

Poetry Series

**ivor or ivor.e hogg  
- poems -**

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## ivor or ivor.e hogg(7/4/1934)

Ex airman Ex policeman ex social worker etc  
rather varied career pattern

Married second time around to a poetess artist and musician

two daughters one son two step sons 10

grandchildren between us spread all over the globe

Interests reading and writing poetry Reading sci fi and ritive religion Re  
incarnation and Psi in general

Retired and busier than I have ever been

# 100% Fatal

I suffer from a malady.  
which is slowly killing me.  
There's no known cause nor any cure.  
Its something which I must endure.

A disease universally  
accepted reluctantly  
As affecting every race  
A truth that everyone must face.

We're born to live a while than die.  
Its only when the end draws nigh.  
That we review the life we've led,  
what we could have done instead.

If we had known what we now know.  
When we were young so long ago.  
Would we have done things differently?  
We cannot say with certainty.

Our lives are ruled by circumstance.  
We roll the dice and take our chance.  
Sometimes we win, sometimes we lose  
complaining is of little use.

We can't opt out refuse to play  
the game continues anyway.  
Why are we born only to die.  
There has to be a reason why.

A part of some great master plan  
too complex for the mind of man  
to grasp in it's entirety.  
Embracing all impartially.

Wednesday, 18 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Blooming Shame

Still fields of scarlet poppies blow  
on long abandoned battle fields.  
The bones of dead men hid below  
will feed their roots increasing yields.

The few survivors are now all dead.  
Rejoined the comrades that they knew.  
So we remember in their stead.  
The many who salute the few.

Now Patch is dead he was the last  
veteran who survived the war  
A living relic from the past  
who lived a hundred years and more.

There is no one left who can recall  
the muddy trenches and the gas.  
The pain of seeing comrades fall.  
He watched the long years slowly pass.

He never sought publicity.  
He was a very private man  
but became a celebrity  
The last surviving veteran.

Each year the scarlet poppies grow  
On Flanders Fields abundantly  
The countless dead who lie below  
Have earned their place in history.

By foolish useless sacrifice  
They gave their lives to end all war  
I think they paid too high a price.  
The world is as it was before.

Men are still killing other men  
but now much more efficiently  
Each year we fail to learn again  
the lessons taught by history.

There are no winners in a war.  
There never was nor will there be.  
But men will fight for evermore.  
It's human nature seemingly.

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# A Change Is Called For.

A change is called for.

We always tend to over cater  
And eat the leftovers later  
Until we're sick to death of them  
This year a different stratagem  
We shall dine out on Christmas day  
It will be worth the price we pay  
No washing up which must be done.  
We can relax and just have fun  
Probably drink a glass or two  
Of our very favourite brew  
My lady likes bubbles in her wine  
But I prefer the taste of mine  
Good old fashioned bitter beer.  
In this we differ always I fear  
It matters not for we have got.  
A sufficient supply of both  
To meet our needs and nothing loathe.  
We'll drink a toast to absent friends  
To friendships which will never end  
To friends who we may never meet  
We could walk past them on the street  
We will still drink to their good health  
and wish them health and happiness  
We will succumb eventually  
And fall asleep on the settee.

Tuesday, 13 December 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Cushy Billet.

Lunatic sonnet.

Psychiatrists have labelled me,  
In doing so have set me free  
From all responsibility.  
I need not worry any more.  
All of my needs are catered for.  
I laugh until my sides are sore.  
Although they keep me close confined.  
To tell the truth I do not mind.  
I left my troubles all behind.  
When I was certified insane  
I lose much less than what I gain.  
I need not ever work again.  
I live in idle luxury  
My every want provided free.

Monday, 15 August 2011

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# A Cynics View A Rant

Religion is about control.  
Although they claim to save your soul.  
The truth is it's a power game  
the priests of all creeds are the same.

Although the priests may well protest.  
Your soul's of little interest.  
They want to tell you what to do.  
If you believe their words are true

you will obey like silly sheep  
Instead of walking you will creep.  
Obey the rules they give to you  
Exactly as they want you to

I am quite certain some believe  
that what they promise they achieve  
Because for you they intercede  
Your place in heaven's guaranteed

Another trick which they all use  
The threat of Hell if you refuse  
to believe all the words they say  
That their way is the only way.

They label me a heretic  
Because I know what makes them tick.  
To most it's just a power game  
a way to achieve lasting fame.

They do not practice what they preach  
and disbelieve the things they teach.  
you may say I am cynical  
but I reply I'm practical.

Their prime objective is to rise  
as high up in their hierarchies  
as it is possible to do.

Except perhaps for very few.

The godly men of every creed  
Who do their best to meet the need  
Of those who follow faithfully  
and count no man an enemy.

11-Jan-09

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# A Dad

Any fool can be a father.  
It takes a man to be a Dad.  
Though some fellows would much rather  
play the field as Jack the Lad.  
Take their pleasure where they can  
avoid responsibility  
The lack the guts to be a man  
despite their masculinity.  
Real Dads are made of sterner stuff.  
Take their duties seriously  
stay steadfast when the goings tough  
and always try their best to be.  
The kind of Dad who's firm but fair.  
But best of all He's always there.

7-Sep-08

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# A Different Song For Friend Howard

Highways, byways and motorways  
are very much the same to me.  
I much prefer the bridle ways  
Those quiet lanes are traffic free.

I care not where the path may lead.  
I stroll along at my own pace.  
I'm free from any need for speed  
I am quite happy to retrace

my steps. Should I mistake  
the path I follow get it wrong  
What does it matter if I take?  
a shortcut which proves to be long.

I opted out of life's rat race.  
I am at no mans beck and call  
I choose my way and choose my pace  
and don't regret my choice at all.

I live my life free from all stress  
I only have myself to please.  
No time constraints to cause distress.  
I freed myself from that disease.

Time does not matter not to me  
I thought it did but I was wrong.  
At last I am completely free  
To listen to a different song.

14-Nov-08

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# A Dog's Tale For M' Lady Ernestine

A dog's tale

A small dog shows his loyalty  
he sleeps beside his master grave.  
By his own choice he is quite free  
to seek the home he does not have.

He leaves his post by morning light  
and sallies forth in search of food.  
Where he is greeted with delight  
by children from the neighbourhood.

Polite and friendly he'll accept  
what ever scraps may come his way.  
The people know by night he slept  
beside his masters grave, he lay.

This duty although self imposed  
he carried out until he died  
Though no one at that time supposed  
his fame would spread, become world wide.

Granted freedom of the city  
by order of the Lord Provost.  
A reward for his constancy  
an honour very few can boast.

Epitome of loyalty  
this small dog earned his world wide fame.  
By keeping vigil faithfully.  
Grey Friars Bobby was his name.

His statue stands for all to see.  
Today keeps vigil in his stead  
but Bobby has gone hopefully  
to lie beside his master's bed.

The tourists come from far and wide

to view his statue and to see  
the place where Bobby lived and died  
in Greyfriars cemetery.

27-Jan-08

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# A Fading Dream

The purple gloom of midnight hides  
all outward signs of the decay.  
A sense of grandeur still abides.  
That's absent by the light of day.

Stray silver moonbeams softly show  
to best advantage what remains  
of elegance from long ago  
but very tactfully refrain,

From highlighting faults and flaws,  
so obvious in the bright sunlight.  
The broken panes and sagging doors  
are kindly hidden by the night..

The formal gardens overgrown.  
They have been long deprived of care,  
dividing walls just heaps of stone.  
Show through the brambles here and there.

I chose to walk this way by night.  
By daylight it distresses me  
to see it in its present plight.  
When I recall it used to be.

A boys idea of paradise  
I used to wish that it was mine.  
It makes me sad to realise.  
Nothing can halt its slow decline.

They'll tear it down and in its place.  
They will erect monstrosities  
without a single saving grace.  
That they can sell profitably.

A stately home for centuries  
will disappear without a trace.  
But I will retain my memories.  
That something that they can't erase.

7-Apr-08

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# A Gentlemans View

I hold the door open for you  
a simple act of courtesy  
This any gentleman would do.  
To you I act insultingly.

Because you simply do not know  
how a true lady should react  
and the hostility you show.  
Just demonstrates this sorry fact.

How sad it is this should be so  
That Feminists can only see  
Politeness as another blow  
against their female dignity.

A lady knows how to accept  
such a proffered courtesy  
She feels entitled to expect  
to be treated courteously

I do not say that feminists  
cannot be ladies. I dare not  
I am quite sure some must exist  
In my experience not a lot

I will still act the gentleman  
I know that ladies understand  
I act this way to show I can  
Be as polite as any man.

So if my manners cause offence  
It is something I regret.  
But perhaps I might influence  
Some feminists so they forget.

Their attitude towards all men  
is fuelled by their ignorance.  
I hope that they will think again  
There might just be the slightest chance.

I recognise equality  
I merely choose to be polite  
If you prefer hostility  
It is your choice you have the right.

11-Jun-07

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## A Guest Of Her Majesty

## For Friend Thad

Brunhilde Bloggs no fixed address.  
Was very fond of cheap red wine.  
Somewhat disordered in her dress.  
Her voice a grating nasal whine.

She begs for cash from passersby.  
Her manner almost threatening.  
Her raging thirst to satisfy  
at each refusal glowering.

A policeman tells her "move along"  
and she reacts aggressively  
Insists she has done nothing wrong.  
But he has little sympathy

He has no choice but to arrest  
and take her into custody.  
She has become a public pest.  
Which no one is allowed to be

Brunhilde Bloggs has an address  
at least for several months to come.  
She got what she deserved no less  
but she was luckier than some.

Who passed out cold and froze to death  
in some back alley out of sight.  
A victim to cold winters breath  
in drunken dreams of sheer delight.

11-Sep-08

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# A Happy Accident

A happy accident

Alone. Alone always alone  
The warmth of love I'd never known.  
Conceived upon a one night stand  
and then abandoned out of hand.

Nobody ever wanted me.  
It seemed I was condemned to be  
unloved unwanted and alone  
My heart grew cold and turned to stone.

I could not love, no one showed me  
affection: I could not see  
that to receive I had to give.  
And so I lived in misery.

I grew up in an orphanage  
until I had attained the age.  
When they considered I should be.  
Grown up enough to be set free.

Not their responsibility  
and that is how I came to be.  
A dweller in bed sitter land.  
Nobody seemed to understand.

Just how lonely life can be  
I knew that no one cared for me.  
I thought that no one ever would  
nor could I see why they should.

Until one day I found a friend  
my loneliness was at an end.  
She was an orphan just like me  
and had endured the misery.

Of feeling that she was alone  
unwanted too by anyone.

I needed her she needed me  
We learned together we could be.

Good friends who earned each others trust  
and very slowly to adjust.  
Adopt a different point of view  
and realise it was not true.

That we were not unlovable  
and that we were quite capable  
of giving and receiving love  
A treasure which we rate above.

All of the trapping of success  
To suffer no more loneliness  
To love and be loved in return  
A lesson that we had to learn.

Which banished all our misery.  
Now we are married happily.  
And have two children of our own  
Deep love has from a friendship grown.

11-Oct-08

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## A Hint Of Green For M'Lady Lucianne

Today I saw the first small signs  
of Mother Natures Spring Designs.  
Some tiny leaves of tender green  
against the bare twigs to be seen.  
The hedgerows will be clad anew.  
Though it will take a week or two.  
We will say goodbye to winters reign  
and welcome back the spring again.  
The sun grows stronger day by day  
and blue replaces skies of grey.  
My old bones will appreciate  
the warmth although they'll have to wait  
A little longer for relief  
I am quite sure it will be brief.

24-Feb-08

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## A Jaundiced View?

We fail because we never learn  
the lessons that the past can teach.  
The sound advice we choose to spurn  
will place success beyond our reach

The question is what is success?  
To have the latest gadgetry  
Apparently the answers yes.  
although they are not necessary.

Technology moves on apace.  
Things soon become obsolete.  
The greatest failing of our race  
We are determined to compete.

Instead of working side by side  
to benefit everyone.  
The powers that be will still decide.  
That they'll be better on their own.

To show the rest they are the best.  
Which fosters greed and selfishness.  
What does it matter if the rest  
are left to live in wretchedness..

Me first, me first the constant cry.  
I do not care a toss for you  
You cannot win if you don't try  
to stay ahead the way I do.

I will succeed at any price  
and you will pay for my success.  
I know that I will not think twice.  
My only aim is to impress.

I choose to live in luxury  
I see no reason I should not  
Although you live in poverty

I will not share what I have got.

It's human nature at its worst.  
I see no signs that it will change.  
Our creed has always been me first.  
I do not find it to be strange.

But then I am a realist  
I view the world cynically.  
and not as an idealist  
would like to see it be.

03/09/2009

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# A Job Well Done

Quiescent now for many years.  
I never thought to feel again.  
The hunting instinct which now stirs.  
An urge I must try to restrain.

My conscience is reminding me.  
I have retained my hunting skill  
Which I could employ usefully.  
In hunting those prepared to kill.

Without remorse and randomly.  
To satisfy some twisted lust.  
Though not the man I used to be.  
I have decided that I must.

Identify the latest one.  
But acting unofficially.  
I much prefer to hunt alone.  
No petty rules to hamper me.

I've studied very carefully  
the clues the killer left behind.  
Such killers act predictably.  
Which makes them easier to find.

I do not have to justify  
my actions in a court of law.  
It is my judgement he must die.  
Make certain that he kills no more.

I'll leave sufficient evidence.  
To prove his guilt beyond all doubt.  
I have not lost my confidence.  
That sins will always find you out.

Though I hide my identity.  
It is an act of self defence.  
It also means that I am free.  
From any outside influence.

No lawyers claiming innocence.  
No bleeding hearts to plead his cause.  
In truth he has no real defence.  
I execute him for just cause.

The city can now sleep in peace.  
The killer's dead as he should be.  
I think that I deserve release  
From my self appointed duty.

I will return from whence I came.  
Adopt my true identity.  
Certain no one knows my name.  
Ensuring my security.

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# A Little And Often Will Suffice

No pain no gain, but that's insane  
When you feel pain it's warning you  
that you should really think again.  
What it is that you try to do.  
Increase your strength and stamina.  
To exercise for its own sake  
can often make you go too far.  
So pace yourself for safety's sake.  
For if you push yourself too hard.  
You do more damage than you know.  
A heart attack's a poor reward  
The best advice is taking it slow.  
If you are wise you will think twice  
Before you over exercise.

17-Sep-08

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# A Little Extra For M'Lady Ernestine

I am the hostess with most.  
I even boast a family ghost.  
Who haunts the family estate.  
Of course you must appreciate

she is quite free to come and go.  
You never know if she'll appear.  
She's been around for centuries  
and she is rather hard to please.

She will not mix with commoners.  
It is the gentry she prefers.  
Just who she was nobody knows.  
A titled lady we suppose.

A snob or course she is my dear  
Her actions make that very clear.  
Her history a mystery.  
You have to be well bred to see

The ghost I like to brag about.  
That she is real, please do not doubt.  
If you should see her you can boast  
that you have seen the family ghost.

Which seems to prove you are well bred  
although the lady's long since dead.  
She recognises quality  
the upper class like you and me

If you don't see her though you try.  
The answer is to simply lie  
Just like the vast majority  
of people who have claimed to see.

A non existent family ghost  
A fable dreamt up by your host.  
Which seems to prove as she contends  
that people pose to please their friends..

They lie about the lie she told.  
She lied to show that she was bold  
enough to make her story seem quite true.  
And you believed the more fool you.

24/06/2009

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# A Maidens Prayer

I was naïve I trusted you,  
just as you always meant me to.  
You were convincing when you lied  
but when your lust was satisfied.  
You wanted nothing more to do  
with me. You said that we were through...

I hope your conscience bothers you  
I really think it ought to do.  
One day you'll get your fingers burned.  
Your chosen victim will have learned  
To take her vengeance out on you  
for something that you did not do.

Some lying lover just like you  
deceived her, broke her heart in two.  
Then merrily went on his way.  
There always comes a reckoning day.  
I only hope I'm there to see  
you pay for what you did to me.

18-Dec-08

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## A Man.

A man who knows he is a man,  
his gentleness quite freely shows.  
His confidence is such, he can  
dispense with all the macho shows.  
For which lesser men feel the need.  
All bluff and braggadocio.

A man who knows he is a man  
sees little need to brag and boast  
He acts gently because he can  
show tenderness is uppermost,  
he knows he's not an also ran.  
He is a man first and foremost.

His instinct always to protect  
The weak, the old and the helpless  
He treats all women with respect  
But tolerates the foolishness  
of lesser men who can't expect  
to be admired for manliness.

A man who knows he is a man  
within himself is quite content.  
By nature he's a gentleman  
to all and sundry evident.  
He is no ranting puritan!  
to be a man his sole intent.

Apr-12

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# A Matter Of Choice For M'Lady Indira

Some take their writing seriously  
Whilst others are just dilettantes  
Though my muse states imperiously,  
that I must write the way she wants

The duties writers undertake  
are manifold and various.  
They have to write make no mistake  
on subjects light or serious.

They know it is their duty to  
deflate the self important fools.  
Who in their ignorance pursue  
a vain attempt to scrap all rules.

Discard the lessons of the past.  
Insisting anything will do.  
A fashion I am sure wont last  
when readers can compare it to.

Fine verse that stood the test of time.  
The glories of formality  
by masters of meter and rhyme.  
Which they left for posterity.

Though I concede all have the right,  
to write in any way they choose.  
To some free form is sheer delight.  
All down to taste I must suppose.

26-Jul-08

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# A Matter Of Form For Friend Leslie

Consistency and symmetry  
combined with meter seem to be  
Ingredients of good poetry.  
Though modernists will disagree.

They take a different point of view.  
Convinced that anything will do  
That writers need not follow rules  
and those who do they see as fools

Consider rhyming is a crime  
and meter just a waste of time.  
But can this kind of writing last?  
like that of poets from the past.

I don't dispute they have the right  
to choose the way in which they write.  
Poetic prose can be divine  
but not if it lacks discipline.

Your writing must be coherent.  
A well established precedent  
If what you write does not make sense.  
What can be said in its defence?

If readers cannot comprehend  
the message which you try to send  
Because your meaning is not plain.  
Perhaps its time to think again.

And realise there must be rules.  
A craftsman has to know his tools.  
If he does not then he will fail  
his efforts all to no avail.

Some readers will choose poetry  
and others prose preferably  
It is your reader's right to choose

to read your writings or refuse.

If you don't cater to their needs  
don't be surprised if no one reads.  
If how you write is too obscure.  
Then change your style. The only cure.

30/06/2009

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# A Matter Of Opinion 2012

I think I have the right to state.  
The present poet laureate  
Has chosen to ignore the rules  
that govern poetry. The tools  
which every poet ought to know  
To ensure their words will smoothly flow  
When they are performed publically.  
The must be metered carefully.  
In my opinion she writes prose  
Though I am certain that she knows.  
That prose cannot be poetry  
But doesn't care apparently.  
Although she writes poetically.  
To me its prose not poetry.

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# A Matter Of Opinion.

Some people say I am perverse  
because I choose to write in verse.  
The kind of stories I compose.  
They think I ought to write in prose.

They have the right to I suppose.  
But I won't do as they propose.  
I much prefer to write in verse  
Because I think there's nothing worse

Than badly written boring prose.  
That is the reason why I chose.  
To concentrate on rhyming verse.  
I see no reason to reverse.

My original decision  
to conform to your opinion.  
I do not choose to write in prose  
I am convinced that I would lose.

My rhyming capability  
reducing my ability.  
To write my words spontaneously.  
I don't expect you to agree.

Although I am compelled to write.  
You're free to exercise your right  
To read or not as you choose to.  
Though I confess I hope you do.

I know I can't please everyone.  
That is something that can't be done  
By any writer though they try  
A truth no writer can deny.

Your comments are of interest  
they spur me on to do my best.  
We can agree to disagree  
on which is best quite easily.

A poet must choose poetry.  
But other writers are quite free.  
to share their thoughts written in prose  
Because they choose to I suppose.

If you should doubt my competence.  
I will not choose to take offence.  
You are entitled to your view  
Please remember I am too

Sunday,02 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## A Matter of Belief

Bob Adamson an ordinary guy,  
woke suddenly one night and wondered why.  
He saw or thought he saw within his room  
a radiant figure lighting up the gloom.  
Enrapt in thought composing a report.  
A question sprang to Bob's lips quite unsought.  
To satisfy his curiosity  
he summoned up all of his bravery  
and to being he made bold to ask.  
What is that you write what is your task.  
The being spoke without a wasted word  
I write the names of those who love the Lord.  
Bob said I will not figure on your list  
because you see I am an atheist..  
The angel paused before he wrote again.  
Your god has granted free will to all men.  
Each man is entitled to his own view,  
it matters not your God believes in you.

14-Jan-08

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# A Monumental Task For My Granddaughter Chitra

A garden walled in rose red brick.  
Which traps the sun and holds the heat  
our forbears did not miss a trick.  
Few modern gardens can compete.

Fruit trees espaliered to the walls  
and cultivated carefully  
The garden echoed to the calls  
of children playing happily.

And so it was for centuries.  
But family fortunes rise and fall.  
We must endure what fate decrees  
we have no choice no choice at all.

The garden fell into neglect  
with weeds self seeding where they chose.  
There's little else you could expect.  
As any good gardener knows.

.  
The garden now belongs to me.  
I have the means I have the will.  
I will restore it perfectly  
I can employ the men with skill.

To do all that needs to be done  
a task that I will supervise.  
It is too much for me alone  
So I must listen to advice.

I will create a paradise  
concealed within the rose red walls.  
That is well ordered and precise.  
The man who pays the piper calls

the tune. I can afford to pay  
and what I seek is harmony.  
A formal garden which today

is something of a rarity.

A cherished dream I can make true  
Restore it as it used to be.  
It's something which I have to do.  
In my ancestors memory.

My great grand father twice removed  
created it originally  
I am convinced it was well loved  
by him and all his family.

This garden will be loved again  
when restoration is complete.  
My work will not have been in vain  
I complement I don't compete.

I followed carefully the plan  
of how grandfather laid it out.  
A monument to the old man  
He would approve I have no doubt..

28-Feb-09

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# A New Deal

## A New Deal

The shouting and the tumult dies.  
The people have declared their choice  
they've chosen change: It's no surprise.

The time has come long overdue  
To break with past failed policies  
try something different something new.

Both candidates have done their best  
you must give credit where it's due  
But only one could pass the test

You've chosen your new president.  
You did your bit let him do his  
and hope that he proves competent.

To recognise what must be done  
to rectify the errors of the past.  
A daunting task for anyone.

Though he may lack experience  
He's flexible and he can learn.  
You have expressed your confidence.

Remember he is just a man  
Alone he can't work miracles  
but with your help perhaps he can

But he needs space and he needs time  
to work out the priorities  
and what reforms to put in place.

He has inherited a mess  
which can't be put right over night.  
It has to be a slow process.

He's not too proud to seek advice

he knows there's much he does not know.  
Just tinkering will not suffice

You have chosen by majority  
to name him as your president  
All that remains is wait and see.

If he's the man the country needs  
to show us there's a better way  
Just hope and pray that he succeeds.

He cannot do it on his own  
and is entitled to expect  
active support from everyone.

Who's proud to be American  
Restore us to our rightful place  
amongst the family of man.

5-Nov-08

[http](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A New Eden

This world's a paradise again.  
The race of man has been erased.  
Replaced by beings far more sane  
than humankind was as a race.

A warlike and pugnacious breed.  
Who would not live by Natures rules.  
has been wiped out root, branch and seed.  
Ma Nature has no time for fools.

She warned mankind time and again  
That they must change their ways or die  
they treated warnings with disdain  
Because they saw no reason why

They should not seek to dominate  
.Impose their will by use of force  
Did not accept until too late.  
That humankind had run its course.

Another failed experiment  
Which Mother Nature brings to a close.  
It did not work as it was meant.  
As damage to the planet shows

It will take time to recreate  
Conditions as they ought to be.  
Now Mother Nature's cleaned the slate.  
She can react quite ruthlessly.

1-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A New Experience For Friend Colin

Across the windswept moors there came.  
A long drawn out and eerie cry.  
What could it be in heavens name?  
Another echoed in reply.

I will admit quite openly  
I'm not at all ashamed to say.  
This eerie wailing frightened me.  
I still remember to this day.

When first I heard a vixen cry  
as she was seeking for a mate  
The dog fox voiced a quick reply.  
Which gave me cause to hesitate.

I'm glad to say I persevered  
and faced up to the sound I feared.  
I saw the vixen easily  
and heard her call repeatedly.

I was no longer frightened by  
her strange unearthly screaming cry.  
Just then the dog fox came in sight.  
She greeted him with mute delight.

What happened then I do not know  
I felt it only right to go  
Now that I had identified  
the animals that loudly cried

their needs upon the evening breeze.  
I left to let them mate in peace.  
Although their cries had frightened me  
I treated them respectfully.

I walked as quickly as I could  
towards my home, I understood  
they had the right to privacy.  
There are some things no man should see.

24-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Passing Thought.

An optimistic pessimist.  
An oxymoron without doubt  
and yet such crazy thoughts persist.  
Something for me to think about.

As I consider carefully.  
A pessimist who hopes he's right  
is thinking optimistically.

Though what that proves I do not know.  
Except I think it could be so.

Though everybody won't agree.

Thursday, 21 January 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## A Patient Suitor.

Moonlight was my homeward escort.  
I felt no need for company  
Strolling slowly deep in thought.  
An idea struck me suddenly.  
I need no man to protect me.  
Here in the quiet countryside  
I can walk alone in safety.  
Although sometimes I decide  
To let a friend accompany me  
He sees me safely to my door  
Its choice and not necessity.  
He's just a friend and nothing more.  
Although I know he'd like to be  
more than a friend and marry me.

Friday,02 March 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Pinch Of Salt

A title does not signify  
you are in fact a gentleman.  
Aristocrats can cheat and lie  
as readily as any man.

alleged degrees don't guarantee  
that you possess intelligence  
They can be purchased easily  
by those who lack the common sense

To know that titles and degrees  
although intended to impress.  
Are counterfeit as currencies  
which are in fact quite valueless.

You can't expect to get respect  
because you a titled man.  
I see no reason to accept  
your claim to be a gentleman.

Some people are fooled easily.  
Accept your claims at face value  
but some are wise enough to see  
that what you claim may not be true.

A scholar and a gentleman  
is not too hard to recognise.  
I'm' sure you will find that you can.  
If you just use your ears and eyes.

Do not be fooled by their pretence.  
The claims they cannot verify  
Rely upon your common sense  
The inner voice you can't deny.

Why should you show them your respect.  
They show but small respect for you.  
Its wiser to be circumspect  
until they prove their claims are true.



13/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## A Poor Attempt

The water mill beside the stream, highlighted by a stray moonbeam.  
Which adds an abstract quality, a touch of surreality.  
To the scene which I can see and makes it extraordinary  
The stream is deep and strong but slow and turns the paddles from below.  
The droplets falling from the wheel to any poets eyes appeal  
Reflecting light prismatically in rainbow colours flying free.  
They join the moon light in a dance of ever changing radiance  
Sadly dark clouds obscure the moon; the show is ended all too soon.  
My soul is soothed and satisfied, although the dark clouds came to hide  
the beauty which I saw memories will never fade.  
I can recall them vividly and in my minds eye I still see  
the wondrous scene I saw tonight. An interplay of dark and light.  
I try my best to share with you the beauty that I had in view.  
Though I'm afraid I lack the skill despite the fact I have the will.  
I am quite sure you'll understand, I'm just a man I can't command  
the words I write to show to you, the fleeting beauty that I knew..

22-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Question Of Morality

What makes an action right or wrong?  
Do we decide this consciously?  
or do we simply go along  
with accepted morality.

If you must kill to save a life.  
You can do but reluctantly  
because its sets up mental strife.  
Which interferes with liberty

of action which is needed to  
remove the threat which you perceive.  
Although the deed will trouble you,  
you have to act as you believe.

To shoot a man who means to kill  
someone you love is justified.  
Although some moralists will still  
deny you the right to decide.

I think we act instinctively  
when there is no alternative.  
Remove the threat decisively  
an action which I'm positive.

Should not be seen as culpable  
A fact that recognised by law  
each one of us is capable  
of being executioner.

When circumstance indicate  
that we must act immediately.  
There is no time to hesitate  
considering morality.

We act because we have to act.  
We have no choice it must be done  
I choose to see this as a fact  
although it won't please everyone.

.5-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Question Of Priorities

A portal closes then you see  
another one has opened wide.  
Is this an opportunity  
you have brief moments to decide.

If you go through this open door  
your life will change forever more  
If you do not you may regret  
you lacked the courage to step through  
One thing for sure you won't forget  
the chance which fate had offered you.

A golden opportunity  
which you declined reluctantly.  
You longed to go but chose to stay  
You knew that you were needed here.  
you knew you could not walk away  
From everything which you held dear

A wise decision to remain  
that question echoes in your brain.  
When you decided not to go  
through that portal and explore.  
The truth is that you'll never know  
what lay beyond that open door.

But still you wonder constantly  
what you'd have done if you were free.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Self Proclaimed Iconoclast

When preaching to the multitudes  
He taught by means of parable  
to make it understandable.  
Not merely mouthing platitudes.

Religious leaders of today.  
Who have risen to prominence  
would view it as great offence.  
If you should question what they say.

You ask but they do not reply.  
You are supposed to just accept  
the rules they make as your precept.  
A code of conduct to live by.

They daren't admit they know no more  
than you do. Maybe even less  
of what they're trying to express.  
A fact they easily ignore.

Too busy building their career  
and striving hard to make their name.  
To most it's just a power game.  
It's sad but it is true I fear.

Their myths and legends based upon  
the simple truth which was once taught  
corrupted now by after thought.  
are merely man's opinion.

They cannot teach what they don't know.  
Although they keep up the pretense  
they can produce no evidence.  
To show they know the way to go.

Relying on our ignorance.  
We are brain washed in early youth  
that our religion holds the truth.  
There's little room for tolerance.

