

In The Dark of Light

Anthology

by

“Silent Poet”

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Dedication

To the mysteries of life for what they are...



Preface:

Hidden thoughts are seldom heard...



Poetry has a way of forever capturing and committing them to eternity. Often in a world of chaos, escapism is the only solace for the mind. Born from dreams of “never be”, these poems capture the very essence of a hidden world far beyond the light of day - “Never Never Land” some might say...

Poetry Collection

Lonely Treasure

Just a lonely treasure
Forgotten through time
Never someone else's
Always secretly mine

Pondered over by many
Reading through each line
Trying to break the secret
Caught up in the rhyme

Hidden in the darkness
Kept away from light
Silly little treasure
Gives this king his might

Few will gather wisdom
Giving them insight
Yet none will ever master
Escaping from this plight

Plotted on a map
Hidden in some tree
Protected with a vigour
Only few will see

Some may share its riches
If they find the key
But they will always wonder
How it came to be

Conspire

In my gut,
A feeling stuck,
A burning desire!

Those thoughts were mine,
The thoughts of time,
These thoughts would not retire!

On my phone,
Some number known,
A call in peripeteia!

To hear that voice,
I would rejoice,
To feel that long lost fire!

So be it known,
You're not alone,
When wanting to conspire!

Imagine

Imagine two houses
Both belong to me
I can live in one or the other
But never simultaneously

Imagine two women
Both inspire me
To love one and the other
But never simultaneously

Imagine these morals
Both you must see
One can love women and live in houses
But never simultaneously

The Clock Game

Rule number 1
The game has begun

Rule number 2
Feelings come true

Rule number 3
We're never free

Rule number 4
You're never sure

Rule number 5
The soul's alive

Rule number 6
No silly tricks

Rule number 7
Fulfillment is heaven

Rule number 8
There's never a date

Rule number 9
Just toe the line

Rule number 10
It's just a game then

Rule number 11
Move back to 7

Rule number 12
Danger's the helve

This is never just a game
No round is ever the same

So just throw the dice
They're always cold as ice

Around the clock you've been
Where time stops can't be seen

Limerick

This is a story
About a man in his glory,
And the woman he loved to woe,

She chased him away,
Told him not today,
She had somewhere else to go,

He waited the time,
Then took out a dime
Dialed a number he did know,

She gave him a smile,
After all that while,
Said a party he should throw,

Then down on his knees,
He asked benefits please,
I want the fun to grow.

Need

I write you this letter,
Not knowing any better,
The barman has agreed.

Just please read along,
The words are strong,
But the best I have indeed.

A search on the net,
Made me think I should bet,
On the chance to fill some need.

Though kinky for some,
The meaning is fun,
Benefits come with greed.

May I ask for a date?
Promise not to be late,
Your expectations will exceed.

A Friend in Time

I dreamt of an honor
A knight in shining armor
Your prince, pauper and charmer

You absolved me of the deed
When you stole my snow white steed
Scoffed at my cries of wanton need

Then tried with desperation
To chase love's jubilation
Yet only met frustration

With some Déjà Vous
My soul got through
Love bade you adieu

The feelings to study
All became so muddy
As it changed to booty buddy

Now just try one more time
To be that friend of mine
With benefits so clandestine

Shrine

Just friendship or something pure
Benefits are few and far I'm sure
Drop a hint at coffee the cure
Sweet taste of cake the actual allure
Time to wait the endless endure
Passionate bruises color azure

Gentle curl of dark hair so fine
Spaced curiously round the passion line
Deep crevice I long to be mine
Rosy pink tempting space benign
Never endless the want I pine
Heavenly bliss my only shrine

Desire

So here we go with a poem again,
Not just the normal boring refrain.

Every day just a little chit and a chat
See how you feel about this or that.

This is really such a terror in disguise,
Too close together may cause our demise.

Every day feels like an eternity away
Yet accept that closer we can't sway

Now check some facts with tongue in cheek
How your body responds so slim and sleek

Moist on your palms when there's hint at a skirt
Is my talk just chirpy or do you think it's dirt?

That feeling of flushes so blush and so hot
Is it genuine interest or maybe just not?

