER,
NO ONE SEEMED TO CARE.
SOMETIMES IT DIDN'T MATTER
THAT SHE WAS ALL ALONE,
SHE'D PLEASE HERSELF JUST WHAT SHE DID
WHEN SHE WAS ON HER OWN.
BUT SOMETIMES ON A WINTERS NIGHT
THERE'S SOME THINGS SHE WOULD MISS,
LOVING ARMS TO HOLD HER,
OR SOMEONE JUST TO KISS.
IT ALWAYS SEEMED LIKE OLD AGE
COULD REALLY BE A PAIN,
IF ONLY SHE COULD SEE HER LOVE
JUST ONE MORE TIME AGAIN.
TAKEN FROM HER LONG AGO
AND LEFT ALL ON HER OWN,
WAITING FOR THE DAY TO COME
WHEN SHE TOO WOULD BE GONE.

13. LUNCHTIME REVENGE

LITTLE OLD LADY SITS IN THE PARK
FEEDING DUCKS UNTIL IT'S DARK
STANDS UP, THEN WALKS AWAY
DOES THE SAME MOST EVERY DAY
COMES BACK NEXT DAY, BAG OF BREAD
HUMMING A TUNE GOING ROUND IN HER HEAD
BREAKS UP CRUMBS AND THROWS THEM DOWN
VERY SOON THE DUCKS SWIM ROUND
ALL DAY LONG JUST THE SAME
FEEDING DUCKS NOW ALMOST TAME
HEAVY RAIN STARTS FALLING DOWN
LITTLE OLD LADY GOES TO TOWN
GOES ROUND SHOPS BUYING BREAD
THERE'S HUNGRY DUCKS NEEDING FED
LITTLE OLD LADY, LOTS OF MONEY
FEEDS THE DUCKS WHICH SHE FINDS FUNNY
FOR WHEN SHE DIES AND PASSES ON
ALL HER MONEY WILL BE GONE
FROM FEEDING DUCKS WITH LOTS OF BREAD
NO FAMILY FIGHTING WHEN SHE'S DEAD.

14. A LITTLE SECRET

SHE STANDS THERE BY THE ROADSIDE
THE SAME TIME EVERY DAY
WATCHING PEOPLE PASSING BY
GOING ON THEIR WAY,
HER WORLD IS IN SOME PLASTIC BAGS
SHE KEEPS THEM BY HER SIDE
AND NEVER BOTHERS ANYONE
FROM MORN' TILL EVENTIDE,
AND IN THE LONG DARK NIGHT TIME HOURS
SHE SETTLES DOWN TO REST
SHELT'RIN FROM THE WINDS AND RAIN
WHEREVER IS THE BEST,
SHE HAS NO HOME, NO MONEY
NO FRIENDS, NO FAMILY TOO
AND YET SHE'S ALWAYS CHEERFUL
WHY? I WISH I NEW,
AND IF I KNEW HER SECRET
WHY SHE WEARS A SMILE
MY LIFE MIGHT BE MUCH BETTER
IF ONLY FOR A WHILE.

15. INSOMNIA – 2.

I WISH YOU'D STOP THAT SNORING
YOU KEEP ME 'WAKE EACH NIGHT
THE LOUDEST ROAR YOU'VE EVER HEARD
IT GIVES ME SUCH A FRIGHT.
IT STARTS A QUIET RUMBLE
AND ENDS AN AWFUL ROAR
BUT PLEASE ONE NIGHT I'D LIKE TO SLEEP
JUST LIKE I DID BEFORE.
AND IF YOU ARE NOT SNORING
YOU'RE TOSSING ALL ABOUT
THE BED WILL SHAKE QUITE FRIGHTFULLY
I'M FRIGHTENED I'LL FALL OUT.
I LIE AWAKE JUST WAITING
TO SEE WHAT YOU WILL DO
FAST ASLEEP QUITE PEACEFULLY
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S TRUE.
THEN JUST AS I BEGIN TO SLEEP
IT STARTS UP YET AGAIN
THE VERY LOUDEST SNORING
THE TOSSING IS A PAIN.
AND IN THE MORNING YOU AWAKE
LOOKING FRESH AND BRIGHT
ME WITH BAGS BENEATH MY EYES
MY I LOOK A SIGHT.
"NOT A GOOD NIGHT'S REST?" YOU ASK
"DIDN'T YOU SLEEP WELL?"
I LOOK AT YOU WITH MOUTH AGAPE
WHAT WAS THERE TO TELL?

