

10 POEMS

THE FIRST

DAVID CAMMEGH

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Over the last few years I have written many poems (many more than I thought), and they became very popular on my website – *davidcammegh.com*.

Recently, however, other things have replaced my poetic creativity (probably temporarily) and so I have decided to use this ‘empty’ period as far as poetry is concerned to give you a series of small books, such as this one, each containing 10 poems.

They will appear in chronological order – as best as I can remember.

This book starts with a poem called *A Quest In Autumn*, which was first drafted in 1995. The following ones are more recent, but you can see a definite process of thinking unravelling before your eyes.

Finally, upon re-reading these poems (I don’t re-read my poems – I just write them and that is that) I was surprised at how much they reflected what I was not only going through, but what I would be going through – something I can only now verify.

Anyway, enjoy them. You should find plenty to think about, feel about and be inspired by.

David Cammegh 1st June 2009

A QUEST IN AUTUMN

The trees with the fluttering leaves,
Mighty with silent ease
Against the loneliest fly,
Left in a golden peach to die.

Then, with the day gone and night begun,
The stormy sky answers none,
A lonely man with questions to ask
Falls silently upon his difficult task.

But the windy air with tongues of rain
Is never enough to remove the pain,
So try he must to battle on,
Sighing deeply with confusion.

Stuck in the woods beneath the bough,
His heart the questions does not allow,
But slowly the torment will come to an end,
And the morning sun peace will lend.

With spirit emboldened by the strife,
Enriched he advances into life,
Leaving behind the lonely fly,
Trapped in its golden peach to die.

SITTING BY A COFFEE AS THE RIVER FLOWS BY

A newspaper and a coffee,
The scented sun pours down,
As the scarlet flowers weave,
And wave beneath the breeze around,
And my mind has tripped me again -
A plan has gone awry,
In the past they would cry,
But now they can see
That I'm not altogether me:
I'm a twist of a mood,
A flutter of a whim,
A reaction to tasty food,
Or a soft impression on red skin,
Or the river flowing by,
As it reflects the changing sky;
So I'll write this on paper,
And I'll see you goodbye later;
Meanwhile I'll read this newspaper,
With its well-written stories,
About shooting star wonders and celebrity glory.

HILARY

Hilary said she was the tallest man in the world,
Yet she was a man,
With the wrong-sized hands,
And delicious cake,
Wrapped up in a bag,
With lots of pastry flakes,
And a fluttering mind of lost birds,
As they went to and fro,
And thus she slept soundly beneath a short tree,
With much confusion over her sexual identity.

I WISH I WAS A RABBIT

I wish I was a rabbit,
Yes I do!
Yes I do!
I wish I was a rabbit,
Yes, yes, I do!

I could peddle my way
Through burrows and holes
On my red tricycle,
So that I could hear other rabbits say
That they don't want to be moles,
Who are so round,
With big fat hands,
While never making a sound,
As they go walking,
Walking slowly underground.

A WALK IN THE WOODS

Walking through the woods,
There's a gale in my ear,
As cold air's going through my hair,
And my mind's full of those slim moments
With that girl and her soft face.

There's a still picture in my heart,
A split second in my life,
That affects so many days,
And leaves me in a haze,
When she gave me a trace,
Of love, and her eyes told it with grace,
As the sun sprays
Through the twigs on the trees,
And the ice over the puddles breaks
Beneath my feet.

Then there's a man and his gun,
And my love falls with a twist,
As a bird dies in full flight;
The wind blows my hands into a fist,
And a rabbit is killed as it runs,
Before being picked up in a dog's bite;
And the mirror in my mind
Is on the wall,
Reflecting what I don't like,
Don't like at all,
As the sleet begins to fall
From wrestling clouds in a squall.

There's a great muddy hill,
With chalky stones and green;
It's so steep it invigorates or kills,
And in a bush to my left,
A bird takes off,
Terrified of its death;
But I just go on,
Now excited about the sun
That opens the clouds
Over the woods above;
I'm smiling now
She's definitely gone.

NEW WOMAN

Ah! Woman!
You're so strapped
In your lovely new car,
That you're trapped,
Like a wasp in hot tar,
With your children
Running to and fro,
Like wounded hens,
With blood in the snow.

The passions that lay in your bed
Are now long gone and lost;
They are words just said,
Dusted down in the frost,
Where are your polished dreams
That fluttered past you so fast
In strawberries and cream
Where wedding vows last?

A tears-stricken face,
Like a haunted windowpane,
With rain rolling down in a race,
A one way trip to that cold, muddy lane,
But the deeds are now done,
And you're not free to run,
So sit quietly in the sun,
And think what you have done.

BY THE RIVER BANK

As she unwraps her life,
Watching the passing skies,
Offering the picnic pies,
Smiling at the May flies,
On the river bank she sighs,
What in the future lies?

Visions of the endless sun,
Cooled by the breathing moon,
For old age has come,
As youth goes too soon,
Then Death and his broom,
Sweeps her out of the room.

A MORAL TALE

I have been taught to fight,
To stand up for what's right,
Then the man who said,
Go deep into the head
To find the sense inside,
Where it's all in the mind,
So I changed my ways,
And sought a flurry of days
On the snowy hills of God,
Where I found a blue lightning rod,
And in a blazing moment of sight
I saw that what's wrong could be right.

THE FAMILY OF FATE

The boy moans his pain,
As his father watches on,
They say he's insane,
But he can't even run,
And the mother sees her hopes,
Sitting caged by her side,
Too responsible for dope,
She has nowhere to hide;
Life's anvil is unforgiving,
And we are shaped by and by;
Our choices in living,
Can make it easy to die.

THE TOWER

I built a stone tower around me,
And I believed in its walls;
They reached up to the sky,
But now around me they fall.

I tried my best to hold it together,
Went to the doctor to fix my face,
To make me look much younger,
Bend the rules of the human race.

I grasped my oil paintings
Of ideas and visions I had,
But I never had good ratings,
Everyone said they were bad.

There was far too much to grip,
As my life fell around me,
And down the cliff it slipped,
Into a black bubbling sea.

If I tried to hold on much longer,
I would have tumbled there too,
But letting go made me stronger,
And now I have nothing to do.

So I stand with the mocking wind,
As it hurls ice into my eyes,
My thick hair has thinned,
Now I know every man dies.

So I'll sit still and wait,
No more building for me,
I see it's never too late,
To let the sun shine for free.