What happens deep inside and how do you feel?
When touched by words maybe uttered for real

The senseless lust of a mid-aged man
Or just brutal desire of an eternal fan?

You tell me naught and I can't be sure
But deep in my gut I sense your allure

One gentle touch and stroke of a hand
Sure cause for strong resistance to disband

Sweet specious lips please bring them close
For in your ear I'll whisper feelings with gloze.

Lonely Plight

All alone in my hotel,
Time to waste is purely hell.
The wife thinks I want to be alone,
The kids say Dad please come home.

Love my job hate my trade,
Wish I'm farming with a spade.
Money's tight and jobs are few,
If life were over I'd start anew.

Now there's bills and rent to pay,
I'd much rather go out and play.
If only life were simple still,
Home could be a cabin against a hill.

Cooking fresh food on a fire,
Thoughts never worry to retire.
Miss me love while you still can,
Tomorrow comes I'm just a man.

Odd Old Poet

He's mad he's crazy he's just a fool
He doesn't understand there's no rule

He writes he chats he buys the lunch
He's totally stupid the odd one in the bunch

He waits he tries he goes away
He comes back strong without a sway

He cries he pines he writes a song
He longs for loving nine yards long

He asks he begs he hints at such
He says it plain he prays her Dutch

He hopes he holds he counts the days
He's the poet with his odd old ways.

Impossible Dream

Weekends come when weeks have gone
Tidy minds are soon undone
Endless churn of thoughts confused
Relentless burn of plans perused

Never not a second's time
Ever more a scrupulous rhyme
Played in fun a vivid thought
The life desire always distraught

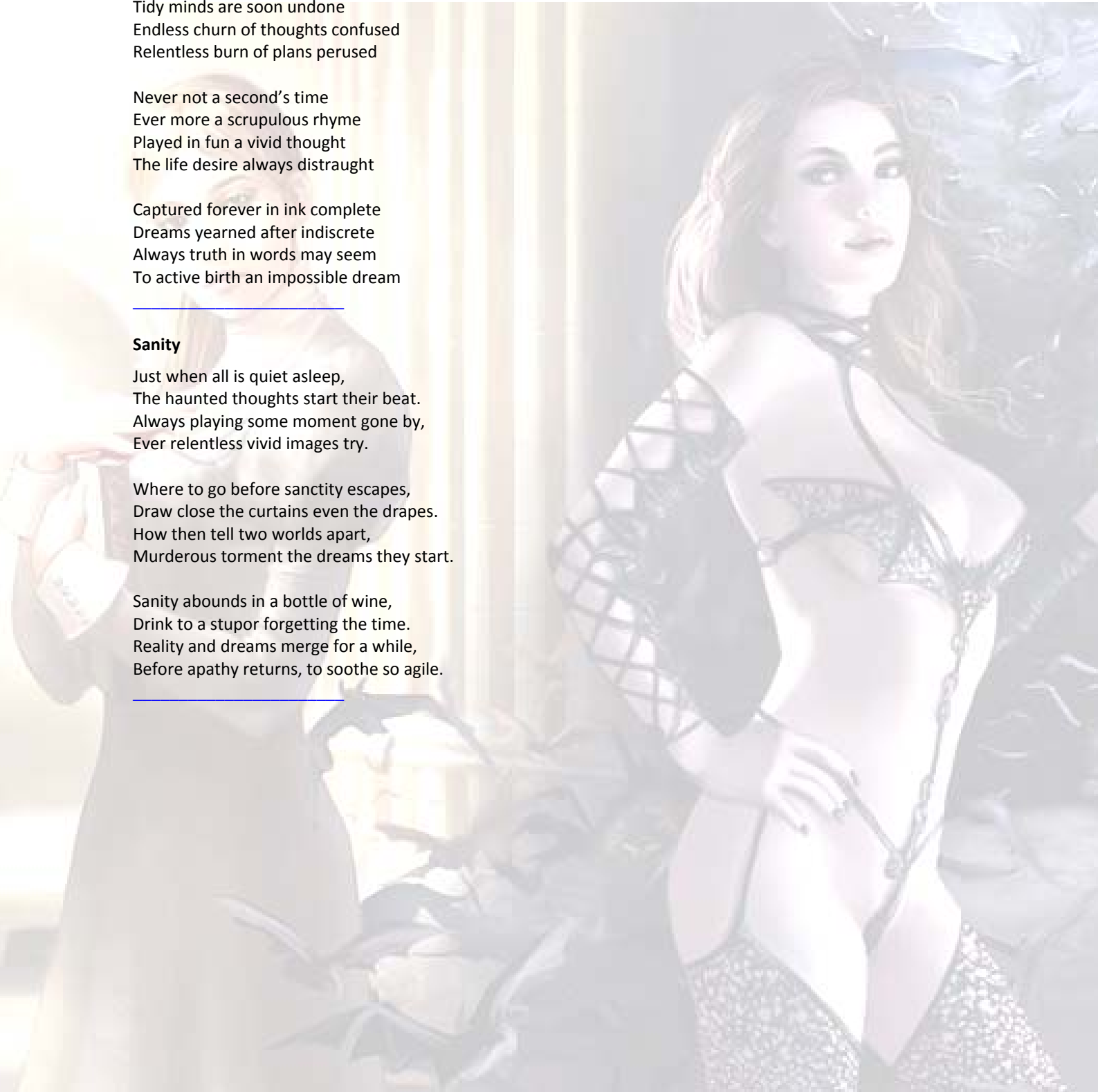
Captured forever in ink complete
Dreams yearned after indiscrete
Always truth in words may seem
To active birth an impossible dream