16. GHOSTS

PAYING NO ATTENTION
IN THE CORNER OF MY EYE
THE SHADOW OF A FIGURE
SLOWLY PASSING BY
TURNING ROUND TO TAKE A LOOK
THERE'S NO ONE STANDING BY
IT'S JUST THE SHADOW OF A GHOST
WHICH SEEMS TO CATCH MY EYE.

I HEAR THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER
RINGING IN MY EAR
A SOUND SO REAL I TURN TO LOOK
THERE'S NO ONE STANDING NEAR
AND YET IT SOUNDED VERY REAL
THE LAUGHTER I COULD HEAR
THE GHOST OF SOMEONE FROM MY PAST
SOUNDING LOUD AND CLEAR.

17. NOT THE TIME OR PLACE

ALARM CLOCK RINGS AT HALF PAST FIVE
I LEAVE MY BED, FEEL HALF ALIVE,
MY EYES STILL SHUT, MY BRAIN ASLEEP
I FEEL SO TIRED I COULD JUST WEEP,
I EAT MY BREAKFAST, DRINK MY TEA
WITH EYES HALF SHUT, I CANNOT SEE,
THE MINUTES TICKING, HOURS BY
THE SUN NOW SHINING IN THE SKY,
FEELING LATE I GRAB MY THINGS
ON GOING OUT THE PHONE THEN RINGS,
I RUN BACK IN PICK UP THE PHONE
TO FIND THE CALLER HAD NOW GONE,
I RUN BACK OUT, JUMP IN THE CAR
AND NOT BEFORE I GOT TOO FAR
I TURN THE RADIO TO PLAY
AND THEN A VOICE BEGINS TO SAY,
“TAKE IT EASY, TAKE IT SLOW
IT’S TIME TO START THE SUNDAY SHOW”
NO LONGER TIRED BUT WIDE AWAKE
I PUT MY FOOT UPON THE BRAKE,
FEELING STUPID, WHAT TO SAY
DON’T HAVE TO GO TO WORK TODAY!

18. THE SHADOW OF EVIL

FOR ALL THOSE SOULS WHO DIE IN FEAR
MAY YOU FIND PEACE AT LAST,
NO MORE TO RUN, NO MORE TO HIDE
YOUR HURTING NOW BE PAST,
AND AS THE TERROR SPREADS ITS WINGS
AND FLIES ACROSS THE LAND,
THOSE OF YOU WHO WAIT WITH TEARS
CAN ONLY WATCH AND STAND.
NOT KNOWING WHERE THE SHADOW IS
OR WHERE IT NEXT MAY CALL,
TOGETHER STANDING SIDE BY SIDE
TOGETHER STANDING TALL.
ALL AS ONE IN GRIEF AND PAIN
YET FEELING ALL ALONE,
THE WHOLE WORLD WATCHES ON IN SHOCK
FOR THOSE NOT GOING HOME.
TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY
ONE WE ALL MUST FACE,
NOT KNOWING WHAT THE FUTURE BRINGS
FOR THE HUMAN RACE.
TOGETHER WE MUST STAND UP
STRONG AND PROUD AND TALL,
FIGHTING BACK TOGETHER
UNTIL THE SHADOWS FALL,
AND WHEN AT LAST THE DAY IS HERE
WHEN THE WORLD IS FREE,
NO MORE SOULS NEED DIE IN FEAR
PERHAPS WE ALL WILL SEE,
THAT ALL IT REALLY TAKES IS LOVE
AND JUST A LITTLE CARE,
TO LIVE OUR LIVES IN HARMONY
THE WORLD IS OURS TO SHARE.