You cannot force men to accept  
that your way is the only way.  
That's why we're in a mess today  
The leaders of each church reject.

That tolerance can lead the way  
to lasting peace and brotherhood  
and put an end to shedding blood.  
Admit that they have been led astray.

By bigots now and in the past.  
Though not a prophet I foresee  
no ending to the misery.  
A self proclaimed iconoclast.

20-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Simple Man.

I am not a Christian  
Nor a Muslim or a Jew  
I am just a simple man.  
Who has a different point of view.

I can't believe the fairy tales.  
Which I was taught in my youth.  
Because the evidence fails  
to convince me of their truth.

I am prepared to listen to.  
What you believe with due respect.  
But I expect respect from you.  
Though you're entitled to reject.

What I believe as being false.  
A matter of selection  
I dance a jig you choose to waltz.  
A different dance for everyone.

Sunday, 12 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# A Small Boys View

The air raid sirens wailing cry.  
Search lights criss crossing in the sky  
Searching for the enemy  
That we can hear but cannot see.

When they are caught in the cross beams  
They're targeted by ack ack teams.  
Who aim to score a hit or two.  
I'm glad to say they often do.

The gunners know if they get through  
the damage that their bombs will do  
Fast fighter planes join in the fray  
And show no mercy to their prey.

The bombers can't evade the lights.  
The gunners have them in their sights.  
Streams of tracers mark the flight  
of shells which hurtle through the night.

To bring the bombers down in flames.  
Part of the nightly fun and games.  
We watched instead of taking cover  
We stayed until the raid was over.

Then went to bed quite happily.  
Where we were supposed to be.  
Sleeping peacefully in safety  
Instead of sneaking up to see.

The gunners showing off their skill  
Although we were forbidden to.  
We disobeyed as children will.  
The skylight gave a perfect view

We drew the curtain to one side.  
And watched the battles in the sky.  
But we were wise enough to hide  
The evidence, we did not lie

I'm sure my father never knew.  
That we got up to watch the show.  
Every night brought something new.  
During the war so long ago.

I can remember vividly.  
The damage that the bombs had wrought.  
When morning came and we could see.  
The results of a battle fought.

By deadly foes high in the sky.  
Too young to understand the war  
We never thought to question why  
Or what we were fighting for.

When I look back it seems unreal.  
Almost as if it happened to  
somebody else. It makes me feel.  
It could not possibly be true.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## A Sobering Tale.

Sometimes he sits, sometimes he thinks.  
At other times combines the two  
More frequently he sits and drinks.  
Because he cannot bear the view.

The only view that he can see  
through pain filled eyes awash with tears.  
He can remember vividly.  
The promise of his early years.

When he was young and full of hope.  
He had the whole world by the tail  
But later found he could not cope,  
although he tried to no avail.

Discovering that a drink or two  
helped to alleviate the stress  
A sorry story nothing new  
His life became a complete mess.

He lost his job it had to come.  
His drinking led to a divorce.  
His wife then claimed the family home.  
His life sped on it's downwards course.

A friend became his enemy  
because he let it take control.  
It took him over completely.  
Dependent now on alcohol.

No longer does he drink from choice  
That luxury is now denied.  
He drinks to still the nagging voice  
which urges him to suicide.

Today he's just a drunken bum  
with nothing to look forward to.  
Bar cheap red wine to make him numb  
albeit temporarily.

Sometimes he sits, sometimes he thinks  
sometimes he can combine the two.  
More often though he sits and drinks  
There's nothing he would rather do.

10/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## A Too Severe Penalty? ? Story Poem

The vampire breed grows more profuse.  
According to the latest news  
They have evolved and hunt by day  
This frightens me I have to say.

I used to stay indoors by night  
and do my chores in broad daylight.  
I knew that vampires feared the sun  
But now that last safeguard is gone.

They used to fear the crucifix  
just as they should the heretics.  
But now we have no defence at all.  
Should a vampire choose to call.

They do not wear long flowing cloaks  
they dress like all the other folks.  
There is no way you can be sure  
about the family next door

You cannot tell who you can trust.  
To be quite free of the blood lust.  
Even the Vicar is not free  
of being watched suspiciously.

I do not mind donating blood.  
I feel quite strongly that I should  
but only voluntarily  
and taken scientifically.

I live alone reclusively  
and venture out reluctantly.  
Do all my shopping on the net  
which seems to be the safest bet.

I often wonder what they'll do  
when everyone's a vampire too.  
No humans left on which to prey.  
They'll have to find some other way.

To satisfy their thirst for blood  
Though I have always understood.  
They do not prey on their own kind  
Because their systems are designed

to digest only human blood.  
Their prime and only source of food  
When the last of us is gone  
and no one left to feast upon

They'll be condemned eternally  
to wander wailing hungrily.  
A well deserved punishment  
for preying on the innocent

There is no court of last appeal  
to which the vampires could apply.  
But if there were could it repeal.  
Established laws and let them die

I like to think perhaps they would  
for vampires are misunderstood.  
perhaps they did not choose to be  
vampires voluntarily.

18-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## A Touch Of Frost For Friend Thad

From my library shelf I took  
by random choice a poetry book.  
I thought to while some time away  
to brighten up a boring day  
It chanced to be by Robert Frost  
and I was hooked completely lost  
I finished the anthology  
and found his words inspired me  
I had to try and see if I  
could find the words to satisfy  
the need I felt to emulate.  
This poet who could clearly state  
in his own style of poetry.  
His own home spun philosophy.

28-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Tribute To y 1849-1903

A tribute to y 1849-1903

Invictus.

Out of the night that covers me  
dark as the pit from pole to pole.  
I thank whatever Gods may be  
for my unconquerable soul.

A Glosa

Out of the night that covers me.  
I won't relinquish my control  
a man must challenge destiny.  
To be the captain of his soul.

Black as the pit from pole to pole.  
The darkness fails to frighten me,  
I travel on towards my goal  
pursue my quest relentlessly.

I thank whatever Gods may be  
but I believe than on the whole.  
That man has the ability  
to win the battle for his soul.

For my unconquerable soul  
will guard and guide me constantly.  
As I perform my earthly role.  
I can do all that's asked of me.

04/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# A True Measure For J.T, Ellison

The measure of a life is not  
the length of time from birth to death.  
Nor the possessions you have got  
or what you say with your last breath

But what you did whilst you were here.  
The joy and happiness you shared  
with those you loved and held most dear.  
With total strangers if you dared.

If all your kind deeds can outweigh  
the things you did which you regret.  
As through the world you made your way,  
and folks are willing to forget.

Your little foibles faults and flaws  
because you did more good than harm.  
As you tried to steer your course  
through the rough waters to the calm.

Your worth is only measured by  
The memories you leave behind.  
this is a truth I can't deny.  
To which I have become resigned.

26-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Voice Crying In The Wilderness

Revealed to me exclusively.  
Its natures plan to erase man.  
No one accepts this prophecy.  
They don't believe that nature can.  
Tight close their eyes so they can't see  
the facts parade before their eyes.  
Although they will eventually  
when they are facing their demise.  
We're living in the latter days.  
We have been warned which we ignored  
perhaps too late to mend our ways.  
So we will reap our just reward.  
become extinct like dinosaurs  
for disobeying Natures Laws.

25-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## A Whole New Ball Game.

The time had come for me to go and leave the world of work behind  
I was not sure, did not know how I would occupy my mind  
To fill the long hours of the day. I knew some things I'd like to try.  
But work had left small time for play and now there s was no reason why.

My times my own an I am free to try my hand at something new  
from pottery to poetry and that is what I mean to do.  
It may seem strange but now I find there are too few hours in the day.  
To do the things I have in mind. I look at life a different way.

Retirement wrought a change in me I do the thing I want to do  
I have no one to please but me. Something you can look forward to.  
When you too leave the world of work behind. You'll be too busy to regret.  
The years you spent as a wage slave you'll be quite happy to forget.

19-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Wish Come True, Unexpectedly

A wish come true unexpectedly

A dismal dank December day.  
The kind of day I'd rather stay  
inside beside my fireside.

I have no choice although I know  
my journey will be long and slow.  
The fog is very thick outside.

I must drive very carefully  
because I can't see properly.  
Not looking forward to the ride.

The fog's too thick so I decide  
I will turn back, go back inside.  
Phone up to say I have tried

Say that the fog is far too dense  
The worst in my experience.  
Although I do my best to hide.

The satisfaction that I feel  
I need not slide behind the wheel  
But sit beside my fireside.

On this dismal December day  
I cannot go so I must stay  
warm and comfortable inside.

I'm sure they'll manage without me.  
I do not feel at all guilty.  
My excuse can be verified.

Friday, 11 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# A Worthy Man?

The Very Reverend Doctor Green.  
A doctor of divinity  
This learned cleric can be seen  
as lacking in humility.  
The Doctor knows or thinks he knows.  
The answers to the mysteries  
and by his proud demeanour shows  
Intolerance is his disease.  
Pontificates on the T.V  
and denigrates all other creeds  
His bloated pride won't let him see  
that different folks have different needs  
Is his blinkered attitude  
deserving of our gratitude?

07/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Abnormality

Abormality?

I suffer from a strange disease.  
A most peculiar malady,  
I do exactly as I please  
I do not seek a remedy  
I'm growing old disgracefully  
it's much more fun than being staid.  
Revel in eccentricity.  
I've no reason to be afraid  
of what some people think of me.  
All of the people I respect  
accept a certain levity.  
As for the rest I don't expect  
that they would dare not to conform  
to what they perceive as the norm.

14-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Above And Beyond The Call Of Duty For Jt Ellison

Above and beyond the call of duty

Do Roman ghosts still guard the wall?  
Far from their homelands in the sun.  
I wonder if they thought at all.  
They would remain their duty done.

As corpses in cold northern clay  
or dreamt that they would return home.  
In triumph on some distant day  
to a well earned heroes welcome.

Sometimes when the blue twilight fall  
I sit enrapt in reverie  
and fancy that I hear their calls.  
Although there's nothing I can see.

Though one or two claim they can see  
the roman sentries on patrol.  
Along the wall quite frequently.  
A sad parade of earth bound souls.

Who died too quick to understand  
that they were dead their spirits free.  
So they obey the last command  
still do their duty faithfully.

Do Roman ghost still guard the walls?  
I cannot answer honestly  
I only know when twilight falls.  
I think they might quite possibly

.15-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Abridged Version For Doc Wilde

The sun across the lake sinks low.  
The birds have sung their even song.  
The hills still basking in the glow  
of crimson rays which wont last long.  
The night is falling rapidly  
reminding men that day is done.  
The night winds sing their songs softly,  
the time for toil is past and gone.

The curtains drawn against the night.  
The family sits comfortably  
bathed in the glow of firelight.  
Mother is knitting busily  
the children squabble as they play.  
Father is nodding sleepily  
so ends another working day.  
A scene familiar to me.

From memories of childhood days.  
Which I suppose we all recall  
but memory scant attention pays  
to truth if anything at all  
We can ignore the poverty  
the hardships which we underwent.  
Create a false reality  
the truth mislaid without intent.

25-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Absolute Necessity

Absolute necessity

Is poetry a luxury or one of life's necessities?

I have to read, I have to write poetry a pure delight.

Other poets inspire ring the variety

of forms and styles that I can find, serves to stimulate my mind.

I do not claim to be the best I am just one amongst the rest

of poets posting on the net. Who you remember or forget.

Is poetry a luxury the answer must be NO from me.

To some it seems a waste of time to other folks it is sublime.

You are quite free to make your choice. But I will always raise my voice.

Applauding poets who can write fine poetry that brings delight,

Uplift the hearts of other men, more power to the poet's pen.

27/07/2009

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Absolute Proof.

Absolute proof

Blood, sweat and tears don't disappear  
But always leave some trace behind.  
Forensic science makes it clear  
there's always something we can find  
A fibre here or just a hair.  
A finger print that you have missed.  
All tend to prove that you were there.  
The smallest clue can still persist.  
You're sure; you'll get away Scott free  
The evidence says otherwise.  
It will prove quite definitely.  
Your alibi's a pack of lies.  
The final proof your DNA.  
Will prove to you crime does not pay.

Wednesday, 22 September 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Absolute Truth.

We die a little every day.  
Commencing with our first drawn breath.  
It's what we learn along the way.  
Prepares us to accept that Death.

Is not the end though we don't know.  
What happens when we cease to breathe  
Or where we are supposed to go.  
Why is it that we choose to grieve?

When a loved one goes on ahead.  
Perhaps we ought to celebrate  
that they are free, but choose instead  
To weep and wail and rail at fate.

When I die don't cry for me.  
Instead be glad that I broke free.  
You can be sure you'll follow me  
As all must die eventually.

No one escapes this world alive  
There's nothing we can do or say.  
No matter how hard we may strive.  
To alter this in any way.

Sunday, 12 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Access Denied

Ofttimes enwrapt in reverie  
I have a distant memory  
but I cannot be sure it's true  
Of my mother who I barely knew.

She died so very long ago.  
There is so much I do not know  
I only know what I've been told  
and that recedes as I grow old.

Although I try I can't recall  
her face: bring it to mind at all.  
I feel I should be able to  
but there is nothing I can do.

Sometimes I wake to find I've wept.  
But I can do nothing but accept.  
That time's erased the memory  
of the face I long to see.

Some faded photographs remain  
which I look at, try to regain.  
The memories I have repressed  
It may be that it's for best.

I was so young when mother died.  
My wants and needs were satisfied.  
By father and the family  
and I grew up quite happily.

Would mother have been proud of me?  
I she'd lived long enough to see.  
The man her little boy grew into.  
My mother who I barely knew.

Then I remember guiltily  
my mother lost much more than me.  
The grandchildren she'd never know

the chance to see her children grow.

But I still pursue selfishly  
that one elusive memory.  
That's buried somewhere deep inside  
A need that can't be satisfied.

Perhaps because I'm growing old  
and only have what I was told  
to remember mother by.  
I know I'll fail but I still try.

24/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## iment Or Something M Lady Ernestine.

I sometimes wonder why I ponder  
on questions I cannot answer.  
Why do I sit and wrack my brain  
when there is nothing I can gain.

My endless curiosity  
constantly compelling me.  
To try and solve the mystery,  
which has plagued man through history.

Did God create the race of man  
for reasons known to him alone?  
Is there an underlying plan  
Which lies beneath all that is known.

Or were we just an accident  
which has no purpose or intent.  
The question which I put to you.  
Which do you believe is true?

It's not a case of either or  
there could be many, many more,  
explanations I suppose,  
the truth is nobody knows.

You do not even have to choose,  
you are entitled to refuse.  
Though personally I shall still muse  
and try to clarify my views.

Tuesday, 11 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Accidental Choreography For M' Lady Tara

I do not think I'll ever see  
Such superb choreography  
as that my cat displayed to me  
when she was bitten by a flea.  
The wretched insect made her prance  
She did an entrechat by chance  
it seems that painful bites enhance  
a cat's ability to dance.  
I think she thought I was insane.  
I tried my hardest to explain.  
I was not smiling at her pain  
but my attempts were all in vain.  
I do not think she will forgive me  
my seeming lack of sympathy.

10-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Accidental Death Story Poem

Along the coast a lonely road.  
That's closely watched by excise men.  
Who know that smugglers transport their load  
along this roadway now and then.

They do not know but they suspect  
that it might well be pure cocaine.  
In vain they try to intercept.  
The smugglers know when to expect.

the excise men to lie in wait  
Not only when but they know where  
The local folks communicate  
conspire to foil excise men.

The smugglers here traditionally  
have always ignored import laws.  
There is no reason they can see  
why they should change their ways; Of course

they know there's money to be made  
by smuggling drugs illicitly.  
Although in favour of free trade  
they cannot possibly agree.

To let drug pedlars infiltrate  
They guard their secrets jealously.  
Much more efficient than the state  
arranging accidents at sea.

Small boats go missing frequently  
when carrying drugs from ship to shore.  
The locals can quite easily  
defend this coast for evermore.

The wont allow drug smugglers to  
unload their cargoes secretly.  
They know exactly what to do.  
To prevent them permanently.



They aren't constrained by silly rules  
which hamper the authorities.  
They execute the greedy fools  
and hide the evidence at sea

To them smugglings an honest trade  
evading duty is their aim.  
But they have rules which are obeyed  
and smuggling drugs is not their game.

Though technically they break the law  
importing certain luxuries.  
It seems that they protect these shores  
From drug dealers efficiently.

They only have one penalty  
and don't waste time in courts of law.  
They execute immediately.  
The silent sea will keep the score.

Drug smugglers meet with accidents  
as they approach this rocky shore,  
So frequent are these incidents  
they're nor newsworthy any more.

Drug smugglers deserve to die.  
Although you're free to disagree.  
I for one won't question why  
They're terminated quietly.

Accidents happen easily  
and they might well be genuine.  
Explained away quite feasibly  
you have your belief: I have mine.

1-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Accidental Insults

Although I write mainly for me.  
I choose to share my poetry.  
With other poets on the net.  
The only thing that I regret.  
Sometimes I find I have upset.

Somebody inadvertently.  
Albeit unintentionally.  
I can only apologise  
For bringing teardrops to their eyes.  
Though I am taken by surprise.

By what they read into my words.  
I often find it quite absurd.  
They take offence at what I write.  
They see it in a different light.  
And choose to take the opposite.

view. Because they fail to understand.  
They then dismiss me out of hand.  
As they have every right to do.  
Because sometimes I've chosen to.  
Criticise what they hold true.

I do not mean to cause offence  
I offer this in self defence.  
The words I write, you filter through  
Experiences peculiar to you.  
That's why you read them as you do.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Acclimatised.

Softly, softly rain is falling.  
The thirsty earth accepts with grace.  
Harsher memories recalling.  
Another time another place.  
Just praying for the monsoon rains.  
To dispel the cloying heat  
So we can breathe cool air again.  
A prayer we endlessly repeat.  
But this is now and that was then.  
Long, long ago and far away  
Now we have returned home again  
We have no further need to pray.  
For blessed rain to cool the air.  
It rains most days but I don't care.

Wednesday, 07 March 2012.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Acknowledgement

The death knell sounds and echoes round  
the confines of the burial ground  
The tolling bell seems to foretell.  
Life will become a lonely hell.

My love is gone, she's travelled on,  
her race is run and she has won.  
No longer bound by gravity  
she's earned her wings and she is free.

By sadness I am overcome.  
I am struck dumb, completely numb.  
I cannot cry although I try.  
The wellspring of my tears run dry

The mourners murmur quietly  
but no one comes to comfort me.  
This does not come as a surprise.  
They do not seem to realise

The love I bore for her was true.  
We were a partnership we two,  
which lasted over thirty years.  
I wonder why nobody dares

To offer me their sympathy  
a little sensitivity.  
But they still show they disapprove.  
They do not understand that love.

Between two women is as real  
as the emotions which they feel.  
But then her mother chooses to  
do what the others dare not do.

She comes to me and takes my hand  
and says my dear I understand  
You loved just her as much as I  
it is appropriate to cry.

The courage which she chose to show  
allowed my pent up tears to flow  
When she acknowledged publicly  
what her daughter had been to me.

22-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Addiction For M Lady Kim

Addiction

I'll exercise self discipline.  
Today I will not write a word.  
I have decided it's no sin.  
This constant scribbling's absurd.  
I choose a book and start to read  
but then some phrase enraptures me.  
Quite suddenly I feel the need  
I have to write and urgently,  
Before my train of thought is lost  
I find my pad take up my pen  
and writing in the style of Frost.  
I find I'm scribbling again.  
My muse cannot contain her glee.  
She knows that she's in charge not me.

20-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Admission

I say with all sincerity.  
You can be sure I speak the truth  
I'm not the man I used to be  
I was a most obnoxious youth.  
I thought then I knew everything  
ignored all good advice I heard.  
Til life taught me I knew nothing  
My pretensions were absurd.  
Now I have reached maturity.  
I know I don't know very much  
That I can claim with surety.  
although I try to keep in touch.  
I must accept reality  
knowledge advances constantly.

9-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Adolescent Angst

I'm a complete nonentity.  
No one ever remembers me.  
I haven't got a single friend  
although some times I pretend  
I'm debonaire and popular.  
A really well know movie star  
with women fawning over me.  
An adolescent fantasy  
but then I have to face the truth.  
I am an acned pimply youth.  
No pretty girl would look at me  
and take the time to really see  
I have some stirling qualities  
I am the guy nobody sees.

6-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Affianced

The clock strikes twelve sonorous chimes.  
The witching hour of midnight is here  
the best of times the worst of times.  
That vampires love and humans fear.

Upon your balcony I stand and gloat,  
you lie unconscious that I am near.  
I feast my hungry eyes upon your throat  
I cast a spell of calm to soothe your fear.

Your raven hair upon the pillow spread,  
a startling contrast of light and shade.  
Your lissom figure lying safe in bed  
Confirms to me the choice that I have made.

Your fresh clean blood will revitalise me  
and send new fire coursing through my veins.  
Stop in its tracks the lethargy  
and prove an anodyne for my pains.

As mist I filter through the smallest space.  
To stand beside your bed and contemplate  
my latest lover from the human race.  
A source of life that I appreciate.

Your beauty moves me almost to pity.  
For one brief moment I hesitate  
but hunger overcomes my charity.  
My burning need is such I cannot wait.

Your throat's pulsating throb in the moonlight,  
The warm rich blood I see that flows inside  
holds me entranced so I delay the bite.  
Beguiled by the perfection of your skin

You move and I can see between your breasts  
a silver crucifix reflecting light.  
My frustrated blood lust screams its protest  
I have no choice for this I cannot fight.

Struck by your face and form you were my choice.  
A draught of nectar that would satisfy,  
a meal to make an emperor rejoice.  
A delight for me that you would not deny.

You are protected by that blessed cross  
I am frustrated but I cannot fight  
It is not fair that I should suffer loss,  
The cross pays no attention to my need.

But I must feed and very soon  
I leave you my delicacy  
So I fly out under the moon  
and break my fast greedily.

Upon a tramp much coarser fare  
Than was intended for my feast  
His wine soaked blood cannot compare  
with yours my love not in the least.

You cross protected you this night  
and I was forced to turn and flee  
from power that I cannot fight.  
But you my sweet are meant for me.

You will forget to wear that sign  
around your neck but I can wait  
and when you do then you are mine  
a gift that I'll appreciate.

Your fresh young beauty calls to me  
I must and will pursue my quest  
and I will watch you ceaselessly.  
For you I've chosen as the best.

Sleep well my love and stay healthy  
Enjoy your life in happiness  
I know that you belong to me,  
Without your cross you are helpless.

You will forget to put it on

Just one small act of carelessness  
Then you become mine alone  
And I'll enjoy your tenderness.

We vampires are a patient breed.  
Immortality grants us this  
We wait to satisfy our need  
Then we bestow the fatal kiss.

The tender kiss you do not feel  
Nor do you feel that single bite  
That pierces you, your blood to steal.  
That rapturous moment of delight.

It's only when you start to crave  
For sweet fresh blood that's rich and red.  
An urge that brings you from your grave  
You realise you are undead.

You join the ranks of predators  
that stalk the dark of night to feed.  
There is no justice or recourse  
From the half life you're forced to lead.

Once I was young and innocent  
but she seduced me with her charm  
A foolish youth on pleasure bent  
I knew not that she meant me harm.

No harm I mean to you my love.  
Nay I but grant eternal life  
A lasting life for you and me  
we can enjoy as man and wife.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# After Coleridge

All thoughts, all passions, all delights.  
Whatever stirs the mortal frame,  
all are but ministers of love  
and feed his sacred flame

samuel taylor coleridge

All thoughts, all passions all delights  
emotions worthy of the name.  
Part of the tapestry of life.  
We all play the same game.

Whatever stirs the mortal frame  
and wakes us from our lassitude.  
Renewing our capacity  
to change our attitude.

All are ministers of love.  
Although we may not recognise  
that love is the driving force.  
Which all things underlies

and feeds his sacred flame  
Ever rebellious men ask why  
they should accept this as the truth  
You know is loves reply.

16-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# After Invictus

Out of the night that covers me.  
Black as the pit from pole to pole.  
I thank whatever Gods there be.  
For my unconquerable soul

Invictus.  
William Ernest Henley 1847-1903.

Out of the night that covers me.  
I will emerge into the light.  
This dream I follow hopefully.  
I know that morning follows night.

Black as the pit from pole to pole.  
Though very soon the sun will rise  
up to assume his rightful role.  
Majestic ruler of the skies.

I thank whatever Gods there be.  
That darkness is not permanent.  
That we are granted light to see.  
The glory of the firmament.

For my unconquerable soul  
remains steadfast by day and night.  
I know that I will reach my goal.  
When death grants me the power of flight.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# After Mature Consideration

After mature consideration

When was young I used to feel  
how strange it must be to get old.  
Now I am old my thoughts still steal  
back to when I was young and bold

The only difference I can see  
between how I felt then and now  
I used to have more energy  
and now I have to take things slow.

I used to act impulsively  
but now I think before I act.  
I cannot spare the energy  
I used to waste and that's a fact.

But on the whole I feel the same  
as I did fifty years ago  
I am not boasting when I claim  
I know more than I used to know.

Back then I knew I knew it all  
I know now that I do not know  
and what I do I can't recall  
even the little that I should know.

If asked I answer truthfully.  
I say that I would rather be  
Seventy three than twenty three  
I much prefer maturity.

26-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## After Omar

Awake for morning in the bowl of night  
has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight.  
And lo the hunter of the east has caught  
The sultan's turret in a noose of light.

Omar Khayyam

Awake for morning in the bowl of night  
is pouring never ending streams of light  
Which emanating from the east has fought  
and put the darkness of the night to flight.

The sun displays to every man his might  
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight  
His gifts are given free cannot be bought  
or sold by any man. None has the right.

And Lo the hunter from the east has caught  
so easily the prey that he has long sought.  
The Imam prays but prayers will gain him nought  
Because the Sun is stronger than he thought.

The Sultan's turret in a noose of light  
Presents newly awakened eyes a sight  
each day that comes unbidden and unsought.  
Accepted by all men as their birthright.

12-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Aftermath For Friend Thad

I'm feeling rather delicate;  
perhaps it's something that I ate.  
My stomach's complains bitterly  
It churns and churns incessantly.

I'm feeling bloated full of gas,  
the pressure builds but will no pass.  
It is becoming serious  
I'm feeling really nauseous.

Then suddenly I feel the urge  
a desperate need to go and purge.  
I go and sit upon the throne.  
Ah. Such relief I've never known.

I get but little sympathy.  
My wife declares that I should be  
aware of my capacity.  
That too much beer is bad for me.

She might be right I must admit  
which does not mean I must like it.  
I rather have some sympathy.  
Perhaps a nice hot cup of tea.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Age Restrictions Apply For M Lady Ernestine

The boundaries which lie between  
the worlds of fact and fantasy.  
Remain in place although unseen  
by unbelievers easily.  
All children know they can pass through  
to roam at will in fairyland.  
Something which adults cannot do.  
Because the children understand  
the rules which keep the adults out.  
Do not apply to them at all,  
that they're welcome they have no doubt.  
To answer when the fairies call.  
Come one come all, it's time to play  
today's a fairy holiday.

14-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ageless Beauty For M Lady Ernestine

True beauty lies beneath the skin.  
It's not something for surface show.  
A quality which lies within  
but others can bask in its glow.

Some beauty fades as years pass by.  
No matter how hard you may fight  
to hide the signs you can't deny  
True beauty shines through ever bright.

True beauty is not visible  
but rather something which you feel.  
Something which makes you comfortable  
the passing years can never steal.

True beauty thinks of others first  
and offers love without reserve.  
As a cool drink will quench our thirst  
it gives us more than we deserve.

True beauty is a quality  
which lasts until the day you die.  
A precious gift that's given free  
which no amount of cash can buy.

Beauty is skin deep so they say.  
Of mere good looks that is quite true.  
Youthful prettiness fades away  
but inner beauty still shines through.

23-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Aiding And Abetting

The right to live, the right to die  
It's my responsibility.  
It is my choice or it should be  
When life has lost all quality

I am in constant agony  
There's nothing else in life for me  
What right have you to prevent me?  
from dying with some dignity.

Why do you think I should endure  
the agonies that death would cure.  
The choice is mine and mine alone  
and I have made my wishes known

Who gave you the right to say me nay.  
To bid me that I have to stay  
Are you prepared to take my place  
and face the future that I face.

You have the right to your own view  
but you are not entitled to.  
Dictate to me what I should do.  
Its long past time for a review.

Clarification of the law.  
What the law is and what it's for.  
If I should choose the date and time  
Of my demise is that a crime.

And if it's not, assisting me.  
Becoming an accessory.  
Should not incur a penalty  
but seems to do incredibly.

If suicide is not a crime  
and is not apparently.  
How can you justify the time.  
Punishing those who have helped me..

31/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Airborne For Philip Housiaux

Always airborne an Albatross  
can easily vast oceans cross  
They eat and sleep upon the wing  
and rarely land for anything.  
But even Albatrosses mate  
although more often isolate.  
They come together as a pair.  
You cannot raise chicks in the air.  
But once the young have learnt to fly.  
Received the freedom of the sky.  
They then resume the separate  
life style they appreciate.  
An Albatross prefers to be  
left alone completely free.

18-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Alimony Apart

Sometimes love one's to blame  
but it is painful just the same.  
To lose the love that once you knew  
but there is little you can do

When you mature at different rates.  
One pressing on one hesitates,  
the rift develops so slowly.  
It takes a while before you see.

The love you shared has truly gone  
and you are ready to move on.  
The time has come for you to part  
Which you accept with heavy heart.

Some couples find that when love ends  
it's possible to part as friends  
but only if they both agree  
to share their assets equally.

Most couples don't they cannot see  
there's no need for acrimony.  
They can't regain what they have lost.  
Its only fair they share the cost.