Sanity

Just when all is quiet asleep,
The haunted thoughts start their beat.
Always playing some moment gone by,
Ever relentless vivid images try.

Where to go before sanctity escapes,
Draw close the curtains even the drapes.
How then tell two worlds apart,
Murderous torment the dreams they start.

Sanity abounds in a bottle of wine,
Drink to a stupor forgetting the time.
Reality and dreams merge for a while,
Before apathy returns, to soothe so agile.



That Moment On

He fell for her and took a chance
Just playing by the rule
Where other men would care less
Just play her for the fool

She told him once or maybe twice
Spoke of other love she'd found
But to listen not was his mistake
Whilst trying to hang around

When off she went his world collapsed
To a song she sang for short duration
But he'd remember that song forever
Just from that moment on

So every time the radio spoke
He'd crank the volume up
And think back to that day
The day his heart broke up

The King

All the merry kings of old,
Had their mistresses on hold
Even old Henry VIII had his stake
Notice that he was my name sake
Why then should I be any different
Is this sense or just thoughts incoherent?

Now you've heard it all and the truth is out,
I've said my say and know that no doubt,
Whatever happens here our roads may divide
You with your choice and again I must abide
Consider the fact that hurt there could be,
Those folks close to us or still you and me.

But this need never ever be the case
Be discreet and handle a confidential pace
The laws in this country are ancient still
More than one wife, not a modern thrill!
Wait a minute, its cultural suicide
No European person may this override

So think back to the biblical lives
Remember the men with their multiple wives.
Then make this your final choice,
Listen for once to that suppressed voice.
For there can be no more silly change
Here our lives split or our love must exchange.

Utopia's Fool

Last night I reached the heights of Utopia
Tonight I've stumbled down the banks of "*Umopia*"!
My spirits were high; I'd finally shared the truth,
Now my feelings slump, I've reached emotional depths, s'truth!

Several years ago I was there,
Felt the feelings I couldn't bear!
Moved on in my life and began again,
Made one mistake, now I've revived the pain!

Can I tolerate all this rejection?
Not without some serious dejection!
Why am I so very stupid?
Confused by the feelings of Cupid!

Lead your life the way you wish,
I've given up offering love on a dish!
Never again will I go beyond,
Get close to someone, get so fond!

Leave me be I'm a miserable grouch,
Left to become a potato on the couch!
Move on you silly old dam fool,
Love will never let you play by the rule!

Where to next?

So where to now, my dear old friend?
Again the coffee, refresh the blend
Where then can I hold you tight?
Find a spot can't spend the night

Why do you blush when it's only me?
The silly guy it's plain to see
May I ask a brutal question?
Only if it's just a suggestion

Look the time is it getting late?
This is all so very straight
How then else can I read your mind?
Knowing each other is so far behind

How long have I towed the line?
Butterflies are now quite fine
Keep my feelings in a coop?
Just a never ending loop!