19. LADY...

IT'S JUST AN OLD FAMILIAR FACE
THAT NO ONE SEEMS TO SEE
SHE TRAVELLED ROUND THE CITY STREETS
NO DREAMS OF WHAT COULD BE
CARRYING HER WORLDLY GOODS
IN TWO OLD SHOPPING BAGS
SHE'D HAD THEM FOR A LONG TIME NOW
BOTH FOUND STUFFED WITH RAGS
TATTY CLOTHES AND WORN OUT SHOES
HAIR ALL IN A MESS
SHE WENT TO CHURCH EACH SUNDAY
TO GO TO WEEKLY MASS
SHE NEVER HAD AN OUNCE OF GOLD
AND NEVER SAW THE GLITTER
HER OLD AND WORN OUT BROKEN BODY
LIES AMONG THE LITTER
NO ONE CARES NOR SEEMS TO SEE
RUSHING ON THEIR WAY
A FORMER LIFE THAT USED TO BE
NOW PAST HER FINAL DAY

...AND THE TRAMP

I DO NOT WANT TO NOTICE
I DO NOT WANT TO SEE
THE BEGGAR SAT UPON THE STREET
PLEADING OUT TO ME
"SPARE SOME MONEY FOR US
JUST A CUP OF TEA"
REMEMBER FOR THE GRACE OF GOD
THAT BEGGAR COULD BE ME.

20. INSOMNIA – 3.

Tossing and turning
I lay awake
Wishing and hoping
For day to break
What is the point
Of lying in bed?
Wide awake
With thoughts in my head
Thoughts going round
Of what I could do
Keeping me 'wake
All the night through
And worrying that
When morning arrives
I'll finally find
That sleep hits my eyes
But too late to sleep
Too late to rest
The day's going to be
One, long test.
Wishing and hoping
When night comes around
I'll lay in my bed
And sleep safe and sound.

21. TIME

THERE'S A VERY OLD GRANDFATHER CLOCK
STANDING IN THE HALL,
ITS FACE IS TO THE FUTURE
ITS BACK AGAINST THE WALL.
THE HANDS OF TIME KEEP SWEEPING ROUND
THE FACE UPON THE CLOCK,
THE SWINGING OF THE PENDULUM
A GENTLE TICK AND TOCK.
FATHER TIME KEEPS MARCHING THROUGH
MOTHER NATURES WORLD,
OUR HISTORY THAT'S NOW LONG PAST
ARE STORIES BEING TOLD.
THE FUTURE RUSHES ON US,
TOO SOON BECOMES THE PAST,
AND AS WE GROW MUCH OLDER
TIME SEEMS TO GO TOO FAST.
YET TIME MEANS VERY LITTLE
TO THAT CLOCK STOOD IN THE HALL,
IT ONLY HAS TO MARK OUT TIME
PASSING FOR US ALL.

22. WALK ON BY

YOU PASS THEM BY MOST EVERY DAY
THE OLD FOLK IN THE STREET,
AND THEN YOU SEE THAT SOMEONE
YOU DIDN'T WANT TO MEET,
FACE TO FACE AND EYE TO EYE
WITHERED NOW WITH AGE,
WALKING OH SO SLOWLY
YOUR HEART IS FILLED WITH RAGE.
NO ONE SEEMS TO NOTICE
DOES ANYBODY CARE?
THEY PASS BY VERY QUICKLY
AS IF HE WASN'T THERE,
JUST ONE SMILE IS ALL IT TAKES
NOT MONEY OR YOUR WEALTH,
REMEMBER THAT IN YEARS TO COME
YOU WILL GET OLD YOURSELF.