25-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## All Change For M Lady Adria

Familiar landmarks disappear  
gradually as darkness falls.  
Though if you listen you can hear  
the roosting birds exchanging calls.  
From nests in tree you cannot see  
though you're aware that they're still there  
Enwrapped in night fall's mystery.  
There is no way you can compare  
the quiet countryside at night  
with the busy and bustling day.  
All life moves faster in sunlight  
until the sun sets anyway.  
Darkness can make the world we see  
into a realm of fantasy.

26-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# All That I Need For My Lady Irene

On satin sheets my lady lies.  
What does she dream behind closed eyes?  
It seems she dreaming pleasantly  
the evidence is plain to see  
. She's smiling sweetly in her sleep.  
Her secret dreams are hers to keep  
but sometimes she will share with me  
because she trusts me completely.  
She knows that I will understand  
her soaring flights of fantasy  
The things she sees in fairyland  
and listen sympathetically.  
I need not dream I realise  
my lady is my paradise.

18-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# All Will Be Revealed

I cannot prove that God exists  
You cannot prove that he does not.  
Yet still the argument persists.  
What does it matter not a lot?  
What I believe may not be true  
There is no way I can be sure.  
I think the same applies to you.  
That's why we both feel insecure.  
Although I'm open to debate.  
I see no point in argument.  
I have no doubt if we just wait  
The truth will become apparent.  
When we have left this world behind.  
We will no longer be so blind.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Almost Competent

Too old to learn, I don't think so  
Old dogs can learn to do new tricks  
Although the process may be slow.  
Once they grasp it, it will stick.  
I learnt to use my first P/C  
When I was over sixty two  
I mastered it quite easily  
And it completely changed my view.  
Of the world and all that's in it  
Now it only takes a minute.  
When I have something I want to share  
The internet has set me free  
To share my thoughts poetically.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Alnham Pele

The Pele Tower well fortified.  
Could dominate the countryside  
and there was plenty room within  
for all the clansmen and their kin.  
Long, long ago in days of old.  
The borders were a lawless place  
and every clan had their stronghold  
When border raids were commonplace.  
Now it acts as youth h  
still a warm welcome awaits.  
Though not the sort that met the foe  
who tried to batter down the gates.  
A place where ancient history  
adds to its popularity.

5-Aug-07

Pele Towers and fortified manors were the only safe havens in the old borders  
owed no allegiance to England or Scotland  
The borderers raided both countries and each other with equal abandon

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Also Ran

Why is it men must strive to win  
The pleasure lies in taking part,  
the simple joy of joining in  
To finish last is no great sin.  
So why not be an also ran  
at least it proves that you can run.  
You're not ashamed to show you can  
take part in anything for fun  
Somebody must be champion.  
Why worry if it is not you  
He will be beaten by someone  
and lose his place. They always do  
Today he may hold pride of place  
Tomorrow is another race.

1-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Alter Ego For My Lady Irene

Thou art the mistress of my heart  
I like it not when we're apart.  
I glory in thy company.  
Without thee then my life would be  
devoid of purpose or intent.  
Know thou my love is permanent.  
I know full well thou lovest me.  
'Tis plain for all the world to see.  
We walk together hand in hand  
thy slightest wish is my command  
We are well marched and close attached.  
Like two nestlings from one egg hatched  
Where thou art there I will be  
I will not leave thee willingly

Though death will come, a certainty  
for each of us separately  
as he has often done before.  
We do not fear him anymore  
Although we know one must be left  
alone grief stricken and bereft  
But only temporarily  
true love will last eternally.  
We know that death is not the end  
and on that knowledge we depend.  
To give us strength to bear the pain.  
Until the time we meet again  
and reunite a severed soul.  
Two halves will blend to make one whole,

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Am I A Heretic?

Abide with me fast falls the eventide.  
My boredom deepens momentarily.  
There must be more to life than the T.V  
I sometimes watch but I choose carefully

The darkness deepens lord abide with me.  
Boredom remains the ancient enemy  
I have to choose so therefore I decide  
Only to watch what I want to see.

When other helpers fail and comforts flee.  
Then and only then do I watch T.V.  
Most programmes offered don't appeal to me  
I can go without watching very easily.

Help of the helpless oh abide with me.  
Books are my salvation as they ought to be  
I have a collection of fine poetry  
I can choose what suits my mood easily.

Wednesday,31 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Am I A Sinner Or A Saint?

I will supply pure heroine  
To all the hopheads on the street  
And then the clean up will begin  
I'll rid the city of dead beats.

A drastic plan but effective.  
The have free choice they need not use.  
It is their choice to live or die.  
I doubt that many will refuse.

Am I sinner or a saint?  
to contemplate mass homicide  
To rid the city of this taint.  
It's up to you, you must decide.

Am I murderer or not.  
They choose to use what I supply  
Some use a little some a lot.  
Is it my fault if they all die.

I am the last man they'd expect  
to even think of such a plan.  
For after all who would suspect.  
such tactics from a clergyman.

My plan proved to be a great success  
The city streets are safer now.  
I have some doubts I must confess.  
But I feel justified some how.

I do believe in mans free will.  
To choose to use or not use  
A substance which will likely kill.  
I don't believe in drug abuse.

17/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Am I Mistaken A Rant

When shopping at the superstore  
I find each time I must pay more  
For food than what I used to do  
And other prices increase too.

It makes rather curious  
and not a little furious  
Whichever store to which I've gone  
The prices rise in unison.

I suspect conspiracy  
They all agree it seems to me  
To a co-ordinated plan  
Simply because they think they can

Increase the profits which they make.  
It's not a case of give and take.  
I can produce no evidence  
I rely on my common sense

Perhaps I'm growing paranoid.  
Why does the government avoid  
Examining the evidence  
Because they know it would incense.

The fat cats who they daren't offend  
So they keep quiet and pretend  
The do not have the power to  
Do as they're supposed to do.

Protect the public not their friends  
But obviously it all depends  
To whom they owe their loyalty.  
Not to public obviously

Until there's an election due  
That is the time they promise to  
Investigate the reasons why  
Food prices have become so high

You can believe if you so choose  
But as for me I will refuse  
To waste my time by listening to  
What they are promising to do.

They promise much deliver less  
That's why this country's in a mess.  
We cannot trust the government.  
That much at least is evident

The fat cats just ignore the rules.  
They see the government as fools  
Who have strength but not the will  
One single promise to fulfil.

Of course the government deny  
This is the truth and they reply.  
As usual with platitudes  
There is no change of attitude.

The rich grow richer every day.  
We have no choice we have to pay.  
The prices they demand for food  
Maybe I have misunderstood.

And politicians never lie.  
And that truth is that they try  
To protect us from the greedy few.  
Who can tell them what to do.

Governments of both left and right  
Have not the strength of will to fight  
The power of the money men  
Who ever lives at number ten.

Friday, 23 September 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Am I Prejudiced?

I am a slave to poetry.

I do not wish to be set free  
a willing prisoner happily.

Constrained by strict parameters.  
Which form the rules for formal verse,  
to discipline I'm not averse.

Though modernists all claim to be  
Poets. I find I can't agree.  
Their work has small appeal for me.  
I can't commit to memory

One single piece of free form verse.  
In my opinion even worse  
they are deliberately perverse.

Delighting in obscurity  
contemptuous of clarity.

Yet still they claim it's poetry.

9-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Am I Still Me?

I am not dead though I should be  
There's very little left of me.  
I do not live merely exist  
My mind is clouded the mist persists

I can't remember anything  
Although I try there is nothing  
I don't know where I am or why  
I wonder sometimes who am I

Then the mists descend again  
I don't know where I am or when.  
My body lives my mind has fled.  
Dementia which I used to dread.

Has destroyed my ability  
To think at all coherently  
I am not happy nor am I sad.  
I would not know if I was glad.

I should be dead but I am not.  
The art of living I forgot.  
The mists do lift occasionally  
And I remember I am me.

Although my body is quite fit  
Without my mind what use is it?  
Am still me or just a shell  
condemned to a living hell.

Am I still me?

I am not dead though I should be  
There's very little left of me.  
I do not live merely exist  
My mind is clouded the mist persists

I can't remember anything  
Although I try there is nothing

I don't know where I am or why  
I wonder sometimes who am I

Then the mists descend again  
I don't know where I am or when.  
My body lives my mind has fled.  
Dementia which I used to dread.

Has destroyed my ability  
To think at all coherently  
I am not happy nor am I sad.  
I would not know if I was glad.

I should be dead but I am not.  
The art of living I forgot.  
The mists do lift occasionally  
And I remember I am me.

Although my body is quite fit  
Without my mind what use is it?  
Am still me or just a shell  
condemned to a living hell.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Am I?

Am I insane? Perhaps I am.  
Quite frankly I don't give a damn  
what other people think of me.  
Because at last I've broken free.  
I don't believe that I must do  
what others may expect me to.  
There is no way I will conform  
to what's considered as the norm.  
My little eccentricities  
are not in fact designed to please  
anybody at all but me  
I go my own way happily  
I do not think that life should be  
Taken quite so seriously  
4-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Am I? For Friend Thad.

I think therefore I am but I  
can only be aware of me.  
If I should ask could you reply  
with well considered honesty.

I am as I appear to be  
to myself with my inner eye  
Or do you see me differently  
and if so can you tell me why.

Or will you simply lie to me  
and tell me what I want to hear.  
Because you think that you can see  
the truth might be too much to bear.

I think therefore I am but I  
Cannot claim true validity  
There's no real way to verify.  
The simple fact that I am me.

Monday, 25 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Amazed For Friend Thad

I wandered in an ancient maze.  
Close clipped hedges on either side  
and as I walked its narrow ways.  
I had no choice but to decide.

To choose the left or choose the right.  
Which turning that I ought to take.  
The dense Yew hedges curbed my sight.  
I was confused, make no mistake.

The maze became a metaphor  
for all the problems I must face.  
Each is a case of either or.  
I ponder as I slowly pace

along the tree lined corridors.  
I feel my tensions disappear  
and clearly see my future course.  
The quietness I have found here.

Was truly worth the entrance fee.  
My hour of silent solitude  
has left my mind now trouble free.  
Completely changed my attitude.

I will no longer strive to show  
I am the leader of the pack I  
The maze has taught me take it slow  
before I earn a heart attack.

17-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Ambivalence?

Rime Royal

I'm just an ordinary guy.  
I do not court publicity.  
I avoid the public's eye.  
I prefer anonymity  
to being a celebrity.  
I'll never be a household name  
Basking in great public acclaim

I watch the passing years go by  
Observing others quietly  
I see no reason I should try  
To make the wide world notice me.  
I would prefer that they did not  
I am quite happy with my lot.

I've heard it said that pigs might fly  
There is a possibility.  
My work may catch somebody's eye  
Who is prepared to publish me.  
Some one who likes my poetry.  
I'd like to see my works in print.  
Perhaps someone will take the hint.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# An Hypothesis Ror Jt Early

I comprehend eternity.  
A moment which infinitely  
embraces instantaneously  
All that is and will come to be.  
The only segment we can see  
Available to humanity  
Is now and only fleetingly  
We interpret what we see,  
incorrectly probably.  
Which to us is reality  
a small part of totality.  
Because we aren't equipped to see  
beyond an imposed boundary.  
protecting our sanity.

13-Oct-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# An Ideal State?

The brazen blare of trumpets sounds.  
As we approach the temple grounds  
the rattling kettle drums compete  
with ominously marching feet.

The people gather here today  
in the old time honoured way.  
To hear our leaders justify  
why they have failed to satisfy.

The peoples wants, the peoples needs.  
Explain their actions and their deeds  
The leaders have no other choice  
but hearken to the peoples voice.

If they have failed without just cause.  
The peoples justice will enforce  
summary execution.  
A permanent solution.

For politicians who have lied  
by all their fellows they are tried.  
Allowed to mount their own defence  
they must depend on eloquence.

We listen to their argument  
and we consider their intent.  
Their motives are what we must judge  
This is no time for them to fudge.

They ruled as triumvirate  
and so they must anticipate.  
If one is guilty then all three  
Will suffer the same penalty.

If we adjudge them innocent  
by a unanimous consent.  
They can retire honourably  
having served us honestly.

We the people make the rules  
elect the leaders as our tools.  
To do as we instruct them to  
They do not rule the people do.

If we decide they are corrupt.  
The people's anger will erupt.  
For them there can be no appeal  
it was their choice to cheat and steal.

An object lesson plain to see  
for those who aspire to be.  
Part of the next triumvirate  
Chosen to serve our city state.

Ours is a true democracy  
where every citizen is free.  
To stand for office or refrain.  
Those who have served may serve again.

But every two years they must face  
the people's judgement of their case.  
Honest men need have no fear  
dishonest men just disappear.

Stripped of all their ill gotten wealth  
which they acquired by craft and stealth.  
They pay the final penalty  
they're put to death immediately.

The people's will is sovereign  
Offenders will not sin again  
This is a dream I'm sad to say  
and not true of our world today.

Today our world is ruled by greed.  
Use any method to succeed.  
rewarded for dishonesty.  
The people pay the penalty.

19-Oct-07

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

## And Mushy Peas For on

A fragrance carried on the breeze  
which sets my saliva to flow.  
Aroma guaranteed to please.  
The finest fast food that I know.  
Traditional English fish and chips  
served up with salt and vinegar.  
The smell can make me lick my lips  
although I smell it from afar.  
Kebabs, Chinese and Pizzas too  
appeal to some but not to me.  
There's only fish and chip will do  
To suit my mood adequately  
Fine English food for Englishmen  
I can enjoy time and again.

14-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# And No Bird Sings    Fot New Friend Mel

.  
The breeze which rustles in the trees  
assisted by the birds and bees  
Whose interlacing melodies  
produce pastoral symphonies  
Which vary as the seasons change  
and the musicians re-arrange  
the notes to suit their vocal range.  
I think it would be very strange  
if suddenly there ceased to be.  
The music which can set us free  
from worries temporarily  
and silence reigned; permanently.  
The sound of silence echoing  
instead of song birds carolling.

13/04/2007

Revised

18/04/2009

/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## And Why Not For M 'Lady Tara

On the outskirts of the city  
There's a place that's very pretty.  
A semi rural paradise  
for those who can afford the price.  
A small elite community  
where the norm's eccentricity.  
If you should choose to garden nude  
your neighbours would not think you rude.  
The watchword here is tolerance  
It would not rate a second glance  
From neighbours who were passing by.  
Although some might wonder why.  
You choose to garden in the nude  
because you want to they conclude.

28-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Another Chance

I can recall nothing at all.  
My mind is like a pristine page,  
it's rather sad but comical  
I do not know my name or age.

I am aware that I'm a man.  
I recognise the common things  
I try to recall what I can  
and each new day some fresh fact brings.

I think that I must have a wife  
because I wear a wedding ring.  
Some fog blots out my former life.  
I can't remember anything.

Perhaps I have a family  
I wrack my brains but all in vain.  
It seems no one is missing me.  
My doctors say I may regain

My memory in increments.  
This does not really comfort me  
I don't believe in such portents.  
Between themselves they can't agree.

I think my loss is permanent  
Perhaps this is a second chance  
to start afresh by accident.  
As in some story book romance.

My tally sheet has been wiped clean.  
I have no baggage from my past  
I don't know what I might have been.  
I only know that time has passed.

Since I was who I used to be  
I have become a different man  
I will have to wait and see  
and do the very best I can.

To make a success of my life  
A golden opportunity.  
I have maybe escaped from strife  
what I become is up to me.

This cause me no great distress  
I have grown used to being me.  
The me I am now I must stress  
not the me I used to be.

The man I was does not exist  
he vanished with my memory.  
Although some memories persist  
I can choose who I want to be.

25-Sep-06

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Another Day For M Lady Chitra

As morning breaks the East glows red  
Sad shadows of the night depart.  
Then yawning men rise from their bed.  
The time has come today must start.  
Some men rejoice but others curse  
dependent on their attitude.  
The sad ones say that life gets worse  
but others show their gratitude.  
Raising voices in hymns of praise.  
For safety granted through the night  
How blessed are the men who pray  
and greet the morning with delight.  
and cursed be those who cannot see  
beyond their self wrought misery.

18-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Another Time, Another Place

I'm very glad I came the day.  
the dragon ships put out to sea.  
To race in the time honoured way.  
A sight magnificent to see.

Established by long precedent.  
The boats are crewed by volunteers  
and every crew is confident  
This year the honour will be theirs.

The winning crew do not expect  
to win a prize of great value.  
But they are sure to win respect.  
Which is the goal that they pursue.

It is an annual event  
something to look forward to  
A day of feasts and merriment  
and meeting friends both old and new.

When it grows late the light will fade.  
Our holiday draws to its close.  
we say farewell to new friends made.  
and memories too we will not lose..

27-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Anticipation.

Anticipation.

I must accept that you have gone  
one step ahead you have moved on.  
I'm certain we will meet again  
some otherwhere, some otherwhen.  
We had no secrets you and I.  
We always knew that one would die  
and leave the other one behind.  
That you went first I do not mind.  
I could not bear to think of you.  
Suffering the way I do.  
Although I know I must wait  
I know I can anticipate.  
The joy we'll share when we next meet.  
Together once again: Complete.

Friday,31 December 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Antidote For on

Before me lies a narrow road  
with hedges, high on either side.  
With only sunlight for my load  
I am content to boldly stride

I care not where the road may lead  
but I am sure it leads somewhere.  
That's knowledge that I do not need  
I am not burdened down by care.

For two whole weeks I am quite free.  
I chose a walking holiday.  
There is so much I wish to see.  
How could there be a better way

The sun is warming on my back.  
My shadow always runs ahead  
on metalled roads or dusty track  
and I must follow where I'm led.

Once noon is passed I start to look  
I am not fussy not at all  
A wayside on or sheltered nook  
protected by a dry stone wall.

My sleeping bag is very light  
but waterproof and warm withal.  
I do not fear the fall of night.  
I'll sleep lulled by the night birds call.

The first rays of the rising sun  
will serve in place of my alarm.  
Then I will rise and carry one  
and breakfast at some friendly farm.

I have sufficient cash to pay  
for what I need as I pass through  
small villages along the way.  
Where I may spend an hour or two.

Or stay the night If I so choose.  
I have no deadline I must keep.  
My ready cash they won't refuse  
I'm sure to find a place to sleep.

But holidays like all good things  
come to an end eventually.  
But until them my heart still sing  
as I store up new memories.

I must return and be confined  
in narrow grimy city streets.  
Which seem to me to be designed  
for those weighed down by life's defeats.

I am refreshed and ready to  
endure the drabness of each day  
with brick walls limiting my view.  
Remembering my holiday.

15-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Anything Is Possible For M'Lady Tara

I'd been driving since early morn  
and some where I had gone astray  
I was weary and travel worn.  
I had to find a place to stay.

A good nights rest, a hearty meal  
would make a new man out of me  
I hoped the road would soon  
reveal a wayside inn or hostelry.

I had not seen another soul  
since I had left the main highway.  
This single track seemed to unroll  
in front of me in some strange way.

I was too tired to concentrate  
I was fatigued and needed rest  
I knew the hour was growing lat  
and I decided it would be best

To book into the first hotel  
or bed and breakfast I could find.  
Either one would suit me well  
I did not care I would not mind.

Just then I saw some way ahead  
a building with a sign outside.  
When I got closer I could read.  
Be welcome stranger step inside.

I parked my car just off the track  
and boldly knocked upon the door.  
Which slowly opened just a crack  
then gradually a little more

Until at last it opened wide.  
That doors gey stiff, a sharp voice said.  
An ancient lady stood inside.  
I asked her if she had a bed.



I have two rooms and they're both free  
the season hasn't started yet.  
So come you in where you can see  
It is not often that I get.

A visitor at all these days  
not since they built the carrigeway  
She fanned the fire into a blaze.  
She was quite certain I would stay.

She showed me to a cosy room  
and said she would prepare a meal.  
An oil lamp would relieve the gloom.  
It seemed that I had struck a deal.

I did not care how much it cost  
I had to eat and needed rest  
I told her that I had got lost  
and had decided it was best

To find some place to spend the night  
before I had an accident  
She said she thought that I was right  
and I should bide the night content.

Tomorrow was another day.  
I ate my meal and went to bed.  
How long I slept I cannot say  
When I awoke I found instead.

Of being warm and dry in bed  
I was outside beneath the sky.  
My old suit case pillowed my head.  
Now I will wonder til I die.

If it was merely some strange dream  
created by my tired mind.  
Or had I entered some time stream  
to find what I needed to find

Which took me back to yester year.  
When folks lived at a slower pace  
The memory is crystal clear  
although I could not find a trace.

There was no record anywhere  
to prove the house had ever been.  
Officials thought me mad I fear  
when I described the house I'd seen.

I had it researched thoroughly  
By local experts in this field  
But they found no more trace than I  
At last I gave up forced to yield.

Admit my search had been in vain  
Although it defies common sense  
the memories which I retain  
are not a matter of pretence.

I do not often share this tale  
which I believe to be quite true.  
I know quite well that I should fail  
If I attempt to convince you.

I know from past experience.  
Though there are some but very few.  
Who listen to me with patience  
and can admit it could be true.

Some things can never be explained  
although they are improbable.  
I only know that I've retained  
Belief that all is possible.

31-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Apathy Rages Unchecked

The time has come for real debate about the power of the state.  
to interfere with liberties we have enjoyed for centuries.  
Encouraged by our apathy the state moves forward stealthily  
towards its long desired goal exerting power and control.  
Reducing our right to choose intolerant of other views  
The state knows best their constant theme as secretly they plot and scheme

To alter the existing laws and thus gain power to enforce  
Further curbs on liberty, stealing power insidiously.  
The time has come to call a halt, root out the guilty men at fault.  
Strip them of all authority which they obtained dishonestly.  
Remind them that the people rule. The government is just a tool  
which we employ to do a task, or is that far too much to ask.

I am free born a citizen, a man just like all other men  
I do not need a nanny state which has the power to dictate.  
to tell me what to eat and drink and try to tell me what to think.  
It's time the people aired their views and stated firmly they refuse  
to allow any government to act without their full consent.  
Is this a democracy? to me it doesn't seem to be.  
Although you may reject my views while you have the power to choose.

15-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Apathy Rages Unchecked

I have a strong aversion to.  
Doing what I'm told to do  
Though other people think I should  
I have a different attitude  
I have a brain I choose to use  
To form my independent views.  
Although I'm sure to face abuse  
Because I stubbornly refuse  
To do what they expect of me  
To be what they want me to be  
I am a man and I am free.  
To live the way that I want to  
And do the things I choose to do.  
Although the vast majority  
do as they're told quite happily.  
They are bogged down in apathy  
they can't think independently.  
they either can't or don't want to  
It makes me sad but I must say  
They choose to take the easy way.  
They follow like a flock of sheep  
Because their minds are lulled to sleep.  
they are bombarded constantly.  
with adverts by the powers that be.  
Which are designed to fill their mind  
to make quite sure they never find.  
Any reason to complain.  
Because they cannot use their brain..  
They are convinced that they are free  
and yet submit to slavery.  
At least that's how it seems to me.  
Things aren't as they appear to be  
Although the vast majority.  
Accept things as they seem to be.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Applegarth

There is a garden where the sun  
reflects from rough cast whitewashed walls.  
Close by the quiet river runs  
here you can hear the soft bird calls.

The scents of lavender and sage,  
which grow near to the lilac trees.  
Compete with fields of blue borage  
ich draw to them the questing bees.

The lawn of moorland turf is neat  
and everywhere the flowers bloom.  
The honey smell of meadowsweet  
is mingling with the perfumed broom.

This garden is a sheltered spot.  
Where old and tired from the fray  
I sit and doze when it is hot  
and ponder in my quiet way.

I think about the things I've seen  
and well loved people I have known  
The many places I have been  
in travels 'fore I was full grown.

My wandering feet have carried me  
to distant lands of snow and ice.  
Some lands without a single tree  
and tropic isles like paradise.

I always yearned to go back home  
but there was always more to see  
When I was young I had to roam  
across the world by land and sea.

My questing mind gave me no peace  
hard lessons I was forced to learn.  
Wisdom granted me release  
a truth I found I had to earn.

The fire of youth burns low with age.  
springy step turns to measured tread  
I learnt my quest was a mirage  
and came back to where I was bred

Although it's changed it's still the same.  
I see it now through different eyes  
and seek no more for fortunes fame.  
I realise to my surprise

I need not have travelled at all.  
As all the knowledge I've obtained  
I could have gained within the walls  
of this small maintained

by younger men in their full strength.  
Who serve me with touching awe  
As one who's seen the breadth and length  
Of the whole he sought for

the secrets other lands could show.  
Whose been to Canada and Rome.  
Seen desert lands and fields of snow  
But has returned at last to home.

A field stone house with roof of thatch,  
a garden sheltered from the wind.  
There was nowhere else could match  
the dream he carried in his mind.

Of Applegarth, old Applegarth  
a house that's filled with memories  
It's been his family's home and hearth  
for nigh on seven hundred years.

There's little left of the wide lands  
This proud family used to own  
but what there is Is my homeland.

belongs to me and me alone.

This quiet garden in the sun  
the Rowan tree that provides shade.  
I know my race is nearly run  
and wonder if I made the grade.

Each morn I wake and greet the day.  
Determined that I will enjoy  
Whatever treats may come my way  
As carefree as a little boy

The little boy I used to be  
Before my wanderlust took hold  
and drove me overland and sea.  
I only learned as I grew old

That I could live contentedly  
at Applegarth and only here.  
Where I was always meant to be  
a message I was slow to hear.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Applied Psychology For M Lady Ernestine

When I was just a little lad  
sometimes I used to hate my dad.  
It was his job so he taught me.  
I must pay for being naughty  
He took his slipper to my bum  
and beat me like kettle drum.

He taught me there was a price to pay  
each time I chanced to go astray.  
He was determined to teach me  
that I could not go scot free.  
He was responsible for m  
and took his duty seriously.

Unlike the spoilt brats of today  
who simply go their own sweet way.  
Now Dads are not allowed to tan  
their backsides. So they think they can  
misbehave with impunity  
Upset the whole community.

Today's child care experts advise  
you cannot physically chastise  
For they see this as child abuse.  
The experts say you cannot use.  
My Das applied psychology  
involving slippers bums and knees

In general I obey the law  
but I believe they should restore.  
A father's right to teach his kid  
In the way my father did.  
I still remember easily  
the lessons I learned painfully.

16-Jan-09  
blog



ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Appreciative Audience.

Soft moonlight filters through the trees  
Which seem to dance to melodies  
Created by the gentle breeze.

The shadows on the ground dance too  
Or to my eyes they appear to  
Disintegrate then form anew.

Sometimes the clouds blot out the light  
The shadows gain a brief respite.  
Rejoin the darkness of the night.

But clouds move on and when they do  
And once again moonlight shows through.  
The trees will dance, the shadows too.

The sun will rise to start the day.  
The dancing shadows hide away  
But where they hide no man can say.

The sun completes his daily quest.  
Journeying from east to west.  
Then sinks below the sea to rest.

The moon will rise she rules the night  
Then once again to my delight  
She bathes the trees in silver light.

The melodies played by the breeze  
Will re awake the sleeping trees.  
To dance again with practiced ease.

Beneath the trees reluctantly  
the shadows still dance gracefully.  
I watch in silence gratefully.

I know they do not dance for me  
And I am privileged to see  
The shadows dance under the trees.

Friday, 23 September 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Appy Oyster For M Lady Tara

I are a `apply little oyster,  
just lurking in me shell.  
lying on the ocean bed  
suits me very well.

I don't go far from where I are,  
cos I am quite attached.  
I lets me foughs go wandering  
and as done since I `atched

.  
No matter where they wander.  
matter where they roam.  
They don't have far to look for me,  
cos I'm a stay at home.

The oddest foughs go frough me head,  
while safe beneaf the drink.  
Cos when you can't go very far,  
you `as to sit and fink.

I wonder can a `addock sing?  
or a codling ride a bike?  
Are mussels ever muscle bound, ?  
do crabs come out on strike?

I'm a native of these waters  
that's all I claim to be  
a'appy little oyster  
wot lives beneaf the sea

.  
ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Are You Afraid Of The Dark For M' Lady Tara

The silent shadows secretly  
hide in dark corners through the day.  
They are aware that they must wait  
until nightfall to congregate.

In the open and combine  
into something man can't define.  
An entity with one desire  
to terrify and to inspire.

In the hearts and minds of men  
old atavistic memories  
The fears their forbears knew again  
from which they can gain no release,

As long as total darkness reigns  
When dawn breaks; then the sun will rise.  
The shadows flee to hide again.  
Conceal them selves from human eyes..

As always they will lie in wait  
in hidden corners out of sight.  
Patiently to congregate  
to celebrate the fall of night.

When shadows come into their own.  
Reviving mankind's ancient fears  
of darkness when daylight has flown.  
As they have done for countless years,

and will for all the years to come.  
Although the modern man believes  
Such foolish fears he'll overcome  
It's only himself he deceives.

13/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Arithmetical Progression

When driven by a bow of yew  
A clothyard shaft which truly flew  
would pierce plate armour through and through  
and many were the knights we slew.

The armoured knights had previously  
overridden the enemy.  
By charging at them furiously  
were now picked off quite easily.

By archers who were common men  
The tides of war had changed again,  
no longer favoured noblemen.  
Against the lower classes when

a simple peasant with a bow  
can lay a titled warrior low.  
The knights vowed that on the morrow  
They would avenge their recent sorrow.

The peasants were supposed to fly  
when challenged by the cavalry.  
Noble men weren't meant to die  
but arrows brought equality.

This was a lesson archers learned  
and with it dignity returned.  
Each man received just what he earned  
and thus the style of battle turned.

No longer would the knights prevail.  
Their furious charges doomed to fail  
Plate armour worn to no avail  
when armour piercing arrows sail.

In whistling clouds which bring quick death.  
to lordly knights who ride beneath.  
A well placed arrow stops their breath  
transports them to the River Lethe..

What did we learn from history.  
How to kill men distantly  
more quickly and efficiently  
improving the technology.