Bottom Line

Never a chance to talk to you any more,
Whatever I say is just a bore..!
You no longer me adore,
Your feelings are always sore..!

We were so close and yet so far away,
Never closer but further we had to stray,
Your opinion I tried to sway,
But your own ideas kept that at bay,

In a way you are right,
But I'm left feeling in a plight,
Never seeing your own true sight,
Always believing in destiny's might!

What we want will never be,
Such a pity there's no more for me,
You are weary and you spot the plot,
I'm just dreary and don't care a lot.

I'm tired of drinking just coffee and tea,
I want more as you can see.
But you are clever and keep us safe,
So that I'm protected, from rubbing chafe.

God bless you Mistress Dear,
My time is drawing near,
I can't continue on this whim,
You've made it clear my thoughts are sin!

My Fire

Stare into the fire,
It's hot but it's cold.
Watch the burning embers,
The heat grows old.

With each flame,
A memory told.
Another dying thought,
The past behold.

Inviting glow,
My hearts enfold.
Lost to love,
But never remold.

Missing much,
Claims are bold.
Dreams to touch,
Never go gold.

In Hindsight

So there I sit with an awful grin
Thinking to me it's such a sin
How much pain this love has bin
The fun is out but was never in

And I wonder about the pain
There in fine weather or rain
Not quite insanity but never sane
Yearning love but trying to abstain

The count goes on one two three
Better times there has to be
But where is the wisdom tree
How else into the future see?

And I wonder hard and long
Where did this love go wrong?
Why did it not grow strong?
Was it all because of one song?

Believe not rubbish the words cry loud
So many dustbins what a crowd
Keeping emotions in a shroud
Always holding the pose proud

Tonight someone wonders too
Feelings held close color blue
In hindsight so simple to do
Silly mistake and all fell through.

Touched by Chocolate

Touched by chocolate's heavenly taste

Such a sensual delight none to waste

In tingling ecstasy the feelings baste

Absolute pleasure mixed in the paste

Years of patience with no real haste

To final admission so warm and chaste

Yearnings

Stare into eyes
So what do we do?
Sip a coffee maybe
Or sun downer too?

Then maybe a lodge
With bedroom bright
Just two in bed
Stay overnight

What would you say?
But then you don't say much
How could we manage?
Somehow keep in touch?

I'm giving up on rhyme
Just makes me ache
It doesn't save time
You willfully to take

Where when how
Does it happen for us?
I ask you now
Do you think it's adulterous?

In the Past

Peace and quiet,
A glass of wine.
Just the silence
It feels fine.

Stoke the fire
Get more flame
Burning embers,
The heat is tame.

Thoughts of wonder,
The air is still,
Now and then,
Some cricket shrill.

Light the pipe,
Gentle puff,
Sip the grape,
Splendid stuff.

Then just relax,
Think of some.
A glow of warmth,
Old memories come.

Wondering

I thought of you this weekend
Every single step of the way
Conjuring up images
Too vivid to portray

In and out my mind
You darted serene
Smiling gently
Then leaving the scene

I wanted you then
As I want you now
Forgetting my bonds
Neglecting my vow

Always wondering
How it would be
If you were something other
Than a beneficial friend to me

We have not chatted
Or discussed this complete
And still I wonder
Are you my honey-sweet?

Prison

The strange sensation of prison
Where freedom's between the walls
Roam around as far as you want
You're always confined to stalls

Living life on memory alone
Never getting anywhere close
To those you love and those you want
Your feelings to see disclose

Then now and then the time is right
For visitors you to see
And so you sit and touch the glass
Wishing it away with glee

Somehow things just seem the same
When it comes to thinking of you
Wondering for just how long
Before my sentence is through

Break me out of stronghold now
My heart's soul to me redeem
I've served my repentance surely
Such an eternity it does seem

Get Together

So where to then,
My Dearest Friend.
You're snowed under,
Your days are spent

No time to greet,
A simple "hello".
Rushed off your feet,
Too many places to go.

Do you think we'll meet?
In the dusk of day?
At which place,
If ask I may?