23. SHAME OF IT

MANY ARE THE VARIED TALES
TO YOU I COULD TELL
STORIES FROM THE YEARS GONE BY
OF PEOPLE I KNEW WELL
SOME HAVE BEEN AND STAYED A WHILE
OTHERS STAYED FOR YEARS
SOME OF THEM SEEMED FRIENDLY
OTHERS HAD THEIR FEARS
THEY NEVER UNDERSTAND IT
WHEN I COME AROUND
I TRY TO MOVE SO PEACEFULLY
WITHOUT THE FAINTEST SOUND
I THINK THAT SOME HAVE SEEN ME
OTHERS HAVE JUST GUESSED
AND THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN REALLY DO
WITH UNINVITED GUESTS
I REALLY CANNOT HELP IT
YOU KNOW I'M NOT TO BLAME
I DIDN'T ASK TO BE A SPOOK
IT REALLY IS A SHAME.

24. THE WORLD TODAY

WHAT IS THE WORLD ALL ABOUT
WHY DO WE GO ON KILLING?
WHY CAN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE
INSTEAD OF THE BLOOD WE ARE SPILLING?
MOST OF THE TIME WE MAY NEVER HAVE MET
UNTIL WE ARE EYE TO EYE
AND THEN WITHOUT ANYONE STARTING TO SPEAK
SOMEBODY HAPPENS TO DIE
BE IT BY BULLET OR BE IT BY BOMB
OR EVEN BE IT BY KNIFE
THERE'S HATRED INSIDE YOU CANNOT EXPLAIN
THAT MAKES SOMEONE TAKE A LIFE
WHY CAN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE
AND JUST LET EACH OTHER BE?
THE WORLD COULD BE A BETTER PLACE
FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME.

25. JUST THE SAME

THE ANGER AND THE HATRED
THE BITTER TWISTEDNESS
COULD THIS BE THE REASON
THE WORLD IS IN A MESS?
AND COULD THERE BE A REASON
WHY PEOPLE FEEL THIS WAY?
IT SEEMS IT'S ONLY GETTING WORSE
WITH EVERY PASSING DAY.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FEELING
YOUR NEIGHBOUR WAS YOUR FRIEND,
WHAT HAPPENED IN OUR LIFETIME
TO MAKE THESE FEELINGS END?
CAN WE EVER GET BACK
THE SPIRIT AND THE JOY,
LIKE IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO
WHEN I WAS JUST A BOY?
OR DO I NOW REMEMBER
THINGS QUITE DIFFERENTLY?
AND HAVE THESE THINGS NOW REALLY CHANGED
FROM HOW THESE USED TO BE?

26. TWO LIVES

I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE
OR EVEN WHERE THEY'RE FROM
A CHEERY SMILE
ONE QUICK HELLO
THEN SLOWLY AMBLE ON.
THE LOOK OF SLIGHT ABANDONMENT
OF NOWHERE TO BELONG
CLOTHING SLIGHTLY TATTERED
FINGERS COLD AND NUMB.
ALWAYS GOING ONE WAY
NEVER LOOKING BACK
ONE WILL HOLD SOME PAPERS
THE OTHER HOLDS A SACK.
THEY SEEM SO VERY HAPPY
WITH THE LIFE THEY LEAD
NEVER REALLY WANTING
YET GETTING WHAT THEY NEED.
NO BURDEN LADEN SHOULDERS
FEW WORRIES ON THEIR MIND
AS LONG AS THEY'VE EACH OTHER
THEY'LL TAKE THINGS AS THEY FIND.
HOW NICE TO KEEP LIFE SIMPLE
PUSH DAILY CHORES ASIDE
JUST TRAVEL THROUGH THEIR LIVES AS ONE
THE WANDERER AND HIS BRIDE.