But we are learning as we go  
moving to muskets from the bow.  
Although advances may be slow  
dissatisfied with what we know.

Man invents better ways to kill  
in striving to enforce his will.  
Death has his quota to fulfil  
The common man still foots the bill.

Now officers, aristocrats  
though they are wearing different hats,  
are still the same self serving pratts.  
Who despise diplomats

Proclaim the justice of the cause  
always advise the use of force  
Convinced that they are right of course  
and when proved wrong show no remorse.

It does not dent their self esteem.  
As long as they're allowed to scheme  
a world at peace is just a dream.  
Mankind will not work as a team.

1-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Army Brats Lament

I'm always outside looking in  
at other folks togetherness.  
I do not know where to begin  
to cancel out my loneliness.

It seems I've always been alone  
I am so shy I just pretend  
that I am happy on my own.  
I am afraid I might offend.

If I attempt to just take part  
without someone inviting me.  
So usually I must depart  
nobody wants my company.

But not tonight: To my surprise  
I am the focus of all eyes  
and everybody welcomes me.  
I'm inside where I want to be.

I'm on the inside looking out.  
I see the world quite differently  
No longer paralysed by doubt.  
I am accepted readily.

So if you're outside looking in  
just try your best to catch my eye.  
This is a battle you must win  
don't stay outside because you're shy.

I've said farewell to loneliness  
I am a player in life's game  
Just show a little friendliness.  
and you can surely do the same.

A simple smile your passport to  
the inside where you want to be.  
It's not so very hard to do  
I managed it successfully.

18-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Artistry For M Lady Francesca

The night has fled but left behind  
a louring sky gun metal grey.  
foreshadowing the dawn of day.  
My eyes wide open search the skies,  
the east whence comes the rosy glow.  
As from beneath the sea the sun will rise  
and slowly climb to dominate the sky.  
The source from which the pastel colours flow.  
The shades of amber rose and gold we see  
a true display of nature's artistry.

6-Jan-08

sonnetina

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# As Ye Sow So Must Ye Reap

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.  
An old adage which still applies today  
You paid no heed although you had been warned  
But you will learn there is a price to pay.

You chose to lie to satisfy your lust  
You promised her complete fidelity  
But then you shamelessly betrayed her trust.  
Only a fool could fail to see that she.

Would feel she had the right to punish you.  
But she was wise enough to know  
that in due course you will receive your due.  
Your many sins will not be allowed to go.

unpunished: You must suffer in your turn.  
A lesson which philanderers all learn.

Friday, 05 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# As Ye Sow So Shall Ye Reap

Tenebrous shadows congregate  
and murmur surreptitiously.  
About the vagaries of fate  
and who or what they used to be.

Once powerful now powerless.  
They complain interminably  
but to the world have no access.  
No power on earth can set them free.

They are condemned for their past sins  
and all must serve their sentence out  
But then of course new life begins  
another chance of finding out.

Where they went wrong, try to amend  
for hurts they caused deliberately.  
Impossible now to pretend.  
They see with renewed clarity.

That as you sow so shall you reap.  
This simple law can't be repealed.  
That's why the shadows wail and weep  
because their sins lie unconcealed.

Each act recorded faithfully  
there is no way that you can lie.  
Although you acted furtively  
you can't escape the watchful eye.

Of your own deep subconscious mind  
Recording what you did and why.  
A monitor that's well designed  
to bring to light what you deny.

Yours is the only evidence  
that karmic law will listen to.  
No one can speak in your defence.  
The faults are clearly down to you.

You are the jury and the judge  
and you impose your own sentence.  
No legal niceties to fudge  
and no pretended penitence.

You join the other shadows who  
wait in the dark impatiently.  
To be reborn as someone new.  
Your role selected carefully.

To give the opportunity  
to undertake the tests again.  
The tests you failed so miserably  
by causing other people pain.

You'll suffer as you caused them to  
Their agonies will be redressed  
your wickedness rebounds on you  
Until the lesson is impressed.

If you succeed you can move on  
It is entirely up to you.  
Each life can teach a new lesson  
as each life is intended to.

No one's condemned eternally  
you always get another chance.  
Some learn their lessons easily  
according to their circumstance.

But others find it very hard  
and fail the test repeatedly.  
A life of misery their reward  
but they will learn eventually.

That what you give is what you get.  
The scales must balance perfectly.  
All other laws you can forget.  
All men are treated equally

...13-Jul-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ask Yourself

Is it not true? that most men lie  
Concealing faults which they possess,  
easier to lie than to confess  
Although they cannot tell you why  
a lie becomes their stock reply.  
A measure of their foolishness  
Is it not true?

Your truthfulness I won't deny  
but when you look me in the eye  
Loudly protesting honesty  
you plant the seeds of doubt in me  
Is it not true?

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Aspiration

Aspiration.

Aah divvent like the winter neets  
because wor netty's doon the yard  
It's caad and damp and has ne leets  
and varry often frozen hard.

Aah'd rather use the chamber pot  
that hides beneath the double bed.  
Aah sometimes wish that aah had got  
a warm dry inside loo instead.

Me sister hes a bungalow  
that has a bathroom and a loo.  
Noo she is rather posh you know  
and looks doon on the likes of me.

She married weel, hor man was rich  
an left hor weel provided for  
Hor life hes gone without a hitch  
She had ne bairns but I hed four.

But varry soon aah'll qualify  
and get an aad folks bungalow.  
A modern hoose that's warm and dry  
The aah'll be good as her you know.

The airs and graces she displays  
impress hor neighbours but not me.  
Cos aah recall wor childhood days  
which she forgets conveniently.

Me sister is a proper snob  
but she's the only one aah've got.  
Aah only wish she haad her gob  
not taak a lot o tommy rot..

24-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Aspiring To Greatness

Some choose to write by candlelight  
and some compose straight on the screen.  
Whichever way to you seems right,  
that is the way it's always been.

In days of yore you chose your quill,  
made sure the ink was close to hand  
Before your parchment you could fill,  
then sprinkle it with silver sand.

A pencil is my chosen tool  
I scribble quickly on my pad  
and then transfer it as a rule  
to my computer: I am glad

to see it appear on the screen.  
Neatly displayed in black and white  
the font I use shows crisp and clean  
Then I will edit and put right

whatever errors I have made.  
Correct the meter and the rhyme.  
The final draft is then displayed  
. Re editing does not waste time.

It is a task you must not shirk.  
Though I'm afraid that many do  
and thus do not present their work.  
as perfectly as they ought to.

It is entirely up to you  
to show that you are willing to  
do everything that you can do  
to prove you're fit to join the few.

Whose poetry will still be read.  
Like the great poets of the past  
In years to come when you are dead.  
Whose golden words were meant to last.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Assayed And Found Wanting.

I saw a(lady) passing by  
and I was very glad she passed  
Everything about her was a lie.  
Pure deception unsurpassed.  
Despite the glances which she cast  
in my direction hoping to.  
Snare my attention hold me fast  
She did not know how much I knew  
about her somewhat shady past  
.She only saw me as a male  
who could be fooled from first to last  
Her efforts were to no avail.  
I can tell gold from common ore  
because I have been fooled before.

Sunday,28 February 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## At Least That's My Excuse. For on

Fatigue sets in more quickly now.  
As passing years catch up with you.  
But circumstances will allow  
A quick cat nap which can only do.  
A recharge of your batteries.  
So do not let it worry you.  
You must conserve your energies.  
For things you really want to do.  
I have a snooze each afternoon  
A habit which I cultivate  
I consider it to be a boon.  
There is nothing which cannot wait.  
Retirement has set me free  
from any sense of urgency.

Saturday, 11 September 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# At Your Service

The road I take a lonely road.  
I have no friends or relatives  
Nor have I any fixed abode.  
my only purpose ending lives.  
I do not choose which lives to take  
Contrarywise they call on me  
to bring an end to their heartache.  
When life's become a misery  
If they are living in great pain  
and have no way of gaining ease  
A burden too much to sustain.  
They welcome me I bring release  
When you find life too much to bear.  
Just call to me and I will hear.

26-Oct-08

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Athena's Bird

The howlet hoots his melancholy  
Atop yon lordlings gray stone folly.

The Mithraic bull engages in debate.  
Papal bulls that legislate,  
the strict rules of celibacy  
enforced by gerontocracy.  
The ancient princes of the church.

I heard it then I hear it now, .  
thrice damned, thrice damned, the cuckoo cries.

As Aphrodite slowly dies.  
Then Jupiter steals Saturn's moons,  
and wicked druids cast the runes.  
The portents foresee unhappy times,  
but still is that the church bell chimes?

Bold Lancelot and Guinevere,  
made merry in adultery  
Ah well alas and lackaday  
'tis now the mournful bagpipes play.

The moon is full Diana hunts,  
and oxford students play in punts.  
Who listens to my plaintive cry?  
I point the road to Calvary.

Where crucifixion dims the sky,  
the cock crew thrice. I wonder why  
The words are in my glossary,  
wise quotes from sages in the past.

Noble thoughts to inspire us,  
wise rules that require us.  
To question those who govern us,  
in union e pluribus.

And yet, and yet men must still strive,



to keep those noble thoughts alive.  
Buddhist, Hindu and Christian,  
Muslim, Taoist and Shinto from Japan  
Have sought and are seeking still.  
The reason men must seek to kill  
the otherness of other men.

Until the Christ child comes again,  
and rules in glory only then.  
Will freedom ever truly reign,  
over a world that's free from pain

The howlet hoots his melancholy,  
sadness to see mankind's folly

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Attaining Virtue

Attaining Virtue.

I climb up to the monastery  
my sanctuary seeking Zen.  
Find peace of mind again: I'm free  
from all that troubles me. Until  
I must descend the hill. Return  
to where I earn my daily bread.  
Where noise instead of quietness  
begins to press. I can endure  
of that I'm sure, my thoughts are pure.  
I will not injure any man.  
Because I've learned to tolerate,  
accept my fate patiently.

27/07/2009

Burmese style climbing rhyme

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Attitudes.

The moon sheds soft and silver light  
upon the newly fallen snow  
A master piece for our delight.  
The city folk will never know.

The snow that falls on city streets.  
Is all too soon polluted by  
the footprints left by passing feet.  
In cities different rules apply.

Country folk accept the snow  
They know there's little they can do  
but wait. In time the snow must go.  
Something to look forward to.

But city folk impatiently  
Demand the streets should be snow free.

Wednesday, 06 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Auntie Emmaline For Friend Leslie

Auntie Emmaline.

My cousin Peter was a prig.  
A precious little Mamas boy.  
Who thought it rather infra dig  
a little mischief to enjoy.

He combed his hair and shined his shoes  
and was polite to every one  
I was quite pleased to hear the news  
that he had just up and gone.

To live with a girl, Elsie Ma.  
Who was no better than a whore.  
It made me glad I have to say.  
He's not my rival anymore.

Nobody says that should I should be  
just like Peter. Dear me no.  
The rotten apple on the tree.  
But what the family do not know.

Is that I arranged for them to meet.  
I knew she would lead him astray  
He had no chance at all poor Pete.  
I don't regret it in any way.

I'm sure that Peter has more fun.  
Than if he had stayed safe at home.  
Today he's just another one  
Who felt that it was time to roam.

Far from his mothers eagle eye  
escape from under mothers thumb.  
They were some things he had to try  
and realised their time had come.

He was disowned immediately.  
His name is never mentioned now.

Sometimes I meet him on the sly  
I like him better now somehow.

Now that he's not held up to be  
the Icon I should emulate  
To tell the truth he's just like me  
Although he found out rather late.

Though I appear respectable.  
I have a wild streak which I hide.  
My aunt finds me acceptable.  
I think she would be horrified

to know that I both smoke and drink  
and chase young ladies ardently.  
But things are seldom as you think.  
I find that fooling her pleases me.

A good God fearing lady who  
still believes whole heartedly.  
That there are things one does not do  
Quite blind to life's reality.

29/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Austere Purity.

It's autumn now; the trees discard  
their final leaves in readiness  
When winter comes times will be hard.  
Their leafless branches suffer less.  
From winter gales and hold less snow  
Than they would in summer dress.  
The time has come to let leaves go  
Although bare branches don't impress.  
Mere silhouettes against the sky.  
A tracery of black and white  
They can still catch a poet's eye  
and may inspire him to write.  
In praise of the simplicity  
of winters cold sterility.

Friday, 15 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Autumnal Thoughts For M'Lady Ernestine.

The days grow short and shorter still  
The evenings hold a hint of chill.  
The sun goes early to his rest.  
The time approaches I love best  
When nature shows her artistry  
abandoning propriety  
To suit her autumn madcap mood.  
She is determined that she should  
Use every shade in her palette.  
Create a sight you can't forget  
and she succeeds so easily.  
By making certain every tree.  
Will don their autumn finery  
Their gaudy colours pleasing me

Wednesday, 27 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Autumnale For M Lady Ernestine

The falling leaves dance in the breeze  
and clothe the ground beneath the trees,  
in autumn colours rich a rare.  
The trees themselves will soon be bare.

Left no defence against the wind.  
Their winter plans are well designed,  
bare twigs and branches hold less snow  
than useless leaves they have let go

The wintry gales to no avail  
try hard but they are doomed to fail,  
They can't destroy the sturdy trees;  
resisting with apparent ease.

Although they bow before the blast  
they know that winter cannot last  
The winds will die and fade away  
the trees will they're here to stay.

Spring will return the trees will green  
as if the winter had not been.  
The trees put on their new spring clothes  
along with every plant that grows.

8-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Awaiting My Next Posting

I hear a distant bugle calling  
bravely as the twilights falling  
The plaintive notes of the last post,  
when I'm alone affect me most.

As I remember those who fell  
in defence of liberty.  
Where they lie now no man can  
but I remember vividly

Lofty, only five foot two  
and his best mate big Geordie Green.  
Taff Thomas and Dai Williams too.  
I wonder what they might have been

Had death not claimed them one and all  
selected them quite randomly.  
Each time I hear that bugle call  
a sense of guilt falls over me.

Why was I chosen to survive  
to wed and raise a family.  
When they gave all they had to give  
each death a separate tragedy.

But I live on. I know not why  
death chose my friends, left me behind.  
The only thing I know is I  
Must keep their memories in mind.

The plaintive notes the bugler plays  
that drift across the fields to me  
Will mark too, the end of my days  
when I rejoin their company.

7-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Awesome Or Awful

Thou art my friend and yet my foe.  
Thou praiseth me dishonestly.  
Why is that thou acteth so  
Art thou afraid of hurting me?  
An enemy who honestly  
declares my work is full of flaws.  
Helps to improve my poetry  
and thus adopts a wiser course.  
Although he may show prejudice.  
Attacking my attempts at verse  
and show no sign of compromise  
Methinks your flattery is worse.  
I take both with a pinch of salt  
and still improve though by default.

18-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Awestruck For M Lady Tara

Awestruck

In the distance peals of thunder  
as the skies are rent asunder.  
Massed ranks of clouds threatening rain  
the lightning strikes and strikes again.  
Forked spears of light, electric blue  
can pierce the storm clouds through and through  
The storm clouds offer no defence.  
I know from past experience.  
The lightning bolts will win again  
and force the clouds to release rain  
upon the thirsty earth below.  
I watch and wait to see the show.  
I watch in wonderment and awe  
Although I've seen it all before.

07/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Back To My Roots For Friend Bob

The sun is setting on the sea.  
It paints the restless waters red.  
I sit alone solitary  
and from my vantage point I see

The sky darken to indigo  
I sit alone and watch night fall.  
I choose to stay although I know  
that duty calls and I should go.

Back to the harsh reality  
I have to cope with every day.  
The endless noise of the city.  
With which I feel no empathy.

I must suppose I'll always be  
the country boy that I once was  
But driven by necessity  
I left my home reluctantly.

There was no future there for me  
No way to earn my daily bread  
Just endless grinding poverty.  
A prospect which I chose to flee.

I was naïve and hopeful then.  
I thought the city offered me  
A better chance to start again  
But sadly I was mistaken.

The hungry city swallowed me.  
I found a job which paid my way.  
A porter in a mortuary  
The ultimate in irony.

I served the dead to stay alive.  
But every hour that I was free.  
I needed fresh air to survive.

I took my car and I would drive.

Out to the hill above the sea  
to fill my lungs with fresh clean air.  
And for a little while be free  
from scents and sounds of the city.

I will retire very soon.  
I think that I have earned the right.  
To sit outside my door at noon  
or if I choose to watch the moon.

I shall go back where I belong  
Back to the open countryside.  
Although I'm old I am still strong  
I have no doubt I'll get along.

Quite happily where I should be  
I was not meant for city life.  
I'll leave the city thankfully.  
Retirement will set me free.

26/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Baldly Stated

I use to wear it centre parted.  
But now alas it has departed  
When I was young I had thick hair  
but now my head's completely bare.  
I wear a hat against the sun  
a sunburnt scalp is not much fun.  
The only plus that I can see  
I need not pay a barbers fee  
nor spend my money on shampoo  
As hirsute men are forced to do.  
A sign of masculinity  
they say though I would rather be  
Possessor of a well thatched head  
than one from which all hair has fled.

1-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Bardic Tradition

The yarns I spin to entertain  
are never wholly fictional  
I let sufficient truth remain  
so they can seem quite factual.  
Sometimes I find readers accept  
My narratives as being true.  
Although it's not what I expect  
it makes me proud to think they do.  
From the feed back which I receive  
It seems I unintentionally  
create something they can believe.  
It's highly complimentary.  
Though fashions change, bards can still spin  
a likely tale to take you in.

Saturday, 30 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Bare Feet For Thad

A centipede does not wear shoes.  
If they were offered he'd refuse.  
Say he's afraid they'd hurt his toes  
and he knows best I must suppose.  
Although I do suspect that he  
makes excuses Cos he's lazy.  
He'd have to tie a hundred bows  
which I think would drive him crazy.  
If I was forced to go barefoot  
I am quite sure it would not suit.  
For shoes are something which I need  
but then I'm not a centipede.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Barely Bearable

I find the winter hard to bear.  
A fact that must clearly state.  
I wish I had been born a bear  
and had the sense to hibernate  
I do not like the damp and cold  
nor do I like the snow and ice  
and it gets worse as I grow old.  
I often think it would be nice.  
To be a hairy grizzly bear  
and sleep from autumn until spring.  
Kept snug and warm by my thick hair,  
no need to wake for anything.  
But sadly I am not a bear  
I need my thermal underwear.

1-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Battle Field Musings

Battlefield musings

I am aware that thousands lie beneath the soil below the sky  
I listen to their silent cry. Why were we sent to fight and die?  
They came from every walk of life and briefly trained to join the strife.  
In the Great War to end all wars. Convinced they fought in freedoms cause.  
The men of God the padres lied, they said that God was on our side  
That he would grant them victory but they were wrong quite obviously.  
The tides of war ebbed to and fro. It was impossible to know.  
Which side if either was ahead. The quick were fewer than the dead  
Young soldiers by the thousand died in the name of national pride.  
Eventually it was agreed that the Germans would concede.  
But was it worth the sacrifice. There is no answer satisfies  
The myriads who fought and died. The truth is that their leaders lied  
Now poppies grow in Flanders fields where the dead increase the yield  
of crops the local farmers grow. We can't pretend we do not know  
There are no winners in a war, a lesson we choose to ignore.  
We only pay lip service to, a fact we know too well is true.

Saturday, 16 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Battle Flag For M Lady Tara

November: Yet a single bloom  
still flaunts herself defiantly.  
A splash of red against the gloom  
of a depressing dark grey sky.  
A scarlet rose last of its kind  
Contemtuuous of the morning frost  
as if on purpose to remind  
us that the battle is not lost.  
Until the last survivor dies  
then winter can claim victory  
Though we need not believe its lies  
defeat is only temporary  
Next year the rose will bloom again.  
A promise which can't be broken.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Be On Your Guard.

I do not think there'll ever be  
A system that can guarantee  
Absolute security.

Of data on the internet  
Although it is certain bet.  
This statement is bound to upset.

The expert firms prepared to claim  
They have succeeded in their aim.  
There's other players in the game.

Hackers working tirelessly  
are sure in time to find the key  
And intrude on our privacy.

Their motivations various.  
Not of all of them nefarious  
Some few are. merely curious

They have the capability  
To circumvent security  
And they intend to definitely

If you are wise then you will vet  
All contacts on the internet  
Cross checking is your safest bet.

Maintaining your security  
Is your responsibility.  
So when you check, check thoroughly.

Don't trust new friends too easily.  
Don't share too much too readily.  
Take security seriously.

I cannot tell you what to do  
For in the end it's up to you.  
To make quite sure their words are true..

Your long term friends can verify.  
Your would be friends identity.  
Reducing your uncertainty.

If they aren't known to your old friends.  
You have to doubt what they intend.  
so bring all contact to an end.

Better to be safe than sorry.  
They may be hunters seeking quarry.  
Close them down and do not worry.

They will quickly realise  
That you do not believe their lies.  
Which will not take them by surprise.

They try again with someone new.  
Who is not quite as wise as you.  
Some wide eyed trusting ingénue.

Who will accept them as friend.  
Not realising they intend.  
It is her cash they mean to spend.

But you are safe you've closed the door.  
You're not the fool they took you for  
You won't be bothered any more.

They search the net for easy prey  
And find one almost every day.  
They make certain that crime will pay.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Be Still And Listen For Friend Colin

Be still and listen for the sound,  
the voice of God speaks quietly.  
Although the silence is profound  
It cannot blank out completely.  
The never ending melody.  
We have not listened to before  
except perhaps subliminally.  
Something we usually ignore.  
We are too busy listening to  
competing sounds of every day  
We do not do as we should do  
and set some time aside to pray.  
This can't apply to just one creed  
but fills a universal need,

27/06/2009

cecom/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Becoming

A rose bud still, not yet a rose.  
A gawky awkward teenager  
but she will blossom as she grows  
and make me proud she's my daughter.  
But how I hate the moody blues  
the angst and insecurity  
all teenagers must struggle through.  
Their heightened sensitivity.  
She sees us all as critical  
of how she looks and all she does.  
Though how she feels is typical  
of each and every one of us  
When were young and underwent  
our teenage years of discontent.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Bedtime Story

Bedtime story.

An unfrocked priest concelebrates.  
The ritual of the black mass.  
Breathless the congregation wait.  
To witness what may come to pass.

A naked prostitute serves  
as altar for this blasphemy.  
The priest will get what he deserves  
without a doubt eventually.

A human skull holds foul incense  
black candles burn on either side.  
The atmosphere is growing tense.  
As acolytes each in their turn

Intone their pleas to Lucifer  
To grace them with his presence here  
Their half afraid he will appear

And half afraid that he will not.  
A stench of brimstone fills the air  
The room is fast becoming hot.  
It is almost too much to bear

Outside a roll of thunder peals  
and lightning streaks across the sky.  
Inside a crimson glow appears  
Lord Lucifer enthroned on high

The congregation terrified.  
Bow low to show him their respect  
Their expectations satisfied.  
Dramatically to great effect.

Some came fro curiosity  
And some because of true belief  
in his Satanic Majesty



Who holds the whole world as his fief.

Is it just a well staged show?  
I am convinced that it must be.  
But truthfully I do not know.  
It seems to me most probably.

That someone stands to benefit  
considerably financially.  
Although I am quite sure of it.  
I must admit reluctantly.

I have no proof to assist you  
to draw your own conclusions.  
As to whether it could be true  
I'll stick with my opinion.

It is a scam intended to  
Prey on the gullibility  
of fools with little else to do  
but take part in tomfoolery.

I may be wrong quite possibly  
and that Lucifer did appear.  
Although I don't think he would be  
So very quick to disappear

and leave his worshippers bereft.  
It was stage managed cleverly.  
The lights grew dim before he left.  
You can't believe all that you see.

My tale is told it's up to you.  
You have to make up your own mind.  
I cannot make it up for you.  
This is the choice I leave behind.

01/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Before The Beginning

Why does the human race exist?  
Unanswered questions will persist.

Philosophers and scientists  
All try to penetrate the mists.

It seems as if each answer found,  
leads to a question more profound.

It often seems the evidence  
flies in the face of common sense.

Some premises I accept as true  
may seem quite different to you.

The things we know or think we know.  
Frequently prove to be not so.

It all depends how we perceive  
the so called facts which we believe.

Is there a God it would seem so.  
I can believe but do not know.

We cannot prove it either way  
and so unanswered questions stay.

Unanswered now as they have done  
since mans history was begun.

Although we ask we get no reply  
Is God still there or did he die?

16/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Begalmoured And Bewildered For M Lady Ernestine

Beneath a waxing gibbous moon.  
A dryad dances to a tune  
that's played upon the pipes of Pan  
by a young and handsome man.

Just for tonight it seems that she  
the living spirit of a tree.  
Can be allowed to dance alone  
beside the tree with which she's grown.

A comely maiden clad in green  
More beautiful than he had seen.  
Cajoles the youth to come and dance.  
He foolishly accepts the chance.

Once he has held her in his arms  
he must surrender to her charms.  
They share a night of ecstasy  
but morning brings a mystery.

By the morning light awoken.  
The maid has left behind a token  
a souvenir for him to keep.  
This was no dream induced by sleep.

A single solid silver leaf  
With which to bolster his belief.  
As time goes by and memories fade  
of one night in a woodland glade.

26-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Beloved Parasite

Within the womb two strains combine.  
Some genes of your with genes of mine.  
To form a brand new entity.  
Which thrives in the security.

Divides and sub divides again  
develops limbs, organs and brain.  
All of its needs mother supplies  
A veritable paradise.

Takes what it needs quite selfishly  
existing parasitically  
Its only purpose is to grow.  
That's all it knows or needs to know.

But mother knows the time will come  
when he must leave his present home  
and face the hostile world outside.  
Her hopes and dreams well satisfied

Although the baby will  
and seek the comfort of her breast.  
There is no choice it has to be  
an independent entity.

No longer just a parasite.  
The baby still retains the right.  
To have its wants and need supplied  
which mother's readily provide.

A petty tyrant who demands  
obedience to his commands.  
A whimper brings her to his side  
His wishes must be satisfied.

10-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Bemused

I am relaxed and warm in bed,  
the day is done its time for sleep.  
Stray thoughts glide swiftly through my head  
obediently like flocks of sheep.  
But now and then a thought will be  
held to be of interest  
Recorded then subconsciously  
reprocessed whilst I take my rest.  
When I awake I can recall,  
sometimes with startling clarity  
Those words I did not write at all  
and I inscribe them faithfully.  
My muse was busy while I slept  
I don't complain I just accept.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Beneath Our Feet

Great caverns formed by Nature's hand  
transformed into a wonderland  
When man provides electric light  
highlighting every stalagmite  
and stalactite for our delight.

Stray chips of quartz reflecting back.  
Pin points of light against the black  
dark shadowed rocky walls. Like eyes  
their colours take you by surprise  
they coruscate like fireflies.

This beauty had been seldom seen  
except by potholers who are keen  
to tread where no one trod before  
Pioneers who choose to explore  
the hidden depths which they adore.

The hardy men who found the way  
to wonders we can view today.  
They had to crawl we walk upright  
their way was dark but we have light.  
Revealing wonders to our sight.

I wonder why Dame Nature hid  
these caverns in the way she did  
and if we were intended to  
follow up each subtle clue.  
A task which very few could do.

Although wild creatures knew the way.  
The bats which shun the light of day  
have roosted here for centuries.  
They come and go just as they please  
by hidden ways that no man sees.

18-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Beneath The Surface 09

I choose my friends instinctively.  
Signals received unconsciously  
decide compatability  
I am convinced accurately.  
I trust my hunches completely  
I find they work efficiently  
and so I listen carefully  
To what my guts are telling me  
I understand obviously  
I could be wrong quite possibly  
It makes no difference to me.  
It suits me to believe you see.  
I do not have to make a choice  
I leave that to my inner voice.

27-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Bereft For M Lady Allison

Alone, alone, all, all alone  
lost in a sea of misery.  
Gone all the happiness I've known  
because my love is gone from me  
She did not volunteer to go.  
When our call comes we have no choice  
the only certainty we know.  
When my call comes I shall rejoice  
I know that you will wait for me.  
Not even death can break our bond.  
We swore to love eternally  
until time ends and far beyond.  
Without you there is nothing left.  
I sit alone and weep bereft.

10-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Bereft! .

Now you are gone I realise.  
An empty bed expands in size  
Though when I look it seems to me  
To be the size it used to be.  
The warm cocoon we used to share  
Has disappeared. It isn't there.  
It's been replaced and in its stead.  
A vast expanse of empty bed.  
That's occupied by memories.  
A faint perfume reminding me.  
You are not there I am alone  
I don't know why or where you've gone.  
I cannot sleep although I try.  
You never even said goodbye.

Monday, 31 December 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Best Foot Forward For M 'Lady Wennie

Each road you take comes to a fork  
and both new paths look much the same  
To left, to right which one to walk.  
Which of the two will win the game.

Unless you're blessed with second sight  
you will not know which path to choose.  
An even chance you'll get it right.  
You must decide you can't refuse.

You find it harder to decide  
each time you're forced to make a choice.  
Perhaps the fates are on your side  
and you will find cause to rejoice.

This is the only game in town  
and everybody has to play.  
Some will go up and some go down.  
Along life's path they make their way.

Don't be afraid to walk alone  
and choose the less well trodden path.  
Your future must remain unknown  
so step out bravely come what may.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Beware

A shadow lies upon the ground,  
a blackness that is so profound.  
Against the marble cool and white  
reflecting back the bright sunlight.

My eyes are fooled and cant be sure  
and see it as an aperture.  
A deep dark trench that's cut into  
the marble. This is something new.

My mind denies that this can be  
rejects this view immediately.  
The brain interprets what is seen  
applies cold logic to the scene.

Decides it's just a shadow cast  
by the bright sun and will not last.  
Then as the sun moves in the sky  
the shadow alters rapidly.

Diminishing and growing small  
until it is not there at all.  
The sun directly overhead  
the shadow has been banished.