Sadly

Sadly disappointed
Was I tonight!
Golden opportunity
To ease our plight!

You out to party
Until the break of dawn
Me not expected home
Till tomorrow morn!

No urge for drink
Or boring talk
I heard you saying
Take a walk!

Shocking news
You gave me then
Call you tomorrow
I'm home again!

So is our story
It never ends
You playing games
About us being friends!

Leading me on
Saying sweet things
Letting me dream
About fun lashings!

Again I ask
Now tongue in cheek
Where to next
For this silly geek!

No more sweet talk

Slowly walking down the road,
Not looking back for fear of scold.
My time has come to wave adieu
I'm not wanted any longer over here.

A tear rolls slowly down my cheek,
I'll mourn the emptiness through every week.
No more chat or planning fun,
Warmth comes only from a waning sun.

Why feel so lost like I've done wrong,
When all I tried was to get along?
No forgiveness for what I thought was right,
Just a sense of loss, for what should be bright.

Dealt a hand which I played straight,
The rules were meant to arbitrate.
Yet no more cards were given me,
Just play the game ostensibly.

Now the sounds of the tolling bell,
Warn of future time in eternal hell.
After a calling of religious believing,
That finally my heartfelt pain was relieving.

A Truth

There is a truth I've carried for years,
Never disclosed for relevant fears,

In this world I have a darling wife
But in my dreams I have another life.

Born to a destiny of torturous time
My only relief to express in rhyme

By light of day I seem so sane
Where at night I dream in vain

Decisions of choice I face each day
With choices made I live my way

Always wondering about the what if
The decision was different life would give.

How to turn the tables around
So that life can with happiness abound

Mona Lisa

Lady of my heart
Put there from the start
With mesmerizing smile
Lingering all the while

Elegant glow in light
Seductive love at night
Never failing to inspire
My poetic word attire

See the perfect painting
Keep my mind from fainting
Blending into one
The time is finally come

Can she lift the cover?
Become my destined lover
Freeing me from ancient
Tests of being patient

Love in a Box

All of it together,
Wrapped up in a box
Love and splendid weather
Rowing I'm the Cox

Thunder clouds above
Start the stormy sea
Give the boat a shove
Can you hear my plea?

Windy fiery omen
Peace a paradox
Nausea my abdomen
Poison to detox

Stranded on the shore
Survival is the glee
Wrapping up's a chore
Sentiment comes free

Lonely Supper

Noticeable with despair
The chair opposite
The table is spare
An absence conspicuous
No company to declare

The void so bare,
No life presence
Visible over there
Dauntingly testing
The barren stare

Picture of a face,
In that very obvious
Loud empty space
Begging graceful presence
To fill the sullen place

Haunting thoughts race
Echoing lonely
Confused mind embrace
Tempting a conscience
Into elegant disgrace

Marking on the beat
The music lulls
To bitter-sweet
Whilst a clock ticks
Closer to retreat

Think I'll Like It.

So you're about to consent
To the thing you should not
Whilst I think I'm content,
Somehow my collar feels hot

Just as the puppy gives chase
Like a fine horse at the Ascot
Still the butterflies' race
Around in my tummy a lot

For the moment I've wanted
Now draws nearer so close
And my heart is enchanted
By the devil's diabolos

Photo Stare

Staring at her photo
Wandering what to say
A thousand years have gone by
We're no closer now today

Distance can be crippling
Voids are made to stay
Souls have their thoughts
Others get to play

Constant tortured yearning
Not wanting to allay
Endearing mated friendship
Moulded into clay

Chances of some future
Daring to parlay
Love can be a winner
Shared in roundelay

Refrain:

Memories of gentle touch
Never close but missing much
Feelings get out of touch
Separate lives are always such

Sad Cunning

So sad to see,
That you won't read.
No matter how,
I try to plead.

I've left it long,
But alas I concede,
You're too strong,
For the answer I need.

Leave it then,
To cry the creed.
The time is up,
My words to heed.

You duck and dive,
So cunning indeed.
Evading the topic,
Leaving me aggrieved.