27. TWILIGHT

IN THE LIGHT OF AN EARLY SUMMERS EVE
BY THE SIDE OF A SLOW MOVING STREAM,
IS WHERE THE OLD MAN LIKES TO SIT
AND WATCH, AND WAIT, AND DREAM.
OF TIMES THAT ARE PAST IN THE LONG GONE YEARS
AND ALL THE THINGS HE HAS DONE,
NOW IN THE TWILIGHT OF HIS YEARS
HE WATCHES THE SETTING SUN.
AS IT SLOWLY SINKS BEYOND DISTANT HILLS
A CHILL SOON FILLS THE AIR,
AND SHIVERS RUN UP AND DOWN HIS BACK
FROM A GHOST FROM HIS PAST THAT IS THERE.
HAUNTING HIM LIKE SOME STRANGE MELODY
IT SWIRLS AROUND IN HIS HEAD,
MEMORIES OF PEOPLE AND FRIENDS THAT HE KNEW
ALL OF THEM NOW LONG DEAD.
BURIED THERE IN THE CEMETRY
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREAM,
WHERE THE OLD MAN LIKES TO SIT EACH DAY
TO WATCH, AND WAIT, AND DREAM.

28. LONELY DAYS

HAVE YOU SEEN THE OLD MAN
WHO STANDS DOWN BY THE SEA?
HE GOES THERE ALMOST EVERY DAY
WHAT DOES HE GO TO SEE?
SOMETIMES A TEAR MAY FILL HIS EYES
A MEMORY FULL OF PAIN,
IN THE SUMMER SUNSHINE
OR IN THE WINTER RAIN.
A SOLITARY FIGURE
STANDING ALL ALONE,
NO ONE THERE BESIDE HIM
OR WAITING BACK AT HOME.
IT ONLY SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY
THAT SAD AND FATEFUL DAY,
AFTER LOVING ALL THOSE YEARS
HIS WIFE HAD PASSED AWAY.
NO CHANCE TO SAY A LAST FAREWELL
IT HAPPENED FAR TOO FAST,
NO TIME TO GIVE ONE LAST FOND KISS
TOO SOON HER LIFE HAD PASSED.
NOW HE GOES DOWN TO THE SHORE
LOOKING OUT TO SEA,
THERE'S NOTHING MUCH LEFT THESE DAYS
BUT A SPECIAL MEMORY.
AND SOMETIMES THAT ELUDES HIM
AND THEN THE TEARS WILL START,
WHY MUST HE NOW BE PUNISHED
WITH THIS PAINFUL BROKEN HEART.
A FAMILY ALL GONE NOW
HIS FRIENDS ALL PASSED AWAY,
ALL ALONE NOW IN THE WORLD
HE STILL COMES EVERY DAY.
WHAT DID HE DO THAT WAS SO WRONG
TO EARN HIM SO MUCH PAIN,
HE ONLY EVER GAVE HIS LOVE
THAT CANNOT COME AGAIN.
AND OLD AND LONELY FIGURE
STANDS DOWN BY THE SEA,
AND SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE
THAT OLD MAN COULD BE ME.

29. ROUTINE

AT THE SAME TIME EVERY MORNING
AT THE SAME PLACE EVERY DAY
ARE THE SAME FAMILIAR FACES
GOING ON THEIR WAY,
GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS
NO THOUGHT TO WHAT THEY DO
THEIR LIVES ARE GETTING BORING
AND GETTING TIRESOME TOO,
THEY LOOK FOR SOME EXCITEMENT
THERE'S NOTHING TO BE FOUND
JUST THE SAME OLD DULL ROUTINE
ON JUST THE SAME OLD GROUND,
AND THEN ONE DAY IT HAPPENS
A BOLT FROM OUT THE BLUE
DOES ANYBODY NOTICE
OR KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO,
BECAUSE THE ROUTINE'S BORING
WE NEVER REALLY SEE
JUST HOW INTERESTING
LIFE CAN REALLY BE.