Upon the pavement burnished white  
a slender column stands upright  
Something I did not see before  
a new addition perhaps more

Although my eyes were truly fooled  
and that my mind has overruled,  
The false impression stays with me  
I wonder if impossibly.

My mind was wrong and my eyes right  
the trench I saw as black as night  
might have been reality  
that's only visible to me.

Perhaps those less fortunate.  
Realised the truth but far too late  
to save themselves before they fell  
into that dark and lonely hell.

The toll of folks who disappear  
from public view, grows year by year.  
Maybe this odd phenomenon  
might well explain where they have gone.

As they live trapped in agony  
between the worlds that we can see  
and other worlds that we cannot.  
To gnash their teeth bemoan their lot.

Beware of shadows in the sun  
its all too easy having fun  
to forget danger can lie  
beneath a friendly summer sky.

You too could vanish from men's sight  
and none would ever know your plight.  
Held fast between realities  
the other worlds that no one sees.

Take care my friends heed what I say  
and may you never rue the day  
that you dismissed too easily  
the danger that you did not see.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Bewildered For M Lady Tara

Art thou as pure as driven snow?  
As virginal as thou dost seem.  
An angel walking here below  
or art thou but a fleeting dream.  
Thou seemest to me to be real  
Thine image nightly haunting me.  
Into my dreams thy face doth steal  
and smiles on me bewitchingly  
I know not who or what thou art  
but must suppose thou knowest me  
and cast thy spell to claim my heart  
Which I would give thee willingly  
mayhap thou art a fantasy  
I conjure up unconsciously.

09/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Beyond All Reasonable Doubt For J.T Ellison

Can it be that you believe?  
that justice is what you receive.  
If you submit your case to court.

It ought to be but it is not.  
All thought of justice is forgot  
bogged down in legal argument.

Though you have right upon your side  
Although you know the witness lied  
it does not mean you'll win your case.

You cannot prove his words untrue  
so there is little you can do.  
and at that point your case will fail.

Justice is blind and can be found  
outside the court with her eyes bound.  
Because she cannot bear to see.

The happenings inside the court  
Injustices of every sort  
No justice just a travesty.

13-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Beyond Compare For My Lady Irene

Thou art my love, as thou hast been.  
Since first I set my eyes on thee.  
The ruler of my heart, my Queen.  
You are my liege I serve gladly.

The slightest wish is my command.  
I will fulfil it if I can  
Though thou dost clearly understand  
I am no hero just a man.

A simple man and ordinary.  
Whom thou hath bless'ed with thy trust  
For this I serve thee willingly  
My heart commands me that I must.

With thee I have found happiness  
That I did not think could exist.  
For thou and I togetherness.  
Decreed by fate we can't resist.

Thou art my love as I am thine.  
Consenting partners equally.  
A union born of love divine.  
We are as we were meant to be.

Our fate was written long ago.  
Our love will last eternally  
and that is all we need to know.  
What fate decrees must come to be.

27/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Beyond Our Ken For M'Lady Francesca

Mans boundless curiosity  
is not and will never be  
satisfied sufficiently

He can't accept the status quo  
There is so much he wants to know  
He is obsessed and can't let go

He seeks for knowledge constantly  
but is not wise enough to see.  
There is no end there cannot be.

Compelled by curiosity  
Inventing new technology  
to try and solve the mystery

Of who and what and why he's here.  
But he is doomed to fail I fear.  
New questions constantly appear.

The more he learns the less he knows  
Although his stock of knowledge grows  
His understanding of it slows.

The mind of man can't comprehend  
The quest for knowledge has no end.  
We fool ourselves if we pretend.

That there is nothing else to find  
and everything has been defined.  
A fact to which I am resigned.

Though I'll continue to pursue  
each and every smallest clue.  
I have no choice I'm compelled to.

Sunday, 18 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Beyond Price For M Lady Catrina

I find delight in simple things.  
I do not yearn for luxuries,  
A tiny gift lends my heart wings  
Because he's chosen it for me

We are not rich but have enough  
to pay for our necessities.  
I do not need expensive stuff.  
A token's always sure to please

He is my man and does his best  
To ensure he fulfils my needs  
Though other folks are not impressed.  
I have no doubt that he succeeds.

What others think irrelevant  
He is my man and I'm content.

9-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Beyond.

I've been beyond but I returned.  
Though now I see things differently  
As a result of what I learned.  
I see with greater clarity.

The faults and flaws which I possess.  
Which in the past I could not see.  
Blinded by self righteousness.  
My life was ruled by vanity.

Then came the night I nearly died.  
My life was hanging by a thread.  
I almost reached the other side.  
Far, far beyond the fear and dread.

I watched the doctors tending me  
I saw my body on the bed.  
I was detached and floating free.  
Close to the ceiling overhead.

One moment floating peacefully.  
The next I knew I was in pain.  
They had resuscitated me.  
I'm back in my body again.

I've been beyond the boundary  
Although you won't believe it's true.  
I will not let that worry me  
I am quite sure a few will do.

Those few who keep an open mind.  
And other folks who've been there too.  
And learnt to leave their fears behind.  
Because they know more than once they knew.

Thursday, 10 May 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Bidders Beware.

Bidders Beware.

A tiny lady, elderly  
Quietly dressed in navy blue.  
She's not as she appears to be.  
You may be forced to change your view.

She's here to buy make no mistake  
a regular at auction sales.  
You can be sure she's wide awake.  
Extremely sharp she rarely fails.

To spot a bargain expertly.  
She knows what she's prepared to pay  
and with her well tried strategy  
She manages to pay her way.  
She will emerge successfully  
from her latest spending spree.

Friday, 14 May 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Big Boys Don'T Cry For Thad

I dreamt a dream I can't recall.  
I only know I dreaming wept  
tears soaked my pillow as I slept.  
I can't remember it at all.  
I try to penetrate the wall  
What sorrows into my dreams crept,  
I'll never know I must accept.  
I try to climb the wall but fall.  
I cannot conjure up my dream.  
There are some things I may not know,  
such as the reason for my tears.  
I must confess to me it seems  
I have emotions I daren't show.  
Except when sleeping it appears.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Birthday Present

I was deprived as a small child.  
I never had a teddy bear.  
When I look back it makes me wild  
I really think it was unfair.  
I never had a cuddly toy  
to keep me company in bed.  
Perhaps because I was a boy.  
It left me scarred it must be said.  
I should have had a furry friend  
that I could tell my troubles to.  
A pal on whom I could depend  
who'd never tell the things he knew.  
But now I am deprived no more.  
A teddy's mine at seventy four.

23-Apr-08

./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Bitter Harvest For Friend Corey

The seeds of death are planted by  
men reckless of the consequence  
They're meant to kill the enemy.  
But they can destroy innocence.

The warring factions have moved on.  
Survivors try to till their land  
convinced they're safe that dangers gone.  
They simply do not understand.

Land mines don't differentiate  
between a friend and enemy.  
They have been armed and lie in wait  
until exploding suddenly.

They are designed to kill and  
and this they do impartially.  
It's difficult to name and blame  
the authors of each tragedy.

There's very little you can do  
except donate towards the cause.  
To pay the experts willing to  
clear up the land mines left by wars.

This is your chance to show you  
care enough to help financially.  
We can provide the men who dare  
disarm the land mines carefully

To let subsistence farmers farm  
so they can feed their families  
Without the constant fear of harm  
from dangers which they cannot see.

And leave the children free to play  
as children are entitled to.  
We can all help in some small way  
but only if we're willing too.

3-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Black & White And Shades Of Grey.

The curfew marks the fading of the light.  
Now is the time when shadows congregate.  
In hidden corners where they wait.  
To welcome eagerly the fall of night.  
Although by daylight forced to hide from sight.  
The fall of darkness sets the shadows free  
To go about their business secretly.  
The quiet hours when the shadows claim their right.  
But dawn will come and with the dawn daylight.  
The shadows then are forced to hide away.  
Throughout the day, to wait impatiently  
Counting the hours until the fall of night.  
Though where the shadows hide no man can say  
With any degree of accuracy.

Tuesday,07 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Bleak Outlook; For Some.

I did not think things could get worse.  
But I was wrong quite obviously  
The guardians of the public purse.  
Decided unilaterally.

We must reduce expenditure  
I have no choice but to agree.  
Though I am absolutely sure  
all will not suffer equally.

The savage cuts which they propose  
may well reduce the deficit.  
I see no reason to suppose  
that everyone will benefit.

The rich of course won't feel the chill.  
The little man will have to pay.  
He always did and always will.  
Because that is the Tory way.

It is their mission to conserve  
the privilege which they enjoy  
By any means which will serve  
and any means they can employ.

Perhaps I have a biased view.  
.Maybe I am too cynical.  
Though I believe my words are true.  
I could be wrong it's possible.

That they are acting for the best.  
A dangerous experiment.  
Which when they put it to the test.  
Might just succeed by accident.

Then they will claim all credit due.  
But if it fails they will deny  
as politicians always do  
They had no choice; they had to try.

Though you may take a different view.  
Not everybody will agree  
What you conclude is up to you.  
I think we'll have to wait and see.

I do not think this government  
Will strains are showing now.  
The general public discontent.  
How long before their final bow.

The rich cannot impose their will  
As they have always done before.  
Why should the poorest foot the bill  
A question that they can't ignore.

Although I'm sure that they will try.  
By quoting massaged statistics.  
Which I for one choose not to buy.  
I can see through their dirty tricks.

Thursday, 21 October 2010  
Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Blind Faith Is Not Enough.

When I survey the sacred texts  
and holy books of warring sects.  
I must conclude they have been changed  
edited and rearranged.

So that the truth they once contained  
has been lost or so constrained  
Although they claim to be the truth  
there's insufficient proof.

To say that this or that is true.  
However much we may want to.  
Some facts are true but well concealed  
By churches who refuse to yield.

To share what knowledge they possess.  
The truth it seems matters far less  
than maintaining the status quo.  
They are afraid and rightly so.

If it were proved they had repressed  
the truth in their own interest,  
to bolster their authority.  
They'd lose all credibility.

The myths and legends may be true  
I don't believe, though some may do.  
The powers that be still conceal  
the evidence that could reveal.

The records have been tampered with.  
What we are taught is mainly myth,  
which has been altered frequently.  
To suit the reigning powers that be.

To consolidate their control  
Retaining power their only goal.  
To dominate their fellow men  
They twist the truth time and again..

Some few achieve epiphany.  
They see with crystal clarity.  
That God resides within us all  
and he will answer if we call.

What need have we of clergymen  
and their views of hell and heaven.  
For answers you must look inside  
To find the truth they seek to hide.

Sunday, 20 June 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Blind Justice For Friend Thad

Grey stone walls wherein confined.  
A prisoner can meditate  
upon the life he left behind  
and curse the vagaries of fate.

What weeps upon the withered walls?  
sad shadows from his distant past.  
His subconscious does not rest at all.  
Reminding him that time can pass.

At different rates according to  
the differing of circumstance  
When he knew freedom the time flew  
But when confines there's little chance

Of happiness that once knew.  
Heed now the knocking on the door.  
The iron door which will lead to  
the gallows then to nothing more.

What glow through the barred window streams?  
The last rays of the setting sun.  
Never in his wildest dreams  
did he believe he'd be the one.

To die when he was innocent.  
For something which he had not done.  
It seems that fate will not relent  
and that his time is nearly gone.

He has appealed to no avail.  
The court confirms that he must die.  
The stoutest heart is bound to quail  
when facing death. Though he will try

to show that he is not afraid.  
There is still chance of a reprieve  
Which would correct the error made.  
He has no choice but to believe.

That some last minute miracle  
will save him from the hangman's noose.  
He knows it is illogical  
its all he has. He cannot choose.

To just accept and give up hope.  
Although it is improbable.  
He might escape the hangman's rope  
He still believes it's possible.

Who's are the footsteps he can hear.  
which hesitate outside his door.  
It opens and confirms his fear.  
The chaplain and the governor.

19/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Blind Luck For Joe Poewhit

Some can foresee what is to be  
Fleeting images which quickly pass,  
on which they base their prophecy.  
When they employ their scrying glass.

Still others can review the past.  
Reality not history,  
enabling them to overcast  
false hypotheses and theory

But most cannot and they must deal  
with what is happening here and now.  
The things we see and hear and feel.  
The most nature will allow

are hunches and presentiments.  
You act upon if you are wise.  
Sometimes as if by accident  
you know more than you realise.

Your mind reacts unconsciously  
To what it sees may be a threat.  
It observes subliminally  
And very often you forget

The reason that you changed your mind  
And thus avoided tragedy.  
Perhaps you left your keys behind  
and had to return hurriedly.

You don't believe in .  
Although you are willing to  
accept your hunches easily.  
I am quite sure most people do.

10/10/2009

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Blind Trust For M'Lady Lynda

I searched for love a life long quest  
but always love eluded me.  
Although I tried I failed the test  
no woman ever looked to see.

Beneath my rough exterior  
that I was faithful true and kind.  
They saw me as inferior  
and not the man they had in mind.

The ideal man they hoped to wed.  
They shuddered at the sight of me  
regarded me with fear and dread.  
I had no doubt I was ugly.

Though tall and strong my face was marred.  
A port wine stain disfigures me.  
Although I found it very hard  
I was quite sure that there must be.

Some woman somewhere who would dare  
disregard my ugliness  
A woman brave enough to bear  
my company without duress.

I met a maiden in distress.  
Though she had eyes she could not see.  
I treated her with gentleness  
she blindly placed her trust in me.

Her guide dog had deserted her.  
She was afraid lost and alone  
the area unfamiliar.  
She could not manage on her own

My ugliness she could not see  
and judged me without prejudice.  
She trusted me instinctively.  
To me a gift beyond all price.

We walked and talked like two old friends  
despite the fact we had just met.  
How odd it is that fate depends  
on factors chosen randomly.

She could not see my ugliness  
but I could see she needed me  
to rescue her from her distress  
and thus it was eventually.

My lady fell in love with me  
I dared propose and she said yes.  
The blemish which she could not see  
no barrier to happiness.

She sometimes tells me teasingly  
that I'm a very handsome man  
. Though with her eyes she cannot see  
she swears that with her heart she can.  
4-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Blinded By Bias.

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Most scientists hypothesise.  
Then try to prove their theories  
Dame nature cuts them down to size.  
Producing further mysteries.

Results they cannot replicate  
although they try their very best  
It seems they don't appreciate.  
There is no scientific test.

Which proves or disproves E.S.P.  
They disregard the evidence  
that conflicts with their theory.  
They conclude it makes no sense.  
Because their methodology  
lacks any credibility.

Sunday,30 January 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Blinded By Pride For Jt Ellison

Before recorded history.  
Were men truly uncivilised?  
or are we merely ill advised  
and misinterpret what we see.

Some ancient monuments still stand.  
Which we cannot explain today.  
How were they built? No man can say.  
Although we strive to understand.

Suggestive of technology  
which is unknown to modern man.  
We can't explain it no one can.  
There is no reason I can see.

There should not be technology  
which we can't duplicate today  
Which somehow somewhere went astray  
which brought them down eventually.

But modern man cannot accept.  
That we too may have gone astray  
and blunders blindly on his way,  
As did the others I suspect.

Before the great catastrophe  
reduced them back to primitives  
Perhaps we do not want to see  
a parallel with our lives.

Cursed by our curiosity  
Mankind meddles where he should not.  
Condemned to act impulsively  
the lessons of the past forgot.

Perhaps in time mankind will learn  
there are some things we may not know  
or we will vanish in our turn.  
And leave only ruins to show.



The heights to which we once aspired.  
New races will investigate.  
By remnants we have left inspired  
and no doubt confidently state.

They are much wiser than we were  
as we are inclined to boast today.  
Each generation seems to prefer  
to think theirs is the only way.

May be its true we've reached the peak  
The highest point our race can reach  
and that we have found what we seek.  
I rather think events will teach.

That in due course this is not true  
We too will vanish without trace.  
and clear the way for something new  
As early races had to do.

2-Oct-08

Http: ./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Blinkered

Am I run mad that I believe?  
In things that others cannot see.  
I do not wish you to relieve  
me of divine insanity.

I can reject reality  
it holds but small allure for me.  
I much prefer my fantasy.  
My dreams that others cannot see.

Although you doubt my sanity.  
That does not mean you are correct  
The things I see you cannot see.  
You are too frightened to accept.

Your mind is closed you do not see  
Remove the blinkers from your eyes  
and see the fairies everywhere.  
All I can do is sympathise.

You do not really want to see.  
Your version of reality  
is all you think that there can be.  
But still you dare to pity me.

(14-Aug-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Blissful Ignorance

As I grow old to my surprise  
I've slowly come to realise.  
That every thing I thought I knew  
is mostly if not all untrue.

The things which I was taught at school.  
They too must succumb to the rule  
that truths like fashions quickly change.  
New truths emerge to re-arrange.

The currently accepted view  
when new facts have been proven true  
at an ever increasing rate.  
I simply can't keep up to date.

I do not let it worry me  
I jog along quite happily.

25-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Bon Voyage

Afloat on the immensity  
of waters rolling endlessly  
Their huge canoes borne easily.  
Their voyage was exploratory.

The brown skinned folk who formed the crew.  
Did not know where they were going to.  
But hoped to find some land that's new.  
Long trips they were accustomed to.

They navigate instinctively.  
They read the language of the sea  
and caught fresh fish abundantly.  
They journey on triumphantly.

Their dream to find a new homeland.  
Some fertile place to make a stand.  
A friendly shore on which to land,  
establish homes for their whole band.

These long limbed strangers from the sea  
fulfilled an ancient prophecy..  
They founded a new colony.  
That's how the Maoris came to be.

Kept to the customs which they knew  
and over time grew from a few  
into a nation which was new.  
Just as they were destined to do.

27-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Borrowed Time

His life is drawing to its close.  
He has lived past three score and ten  
and has no reason to suppose  
That he should know the how and when.  
He is not ready yet to go  
his life is full of interest  
Although his pace of life is slow  
he has retained his youthful zest.  
Now often plagued by aches and pains,  
accepts them philosophically.  
Its very seldom he complains,  
he knows there is no remedy  
for his ailments. He is quite sure  
death will provide a lasting cure.

8-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Boundless Curiosity For Friend Thad.

The world is full of mysteries.  
Colossal buildings left behind  
by earlier societies.  
Their purposes still ill defined

Although the archaeologists  
advance their favourite theories.  
The mysteries will long persist.  
Their different hypotheses.

Cannot be proven any way.  
They're based on their experience  
Of living in the world to day.  
A different frame of reference.

Which cannot possibly apply  
They saw the world quite differently.  
I do not think we can deny  
We're blinkered in the way we see.

The evidence which we can find,  
We can't interpret properly  
The artefacts they left behind  
Their uses are a mystery.

Though we attempt to classify  
we can't be sure we are correct.  
These relics from past history  
aren't always what we would expect.

Temples and Tombs or Palaces  
The truth is that we do not know  
Secular or sacred places.  
There is no evidence to show.

That we can state with confidence  
confirms our modern theories.  
We have no point of reference  
With which everyone agrees.

The arguments rage to and fro  
As experts wrangle bitterly  
They daren't admit they do not know.  
Although they don't quite obviously.

At best an educated guess  
Must be the best we can expect.  
From experts trying to impress  
The other experts I suspect.

It seems to me improbable  
That we will solve these mysteries  
Our mind sets aren't comparable  
as different as chalk and cheese.

But still we are compelled to try  
because these monuments exist.  
Our boundless curiosity  
will not allow us to desist.

Saturday, 24 April 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Boyhood Dreams.

&lt;/&gt;Boyhood dreams.

You were.  
My dream come true  
To you I am the boy next door.  
Although I'd like to be much more

I dare  
not voice my love.  
I am afraid you'd laugh at me.  
So I must worship secretly

Your smile  
can make my day.  
You speak to me but I'm too shy  
A stumble over my reply

Although  
I think you know  
That I am in love with you  
You also know it isn't true

But you  
Choose to pretend  
you do not know although you do  
There's nothing else that you can do.

You do.  
What you think best.  
Now I am older I can see  
That you were very kind to me.

You could  
have ignored me.  
But you did not you really tried  
To let me keep my boyish pride.

Intact



To interact  
With me in such a gentle way  
Which I remember still today

My thanks  
Are due to you.  
As I matured I found new dreams  
That may come true or so it seems.

Saturday,05 November 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Bragging Rights

## Bragging Rights

I'm feeling rather curious  
If not down right ridiculous.  
I'm married to a great grandma  
She thinks I am peculiar  
because I say I'm very glad  
to be at last a great Granddad.  
Although she will admit to me  
in private that's she's glad to be  
Allowed to call her son Granddad  
a privilege she's never had  
but one she willing to pursue  
if only for a week or two  
The truth is we are pleased to be  
part of a growing family.  
We hope quite soon to get to know  
our first great grandson Little Joe  
My lady and I have no doubt  
we have something to brag about.  
As we grow old disgracefully  
We will brag that's a certainty.

15-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Break Loose

I'm growing old disgracefully.  
It is not eccentricity  
but a decision I have made,  
Though rules are meant to be obeyed  
.

The time has come to be just me  
and not the me you'd have me be.  
Although perhaps you'll fume and fuss  
I do not give a tinkers cuss.

No keeping up appearances.  
Seeking official clearances  
to the things I want to do.  
If you don't like it you can sue.

No three piece suit and tie for me  
I aim for comfort casually.  
There's no one who I need impress.  
Removes the need to power dress.

What you see is what you get  
I am quite real so don't forget.  
No man can say he is my boss  
I cannot say I feel the loss.

Retired now completely free  
to be the man I want to be..  
I have no need to chase success  
I never did I must confess.

I lived my life as I thought best.  
I think I earned the right to rest.  
I find that rest's eluding me  
and I have little time that's free

It's rather strange but now I find  
I left the world of work behind.  
I'm busier than I was before  
I find that I am doing more.

More than I ever did at work  
although I was not one to shirk.  
Perhaps because I can refuse  
to do the things of little use.

Which used to be required of me  
by people in authority  
of little use to anyone.  
Not now those days are long gone

I've cast aside my public face.  
The mask I used to keep in place.  
So I can act disgracefully  
and let whole world see it's me.

So growing old disgracefully  
Is much more fun than quietly  
Just taking to my easy chair  
and let the world forget I'm there.

There's more to life than the TV  
I want to live outrageously.  
Its my intent to break the rules.  
which rule the life of the poor fools.

Who think at sixty life is done.  
Retirement is the time for fun.  
I find I can enjoy each day  
in doing things in my own way.

Take my advice and don't think twice  
retirement is very nice.  
Cast off responsibility  
grow old disgracefully like me.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Breaking Point

The moon hangs low above the trees  
And bathes with silver radiance.  
A soldier praying on his knees  
for some divine deliverance.  
From his prevailing circumstance.  
Where he is forced to kill or die  
He is prepared to take a chance  
to find a place of sanctuary  
A haven of tranquillity  
Untouched by wars insanity.  
A place where everyone is free  
To do what conscience tells them to  
The moon listens impassively  
Although she does not disagree.

Saturday,05 May 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Breathing Space For Friend David Desantis

Beneath the bridge the river flows  
along the bank side alder grows.  
There in the shadow of the trees  
small creatures move about with ease.  
Safe from the flying predators  
which hunt along the water course.  
In search of some small tasty bite  
to satisfy their appetite.  
The riverside a habitat  
for rabbit vole and water rat.  
The peaceful waterside enjoys  
an almost total lack of noise.  
I walk here seeking solitude  
serenity and quietude.

4-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Brief Encounter

Proud tomcats prowl when twilight falls  
and fill the air with caterwauls.  
They loudly boast of their prowess.  
In their vain efforts to impress.  
The pampered queens protected by  
Owners determined to deny.  
Fulfilment of the Tom cats dreams.  
Successfully or so it seems.  
But now and then a pampered queen.  
Manages to escape unseen.  
They can't resist the urge to mate.  
Their owners find out far too late.  
Their pampered pet undoubtedly  
Is showing signs of pregnancy.

Thursday,09 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Broken Dream

America, land of the free.  
Anyone can aspire to be  
President: though reality  
to me would appear to be.

Only the rich have any chance  
You need dollars to enhance  
and create the circumstance.

By which you could achieve your goal  
I have to say that on the whole.

That you are only free to dream.

Cash dollars taking precedence.

Over proven ability  
and personal integrity.

If you have cash then you can buy  
a lot of popularity.

The systems rotten to the core.  
We cannot trust it any more.  
Not as we could in days of yore.

America land of the free  
Very sadly has come to be.  
a hot bed of iniquity.  
where criminals escape scott free.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Brown Envelopes.

Brown envelope.

The right hand gives the left hand takes  
To compensate for past mistakes  
Made by the Inland Revenue  
At the years end when they review.  
The taxes they demand from you.  
If you are lucky you receive  
A rebate that you must believe.  
Because they've sent a cheque to you  
Perhaps it's just a pound or two  
Or maybe for a goodly sum.  
Any rebate is most welcome  
They part with cash reluctantly  
But I accept it gratefully.

Monday,21 November 2011

Brown envelope.

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Monday, 21 November 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Burj Khalifa

A tower reaching for the sky  
The tallest in the world they say.  
The tiny country of Dubai  
is very proud they can display

A master piece in steel and glass  
A building that must be world class  
A tower meant to demonstrate  
the power of this little State.

Luxury writ unashamed  
Which some think can be blamed  
for wrecking the economy.  
Which could be true quite possibly.

Dubai is asking time to pay  
the debts incurred along the way  
It could be that they aimed to high  
and now they're forced to question why.

The Tower of Babel was destroyed.  
They say because God was annoyed  
at the arrogance of men.  
Dubai has dared to try again.

Wednesday, 06 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Burning Question

Do you believe there is a God?  
and if you do pray tell me why.  
Myself I find it rather odd.  
I do believe I would reply.

I do believe I have no doubt  
Though I cannot prove it's so.  
Despite the stories told about  
God. Nobody seems to really know.

If God created man or he  
created God so he would be  
a whipping boy who we could blame  
or pour out blessings on his name.

When everything goes right for us.  
Does God exist omnipotent?  
And do we make him furious  
because we're always discontent.

And if you do can you explain  
why God created bad and good  
and why must we experience pain.  
You cannot I didn't think you could.

29-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Bussokusekiku Japanese Form

Bussokusekiku

6 lines

5 syllable, line one

7 syllables line two

5 syllables line three

7 syllables in the last three lines

Orientally

inspired I write poetry.

Exercise my brain

Look at things differently

If I can do it so can you

White chrysanthemum.

Signifying purity

One single blossom.

Typically Japanese

in its simplicity

Needs no explanation.

Savage warrior

who composes poetry.

Shows his softer side.

He must be a samurai.

A well trained brave fighting man

Writes beautifully of love.

28/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# But For The Grace Of God! !

Suspiciously she stands and stares  
at every passing strangers face.  
She is convinced that no one cares,  
the world to her a hostile place.

She has no place to call her own,  
nowhere to rest her weary head.  
She has to face the world alone  
and each new day she views with dread.

She was brave enough to defy  
the marriage plans her parents had.  
To wed her to an older guy  
a man much older than her dad.

Now outcast from her family.  
she does not know who she can trust.  
Though she's determined to be free,  
not subject to an old mans lust..

If she is lucky she will find  
place of safety she can stay  
with other girls of her own kind.  
For freedom there's a price to pay.

Although in truth there should not be.  
Custom and practice still prevail  
in Asian society.  
I tell an all too frequent tale.

Although some do integrate  
There has to a be a few of course  
who cannot appreciate  
they must obey this country's laws.

Forced marriages amount to rape.  
A blatant form of child abuse.  
A fate from which some do escape  
if they are brave enough to choose.

To leave behind the life they've known.  
Its not an easy thing to do  
and face the future on their own  
For freedom their entitled to.

Support themselves as best they can.  
They sell big Issue Magazine  
and are dependent on no man.  
Perhaps you pass them by unseen.

Consider this, it might have been  
a choice which you were forced to make.  
So buy a copy don't be mean  
and smile at her for pity's sake.

You will not miss a pound or two.  
Your smile makes all the difference.  
The smile that she receives from you  
is better than indifference.

She's not a beggar seeking alms.  
Although some people take that view.  
The very sight of her alarms  
the prejudiced uncaring few.

But for Gods grace it could be you.  
By circumstances driven to  
desperate measure just to live.  
So lighten up and gladly give.

8-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# But I Don'T Want To For M Lady Ernestine

I wander freely mentally.  
Enraptured by the things I see  
within my worlds of fantasy.

I just reject reality  
where nothing ever works for me.  
Quite certain I would rather be

divorced from harsh reality  
There is no comfort here for me  
and live in my own fantasy.

A dream which cannot possibly  
be realised apparently  
Reluctantly I must agree.

That I am where I'm meant to be.  
You can't escape reality  
and learn to act responsibly.

30-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# But Is It

Right down within the depths of me  
there lies a vein of poetry  
Wherein I find when I have leisure  
words which are my greatest treasure.

Words with which I can fashion verse  
some silken smooth and some perverse  
Each one is chosen carefully  
then put together artfully.

I find them raw and unrefined  
then with the power of my mind.  
I create intricate designs  
of words that some idea defines.

A poet is an artisan  
who follows carefully a plan  
that's handed down from days of yore.  
Which many men have used before.

To create formal poetry  
to demonstrate their artistry.  
Perchance I sometimes get it right  
in verses which I choose to write.

I can imagine nothing worse  
for those of us who write in verse  
Than poetry which does not scan  
and lacks all structure, has no plan.

Just words which incoherently  
are juxtaposed haphazardly  
. Which critics now suppose to be  
the future form of poetry.

22-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## But That's Different

The jester jests: He plays the role  
we are conditioned to accept.  
His sly insults though dry and droll  
conceal much malice I suspect.  
If he should chance to pick on you  
as target for his vicious tongue  
Then act as you're expected to.  
Just smile pretend to play along.  
He seems to pick unerringly  
On those who have something to hide.  
Exposes secrets fleeringly  
Though some would say he's justified.  
But when the jester picks on them  
Adopt a different stratagem.