Wilful Mind

I sat and thought
Yet thought hard and strong
I wondered nought
Yet I wondered long

My mind raced back
Yet raced insane
My nerves were slack
Yet caused me pain

We had so little
Yet little was good
We felt so brittle
Yet strong as wood

And now we think
Yet think we may
And ponder in ink
Yet in ink it must stay

Spy and Spy

One small secret and forever a spy
A lonely life when eventually you die
Keeping track of what's gone by
Trying to catch forever they try

Never close if the cover's good
Brush the trail one always should
Carving marks in urban wood
Stealthily cloaked in neutral hood

And so the game just mulls around
Never winning and never sound
Onward destined always bound
Hoping never to be found...

Timeless Friendships

Life often leads us on a way
Which makes no sense till a certain day
Upon which we stand and backwards reflect
To utmost certainty a reason detect

With always many people around
Seldom then true friends are found
And here my friends, I rest my case
Arguing with society is not my place

But know ye this and this holds true
Only friends for friends come through
Whenever someone needs something
One true friend becomes a king

The years they come and some have gone
Sometimes empty and very alone
But always somewhere is one who stays
A true friend who's there for always.

Little Candy Store

Many times this day before,
Been shopping for candy.
Either not enough money,
Or it didn't look dandy.

Then the other day,
Happened past a store.
Knew the shopkeeper,
From way before.

Checked on the weather,
Made some idle chit-chat.
Got offered some candy,
Just had to have that.

Pure taste from heaven,
Manna's the more.
Glad to have found,
That sweet candy store.

At the end of life's long road

Now here's a story about two spirits free
The one is you and the other is me.
Cast your mind back very long ago
We were kids then starting to grow

And so the time just passed us by
Never a chance for feelings to try
You went your way and I went mine
Time was passing by oh just fine

But memories are the strangest thing
They never let up on most anything
Whilst destiny takes two roads apart
To map them back to a crossing start

So ask yourself why such a twist
Yet seek no reason for this list
For one day when our time must come
We'll be glad we enjoyed the sun.

There's a thought that comes to mind
It's one of gratitude and that in kind
Where one must live each moment full
To never look back and regret life dull

Glossary

allure (2|ɥ2´)

v.t.

1 to attract or tempt by the offer of some real or apparent good.

2 to entice.

3 to fascinate, to charm.

~ *n.*

charm, sex appeal.

[OF *alurer*, *aleurrer* (à, to, *leurrer*, to lure)]

coop1 (koop)

n.

1 a cage or small enclosure for poultry or small animals.

2 a confined space, esp. a prison or prison cell.

3 a wickerwork trap for catching eels etc.

~ *v.t.*

to confine in or as if in a coop (often with up, in).

[ME *cupe*, a basket, perh. from L *cupa*, a lute, a cask]

cox (koks)

n.

in rowing, the person who steers for a crew in a race.

diabolo (diabɪl,)

n. (*pl.* **diabolos**)

a game with a double cone spun in the air by a cord on two sticks, an adaptation of the old game of the devil on two sticks.

[a recent formation from L *diabolus*, devil]

dutch (d1½ch)

n.

(*Cockney sl.*) a wife.

[perh. short for duchess]

helve (helv)

n.

the handle of a weapon or tool.

~ *v.t.*

to fit a helve to.

[OE *helfe* (cp. MDut. *helve*), cogn. with halter1]

specious (spɕ´sh²s)

a.

1 apparently, but not actually, right or fair, plausible (*specious arguments*).

2 deceptively pleasing to the eye, showy.

speciosity (-shios´-), **speciousness**

n.

speciously

adv.

[F *spécieux*, L *speciosus*, from *specere*, to see]

gloze (glɤz)

v.t.

1 to explain away, to palliate, to extenuate.

2 †to explain by note or comment.

3 †to flatter, to wheedle.

~ *v.i.*

1 to comment.

2 †to use flattery.

~ *n.*

1 flattery, wheedling.

2 specious show.

3 †a gloss, a comment.

4 (*pl.*) †specious talk.

†to **gloze over** to explain away.

[F *gloser*, from *glose*, gloss2]

peripeteia (peripitē'z)

n.

a reversal of circumstances or sudden change of fortune in a play or in life.
[Gr. *pet-*, stem of *piptein*, to fall]