30. 21ST CENTURY MAN

IN A WORLD FULL OF VIOLENCE
WE'RE STUNNED BY THE SILENCE
OF VOICES WE'VE NEVER HEARD,
IT'S THE CRY IN THE DARK
THAT IGNITES THE SPARK
PLEADING THAT SOMETHING BE DONE.
IGNORING EACH OTHER
LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER
WHO KNOWS IF WE REALLY CARED?
IT'S THE BATTLES WE FIGHT
HIDDEN FROM SIGHT
THAT ARE NEVER REALLY WON.
WE LIVE OUT OUR LIVES
AS HUSBANDS AND WIVES
GOING OUR OWN SEPARATE WAYS,
EYES SHUT TIGHT
TO THE HORRIBLE SIGHT
OF THE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ABOUT.
FROM OUT OF THE PAST
IT HAPPENS SO FAST
WE HEAD TO THE END OF OUR DAYS,
AND ONCE WE ARE GONE
MANKIND WILL GO ON
THE SAME AS BEFORE NO DOUBT.

31. OBLIVIOUS AND NUMB

WE'RE LIVING IN A WORLD OF DIRT
A CITY FULL OF SIN
NO SHAME FOR ALL THE THINGS WE'VE DONE
OR FOR THE MESS WE'RE IN.
LITTER BLOWS ABOUT THE STREETS
THROWN FROM HOME AND CAR,
THERE IS NO PRIDE IN HOW WE LIVE
HOW DID WE FALL SO FAR?
WE SEEM TO NEED DESTRUCTION
VIOLENCE AND PAIN,
AND YET WE ONLY HAVE ONE WORLD
THE CHANCE WON'T COME AGAIN.
WILL OUR CHILDREN LOVE US
IN THE YEARS TO COME,
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL THANK US
FOR ALL THE THINGS WE'VE DONE,
OR AS THEY GROW AND LOOK AROUND
WILL THEY TOO BECOME,
UNCARING AND DESRUCTIVE
OBLIVIOUS AND NUMB!

32. A LONG AND LASTING LOVE

SOMEONE SITS ALONE TONIGHT
AND CRIES A TEAR OR TWO,
FEELING LOST AND LONELY
NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO.
SOMEONE ELSE IS LEFT ALONE
TO LIVE WITHOUT THEIR LOVE,
SITTING LOOKING AT THE STARS
IN THE SKY ABOVE.
THINKING OF TOMORROW
IN DREAMS OF YESTERDAY,
WATCHING OTHER PEOPLE
NOT KNOWING WHAT TO SAY.
AND AS EACH HOUR PASSES BY
THEY SLOWLY REALISE,
THE LOVE THAT THEY HAVE ALWAYS HAD
NEVER, EVER DIES

33. THOUGHTS FROM A TRAVEL COURIER

“THIS IS WRONG, AND THIS AIN’T RIGHT
CAN YOU FIX THE FOOD TONGHT?
COULD WE CHANGE OUR ROOM TODAY?
THE VIEW KEEPS GETTING IN MY WAY.
COULD WE CHANGE OUR ROOM TONIGHT?
WE’RE KEPT AWAKE BY BRIGHT MOONLIGHT”
WHERE ARE ALLTHESE PEOPLE FROM
WHY DO THEY BOTHER ME?
I WISH THEY’D GO OUT FOR A WALK
OR SIT DOWN BY THE SEA.
“THIS AIN’T RIGHT AND THIS IS WRONG
THE DRAINS ARE MAKING QUITE A PONG,
MY BED’S TOO HARD I CANNOT SLEEP
IT REALLY MAKES ME WANT TO WEEP.
THE SHEETS ARE ROUGH THEY HURT MY SKIN
I REALLY FEEL I CAN’T GET IN”
WHY DO THESE PEOPLE BOTHER ME
WHERE DO THEY ALL COME FROM?
TOURIST SEASON STARTS AGAIN
AND JUST GOES ON AND ON.
“THIS IS WRONG AND THIS AIN’T RIGHT”
NOTHING SUITS THE GUESTS TONIGHT,
COMPLAINTS AND MOANS ARE ALL THEY SAY
AND NOTHING SUITS THE GUESTS EACH DAY.
“CAN YOU FIX THE TV PLEASE?
MY WATERS RUNNING SLOW”
OH HOW I WISH FOR WEDNESDAY
WHEN ALL THESE TOURISTS GO!