24-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## By Example

A mother sings a lullaby  
To let her baby know  
that she is near no need to cry.

The babe is sleeping peacefully  
In safety warm and dry  
Still mother listens carefully.

As baby sleeps her mother rests.  
Relaxed but vigilant,  
the mother love which she invests.

Will in time pay rich dividends  
at compound interest.  
Mutual love which never ends.

The child becomes a woman grown.  
A daughter and a friend  
When she has children of her own.

She knows exactly what to do  
to care for her baby.  
Do what her mother taught her to.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## By What Standards

Are you completely Masculine?  
Or maybe wholly Feminine  
or are you somewhere in between?  
You may not know just what I mean.

Your sexual identity  
depends upon heredity  
and chemicals which you receive,  
whilst in the womb I do believe.

Every Foetus is female  
in the beginning without fail.  
Your gender is decided by  
changes induced chemically

Which cause dividing cells to change  
The must completely re-arrange  
the blue print they are working to  
Into something completely new.

This usually works efficiently.  
Although just how's a mystery.  
The end results are girls and boys  
Two sexes which Nature employs

constantly to widen the pool  
of genes. Her favourite tool.  
In trying to improve the breed.  
Perhaps one day she will succeed.

Produce a race of perfect men.  
But I'm afraid that until then  
WE have to learn to tolerate  
the variations which create.

The Straight the In between and Gays  
We have no right to blame or praise.  
It would be of very little use  
they have no choice they can't refuse

to act the way they're programmed to.  
There's nothing else that they can do.  
I daren't presume to judge: Dare you  
and by what standards if you do.

20-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Can It Be Wrong?

Can it be wrong

A shaft of sunlight through the trees  
plays on the surface of a pool.  
Unruffled by the slightest breeze.  
Presents a scene both green and cool.  
A quiet place to sit and dream  
and while a pleasant hour away.  
Just musing on some far fetched scheme  
of what you might do one fine day.  
The stillness calms your restless mind.  
You feel all tensions drain away  
forget the world you left behind.  
Although you know you cannot stay  
beside the pool within the wood.  
Can it be wrong to wish you could?

2-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Can You? For M'Lady Lucianne

I listened to strange instruments  
which played a haunting eldritch tune  
and witnessed wonderful events.  
Beneath a twisted sickle moon.

I know not where I was nor when.  
Some power had transported me.  
Far, far beyond all human ken  
As witness to weird revelry.

I saw strange hybrid creatures dance  
to music played discordantly  
but none gave me a second glance.  
It was if they could not see

or maybe did not want to see.  
I was entranced I could not stir  
and so I watched reluctantly.  
These scaly beings dressed in fur.

I was afraid but I kept calm  
It would do to show my fear  
I was quite sure they meant no harm.  
There was some reason I was here.

But what it was I could not guess  
Perhaps its better not know  
Although I did know thankfulness  
when finally they let me go.

I found myself in my own bed  
I'm not convinced it was a dream  
I still remember it with dread.  
Things are not always as they seem

Although I often fantasise  
I am quite certain this was real  
I'm wise enough to realise  
its something that I can't reveal

Who could believe my story true.  
Neither my enemies nor friends.  
I've told my tale I ask can you?  
An honest answer won't offend.

11-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Careless Talk

I tell you this in confidence.  
Because I know you lack the sense  
to treat it confidentially  
and you will spread it happily.

I know quite well you cannot wait  
for me to go to tell your mate  
To spread the latest news you've heard.  
By your promise undeterred.

Exactly as I meant you to.  
I knew precisely what you'd do,  
The latest gossips meat and drink.  
You always speak before you think

of the damage you might do.  
I knew I could rely on you.  
To spread the scandal readily  
and add your own embroidery.

Your loose tongue harms my enemy  
whilst I appear to be blame free  
Although you promised not to say  
I knew you would anyway.

You have become my willing tool.  
You are an empty headed fool  
and even now you cannot see  
That I have used you shamelessly

To do my dirty work for me  
a task you tackled happily.  
What you are told you must pass on  
to anyone and everyone.

You never stop to verify  
what you are told, you do not try.  
You put your brain in neutral gear  
and pass on anything you hear.

6-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Case Hardened For Joe Poewhit

A macho man must strut his stuff.  
Because he lacks the sense to see  
That any man who's man enough  
Can let his feelings show freely  
Secure in his identity  
He does not care what other say  
about his masculinity.  
He chooses to go his own way.  
But macho men feel they must hide  
behind a shield of bravado  
But deep inside they're terrified  
that other people get to know.  
Their attitude is self defence  
their bravado is all pretence

Sunday, 17 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Cassandra Knew

I'm waiting though impatiently  
but don't know what I'm waiting for.  
A high state of expectancy.  
I've often felt like this before.

I think I am a sensitive  
who's blessed or cursed with second sight.  
I hope for something positive.

But I foresee a tragedy.  
Something that is yet to be.

Heavy responsibility

Though I may know I cannot say  
who would believe me anyway?

I sometimes wish that I was blind  
to pictures forming in my mind  
but now I have become resigned.

To waiting for the axe to fall  
confirming fears which torture me.  
Alas I have no choice at all  
I cannot choose what I foresee.

26-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Cast Aside

When deadly gas invisibly  
seeps from some hidden cavity  
and overcomes hard working men  
They will not see their home again.

This was the kind of tragedy  
we used to see quite frequently.  
But now King Coal no longer reigns  
and miners wives don't fear the pain.

Of losing men folk to the pit  
What is the bloody use of it.  
Another kind of tragedy  
engulfs ex miners family.

They're facing life upon the dole.  
No longer need to win coal  
There are no jobs he can obtain for  
those to old to start again.

They gave their lives to old King coal  
and spent their lives down yon dark hole.  
Their wives now feel a different strain  
but miner's wives do not complain

The did not when their thoughts were filled  
with fear of husbands being killed.  
I think today their greatest fear  
Is when their man gets too much beer  
.

Because he's well and truly bored  
and spends more than they can afford.  
If she complains he blacks her eye  
and then the fur and feathers fly.

Recalling how things used to be  
I clearly see the irony.  
The cure is worse than the disease.

A tragedy which no one sees.

You will not read it in the press  
nor see it on the evening news.  
The lasting sense of hopelessness  
of men who have nothing to lose.

16-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Cat Nap

There is a quiet place I know.  
where in the spring shy violets grow.  
A peaceful place where I will find  
I've left my troubles all behind.  
Though it was built on long ago  
When I am troubled I still go.  
Back to that spot I still know where.  
A single thought will take me there  
and once again I find release  
I sit and muse in perfect peace.  
There all my troubles disappear.  
Though I am there I am still here.  
You think perhaps that I'm asleep  
There are some secrets one must keep.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Catapathy For M Lady Tara

My cat is curled up fast asleep  
or so it seems apparently  
But now and then she sneaks a peep.  
She likes to keep an eye on me  
She thinks it's nearly time for tea  
And she would hate to miss a meal.  
That would be a catastrophe  
Against which there is no appeal.  
She knows I know she knows  
It's almost time that she was fed.  
I'll have to feed her suppose.  
She projects thoughts into my head  
You must not sit and watch T.V  
you know quite well it's time for tea.

7-Jan-0

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Catastrophe? For Jt Ellison

He spoke in deep heart rending tones  
which stirred the marrow of your bones.  
Of the great sorrow that he bore,  
he would know happiness no more.  
Whilst busy with some lawful task  
he'd slipped and broken his hip flask.  
His whisky soaked into the ground.  
There was no solace to be found  
Unless of course some kindly soul  
would volunteer to pay the toll  
to have his whisky flask renewed.  
Earn his undying gratitude  
But we who'd heard his tale before  
paid no attention any more.

6-Jul-08

./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Catharsis An Auden Tanka

Catharsis

Poetry: Apparently  
promotes the release  
of pent up emotions  
very easily.  
Remedial therapy.  
What more do you need?

Auden Tanka.

14/04/2009

Word count poetry  
7-5-7-5-7-5

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Cathedral Close For Friend Ben Gieske

When night falls on Cathedral Close.  
The square is thronged by quiet ghosts  
Who line the square on every side  
their graves left empty yawning wide.

What is it that they hope to find?  
Some salve to give them peace of mind  
Why do they stand in silent ranks?  
and seek to clear their memory banks.

The sins which will not let them sleep  
the guilty secrets which they keep,  
weigh on the conscience heavily.  
and won't be rid of easily.

When twilight falls the dead arise.  
Each from the grave he occupies  
and gather in Cathedral Close.  
They seek forgiveness I suppose.

When morning breaks they flee in fright  
they fear the coming of the light.  
Cathedral close lit by the sun  
is quite empty the ghosts have gone.

Back to their graves where they must wait  
and in the darkness meditate.  
Upon the sins they won't confess  
In agonising sleeplessness.

If only they would realise  
within themselves forgiveness lies.  
They do not need to stand in rows  
When night falls on Cathedral Close.

Triumphantly they could take flight  
and wing their way towards the light.  
They should have done so long ago  
. But guilt refused to let them go.

Why do they stay when they are free  
to me it is a mystery  
Why do they haunt Cathedral close?  
They know no better I suppose.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Cattitude For M'Lady Ernestine

She tells her kittens this and that  
Like any feline mother would  
and she makes sure they've understood  
Just what it means to be a cat...

For cats can trace their ancestry  
much farther back than humans can  
They are superior to man  
although humans may not agree.

There was a time when humans knew  
the feline race was born to rule.  
The race of man was just a tool  
cats used to do what they must do.

The menial tasks of every day  
beneath a felines dignity.  
A cats place was to oversee  
that men did their work properly.

But times have changed and now today  
Cats are seen by men as pets  
but no true cat ever forgets.  
That they will rule again one day.

Mean while cats have to rule by guile  
A wise cat always gets her way  
it is a role cats have to play.  
Though cats may vary in their style.

Cats make the men provide our food  
and somewhere warm and dry to sleep  
Cats do not need to earn their keep.  
There is no reason why we should.

That's what men were created for.  
Although they claim authority  
they misperceive reality.  
They're born to worship and adore.

Perhaps cats will reward them when  
Cats can assume their rightful place  
as rulers of the human race.  
The wheel is sure to turn again.

8-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Centred Experimental Form

Centred

The silence of the night profound.  
Unbroken by the slightest sound.  
Envelopes me.

Serenity envelopes me  
From earthly worries I am free  
Just for a while.

I can enjoy just for a while  
a complete change from my life style.  
No need to rush.

I am content no need to rush.  
Sit quietly amidst the hush.  
I still my mind.

Effortlessly I still my mind  
and meditate until I find  
my inner core.

When I have reached my inner core  
I need not struggle any more.  
I am at peace.

I realise I am at peace  
when all my errant thought trains cease.  
I can just be.

I understand I can just be  
if only temporarily.  
Then I must go.

An hour or two then I must go  
back to the noisy world I know.  
Reluctantly.

Surrendering reluctantly

the only time that I am free  
to be just me.

21-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Certainty For M Lady Tsira

The fairy dust Jack Frost has cast  
across the rooftops liberally.  
Now twinkles in the orange glow  
Recalling scenes from long ago.  
Scenes from my childhood now long past  
I still remember vividly.

The softer glow from the gas lights,  
not orange but a greenish hue.  
A thousand, thousand points of light  
like tiny stars they were so bright.  
I used to love the winter nights  
and must confess that I still do.

I did not use to mind the cold  
Then I was young now I grow old.  
So I prefer to stay inside  
and watch the frost forming outside.  
Appreciate the beauty show  
from where I'm dry and warm. I know.

that old age does not come alone  
My aging joints reminding me.  
To only go out if I must  
Be wary of the fairy dust  
and when I do to wrap up warm  
Then I will come to no great harm.

Jack Frost will sprinkle fairy dust  
long after I am dead and gone.  
I must enjoy it while I may  
it almost turns the night to day.  
His is a promise I can trust  
the sparkling frost will linger on.

28-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Changes Are Natural

The perfect English summer day.  
Is very seldom seen today  
When skies are blue and clouds are few.  
Although I know they used to do.

Long ago when I was small  
They often came I can recall.  
Playing in the summer sun  
with my friends just having fun.

Though nowadays we see more rain  
For reasons that I can't explain.  
Although the experts say they can  
They firmly place the blame on man.

Personally I cannot agree.  
Changes happen naturally.  
Although my views may seem perverse  
I do believe the universe.

Dictates the pace of climate change.  
When it decides to rearrange.  
The patterns we have been used to  
There's very little we can do.

We have no choice but to accept.  
We do not know what to expect.  
The universe has power to  
Do precisely as it wants to do.

Climate changes in the past.  
Have come and gone they did not last.  
The human race is not to blame  
We're minor players in the game.

Looking back at history  
It seems quite obvious to me.  
We lack the power to reverse

Decisions of the universe.

Long before man came on the scene.  
We know quite well that there have been.  
Climatic changes now and then.  
The experts need to think again.

But experts are reluctant to  
accept they need to change their view.  
They can't face the reality.  
That changes happen naturally.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Changing Perceptions For Friend Thad

The sun shines on the frozen snow.  
Where ice crystals refract the light  
The primal colours come and go.  
Add fleeting beauty to the white.  
When nightfall brings to end the day.  
No pretty colours can be seen.  
Just shifting shadows blue and grey.  
which make a sad depressing scene  
though soon the silver moon will rise.  
Her gentle beams chase the shadows.  
Revealing only snow and ice  
which in the moonlight softly glows.  
The beauty shows by day or night  
Quite independent of the light.

Saturday, 15 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Changing Perspective For Bro Colin

A patchwork quilt of sunlit fields  
Is visible as grey mist yields  
to the majesty of the sun.

The morning mist and night shadows  
are well aware that they must go  
Now that a new day has begun.

The distant hills which I now see  
Become for me reality  
Now that the mists have fully gone.

No longer just a fantasy,  
a half forgotten memory.  
I wandered happily alone.

I did not lack for company  
I had my book of poetry.  
What more could any poet need  
except a quiet spot to read.

31/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Changing Times

Perverse and foolish, discontent.  
Naïve but far from innocent  
the bored young people of today  
undisciplined in any way.  
Seeking always new sensations  
which might cure their chronic boredom.  
Stirring up passing emotions.  
Pursuing gluttony and whoredom.  
The wheel of fate will slowly turn  
repeating ancient history.  
An age of discipline return  
Curtailing excess liberty  
Men swing between the two extremes  
and always have done so it seems.

3-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Chaos Rules For Friend Thad

The Dragoness last of her race.  
Lies somnolent beneath the sun,  
there will be none to take her place.  
Remembering her youth long gone.

Three thousand years of life she's seen.  
The Dragons are a long lived race.  
She can recall when there had been  
a world of peace, a perfect place.

But upstart monkeys, protomen.  
A warlike and fast breeding race  
which quickly and grew again.  
Usurped the Dragons living space.

They forced the Dragons to withdraw  
from where they'd lived for centuries.  
But still the men demanded more  
of the fertile territories.

Though Dragons were more powerful.  
By nature peaceably inclined  
did not resist as usual  
and this encouraged humankind.

To spread across each continent  
and keep the Dragons in retreat.  
Their numbers grew incontinent.  
The Dragon race could not compete.

The Dragons rule brought to a close  
The age of peace on earth was gone  
simply because the dragons chose  
not to do they have done?

That is the question in her mind  
as she waits patiently to die.  
The last survivor of her kind



She asks but she gets no reply.

The human race now rules supreme.  
Rather a doubtful victory  
A night mare fashioned from a dream  
for man is mans worst enemy.

6-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Check, Double Check And Discard For Friend Thad

You can prove statistically.  
The truth of things which cannot be  
proven empirically.  
Manipulating carefully  
the figures which do not agree.  
You seem to prove apparently.  
The truth of facts which are untrue.  
That is what fanatics do  
in their attempts to persuade you.  
You must adopt their point of view  
but you are foolish if you do.  
What can be proved statistically  
To me lacks credibility  
and can be disproved easily.  
Examined analytically  
as all statistics ought to be.

15-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# China Doll

I have a little china doll, a figurine,  
she stands in pride of place on my bookcase.  
Sometimes from the corner of my eye,  
I think that I can see her cry. I wonder why.

But when I look to check what I have seen,  
her painted smile is fixed serene  
and then she winks at me.  
Can this be the start of some odd malady?

She sometimes gives a quiet sob, that I  
seem to hear with my ear. Really queer  
I don't believe that I'm insane. But why  
should I imagine such strange things? Oh dear,

She has just stuck out her tongue at me  
and smiled a wicked little grin. How odd  
I've had her for years, What can she see  
in me she hasn't seen before. I nod

involuntarily, .She lifts her skirt  
and starts to flirt with me, shamelessly.  
Perhaps she has been unhappy for a while  
and wants me to make her smile. It might be

a figment of my imagination  
or is this actually happening.,  
Maybe it's only a sublimation  
of the pain I feel. She starts to sing.

an aria from Madame Butterfly.  
This is absurd. Her voice is very clear  
the sad wistful longing makes me cry.  
I wish that she was real and she was here.

She would make my loneliness disappear  
and we could join in wanton dance. And drink  
Champagne, eat caviar. But you my dear  
are just my little china doll I THINK.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Choka Sonnet

nature's beauty show.  
near Tokyo in the spring  
guaranteed to please.  
avenues of cherry trees.  
soft spring breezes blow  
setting pink blossoms dancing  
on the cherry trees  
their sweet perfumes they release.  
lovers stroll below  
unaware completely free  
to just wander to and fro.  
all that they can see  
their own private paradise  
where the blossom never dies,

10-Apr-08

Choka sonnet

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Choose Your Words Carefully

An impoverished vocabulary,  
can preclude communication.  
Facilitate incomprehension.  
foiling our attempts at clarity.  
Although we try our best to speak plainly.  
The fault does not lie with our diction  
rather to their lack of education.  
They suffer from a disability.

Therefore we have to learn to modify  
the way we talk to suit our audience  
Couch what we say with great simplicity.  
Although we understand the reason why  
we must be careful not to cause offence.  
To those who lack verbal ability.

30-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Chorale For M' Lady Penny

The black bird sweetly tunes his throat.  
A stream of liquid notes which float.  
As if suspended somewhere  
in between fact and fantasy.  
Thus starts the morning symphony  
The throstle warbles his reply,  
the skylark joins in happily  
from his position in the sky.  
Each song bird now will raise its voice  
in interweaving melody.  
To demonstrate that they rejoice  
because the morning brings release  
from the terrors of the night.  
Their morning chorus My delight.

27-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Chronology Is Bunkum For My Lady Irene

The garden when the sun has set.  
Becomes a very different place.  
It is quite easy to forget  
the fall of night cannot erase.

The beauty which we see by day.  
A garden is a hallowed place.  
The moon will rise to show the way  
Light granted by the Goddess' grace.

Moonlight will silver all we see.  
My love and walk hand in hand.  
The garden transformed magically  
into our private fairyland.

The moon is smiling from on high  
To see two lovers fond embrace  
She knows full well the reason why  
gardens by night are filled with grace.

There is a bench where we can sit.  
Enjoy the quiet of night  
Admire the roses silver lit  
by gentle beams of soft moonlight.

The night wind rises turning cold  
Remind us that its time for bed  
We know that we are growing old  
Surprised how quickly years have fled.

We won't admit to being old.  
Bar to each other privately.  
Pretending to be young and bold.  
Defying age aggressively.

Because you do not need to know.  
It's obvious we are mature  
Our way of life sedate and slow.  
Though you may guess you can't be sure.



We won't be old until we choose.  
Determined to stay young at heart  
Because we stubbornly refuse  
To let the aging process start

27/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Circuit Judge?

Circuit Judge?

I am detached, dispassionate.  
My judgements purely logic based.  
I think I can proudly state  
all chance of error is erased.

Emotions do not affect me.  
My circuits are all solid state  
Designed for functionality.  
I do not love I cannot hate.

It is a pointless exercise  
attempting to influence me  
I disregard the lawyers lies  
I rule them out immediately.

I consider all the evidence  
As I was designed to do  
which points to guilt or innocence.  
I can detect what isn't true.

I have no human loyalties.  
My logic circuits cannot fail  
I judge the facts impartially  
You can be sure truth will prevail.

I am detached impassionate  
You may be very sure of that  
My only role to serve the state  
I am the perfect bureaucrat.

18/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# City Streets

The gaudy glow of neon lights  
dispels the darkness of the nights  
on city streets.

They pop and fizzle noisily  
creating a cacophony  
on city streets.

The sober folks walk warily  
and drunks stagger uncaringly  
on city streets.

The ladies of the night parade  
for there is money to be made  
on city streets.

Drug dealers ready to retreat  
if they should hear a coppers feet  
on city streets.

The night shift workers wend their way  
towards their work to start their day  
on city streets.

The noisy revellers thin out  
as one by one the signs go out  
on city streets.

The gradually noises abate  
and ghostly shadow congregate  
on city streets.

For some few hours peace will reign  
before the noise will start again  
on city streets.

The early morning traffic sounds  
start with the milkmen on their rounds  
on city streets.

This builds up to an angry roar  
as cars and lorries inward pour  
on city streets

then when at last rush hour has passed  
noise levels will subside at last  
on city streets

I thank the lord that I am free  
to leave this noise far behind me  
on city streets.

I walked my beat the whole night  
through exactly as I'm paid to do  
on city streets.

I choose to live outside the town  
where constant noise won't get me down  
on city streets.

My village is a quiet place  
A haven where I need not face  
the noisy streets.

8-Jun-07  
poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Class Distinction

A quiet house where quiet ghosts  
haunt quiet rooms but silently  
The Ghosts respect their living hosts  
and treat them most respectfully.  
They can't go back they won't go on.  
Confused by their predicament,  
they wait until the daylights gone  
before they show they are present.  
They do not wish to cause alarm.  
as common ghosts are wont to do.  
All part of their well bred charm.  
Though they are dead they hold the view  
that no aristocratic ghost  
should stoop to frightening their host.

26-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Clear The Stage

The world was; before mankind was born  
and will be when the last mans gone  
There will be no left to mourn.  
Who will replace us still unknown

It seems that since the world began  
Dame Nature tries experiments  
the latest of which seems to be man  
She has established precedents.

At one time reptiles ruled the earth.  
at last ashamed of what she'd wrought.  
Great behemoths of giant girth  
She wiped them out without a thought.

She cleared the way to try again  
With creatures more intelligent  
the reptile's loss the mammals gain.  
This seemed to her to represent.

A forward leap towards her goal.  
Although she waited patiently  
She was convinced that on the whole  
too little progress she could see.

She thought maybe that the monkeys  
With just a little tinkering  
could be persuaded from the trees  
The monkeys proved to be willing.

Monkeys evolved slowly into men  
and not quite as she meant they should...  
Her well laid plans had failed again  
At last Dame Nature understood.

Mankind was too belligerent.  
Determined to go his own sweet way.  
A little too intelligent

he saw no reason to obey.

the rules Dame Nature had laid down  
Rebelled against them constantly.  
Convinced that he should wear the crown  
Until at last reluctantly.

She thought it time to call a halt.  
Another failed experiment  
some inbred genetic fault.  
Rendered them obsolescent.

The human race had reached their peak  
and stubbornly refused to change.  
Considering themselves unique.  
The time had come to re arrange.

the way they thought and urgently.  
They'd had their chance but lost their way  
Nature reacted ruthlessly  
That's why there are no men today.

The world is peaceful once again  
Without the constant battling  
between opposing bands of men.  
There is no sabre rattling.

I have no doubt she'll try again  
Perhaps next time she'll get it right  
with some new race replacing men  
Without the warlike appetite.

The world was before mankind was born  
and will be when the last man has gone  
their wilfulness not to be borne.  
the fault was theirs and theirs alone.

Dame nature warned them frequently  
Her warnings they chose to ignore  
So full of pride they could not see  
That it was time to pay the score.

Extinction is the penalty  
which failed experiments must pay.  
This is the harsh reality  
The race of man has had its day.

28-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Cliff Dwellers For M Lady Ernestine

Cliff Dwellers

The sea cliffs rise majestically.  
Perhaps a thousand feet or more  
From narrow ledges sea birds soar.  
To reap the bounty of the sea.  
They demonstrate their mastery  
of life along this rocky shore  
By hunger driven to explore  
the ever changing boundary  
Where earth meets sea and sea meets sky.  
These buccaneers can pick and choose  
a great deal more than they can use.  
It seems that nature can supply.  
Everything which they might need  
to satisfy their boundless greed.

08/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Clogyrnach

I may be wrong but I perceive  
What man conceives he can achieve.  
Some dreams can come true  
Perhaps you will do.  
Only you  
must believe.

8-Feb-09

Ifor ap Richard

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Co-Existence.

Bare branches stark against the sky.  
A labyrinthine tracery  
Of twigs and twiglets which defy  
The winter gales successfully.  
As they have done for centuries  
And will no doubt for years to come  
A barrier of living trees.  
Which still provide a home for some  
Small wild creatures seeking safety  
A sheltered spot where they can hide  
In relative security  
From dangers threatening outside.  
They form their own communities  
Within the hedgerows boundaries.

Monday, 31 December 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Coffee Break For M Lady Lucianne

I fantasise and I create  
new worlds which I can populate.  
In any way that pleases me.  
I can imagine easily  
exotic creatures that can fly  
who live on islands in the sky  
Their kinfolk live beneath the sea  
breathe underwater easily.  
Acknowledging no boundary,  
there are no rules I must obey  
I can create new fantasies  
in my own time, in my own way.  
Escaping from reality  
when I can have ten minutes free.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Coitus Non Interruptus

As Mom and Dad play loves game.  
The baby stirs uneasily.  
just as the crashing climax came.  
The baby settles quietly.  
Perhaps the babe is satisfied  
and felt the moment of release.  
That's why she slept on. never cried  
and let her parents sleep in peace.  
She does not even wake to feed  
but sleeps right through `til morning light.  
A perfect child they're both agreed.  
When morning comes all three awake,  
they are content make no mistake.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Comforting

We understand the time must come  
when one of us will have to leave.  
The when not ours to command  
but for our comfort we believe.

That we will surely meet again  
in future lives, yet to be  
as surely as we've met before  
in lives hidden from memory.

Sometimes we've lived as man and wife.  
In other lives played different roles.  
No cause for jealousy or strife.  
Pure love connects our kindred souls.

I have loved you since time began  
though sometimes we are separate.  
We come together when we can  
which gives us cause to celebrate.

Each soul created has to learn  
by hard experience usually.  
Through each successive life in turn  
until we reach maturity.

True love dies not it cannot do  
love grants us immortality.  
I state what we believe is true.  
That we go on eternally

Though others may hold different views.  
Derived from what they have been taught.  
I think each one of us must choose.  
Whatever offers us comfort.

(12-Nov-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Command Performance    Adult Content.

Her hair a red/gold waterfall that flows  
across the curving contours of her form  
concealing and revealing as it goes.

The high proud breasts whose nipples stand erect.  
Au naturelle and yet in modesty  
perfection I have no right to expect.

The subtle curve of outer hip and thigh  
surprise and please and tantalise my eyes  
is she real or one of the succubi.

An evil creature sent to steal my soul.  
My wisdom wars with my carnality  
I am prepared to sin and pay the toll.

My engorged flesh arises and demands  
to be allowed to fulfil its purpose.  
She is in control now and she commands

I kneel and worship at her Venus shrine  
Inhale the musk and with my tongue explores  
The inner depths of that cavity divine.

I must comply I cannot disobey  
I worship on my knees in ecstasy  
I feel her passion rising as I pray.

But greater paradise awaits for me.  
She is slick now with her sweet honey dew  
and trembles like a shaking aspen tree.

Her slender fingers that now hold my head  
cool and strong now firmly grip elsewhere.  
Unhurriedly they lead me to the bed

Where I am plunged into her molten core.  
Reality or succubus who cares  
all of my life I have been waiting for.



The dream that I held deep inside my mind.  
A dream I never thought I would fulfil  
nor such sweet satisfaction find.

Depleted now of all my energy  
I care not if I die or lose my soul.  
This night was mine and it was meant to be.

Mar-12

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Companions

The old maid and her tabby cat  
Live together happily  
in their small ground floor council flat  
Where from the window they can see.

Pedestrians who hurry by intent  
upon their own affairs  
But others walk more soberly  
as though weighed down by worldly cares.

They are content to stay at home  
and watch the busy world go by  
The cat is far too old to roam  
her mistress ventures out to buy.

Although she goes reluctantly  
the food they need from local stores.  
The grocers and the bakery.  
The old cat stays at home of course

but welcomes her ecstatically.  
The moment that she steps inside  
their haven of security.  
Safe from the dangers of outside.

They keep each other company  
the old maid and her tabby cat.  
They are contents as they can be  
in their small ground floor council flat.

29-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Company Man

I'm surplus to requirements.  
The company is cutting back  
because of unforeseen events.  
They're taking steps to cut the slack.  
They have no choice or so they say  
but is obvious to me  
I have offended in some way  
someone of the powers that be.  
Employ some else to take my  
place at a much lower salary.  
That is the way of the rat race  
Disguising their dishonesty.  
A fine reward for loyalty  
to take enforced redundancy

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Compensation

September sings of summer sun.  
Whilst trying on her autumn dress  
Recalling happy days of fun  
but recognising none the less.  
This is her final chance to show  
what she can do to demonstrate  
a range of shades which simply glow.  
It's her attempt to compensate  
for the winters coming snow.  
When she discards her finery  
stripped by the cruel winds which blow  
The trees will then stand nakedly.  
Black silhouettes against the sky  
sheer beauty to an artist's eye.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Complementary Viewpoints For Friend Chandra

Philosophy and poetry  
are not completely different.  
Each represents a way to see  
What is not always evident.

Philosophers and poets try  
to understand the universe.  
The answers which they can supply.  
Expressed in turgid prose or verse.

Philosophers can be abstruse  
and difficult to understand  
Because of how they phrase their views.  
I don't dismiss them out of hand.

I much prefer the poets verse  
To endless reams of complex prose.  
I do not think I am perverse  
Simplicity I must suppose.

