

## Poetry from the light

Welcome to the **NO FRILLS** site of Anthony Taylor's Poetry;

A collection of verse no worse than the worst and no better than the best!

You are visitor number 1!!!! (just kidding - maybe!)

When you click on a link a new window (with just the text of the poem in it) will be created so when you have finished reading it just kill it!

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## BIO



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Went to New Zealand 1984 and am now in Japan

# Ode To Energy

13 December 1993

You are my Sun  
You are my Earth  
I am of you  
You gave me birth

You are the Light  
That burns so bright  
The reason why  
We live and die

You are the masses  
That make my mind  
You are the genes  
That make my kind  
You are the reason  
For all, I find

You are the waves  
You are the ocean  
You are the moon  
You make the motion  
To yourself  
You have attraction  
You make Space-Time  
A valid notion

You are the logic  
In my Universe  
It is you  
**Energy**  
To whom I write this verse



# I wrote it in the sand 1995

I had some food,  
Some food for thought.  
I had some food,  
That nobody sought.

I went to a publisher,  
And said: "I have written thus."  
She said: "We won't call you,  
So don't call us."

I went and showed it,  
I showed it to a friend.  
He said: "It has meaning,  
But for what end?"

I went to tell this,  
To tell it to my kin.  
I knocked on the door,  
But no-one was in.

I went to my computer,  
And ran its programme "why".  
I talked to it for hours,  
But it gave no reply.

So I went to the beach,  
And I wrote it in the sand,  
And the sea and earth around me  
Said: "Yes I understand!"

# Zambezi Thunder

(the number of syllables decreases every 4th line, so the poem is sure to end!)

The skeletons of the trees

Silhouette close by the shore

As dusk creeps; the dancing breeze

Shivers their leaves no more

The Sun melts in the lake

As if they were as one

Turning Earth leaves its wake

Soon the Sun is gone

The crocodile eyes

Shining from below

The twinkling stars rise

They know no woe

So beautiful

Place of wonder

Living jewel

Asunder

Damned to be

Kariba

Zambezi

Thunder

# **TO BE FREE AND NOT TO BE**

**If we are free are we determined to be so?**

**If we are not is it determined we'll see so?**

**Its probably both, it couldn't be neither**

**It doesn't have to be, but it might be either**

Now we look into the Future through the Spectacles of the Past

Knowing that our Time is moving rather fast,....

We hasten to discover; no "thing" is everlasting

Everything is on the move and only "is" in passing!

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# ORIGINAL

There was a young lady named Bright  
Who's speed was far faster than light  
She set out one day  
In a relative way  
And returned the previous night

Anon

# REPLY 1995

This young lady who's name was Bright  
Went to see herself in the night  
Not expecting any company  
Suprised herself *ad infinity*  
And woke up in broad day light

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# Does a poet have to be poor? Dec 1994

Does a poet have to be poor  
To find the inspiration to write some more?  
If not then does it take some great skill  
To live in luxury, not leave a negative will?

Pumping out verse according to pattern,  
Adding a phrase or two in latin?  
I can do without sheets of satin!

All I wish is the shade of a tree  
To look out at the world, to write what I see,  
But everything, everything, comes with a fee!

There is no shade where I may lurk.  
There are things that no one may shirk  
The only answer is to work!!!

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# This first Sonnet

This first sonnet that I write

"Made up of fourteen iambic pentameter lines

An octave and a sestet" the academic whines

(is of the italian or petrarchan form) introduced by Sir Thomas Wyatt

Supposed to challenge the technical insight

Of the poets it entwines

To continue to write its lines

So the sacred sonnet sees the light

Now the rhyming changes fast

Into another rhythm

Will this Sonnet be my last

Or will I change on whim

For since I began a long time has past

And this my first is pretty grim.

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# Freedom And Responsibility

Our freedom is from choice

At any time we have a choice of what to do

The choices we make

I.e. The action we do

Determines the choices

We face in the future

Even if we could have complete control of the future,

Which we don't, the choices we first face are not of our making, and are in fact,

Beyond control.

We are a product of others like us

Our choices may be determined by them

My existence depended on others freedom,

I.e. The choices made by others doing what people had done since other things determined their first choices

Our freedom therefore relies on our potential for action, we can only act one way at one time

And there are many possibilities

You can only follow one path at one time

But there are many forks and crossroads

Many things are beyond our control

The past has been determined, our freedom in the future is determined by what we do now.

Decisions that restrict your future choices are bad

Decisions that increase the choices are good

Freedom is our responsibility

# THE CFC's

The CFC's that we eject

All contribute

To the greenhouse effect

What also helps

Is the CO<sub>2</sub>

That comes out alot

From me and you

What we are doing

Is quite MAD

What we are not

Is quite sad ):

In the name of progress

We are making a mess

We don't really care

If we pollute our air....

Our resources are going

At the blink of an eye

And nobody nobody

can tell me why!!!!