34. WASN'T IT FUN.

OH THE JPYS OF GETTING OLD
CREAKING JOINTS AND FEELING COLD,
CONSTANT ACHES AND FREQUENT PAIN
EVERY DAY THAT WE GET RAIN,
CAN'T DO THIS AND CAN'T DO THAT
HAIR LONG GONE SO NEED A HAT,
LEGS ARE SHAKY KNEES ARE WEAK
TEETH KEEP SLIPPING WHEN I SPEAK,
THE TEETH ARE FALSE NOT MY OWN
OH MY GOODNESS HEAR ME MOAN,
EYESIGHT POOR I CAN'T SEE WELL
GOING DEAF BUT WHO CAN TELL,
I CANNOT RUN CA HARDLY WALK
NO ONE HEARS ME WHEN I TALK,
AAND WHEN I'M SLEEPING ALL DAY LONG
NO OONE WONDERS WHATT IS WRONG,
BUT AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE
I CAN'T COMPLAIN I'VE HAD SOEM FUN.

35. LOST AMONG THE TEARS

I TAKE A LOOK AROUND ME
AT A WORLD OF GREEN AND BLUE
A WORLD SO FULL OF COLOUR
THAT'S HOME FOR ME AND YOU
A WORLD THAT HAS DESTRUCTION
VIOLENCE AND PAIN
THROUGH TIME WE KEEP ON WONDERING
WILL PEACE COME BACK AGAIN?
AND THOUGH THE YEARS MAY COME AND GO
THERE NEVER SEEMS TO BE
A TIME THAT'S TRULY PEACEFUL
AND FREE OF CRUELTY
INFLICTION CAUSED BY MANKIND
ON MANKIND OUT OF HATE
WE SHOULD JUST STOP AND TAKE A LOOK
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE
TOMORROW IS TOO PRECIOUS
FOR SOME IT WILL NOT COME
AND THOSE OF US NOW LEFT BEHIND
THERE'S NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN
FACE UP TO REALITY
AND TRUTH THAT'S HARD TO BEAR
SEE THE HATRED IN A FACE
DOES ANYBODY CARE?
THE WORLD IS ALWAYS CRYING
CRYING OUT IN PAIN
HURTING FROM THE LACK OF CARE
THERE'S ONLY GREED AND GAIN
WHEN WILL MANKIND EVER LEARN
THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS
OR WILL THIS BE THE WAY THEY CHOOSE
TO END THEIR LIVING DAYS
IT ONLY TAKES A LITTLE LOVE
AND ISN'T HARD TO DO
SHOW IT FOR YOUR FELLOW MAN
IT ISN'T SOMETHING NEW
IT'S LOVE THAT'S BEEN FORGOTTEN
NEGLECTED THROUGH THE YEARS
HIDDEN BY THE HATING
LOST AMONG THE TEARS.

36. GAMES WE PLAY.

WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY
WE PLAYED IN MANY WAYS,
COWBOYS, INJUNS, SOLDIERS
THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER DAYS.
AND WHEN WE KILLED EACH OTHER,
WE FELL DOWN ON THE FLOOR,
WE LAYY QUITE STILL, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED
GOT UP TO FIGHT ONCE MORE.

AFTER MANY YEARS HAD PASSED
WE'D GONE OUR SEPERATE WAYS,
BUILDERS, PLUMBERS, SOLDIERS,
WAS HOW WE EARNED OUR PAY.
WHEN SOMEONE SHOT OUR PLAYMATE
HE FELL DOW ON THE FLOOR,
HE LAY SO STILL AND LIFELESS
OUR FRIEND WOULD PLAY NO MORE.