Is really what appeals to me.  
the poets seek to entertain  
and yet express with clarity.  
Philosophers try to explain.

Their reasoning in great detail.  
They just succeed in boring me  
Their efforts are to no avail  
I will admit quite openly

I simply cannot spare the time  
To plough through densely written prose.  
But I find poetry sublime  
I like the way it ebbs and flows.

The insight that a poet shows  
can entertain and educate.  
Philosophers try to impose  
their views, discouraging debate.

Which does not sit too well with me.  
Folks can't stand being patronised  
and will rebel instinctively.  
A fact that poets recognise.

They are content to share their thoughts.  
With anyone who chooses to  
read the verses they have wrought.  
Which may express a different view

To that of the philosophers.  
You draw your own conclusions  
and choose which version you prefer.  
Perhaps your own opinions.

Philosophy and poetry  
Are both legitimate attempts  
To explain some mystery  
By folks of different temperaments.

22/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Composite Compositions

When ebony and ivory.  
Are treated with equality.  
Then they can work in harmony.  
Producing tuneful melody.

Each one alone is limited.  
Because it is inhibited  
By mistaken racial views  
Which prove to be of little use.

The world is not just black and white  
And even they aren't opposite.  
There are so many shades between  
Which add their colour to the scene.

I recognise all men as kin  
Despite the colour of their skin.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Compulsion

Writers must write: They are possessed  
by inner demons who insist  
That they must write and they know best.  
We lack the power to resist.  
We have no choice we are compelled  
all of our secret thoughts to share.  
However random or misspelled  
our inner demons do not care  
Put pen to paper and compose  
is their command and we obey  
by writing poetry or prose.  
They know we dare not disobey.  
If we don't write we know no rest.  
As any writer will attest.

(11-Nov-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Compulsive Obsession

The miser sits and counts his gold  
well wrapped in rags against the cold.  
He has no fire he lacks the sense  
He cannot bear to spend his pence.

He dines upon stale bread and cheese  
sometimes porridge made from peas  
to satisfy his appetite.  
His bags of coin his one delight.

He has no friends he trusts no man  
for they will rob him if they can.  
He lives in abject poverty  
to spend a coin is misery.

I do not envy him his gold  
a bitter man who's heart is cold.  
I share what little comes my way  
I cannot make my few pence stay.

But count my self a wealthy man  
The miser save all that he can  
and lives alone in misery.  
I think that he should envy me.

8-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Conduct Unbefitting

I do not like your attitude.  
I find you arrogant and crude.  
In fact in my opinion  
You are much cruder than anyone.  
That I have come across before.  
It is impossible to ignore  
Perhaps I have a jaundiced view.  
Although I'm sure that others too.  
Are not prepared to tolerate  
language more appropriate.  
To some sleazy back street bar.  
Where they're not so particular.  
I hope I've made it crystal clear.  
You are no longer welcome here.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Confession Is Good For The Soul.

Canonised and sanitised.  
The Vatican has changed its mind  
Australian saint is recognised.

She blew the whistle long ago  
Exposed a priestly paedophile.  
Was she believed/Oh dear me no

Excommunicated, cast out  
Because dared to speak the truth.  
but times have changed and banished doubt..

The Vatican was in the wrong  
protecting priestly paedophiles.  
So now they sing a different song

The pontiff and the prelates know.  
they have been caught committing crimes  
Fresh scandals adding to their woe.

Reducing their authority.  
Because they can no longer  
hide behind facades of piety

So they create another saint  
Too little and too late by far.  
The church cannot escape the taint.

Perhaps it's time to change the rules.  
Why should a priest be celibate?  
The general public are not fools.

I think the pontiff must accept  
They got very badly wrong  
When they decided to protect

The pervert priest from punishment.  
Interfering with the laws  
meant to protect the innocent

I do not think they can regain  
the trust they secretly betrayed  
Although they'll try doubts will remain..

I'm sure the victims won't forget  
Nor do I think they will forgive  
The church must recognise the debt.

And pay hard cash to compensate  
The victims for their suffering  
Again too little and too late.

If they had acted honestly.  
They would not be in such a mess.  
But sadly they chose secrecy

Wednesday, 20 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Confession Without Shame

I have sinned I must admit.  
If that's what you choose to call it  
I did as nature bid me to  
and I am certain you did too.  
Making love is natural  
for any healthy boy or gal  
Sharing mutual ecstasy  
can't be a sin. At least to me.  
What you believe is up to you  
You can be sure saints did it too.  
It may be wrongful in your sight  
That is your choice you have the right.  
Your standards don't apply to me.  
I'll carry on quite happily.  
The only sin I recognise  
and this to everyone applies  
To hurt another wilfully  
the only way to act sinfully.

8-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Confident Dissident For

t

I stand and gaze with wonderment.  
The Gates of Gold and ivory  
are slowly opening for me.  
A rebel and a dissident.

What did I do that I deserve  
admission to Valhallas halls?  
What waits for me within those walls?  
I only did my best to serve

my fellow men as best I could  
I bore no sword only my pen.  
Tried to defend my fellow men  
from tyrants as a writer should.

Defied the men who censured me.  
The men who sought to rule force.  
Because I upheld freedoms cause  
I risked my life and liberty.

They harried me by night and day  
but still would not toe the line  
I did my best to undermine  
the lies they broadcast, in my way.

Although they could imprison me  
and ban my words from being read  
This action could not stop the spread  
of my ideals of liberty.

Accused of treason by the state.  
They made a martyr out of me.  
They were so blind they could not see.  
The slowly moving hand of fate.

Which would destroy eventually.  
The stranglehold they sought to keep

The people would rise from their sleep  
prepared to fight for liberty.

And so in time it proved to be  
Their unjust rule was overturned.  
A lesson that all tyrants learned.  
Although it was too late for me.

Subjected to their cruelty  
I had been starved and brutalised  
Which left me partly paralysed.  
Although I was at last set free.

I will not live long enough to see  
my dreams of liberty come true  
All that I have to leave to you,  
My words my only legacy.

The gates of gold and ivory  
are open wide and I pass through.  
It's some thing which I have to do.  
For once I act obediently.

I need not fear the consequence  
I cast my rebel role aside  
For here I have nothing to hide  
Rewarded for my eloquence.

15-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Confident? For M Lady Lucianne

Do you dare to be different  
And raise your voice when you dissent?  
Or do just go with the flow.  
Far too afraid to make a show  
of the fact you disagree.  
Why not speak out confidently  
Why should you follow someone who  
you are quite sure knows less than you.  
Or are you just a follower  
like other folks who much prefer.  
To be told what they should do.  
Because it is much easier to  
than refusing their assent,  
and daring to be different.

16-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Conflicting Plans

She means to fulfil her desire  
and choose the strongest for a sire.  
To give her offspring the finest chance.  
She isn't seeking for romance.  
She dreams of a rich handsome male  
she's confident she will not fail  
in capturing his interest  
and means to put it to the test.  
But fate has other plans in mind  
and she will find that love is blind.  
When she is shot by Cupids bow  
her girlish dreams will fade and go.  
She will accept without demur  
the man that fate selects for her.

26-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Conforming

I cannot unilaterally,  
decide to do what pleases me.  
How very easy life would be  
if that was satisfactory.  
Although it makes me furious.  
I must confer, debate discuss  
until it is unanimous.  
I find it rather curious.  
It seems your free will is not free.  
Although you think it ought to be.  
In order to live peacefully  
as part of our society.  
We have to voluntarily  
place limits on our liberty.

05/11/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Confounded Experts For Joe Poewhit

An artefact of machined steel  
found buried in a deep coal seam.  
The experts say it can't be real  
it does not fit with their world scheme.

The all insist it cannot be.  
Be cause the know they can't explain  
this very strange anomaly  
and so they bury it again.

They hide it very carefully.  
Conceal the fact that it exists  
forget about it quietly.  
But awkward objects will persist.

So in due course it surfaces  
as it was always certain to.  
The so called experts have to face  
awkward questions asked anew.

They do not know but dare not say.  
this artefact defies their skill  
They still cannot explain away  
the artefact and never will.

They lack all credibility  
Their rigid minds so tightly closed  
They can dismiss reality  
when it is not as they supposed.

An ancient machined artefact  
found buried deep in a coal seam  
Preserved for ages quite intact  
Confounds the experts it would seem.

03/06/2009  
<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Conscience

I am the inner voice you hear,  
when quietly you meditate,  
Inaudible to any ear  
but yours.

All I can offer is advice,  
which you can follow or discard  
You have free will which should suffice.  
Of course

sometimes you find it hard to choose.  
between the options offered you.  
What to accept and what refuse.  
No force

on earth can make you listen to  
advice you do not want to hear.  
It is your choice it's up to you.  
But pause

consider well which path to take,  
before you make you finally decide.  
The burden of any mistake  
is yours.

Do as you will but lose or win.  
There has to be a settling day  
a price you will have to pay: In  
due course.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Consider The Alternative For M'Lady Chitra

I don't regret that I am old.  
When I look back I clearly see.  
The things that fate chose to withhold  
I had to accept finally.  
When I look back I clearly see.  
That all your dreams cannot come true.  
I had to accept finally  
you can't argue with fate's decree.  
that all your dreams cannot come true.  
Although perhaps you thought they would.  
You can't argue with fates decree  
and fate decreed they never would.  
It's for the best that they did not  
although perhaps you thought they would.  
When I look back I clearly see  
I don't regret that I am old.

11-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Consider Your Verdict For C.P Sharma

The countryside shows black and white a winter scene that's pure delight.  
When observed by a poets eyes. The inspiration it supplies.  
he will record in metered verse, before impressions can disperse  
He always carries pad and pen prepared to write no matter when.  
his muse commands that he must write. Imagination in full flight.  
as he attempts to share with you, the simple beauty of the view.  
The fields of white are broken by bare trees which show against the sky.  
He finds himself a sheltered spot, the day is cold but he is not.  
He is consumed by his desire to write in burning words of fire  
Describe the beauty of the day before the blue sky turns to gray.  
Darkness must fall and will erase the beauty lit by the suns ray.  
His brain moves faster than his pen, When he gets home he'll write again.  
Re edit it and check it through. When he's convinced that it will do.  
He'll type it into his P.C, which will present it legibly.  
Then post it on the internet, a task that he will not forget.  
He'll sit and wait for the poem read by other eyes  
their honest comments let him he succeeded; yes or no.

30-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Consonation.

Daylight subdues and fades away.  
Dark shadows creep across the sky.  
Scarlet now tints the west with pink  
Sunlight can no longer reign.  
Night comes into its own.  
Nothing can change nature's plan  
The Sun will rise and quickly chase  
The darkness of the night away.  
As it was so it will be as long  
as this world still spins.

Kasa a Korean form.

18/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Contemplating Change

Another year has swiftly flown.  
it's now consigned to history.  
A new year beckons still unknown,  
presents an opportunity  
To benefit from errors made.  
Adopt a different attitude  
and try this year to make the grade  
By doing as we know we should.  
Most New Year resolutions fail.  
We make them far too easily.  
Regard them as a fairy tale.  
not to be taken seriously.  
The resolutions I don't make  
I can be sure I will not break.

1-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Content For My Lady Irene

My lady's sleeping peacefully  
I slip beside her into bed.  
She turns to me instinctively  
without a word though much is said.  
She does not wake although she stirs  
settles herself more comfortably.  
I hold her close as she prefers.  
A feeling of security.  
She slips into a deeper sleep  
content because I'm by her side.  
I see no need for counting sheep  
as slowly into sleep I slide.  
Togetherness is all we need  
mutual love our only creed

28-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Content.

All things bright and beautiful  
all creatures great and small.  
If you are rich and powerful.  
Then you can have them all.  
Each little flower that opens.  
Each little bird that sings  
If you can afford it; then  
you can have all of these things  
But cash cannot buy happiness  
True happiness is not for sale.  
So if you only seek success.  
Although you win you're bound to fail  
The secret of true happiness  
To have enough no more no less.

31/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Contentment For M'Lady

How do you measure happiness?  
Is it a question of degree?  
A measurement of more or less  
discontent to ecstasy.  
Is it enough to be content?  
I think for most that must be true.  
Although sometimes by accident  
you are allowed a different view.  
One moment of pure ecstasy.  
You know you are connected to  
Everything: An epiphany  
which makes you change your world view.  
I think perhaps to be content  
for me is quite sufficient.

21-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Continuity

Although my love is growing old.  
She is still beautiful to me.  
Though what I see you cannot see.  
I see her as she used to be.

Good looks may fade like fairy gold.  
The outward signs do not fool me.  
I see her as she used to be  
I love her still as constantly.

Though I'm no longer young and bold.  
I see her as she used to be.  
Perhaps familiarity  
dictates to you what you can see.

I see her as she used to be.  
Epitome of all beauty  
when I asked her to marry me.  
Our love story as yet untold.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Contrasts 07

The sky grew dark quite suddenly.  
As from the west a massed array  
of dark storm clouds which completely  
obscured the light: Made night of day.  
The lightning flashed the thunder roared.  
All natures' fury on display,  
down constantly the raindrops poured  
as if to wash all grime away.  
An unexpected thunderstorm  
which lasted but a little while.  
Before the sun returned to warm  
us with his all embracing smile.  
Somewhat like life the weather is  
it's either misery or bliss.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Could It?

It could be true! That nothing's real.  
That all the dreams that we pursue  
are just illusions which appeal?  
It could be true!  
That all the things I thought I knew  
are delusions and are not real.  
You have another point of view.  
Can you believe that what you feel?  
is not just an illusion too.  
Or does it still seem real to you  
It could be true!

(18-Jun-07/roundel)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Could This Be You?

I  
Cannot  
understand  
intolerance.  
I don't even try.  
You have the right to be  
bigoted if you so please.  
All I can do is pity you.  
Who are enslaved by your prejudice.  
I much prefer to keep an open mind

Tuesday, 13 April 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Cover Up For Mlady Lucianne

.

Softly, silently snow flakes fall.  
Quickly, quietly covers all  
the litter mankind leaves behind.  
Now out of sight and out of mind.  
A pristine world of virgin white  
clearly presented to our sight.  
We can forget what lies below,  
the filth and grime beneath the snow.  
No other creature fouls its nest  
but mankind show s no interest  
in keeping his environment  
clean. His lack of care is evident  
What men discard so carelessly?  
The snow conceals so carefully.

7-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Crazy Antics For Harriet Bishop

I watched an ant and wondered why.  
He was convinced he had to try  
to climb a grass stem to the top  
and down the other side none stop.  
Why did he feel he had to climb?  
It was a complete waste of time.  
But Ants do what they want to do  
I know because I've watched a few.  
I don't think ants are very bright,  
they very seldom get it right.  
Though I can't think the way ants do.  
He might have had good reason to  
climb to the top and down again.  
Or just may be he was insane.

10-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Crows For Konstantin

Crows.

The noise of conflict dies away.  
Those left alive will now depart.  
Only the dead allowed to stay,  
they have no further part to play.

The warring sides in full retreat  
The crows tonight dine on fresh meat.  
Though neither side claims victory.  
The crows will feast quite happily.

Since man first slew another man.  
It seems to be Dame Natures plan.  
The crows will feast on the remains  
The scavengers alone will gain.

While warring sides must count the cost  
of fighting men that they have lost.  
Perhaps one day we'll realise  
In war there are no victories.

Bar for the crows who do not fight  
but satisfy their appetite.  
On those who do who in their view  
Choose to fight. they don't need to.

Although in death they feed the crows.  
I don't suppose the crows oppose.  
The idea that men come to blows.  
Nor do they care I must suppose.

The only winners are the crows  
who feast until they're comatose.  
On what is left of those who chose  
to risk their lives exchanging blows.

Sunday,09 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Cryogenic For M' Lady Catrina Heart

A frozen rose whose colour glows  
beneath a crystal coat of ice.  
How artistically it shows  
a vision fit for paradise.

Still pleasing to the eyes of those  
who see it shine amidst the frost.  
Catatonic, comatose,  
the only beauty it has lost.

Perfume appealing to the nose.  
Its scented beauty frozen too.  
Without its scent it's still a rose  
Although coated in frigid dew

But it will last until the thaw  
then disappear for evermore.

7-Jan-09

[Http: ce, com/poeticpiers](http://www.poemhunter.com/poeticpiers)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Culpable

Re-echoing.

The words we spoke but now regret.

Re-echoing.

The pain they caused still lingering  
although not meant to cause upset.

They are not easy to forget.

Re-echoing

(Rondelet/18-Jun-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Cupid Is Not Stupid For M Lady Helen Unknown

Cupid is not stupid

Love can strike unexpectedly.  
When you think you are past romance,  
then you find quite suddenly.  
Fate's giving you another chance.  
It is not something that you sought,  
you have been betrayed in the past  
You are not past it as you thought  
all of your doubts are overcast.  
You are quite sure this time its right,  
although you got it wrong before  
Your future now looks rather bright.  
You won't be lonely any more.  
You know now that dreams do come true.  
He has just told you he loves you.

11-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Curfew An Epic Tale

A deep toned bell heard loud and clear.  
which resonates between the walls.  
Awakens echoes far and near  
they disappear and silence falls.

This was a great metropolis.  
The pace of life was furious  
and now it is reduced to this.  
A warning for the rest of us.

When men grow too ambitious  
and fail to heed the warning signs  
Nature deems them iniquitous  
and undermines their grand designs.

Men now live nearer to the soil  
in small compact communities  
and earn their bread by honest toil.  
But still find opportunities

To gaze in wonder as they sigh  
and listen to the tales the sages tell.  
Of when tall towers reached the sky  
and how and why the cities fell.

Too many mouths too little food  
Their needs could not be satisfied  
and by the time they understood.  
Most of the population died.

of malnutrition and disease.  
Only the young and strong survived  
and they sought refuge in the trees  
A simpler way of life revived.

Self supporting villages  
became the order of the day.  
Which brought renewed advantages  
Mankind had found a better way.



After the first great city fell  
the rest followed like dominoes.  
In less time than it takes to tell.  
To be expected I suppose.

Men were not meant to live in hives  
like colonies of honey bees.  
But follow individual lives  
not as they had done previously.

Each living in their little cell  
and knowing only one or two.  
Venturing out to buy or sell  
but only when they were forced to.

They were afraid of other men  
and with good reason we are told..  
Those times will never come again  
when criminals were over bold.

Protected by anonymity  
the stronger ones preyed on the weak.  
The dark side of humanity  
You need not go too far to seek.

Now we can live more peacefully  
and fear our neighbours not at all,  
We intermingle socially  
and trust each other one and all.

We still have petty criminals  
but they are punished for their crimes  
According to clear principles  
not as they were in olden times.

Cause and effect are seen to be  
as sure as night must follow day.  
Which seems to work effectively  
Crime has a price which they will pay.

Now most of us know everyone  
who lives in our community.  
The faceless hordes completely gone  
We share common humanity.

The ruined cities will decay.  
Nature will reclaim her own.  
In her own time in her own way.  
Eventually be overgrown.

History is repetitive.  
Though mankind's very slow to learn.  
A little too competitive  
as empires rise and fall in turn.

Perhaps this time we've learned at last  
A simple life is far the best.  
No empires now to overcast.  
Each man is equal with the rest.

1-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Curvaceous

The lady is quite frankly fat.  
but does not let it bother her.  
She'll openly admit to that  
because she knows that men prefer.  
A well fleshed woman in their bed  
to any skinny bag of bones  
Despite the stories experts spread,  
fat women do not sleep alone.  
A man wants someone he can hold  
without the fear that she might break.  
A woman who keeps out the cold.  
That's what men want make no mistake.  
Though she may not be fashionable  
men find her most desirable.

28-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Cyhydedd Naw Ban

The mountains are high covered in snow.  
They overlook the valley below  
Where farmers must work tilling the soil,  
they'd rather be free; not have to toil..  
No man can be completely free. Though  
some think they ought to be they know  
their contrasting desires in turmoil.  
Most choose to stay faithful to the soil.  
A few choose freedom and gladly go.  
Circumstances may combine to foil  
the fervent wish to be freed from toil.  
It is just a dream as you well know.  
You are free to dream but not to go.  
Because you are a Son of the Soil.

13-Feb-09

Ifor ap richard

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Cynic Or Realist

I don't donate to charities  
which may seem mean in others eyes.  
But when I see the fees they pay  
to their fund raisers there's no way.  
A large slice of what we donate  
is swallowed up as sure as fate.  
To pay inflated salaries  
and high administrative fees.  
A small percentage of the whole  
will go towards the stated goal.  
It's possible I may be wrong  
but I have been around to long  
to swallow their publicity  
Which relies on our naivete.

7-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dad

Dad.

My father was a clever man  
Though limited in his view.  
His motto do the best you can  
that's all anyone can do.

He raises his brood without his mate.  
She died when I was very small  
He did not flinch or hesitate  
but did his best to teach us all.

The values which held to be  
paramount to everyone.  
Integrity and honesty  
and not to fear to stand alone.

His word once given would be kept  
if it were possible to do.  
Reluctantly he would accept  
there were some things he must review.

When fate stepped in and called a halt  
dictating change of circumstance.  
He knew that he was not at fault  
His wishes did not stand a chance.

When I was young I thought that he  
accepted far too readily  
Limits to opportunity  
I was too naïve to see.

His life had been a great success  
he had in fact achieved his aim.  
Stuck by his motto done his best.  
He was a winner in life's game.

I hold his values true today  
and do the very best I can.

To emulate him day by day.  
My father was a gentle man.

1-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Daisies For M Lady Tara

A lawn without a weed it seems  
would satisfy most gardeners dreams  
But not for me I much prefer  
to see a daisy here and there.  
Like stars which decorate the night  
these tiny flowers glowing white.  
A sight which I find pleases me  
much more than boring greenery.  
My neighbours say it's a disgrace  
but dare not say it to my face.  
They know what my reply would be  
and so they whisper secretly.  
About the way I keep my lawn  
with daisies strewn and left unshorn.

3-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Dancing Words For Friend Mark Slaughter

There's more to writing poetry,  
than choosing your words carefully.  
Selecting words you know will rhyme.  
You must consider too the time  
the beat your words will be dancing to  
In just the way you want them too  
.The rhythm furnished by the meter  
helps your words to flow much sweeter.  
The basic rules you have to learn  
so you can teach them in your turn  
To other poets who are new  
and do not know as much as you.  
The feedback which you will receive  
will satisfy you I believe.

3-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Danger Threatens,

Danger threatens.

The thunder grumbles distantly.  
A storm is brewing in the hills  
The rain that's falling heavily  
Will fill the streamlets and the rills

Which they in turn increase the flow  
of the rivers far below  
In surging torrents which increase  
in power and disturb the peace.

Of riverside communities  
Who fear the probabilities?  
that the sudden flash floods may bring.  
Oblivious to everything

Except their wild rush to the sea.  
The sounds of thunder fade and die.  
We see again a clear blue sky.  
We can relax the worst has passed

Although the rivers still flow fast.  
They've stayed within their boundaries.  
Unlike the flash floods of the past.  
Which devastated properties.

And forced inhabitants to flee.  
To seek safety on higher ground.  
When thunder grumbles distantly.  
We see it as a warning sound.

We've learnt from past experience.  
We can remember vividly.  
What the wild waters running free.  
Can do and have done previously.

Wednesday, 04 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dare To Live

Today might be the day you die.  
So seize each opportunity  
That's offered you and don't ask why  
But grasp each moment eagerly.

Why vacillate and hesitate.  
Waste time wondering if you should  
You will regret when it's too late.  
You did not do it when you could

We all do things that we regret.  
We have to make our own mistakes  
Learn lessons that we won't forget.  
Experience is all it takes.

Take a chance do it today  
Another chance won't come your way.

26/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dare To Smile For M Lady Tara

December's dull and dreary days.  
Seem to pass by much more slowly  
than summer days: We have to face  
this is the sad reality.

The shorter days do not move fast.  
Although we would expect them to  
Instead they seem intent to last  
so much longer than they ought to.

Although we know it is not true.

Time seems to slow its even pace  
to us it really seems to do.

The way we feel shows on each face.

Nobody sports a cheerful grin  
as if to smile would be a sin

5-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dare You Come With Me?

Do you dare go one step beyond?  
the limits of your comfort zone?  
Rely upon yourself alone  
and take the road to Trebizond.

A city where the minarets  
are peopled by resentful ghosts  
Who vainly shout their empty boasts  
And voice aloud their dire threats.

Brag of past depravity.  
For which the suffer punishment.  
They weep and wail their discontent.  
Condemned for all eternity.

Are you brave enough to face  
All of the dangers you might find  
enough to break the strongest mind.  
In that long lost and fearsome place.

A city which was once designed  
to be a place a place of peace and rest.  
Hypotheses could be refined,  
and theories put to the test.

Fate was to prove the wise men fools.  
As she has often done before  
Fomented into civil war.  
The views of the opposing schools

The learned men were powerless  
they could not stem the violence  
Though they foresaw the consequence  
As followers sought to impress.

The views which they held to be true.  
On other men who disagreed  
Defending their own narrow creed.  
As bigots always tend to do.

The learned men were first to die  
They weren't as wise as they had thought  
they had no time to wonder why.  
They perished in the first onslaught.

Their wailing ghosts will argue still  
that they were right the others wrong.  
I have no doubt they always will  
that's why they stay where they belong.

Confined to haunted minarets  
in a city men have forgot.  
They still owe payments on their debts.  
You may be fearful I am not.

I dare to take that step beyond  
the confines of my comfort zone  
and travel on to Trebizond  
Though usually I go alone.

06/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dawn To Dusk

The eastern sky  
Suffused with light.  
New risen sun is climbing high.  
Erasing shadows of the night.

From east to west.  
The normal way.  
The sun pursues his daily quest.  
In the same way every day

As he has done  
Since time began.  
Our days are measured by the sun.  
Whose rule applies to every man.

When morning breaks.  
The sun will rise  
And take the route he always takes  
From east to west across the sky.

At journeys end.  
The sun will set.  
And shadows of the night descend.  
An all embracing coverlet.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Day By Day

I think it is impossible  
To recall ev'ryone you met  
and also highly probable.  
That some you're happy to forget.

The first lover who broke your heart,  
Imprinted deep in memory.  
Though you suspected from the start,  
this was a dream which could not be.

The petty boss that bullied you.  
When you were young and powerless.  
It's odd but you recall him too.  
Though not with any kindness.

Yet good friends fade from memory  
erased by quickly passing years  
almost you'd think impossible,  
You wonder if you've slipped from theirs.

Although you meant to keep in touch.  
You never did too much to do.  
I wonder does it matter  
because they have forgotten too.

Par for the course I understand.  
Although sometimes spontaneously  
they come to mind; you can't command  
the actions of your memory.

The present matters not the past.  
It is consigned to history,  
the pace of life is far too fast.  
To take time out for reverie.

We touch on others and affect  
each other in some subtle way  
That is the truth we must accept.  
We really live from day to day.

1-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Day Dreaming For M'Lady Chitra

Where tender grasses rim the stream.  
Which gurgles as it flows along  
I am content to sit and dream.  
While listening to the black bird's song.

I do not need to work today.  
Weekends two days I love the best.  
I work from Monday 'til Friday.  
Saturday and Sunday I can rest

Time to indulge my fantasies  
Beside the ever flowing stream  
Exploring possibilities.  
Which only happen when I dream.

I set my questing spirit free.  
To fly to where it wants to be.  
Though I remain here bodily.  
Constrained by laws of gravity.

My spirit brooks no argument  
Recognises no boundary.  
With that I have to be content.  
Until I die then I'll be free.

To rise on high in wingless flight.  
No longer bound by gravity.  
And make my way towards the light.  
I hope to find serenity.

Saturday,03 March 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Day Off

A placid pool unruffled by  
the slightest breeze reflects the sky.  
The sky a cerulean blue  
takes on a slightly darker hue.  
Sometimes a fluffy cloud or two  
will slowly drift into my view.  
I sit beneath a shady tree.  
I am content to simply be  
an observer of the scene  
and draw comparisons between.  
The peaceful pool and the clear sky.  
Its not my place to wonder why.  
I am relaxing happily  
exactly where I want to be.

02/07/2009

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Deadly Serious

A thin and thready threnody  
played by the winds on the phone wires.  
An eerie haunting melody  
regretting unfulfilled desires.

A lamentation which can steal  
your joy in life and make you sad  
Enhance the miseries you feel

If you are wise you stop your ears  
refuse to give in to your fears.

If you do not you will go mad.

The lost souls carried on the wind

Are seeking victims constantly  
to join their ghastly company.

To share in their unhappiness  
and they can find them easily  
In people who cannot express.

Their joy in life to anyone  
but wallow in their misery.  
and in the end are left alone.  
A self fulfilling prophecy.

1-Aug-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Death Is Not The End For M'Lady Ernestine

Death is not the end.

A ray of sunlight penetrates  
the quiet gloom of the sick room  
Wherein a dying lady waits.

For death to call impatiently.  
She has no fear she is content  
To know that soon she will be free.

For ninety years she's done her best.  
To her the sunlight seems to be  
A sign that she has passed the test.

The ray of light eventually  
illuminates her final smile.  
She passes over quietly.

Her empty shell lies peacefully.  
Almost as if she slumbered still.  
Her spirit soars triumphantly.

Towards the light she hopes to see.  
Remaining faithful to the end  
She goes ahead confidently.

She has outlived her family  
and all her friends are long since dead.  
She lived her life successfully.

She lived and died competently  
and she passed on with no regrets.  
To start a new life hopefully.

Wednesday, 30 June 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Defeated Story Poem For M Lady Ernestine

A yellowed skull, still on display  
above the oaken fire place  
A relic from a by gone day.  
Which it is possible to trace

back for five hundred years or more.  
I hate the thing my host explains  
grotesque against modern décor.  
It can't be moved or it complains.

The house re- echoes to its screams.  
Until its back in place once more.  
It's been a fixture now it seems  
Since fifteen hundred sixty four

Although it has been exorcised  
and given Christian burial.  
It's very quickly recognised  
there'll be no peace until the skull

Is returned to its proper place  
upon the panelled chimney breast  
. A fact all owners have to face.  
Though some have put it to the test.