# The Trees Still Fall

The trees still fall ,  
though we don't hear,  
the death of diversity  
as the rainforest  
is raped and burned  
and stomped and shit upon  
by the burger beasts  
feeding hungry  
growing economies  
  
'cept the occasional crackle  
of the fire that burns  
to keep us warm  
or when we wish for luck  
touch wood  
as we inhale the smoke

# Lament for Love

I love a lady

So sweet and kind

She is the one

I hoped to find!

I dare not say

I feel this way

For the lady is my friend

And if I speak the truth to her

I'm afraid that this might end!

I love her so

Oh, how I love her!

But

You see

She loves another.

So I lament

And hide the pain

Of the love I can't express

I may appear quite calm outside,

But inside I'm quite a mess!

# Feelings

If I have feelings

you do not share

they're not meaningless,

just less meaning full.

Like glass is to diamonds:

both you see through/transparent

yet one more rare and lasting.

If you have feelings

I do not share,

Should I take care,

or advantage of you dear?

As we shine through our glass windows

hoping to see another catch our rays

reflecting

diamonds cut glass

into more windows

or shatters them

into pieces

to be forged

by the heat of other

feelings.

# Orbit

Sometimes you come

Close to me

So close

I feel your breath

On my face

And hear your heartbeat

Like my own.

Sometimes you go

Far from me

So far

I only feel

You linger

Deep in my being

Attracting

Orbit.

# Heart

Wherever

It is

Squashed

Like a melon or a lemon

Soft and pulpy

Easily

.....

As ever

It takes

Time

Like a fruit or a root

To grow and yield

Ages

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# I Saw A Bee

I saw a bee land on a flower

And many more before the hour

I followed them and wondered why

They flew about up in the sky

To now and then decide to land

On a flower and not on sand.

Through the clouds a sunshine ray

Lit up a hive across the way

They came and went - to and fro

All busy bees on the go.

I opened up their hive to see

Flowers and bees make..... honey

There was a time it was sublime

When everything began to rhyme

The Sun and Moon did dance a tune

The Earth began to swing

DNA came into play

And Life began to sing.

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The earth goes spinning

Round and round

So the sun goes up down

And the day turns into night

And the moon reflects its light.

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I am only human

That is me

With my faults is my humanity

It is a privilege to be

A passing part of immortality

I have walked the earth

And touched the sky

And now its time to say goodbye

Even when the Sun is gone

Other things will still go on

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# In the pit of Ignorance

You do not even know when you are there,

You do not even care,

Because you are happy in there.

Where?

In the pit of ignorance!

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There are troubled times

when

things

work

the

way

you

wish

they

would

not

There are troubled times

when

You

do

the

things

you

know

you

should

not

There are troubled times

when

you

thought

you

knew

what

to

do

There are troubled times

when

you

think

you

know

what

to

do

There are troubled times

when

you

do

what

you

know

to

be

bad

There are troubled times

and

you

know

they're

here

when

you're

sad

I prefer to defer

all decision I envision

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# The Pessimist 1989

When people say "Good Morning"  
To them I'd like to say:  
"What's so bloody good about it,  
It's just another day."

But I smile and nod my head,  
More often than as not.  
I smile and to myself,  
I say "Yes, he's talking rot."

What's so good about today?  
It's just a bloody curse.  
What's so bloody good about it?  
It's damned well getting worse.

Just look at your good sky,  
Yes, look in the south.  
You tell me they aren't rainclouds-  
Just open your bloody mouth!

Good morning is what was said,  
That's damned optimistic.  
Well I opened my eyes,  
And I'm pessimistic.

## II

You think of today,  
Yes, how good it's going to be.  
I think of tommorow,  
Bloody miserably.

You wish you were older;  
I wish I wasn't born.  
You'll wish you were young,  
When I'll be growing lawn.

People make a place,  
People make a dump.  
Go find a building,  
Go and bloody jump

Yes, go and find a church,  
Go, jump off the steeple.  
This place would be great,  
If it weren't for all the people.

What are you so happy for?  
Don't give me that smile you ooze.  
Because in the game of life,  
We're all going to bloody lose.

You can close your eyes and dream,  
Yes, and be an optimist.  
I'll keep mine bloody open,  
And be a pessimist!

## Termination

By now, you must wish,  
That I was damned well dead.  
Good thinking, but I can't change,  
The truth of everything I've said.

I hope though; I have inspired you,  
And got your mind out of the mist.  
I hope I've prejudiced you,  
Against being an optimist.

THE MISTAKE HAS BEEN MADE, BUT I REASSURE YOU, **I'M NOT A BLOODY PESSIMIST!**  
Have a good day, it could be your last!

# Where is my country? 1996

Oh where is my country,  
is it where I was born,  
and what if that country  
does not want me no more?

Oh where is my country,  
is it now where I live?  
Where I'm known where I came from  
from where I was born

Oh where is my country,  
Is it where I own land?  
For I have none at all  
none to speak of as mine

Oh where is my country  
Is is where my ancestors were  
or where their's were or their's  
or their's were or their's?

My country I tell you  
is where yours is to find  
Your country too  
Is all in the mind.