AND AS WE LOOK BACK THROUGH THE YEARS
THOSE GAMES WE PLAYED BACK THEN,
BECAME A TRUE REALITY
WE'RE PLAYNG ONCE AGAIN.
THE GUNS AND BULLETS NOW ARE REAL
AND I DON'T WANT TO PLAY,
I WANT TO LIVE MY LIFE IN PEACE
TOMORROW AND TODAY.

37. THE WRONG QUEUE.

IS THERE SOME REASON
I ALWAYS GET
THE QUEUE THAT IS SLOWEST
I'M HELD UP AND YET
THE QUEUE WAS THE SHORTEST
ONE PERSON BEFORE
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME
AND GETTING A BORE,
I'VE EVEN TRIED CHANGING
AND STILL IT'S THE SAME
IT FEELS LIKE SOMEONE
IS PALYING A GAME,
THE QUEUE THAT I GO TO
COMES TO A HALT
THE QUEUE THAT I LEFT
MOVES WITHOUT FAULT,
WHY CAN'T I ONCE
JUST GO TO A QUEUE
WHERE NOTHING IS WRONG
AND MOVES SLOWLY THROUGH,
WHY SHOULD IT BE?
AND WHAT DID I DO?
TO ALWAYS BE IN
THE SLOW MOVING QUEUE?

38. WHO DECIDES?

WHO DECIDES MY DESTINY?
WHO DECIDES YOUR FATE?
AND WHO DECIDED YESTERDAY
TODAY WOULD BE TOO LATE?
TOMORROW SEEMS SO FAR AWAY
N DREAMS FOR ME AND YOU,
IT SEEMS WE REALLY HAVE NO SAY
IN WHAT IT IS WE DO.
WE THINK WE MAKE THE CHOICES
WHETHER RIGHT OR WRONG
BUT TAKE A LITTLE CLOSER LOOK
WHO CHOOSES ALL ALONG?

39. SPRINGTIME.

AS DARK CLOUDS GATHERED OVERHEAD
THE SUN BEGAN TO SHINE
A RAY OF HOPE WAS BEATING DOWN
WHICH MADE THE DAY FEEL FINE,
THE BIRDS WERE SINGING IN THE TREES
NOW SPRING WAS HERE ONCE MORE
THE WORLD WAS LOOKING GREAT AGAIN
JUST LIKE IT HAD BEFORE,
LEAVES WERE STARTING TO UNFURL
FLOWERS GAY AND BRIGHT
AND THOUGH THERE'S DARK CLOUDS OVERHEAD
THE WORLD'S A WONDROUS SIGHT.

40. THINKING.

HERE I SIT WITH PEN IN HAND
I WATCH THE WORLD GO BY,
AND THINK ABOUT TOMORROW
WATCH CLOUDS UP IN THE SKY.

HERE I SIT ALL BY MYSELF
I FEEL A SUMMER BREEZE,
AND THINK ABOUT TOMORROW
WATCH BIRDS UP IN THE TREES.

HERE I SIT AND PONDER
I WATCH THE SITTING SUN,
AND THINK ABOUT TOMORROW
THINK OF WHAT'S TO COME.

HERE I SIT WITH PEN IN HAND
I WATCH THE WORDS UNFOLD,
AND THINK ABOUT TOMORROW
AND ALL THAT I'VE BEEN TOLD.

HERE I SIT WITH PEN IN HAND
WITH STORIES TO BE TOLD,
I SHOULD JUST THINK ABOUT TODAY
BEFORE I GET TOO OLD.

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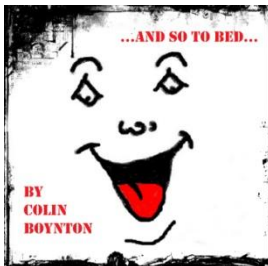
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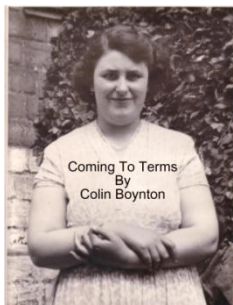
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