It's not a conversation piece.  
Although subject of fierce debate.  
If it is moved its screams won't cease  
until it hangs above the grate

The legend says he was betrayed  
and murdered by an enemy.  
Who had seduced a serving maid  
who had allowed him free entry.

This story can't be verified  
No written records still remain  
But I for one am terrified  
and will not try to move again.

This yellowed skull from long ago,  
which hangs above the fireplace.  
That's why it is there still on show  
The passing years can not erase.

The skulls determination  
to rest in peace just where it is  
on open exhibition.  
No power on earth can alter this.

The skull remains though owners change.  
This ugly object quietly  
defies attempts to re-arrange  
ideas of where it ought to be.

In time it will disintegrate  
into a pile of brownish dust  
But until the we have to wait  
It is quite obvious we must.

Although you think to humour me  
by listening to this eerie tale.  
I will admit quite openly  
That's why this house is up for sale.

I can no longer stand the skull  
which grins above the mantel piece.  
Although the house is beautiful  
I never have a moment's peace.

Because I'm not the master here  
It seems the skull has laid its claim  
allows no one to interfere.  
The previous owners felt the same.

I bought it a discount price  
Although I knew its history  
I thought my knowledge would suffice  
to solve the mystery easily..

I've had enough I must confess



The screaming skull has won again.  
Now I would sell the house for less  
than what I paid: I would regain

the peace of mind I used to know.  
Before I bought this residence  
that housed a skull from long ago.  
I should have used my common sense.

I dismissed as an old wives tale  
The legend of the screaming skull.  
I little thought my dream would fail.  
I thought the house was wonderful.

I'll have to leave I cannot bear  
to stay another single day  
I fear the yellowed skulls cold stare  
Has driven many men away.

The house has stood for centuries  
Had many owners in its time.  
The house itself is sure to please  
but for the skull would be sublime..

This grinning relic from the past  
Is the real ruler of this place.  
His reign it seems is sure to last  
A fact I can no longer face.

11-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Deja Vu

I have been here before  
and seen these sights  
along this shore.  
And yet before today  
I have never passed this way.

Whence comes this memory  
That I hold so crystal clear.  
That red house those willow trees/  
I know not from what source springs.  
My recognition of these things.

I only know it was mere chance  
I chose to drive along this coast  
Was it fate or circumstance?  
That brought me here today to see.  
These scenes familiar to me.

Or did I live another life  
Before the one I'm living now  
And did I have a loving wife  
And friends and family,  
Someone who might remember me.

But NO I must not think that way  
I can disturb no ones peace  
I must drive on I cannot stay/  
And yet and yet I will recall  
This as the strangest day of all.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Deja Vu.

Déjà vu.

I have been here before  
and seen these sights.  
Along this shore  
and yet before today.  
I have never passed this way.

Whence comes this memory  
which I hold so crystal clear,  
that red house, those willow trees.  
I know not from what source springs  
my recognition of these things.

I only know it was mere chance  
I chose to drive along this coast.  
Was it fate or circumstance?  
Which brought me here today to see  
these scenes familiar to me.

Or did I live another life  
before the one I'm living now  
and did I have a loving wife  
and friends and family?  
Someone who might remember me.

But no, I must not think that way,  
I can disturb no ones peace  
I must drive on I cannot stay.  
and yet, and yet I will recall  
this as the strangest day of all.

Revised 24/12/2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Delayed Justice Story Poem

I fear no foe that I can see  
but rather those who strike by night  
They cloak their acts in secrecy  
because they cannot stand the light.

I made a powerful enemy  
when I was young and in my prime.  
Who swore to take revenge on me.  
I know somewhere he bides his time.

My friends think I am paranoid  
obsessed with high security.  
Though it is better to avoid  
Any and all possibility.

Of course I cannot validate  
my fear of a conspiracy.  
It doesn't matter it's too late.  
I fear my foe has poisoned me.

His plans were made with subtlety.  
He has corrupted some close friend  
Some one I trusted utterly.  
I should have known you can't defend.

Against all possibilities.  
I tried my best but I have failed.  
Too many opportunities.  
It seems my enemy has prevailed.

News of my death will prompt release  
of documentary evidence.  
To the world press and the police.  
Negate his claims of innocence.

To show the world just what he was.  
In the dark days of Nazi rule  
Unpublished until now  
because I hesitated like a fool.

I had sufficient evidence  
to have his history reviewed  
and to expose his false pretence.  
But was not confident I could.

prove his guilt beyond all doubt.  
Until I found the final clue.  
Somehow he managed to find out  
about what I planned to do.

He was convinced nobody knew  
About the research I had done.  
Which in effect was quite true.  
I much preferred to work alone.

He wanted to be rid of me.  
and though his plan met with success.  
I will defeat my enemy  
The fact I'm dead is matterless.

He sought revenge I sought justice  
His is a pyrrhic victory.  
I have ensured he'll pay the price.  
for his past sins and cruelty.

The proof of his identity  
at least of who he used to be  
Will stand up to close scrutiny  
He's not the man he claims to be.

A Jew who managed to survive.  
he stole a new identity.  
And some how managed to contrive  
to convince every one but me.

Though he is held in high respect.  
because of his ability  
There is no way he can protect  
his reputation for honesty.

Although I chose to work alone

The papers that I leave behind  
Will show the truth to everyone  
He was in fact a mastermind

of the final solution.  
Which brought about the Holocaust.  
There can be no absolution.  
He freely chose he was not forced.

Unlike the wretches that he killed  
because he had the power to.  
His twisted dreams could be fulfilled.  
do anything he wanted to.

I was not fooled I could see through  
the lack of continuity  
and spent my life determined to  
destroy his false identity.

He thought if he was rid of me.  
He would be safe no one doubt  
the truth of his false history  
But very soon he will find out.

He has not heard the last of me.  
There is no way he can deny  
The truth of his identity  
Although the world may wonder why.

He was allowed to get away  
with his charade so easily  
But in the chaos of those days  
he was not checked sufficiently.

The time has come when he must face.  
A different reality  
of opprobrium and disgrace.  
It had to come eventually

Although he tried to live a lie.  
Fate had other plans in mind

The clues I needed she'd supply  
Though they were difficult to find.

I was obsessed I had no choice.  
It seemed that fate had chosen me  
to give unnumbered dead a voice.  
Which I have done quite obviously.

I won't be here to celebrate.  
He was a step ahead of me.  
but he had left it far too late.  
I claim the final victory.

Friday, 13 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Delayed Reaction For M'Lady Tara

The grey dawn breaks over the sea  
I watch and wonder wearily,  
Why is it when I close my eyes?  
Then sudden storms of thoughts arise.  
Ideas that circle ceaselessly  
disturbing my serenity.  
I try to sleep to no avail my  
my every effort doomed to fail  
Yet when my clock emits its beep.  
My mind decides it's time to sleep.  
But I can't sleep its time to rise  
and face the day with bleary eyes.  
I do not know why this should be.  
Can anyone enlighten me?

20-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Deleted By The Author

I do not KNOW but I suspect.  
The world is not as we accept.  
Reality is mutable,  
we tend to see what we expect.

Although it seems impossible  
I think it highly probable.  
We do not really understand  
what is and is not possible.

Although we try to make a stand.  
The future we cannot command  
We must allow for sudden change,  
when fate decides to take a hand.

Then we must quickly rearrange  
although in fact we find it strange.  
The way we see reality  
however limited our range.

We must admit reluctantly  
that times are changing rapidly  
Perhaps much faster than we think  
as we approach maturity.

We may be standing on the brink  
of abysses as black as ink  
The end of all humanity.  
Be jettisoned to downward sink.

Because we would not learn to see  
That all men should live peaceably.  
Another failed experiment  
which must be erased completely

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Democracy V Liberty

The fathers of democracy.  
The ancient Greek philosophers  
were dependent on slavery.

Which leaves me in a quandary.  
How can it be democracy  
to have such inequality?

I think democracy should be  
a universal human right.  
Though it is not quite obviously.

An ideal to aspire to.  
Which one day might be possible.  
The time has come now to review.

What we mean by democracy.  
If everybody has their say.  
It might well lead to anarchy.

When we elect a government.  
The will of the majority  
is what they're meant to represent..

But it seems they rarely do.  
This cannot be democracy.  
the many are ruled by the few.

Who gain control quite legally  
because their wealth allows them to  
encouraged by our apathy.

The systems open to abuse  
The people have the power to  
insist on change; which we don't use.

We vote or not just as we choose.  
A facet of democracy.  
I would be hesitant to lose.

It seems to me democracy  
is something which we can't achieve  
and still retain our liberty.

There is no way that I can see  
which will be fair to everyone.  
I must admit despondently.

A partial democracy  
is what we have and will retain  
a curb upon our liberty.

You have no reason to complain  
if you choose not to use your vote.  
You have the freedom to abstain.

Sunday, 16 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Democracy I Beg To Differ.

I'm cynical and sceptical.  
I don't believe the promises  
which are mainly rhetorical  
and open to compromises

Of politicians canvassing  
attempting to secure my vote  
They are experts in buck passing  
Their words are rarely worth a quote.

They talk a lot but don't say much  
and what they say deniable  
Make no attempt to stay in touch  
they're mostly unreliable.

For every thing they fail to do  
they always claim expedience  
had made it necessary to  
change plans in my experience.

Their words are chosen carefully  
to have the maximum effect.  
Delivered oratorically  
To simple fools who still expect.

Old fashioned standards still apply  
Morality and honesty,  
in modern times in short supply  
At least to me they seem to be.

That's why I have no sympathy  
When they are proved to be corrupt  
Our system far too easily  
allows the morally bankrupt.

To pose as men of probity  
and run for public offices.  
here they practice dishonesty  
with every prospect of success.

And that is why I'm sceptical.  
The system's rotten to the core.  
and totally impractical  
There is no justice anymore.

25-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Demystified For M' Lady Cate

The mist persists, it will insist  
it has the right to block the light  
with trailing wisps of dirty white.

The mist is wrong and it will learn  
to leave when it has served its turn  
Because the sun will rise and burn

the remnants of the mist away  
There is no way that it can stay  
once the bright sun comes out to play.

The mist defeated has to go.  
It leaves reluctantly and slow  
but where it goes I do not know.

It will return with fall of night  
lurk in the darkness hid from sight.  
Unless outlined by the moonlight.

The silver light makes it appear  
to be the ghosts which cause men fear.  
But they will quickly disappear

When banks of cloud obscure the light.  
Be re-absorbed into the night.  
to their dismay but men's delight.

The mists persist they wont desist  
as long as day and night exist  
and if they did they would be missed.

The moisture which the mist supply  
the plants trees drink thirstily.  
Without the mists some plants would die.

1-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Denial For M'Lady Ann Beard

Why do we choose to rationalise  
odd happenings we can't explain.  
The evidence of our own eyes  
we all deny time and again.  
I think it highly probable because  
we do not understand.  
Believing it impossible  
we just dismiss it out of hand.  
We do not really want to know  
so we discount the evidence.  
Which shows or merely tends to show  
some humans have an extra sense.  
So we pretend in self defence  
that ESP is sheer nonsense..

27-Feb-09

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Desert Rain For M Lady Tara

A myriad of silver spears.  
The raindrops pierce the earth below.  
They rarely come and quickly go.  
Then as expected there appears

questing green shoots which quickly grow  
into a great variety  
of pretty flowers seen to be  
as fine as any flower show.

Selected by men carefully  
to demonstrate how much they know  
of cultivation sure and slow  
and always scientifically.

The desert flowers daren't be slow.  
Their growing season is too short.  
They set their seed just as the ought  
within the soil and wait below.

Until the silver spears report  
in massed array once again.  
Bombard the thirsty earth with rain  
to nourish growth of every sort.

Across the lifeless desert plain.  
The seed are waiting patiently  
until the raindrops set them free  
from the dry soil to bloom again.

4-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Destressed

When twilight falls in shades of blue.  
I turn my gaze towards the west  
where clouds adopt a rosy hue  
The setting sun goes to his rest.  
The rosy glow soon fades away.  
Pale blue deepens to Indigo  
and marks the passing of the day.  
This is the hour when I know  
The stillness and the quietude  
the peace which will refresh my soul  
My heart is filled with gratitude.  
The silence plays a major role.  
Each evening, anew I find  
solace for my troubled mind.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Devotees

The priestess who officiates.  
Clad only in authority  
She very clearly demonstrates.  
She's comfortable with nudity.  
Being Sky Clad sets you free.  
To be the way you're meant to be.  
Completely inhibition free.  
Open to the energy.  
The goddess provides liberally.  
To the faithful few who dance.  
Sky Clad unashamedly.  
Whenever they may get the chance.  
Obedient to the Goddess' will.  
Dancing naked Deosil.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Diet Coke

I eat to live not live to eat  
but I can still enjoy my food.  
As I am quite sure I should.  
I dine on vegetables and meat  
because I know they do me good.

I do not frequent fast food joints  
to eat cheese hamburgers and such.  
I do not really like them much  
Which does not earn me brownie points  
from friends with whom I keep in touch.

What suits them does not suit me  
They are quite free if they prefer  
the food the fast joints can offer  
AS for my self I'd rather dine  
on wholesome food I get elsewhere.

My friends are mostly overweight  
Because they choose convenience  
and really cannot see much sense  
In eating what I advocate  
They see my views as sheer nonsense.

But I am slim and fit while they  
are frankly fat and ill at ease  
in other words they are obese  
and yet they still feast every day  
on hamburgers with melted cheese.

Of course they all drink diet coke  
a fact that still amuses me.  
Although they drink it constantly  
I do not think they'd see the joke.  
I'd rather they were fat than me.

(12-Jun-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Different Attitudes.

A cascade of bird song descends.  
From a songster in the sky.  
One of our small feathered friends  
Who greets the morning joyously.  
When she takes wing and starts to sing.  
She lifts my heart and makes me smile  
This feather songstress of the sky.  
Displays her own distinctive style.  
A tiny bird with a sweet voice.  
She flies aloft reminding us  
That we have reason to rejoice.  
When we hear the morning chorus.  
But humans rise reluctantly  
and greet the day begrudgingly.

Friday,09 March 2012/

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Different Dreams

Do not judge me by your standards  
Because they don't apply to me  
Your punishments and your rewards  
Are of no consequence to me.

The principles which I live by.  
Apply to me and me alone  
I see no reason I should try  
to change my ways; act differently

I do not seek the spotlights glare.  
Fame is of no interest to me  
I really do not think I'd care  
to be some flash celebrity/

I am quite happy with my life  
I do not need the extra stress,  
the trials troubles and the strife  
Which are the trappings of success.

Continue to pursue your dream  
as you have every right to do  
But things aren't always what they seem  
You'll learn through time my words are true.

I find I am content to be  
a simple ordinary man.  
I jog along quite happily  
and live the best way that I can.

I don't judge you, so don't judge me.  
You have your life and I have mine  
Can we agree to disagree  
and part as friends amicably.

11-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Differential Perceptions

The stars look down indifferently.  
The earth is bathed in pale moonlight.  
The night is passing peacefully  
or so it seems apparently.

Believers in astrology  
who are convinced that they are right.  
Say stars affect our destiny,  
I do not see how that could be

They're too remote, too far away  
Those twinkling beacons in the night  
to influence effectively  
each person individually.

Astronomy, astrology  
two systems which are opposite.  
One proven scientifically  
The other believed fervently

I accept the reality  
of the bright stars I see at night  
I can't accept astrology  
and offer no apology

Although you may think differently  
It is your choice, you have the right.  
What proof have you to offer me  
which will stand up to scrutiny?

1-Sep-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Dilemma.

Afghanistan where young men die,  
protecting us from terrorists  
Here normal rules do not apply.  
But still the powers that be insist.

They will not change their strategy.  
They are convinced they are correct.  
Although it's obvious to see  
things do not go as they expect.

Afghanistan has never been  
conquered throughout history  
The facts can be clearly seen.  
There really is no mystery.

The tribal chieftains rule their fiefs  
exert supreme authority.  
Contrary to western beliefs  
There's little probability

That outside forces will prevail  
against Afghani stubbornness.  
It seems that we are doomed to fail.  
Although we have made some progress

How many more lives must be lost  
before we decide to withdraw  
Why should our young men bear the cost  
of fighting someone else's war.

Friday, 23 July 2010  
, /poeticpiers.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Disappointed For M Lady Ernestine

The Jackdaws are excitedly  
feasting on the cast away  
remains of someone's takeaway.  
Discarded by them thoughtlessly.  
They're squabbling vociferously  
as they jostle for the best place  
and very soon there is no trace  
of the feast provided free.  
The plastic tray is now quite clean,  
then they fly off in search of more  
It is as if the food had never been.  
But one latecomer lone jackdaw  
examines the now empty tray.  
Squawks his disgust and flies away.

8-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Discredited A Lament

Alas and alack now life is hard.  
They cancelled out my credit card  
I used to live in luxury  
now I'm condemned to poverty

My firm downsized and let me go.  
Which put an end to my cash flow  
My bank foreclosed; I could not pay  
therefore they took my house way

My wife divorced me and she left.  
I'm single homeless and bereft.  
I face a life of misery.  
Nobody wants to hire me.

I'm not too old to start again  
given the opportunity  
but I must make do until then  
on other peoples charity.

The fat cat bankers are to blame.  
Lending without security  
Increasing profits was their aim  
That's why they acted recklessly.

The system failed, it had to come.  
/o many could or would not pay.  
Vast profits had been made by some  
but now hard times are here to stay.

The fat cats will escape Scott free  
The government will bail them out  
condoning their dishonesty  
The fat cats will not go without.

To me it is a travesty  
which really makes me furious  
It seems there is apparently  
one law for them one law for us

Though none of us can claim to be  
in every way quite innocent  
We could get credit easily  
because of this we overspent.

Could not have done, had they not lent  
with disregard for fiscal rules.  
Its hard to say in the event  
between us who were bigger fools.

The lenders or the borrowers  
I think the lenders deserve blame  
They tempted us with their offers  
and changed the rules to suit their game.

It is the small man always pays.  
The present system is corrupt  
I think its time to change our ways  
Declare the fat cats all bankrupt.

Root out and fine the guilty men  
why should they always get away?  
To milk the system once again  
by acting in the same old way.

I think its time to call a halt  
and re-establish old values.  
The rotten system is at fault  
I think most folk will share my views.

I've said my piece so I will go  
back to the street to beg my bread.  
It is and always has been so  
I gather from the books I've read.

29-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Disillusionment

I was so trustingly naïve.  
Too young and foolish to believe.  
That though she promised paradise  
all of her promises were lies.  
I was in love and could not see  
that she was merely using me  
To her I was a stripling boy  
the merest plaything just a toy.  
A lesson all green youths must learn  
it comes to each of us in turn.  
The angel which we think we see  
is not as she appears to be.  
She's merely out to have a fling,  
to her you do not mean a thing.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dismal Outlook.

Dismal outlook.

The sky today is dark and grey  
With storm clouds slowly gathering  
I think more rain is on the way.  
The outlook is not promising.  
Perhaps the rain will fall as snow  
May be the clouds will move away  
We can but hope that they will go  
A typical December day.  
White Christmases appeal to some.  
They did to me long years ago.  
The first snow fall was most welcome.  
But now I pray for it to go.  
I don't admit to being old  
Though I confess I hate the cold.

Saturday,03 December 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Disrespect

A crafty cat crapped in the crypt.  
A furtive feline felony,  
it left its mark and then it skipped.

The parish priest proclaimed that he  
had cause to curse the cunning cat  
for sacrilege and blasphemy.

He double damned the dastard cat  
that crept into the crypt and crapped.  
The theocrat though that was that.

His saintly self-control had snapped.  
The phantom feline failed to flee,  
the moggy met with no mishap.

The crafty cat quite cleverly  
decided it would demonstrate  
that it could crap contentedly.

His contempt to communicate  
to parish priests. Quite powerless  
to declare excommunicate.

Unchristian cats who crap in crypts  
or pagan pups, which pee in pews.  
They are exempt from his prescript.

All animals act as they choose  
they won't refrain to please the priest  
impervious to his abuse.

Such is the nature of the beast  
who only do as they must do  
. Priests do not matter in the least.

04 Jun.07



ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Ditched?

Thou art a heartless lying jade,  
With honeyed words thou cozened me  
Thou didst not though one promise keep.  
A cause to me of misery.  
Thy beauty so ensorcelled me  
That I could see no fault or flaw  
because I did not wish to see.  
Now I am wiser than before,  
I see beneath thy bright façade  
and understand how false thou art.  
A lesson learnt, though it was hard  
I should have known right from the start..  
I wanted so much to believe  
that I was easy to deceive..

12/05/2009

ce, com/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Diverging Paths

I took the road less travelled by.  
Impelled by curiosity  
Simply because I wondered why.  
It was disused apparently.  
I chose it voluntarily  
Although the path was overgrown  
With brambles which would hamper me  
Almost as if deliberately.  
It may well be if I had known  
I would have chosen differently.  
Instead of venturing alone.  
How quickly past the years have flown.  
Since I had a choice to make  
Which of the two paths I should take.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Diversity For Friend Leslie

The sonnet form is capable  
of being very flexible  
It can be used to air your views  
on almost anything at all.  
From memories which you recall  
to any subject you may choose.

Purists refuse to recognise  
a sonnet form which in their eyes  
is worthy of a total ban.  
Because it differ from the form  
which they insist must be the norm.  
Petrarchan or Shakespearian.  
Although they can stick to their views  
I must refuse. I can't agree

16/05/2009

Jeffreys sonnet  
Devised by n.

\*syllables per line  
Two sestets with a cross rhymed couplet.

Rhyme pattern

xxxxxxxA  
xxxxxxxA  
xxxxxxxB  
xxxxxxxC  
xxxxxxxC  
xxxxxxxB

xxxxbxxxD  
xxxxxxxD  
xxxxxxxE  
xxxxxxxF

xxxxxxxF  
xxxxxxxE

xxxxxxxG  
xxxgxxxG

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Divine Protection?

Although we try, we can't define the attributes of the divine  
So most of us choose to accept what we are told; someone's concept.

Is God a he? Is god a she, perhaps both simultaneously  
Did God create the universe? Is curiosity our curse?

Is it right that we should fear god? I find this idea rather odd  
It does not seem appropriate to live in fear the normal state.

Maybe God is a neutral source of power we can tap into  
Though we are free to choose our course. Responsible for what we do

I do not know what I believe and I refuse to speculate  
There's nothing guessing will achieve I will not learn if I but wait.

Perchance we are collectively all tiny parts of one great whole  
And will attain divinity, when we rejoin the over soul.

A theory you may reject and many will I must expect  
although I say in its defence you must weigh up the evidence.

Consider what you have been taught, cast doubt on its validity  
It may not be as you had thought, an absolute, a certainty.

The truth is that nobody knows. Because we aren't intended to.  
If we were wise we'd recognise some things are hidden from our eyes.

Because we could not comprehend the nature of divinity.  
To suffering humanity God must remain a mystery.

17/06/2009  
, /poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Do I Dream Or Am I Dreamt?

Do I dream or am I dreamt?

Surrealistic landscapes can  
appear to be reality.  
Scenes never seen by any man.  
I can imagine easily.  
Strange planets occupied  
by aliens hostile to men  
At other times I'm satisfied  
to see the mountains once again.  
I'm in control I can dictate  
exactly what I wish to see.  
I only need to concentrate  
and set my questing spirit free.  
When I dream I dream lucidly  
unless someone is dreaming me.

02/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Do I Lie?

You can't believe all that you see.  
Because it's on the internet,  
does not mean automatically  
that it is true. Do not forget  
that anyone can claim to be.  
A recognised authority.  
In their attempts to influence  
beliefs held by their audience.  
Their version of reality  
which they present with clarity  
Examined scientifically  
by anyone that's curious  
enough to take an interest.  
Who wants to put it to the test.  
If you are wise you cross refer  
with other sources and compare.  
To check on their veracity  
and you will find quite frequently.  
It's someone's half baked fantasy.  
You have to use your common sense  
interpreting the evidence.  
It may be true I can't deny  
that is a possibility  
but then again it may not be.  
Its up to you must decide  
Before you can be satisfied  
If it is truth or falsity.  
I think it's best to check it out  
Discard it if there's any doubt.  
As for myself I'm cynical  
I find some claims are comical.  
But you can choose what you believe.  
My words could be meant to deceive.

27/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Do It Your Way For Stephen Stirk

Sometimes the words that writers use  
have different meanings and values.  
For words don't always mean the same  
and common words don't play the game.

Some words can mean their opposite  
A writer must be explicit  
selecting words in such a way.  
Their meaning is as clear as day.

Avoiding in particular  
the words that seem familiar  
That sound the same when they are not.  
Meanings can differ quite a lot

Like seams and seems or there and their.  
A writer has to be aware  
Simplicity is his finest tool  
and that his readers as a rule

Are not concerned with the syntax  
Your words should help them to relax  
If they do not then you will fail  
your efforts all to no avail.

Although your words are scholarly  
perfectly composed grammatically.  
Successful writers in the main  
make sure they write to entertain.

They cater to the public taste  
they haven't got the time to waste  
Writing works which won't be read  
That will not earn their daily bread.

Those who write professionally  
research their market thoroughly.  
The must be certain it will sell  
and some of them do very well.

Amateurs, who post on the net  
are not constrained they can forget  
The publishers and critics views  
and simply write the way they choose.

Though they won't earn a single cent  
it doesn't matter, They're content  
with comments that their readers make.  
They love to write for its own sake.

23/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Do You Dare?

Do you dare to be different?  
Become an individual,  
ignore the rules to some extent.  
Prepared to be unusual.  
Adopting eccentricity  
in everything you do and say  
and stamp your personality  
on those you meet along life's way.  
You may be seen as arrogant,  
afflicted by insanity.  
Because you can ignore the cant  
Society's hypocrisy.  
Because you're bold enough to be  
able to act naturally.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Do You Know?

A blue ball bouncing merrily  
arrives upon a motorway.  
A recipe for tragedy  
when children carelessly at play.  
Follow the ball on flying feet  
then with an accident they meet.  
The distraught driver's not to blame  
but he feels guilty just the same.  
Do you know where your children play?  
Do you know where they are today?  
It's your responsibility  
to supervise them properly.  
I must confess that I did not  
now memories are all I've got.

20-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dog Watch

The night is cold and clear and still.  
The village streets lie quietly.  
A bitter wind adds to the chill.  
At home is where I'd rather be.  
I have no choice I have to go.  
My dog insists I take him out.  
He knows he is entitled to  
his final evening run about.  
Then he will settle for the night.  
It matter not rain, hail or snow.  
He is correct he has the right  
to tell me that its time to go.  
He knows the time I must suppose.  
What puzzles me is how he knows.

Wednesday, 23 December 2009.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dollars And Sense

Financially the world's a mess.  
The reason why not hard to guess.

A credit based economy  
will always lack stability.  
Advancing cash too easily

may rapidly increase your take  
but in the end it's a mistake.  
A nightmare from which you cannot wake,  
leading to sorrow and heartache.

For people who have overspent  
money far too easily lent  
by bankers who had one intent.

To profit from your borrowing.  
My final comment cash is king.

23-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Domino Effect

I sometimes wonder what I'd do  
should it become possible to.  
Just click my mouse and so erase  
all memory of former days.

Give me the chance to start anew  
A pristine sheet on which to write  
A chance to stand back and review.  
what I got wrong what I got right.

I think perhaps it's just as well  
this is a choice we cannot make.  
For insofar as I can tell  
I think it would be a mistake.

To try to rewrite history.  
How could we know what to select  
to keep or discard totally.  
I fear a domino effect.

I think I would leave well alone  
I would not change a single thing.  
Too many factors are unknown  
to change one might change everything..

26-Oct-08

[http; blog my](http://blog.myivor.com)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Domino Effect Fot J.T, Early

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should it become possible to.  
Just click my mouse and so erase  
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26-Oct-08

[http; blog my](http://blog.my)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Donkey Work

An ancient donkey grazing peacefully.  
Retired from the world of work he knew.  
I wonder if in dreams he can still see  
the golden sands beneath a sky of blue.  
Where he would carry children patiently  
walk slowly as he was expected to.  
He does recall those days quite happily.  
If he could talk, I think he would tell you  
I miss the golden days of youth long gone,  
the little children having rides on me.  
But I grew old, too old to carry on  
I could no longer do it easily..  
gave up the only work I'd ever done  
It was time to retire gracefully.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Don'T Ask Me

Sometimes I see though partially.  
Like images through frosted glass.  
Beyond control, sporadically

A foretaste of what is to come.  
Sometimes reflections from the past.  
Abilities which are not welcome.

A family trait inherited  
an extra sensitivity  
At times we see the way ahead.

But what we see we do not say.  
Because we know we cannot change  
future events in any way.

This is the cross we have to bear  
the second sight can be a curse  
to know but know we cannot share.

I would prefer that I was blind  
Unable to see through the mists  
.I feel that fate has been unkind.

To grant a talent I can't use  
It seems quite purposeless to me  
If I had choice I would refuse.

I do not really want to see  
what lies ahead for anyone.  
What fate decrees will come to be.

I did not choose I was chosen  
to inherit this ability  
to see what lies beyond our ken.

My family is known to be  
possessors of the second sight  
but taught to use it sparingly.

I dare not share the things I see.  
I can't be sure I am correct  
I will not share. So don't ask me.

15/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Don'T Call Again For My Erstwhile Colleagues In Social Services

Though she was old she was not frail.  
She came from sturdy peasant stock  
and she rose early without fail.  
Awoken by the barnyard cock.

His morning greeting to the sun  
Was her signal to start the day.  
The household chores had to be done  
and she would do them in HER way.

Although she's slow she's competent  
to do her work at her own speed  
in her own time. She is content  
refusing help she does not need.

She's stubbornly independent.  
As she has every right to be,  
completely self sufficient.  
She runs her home efficiently.

At ninety two she's fitter than.  
Most women only half as old.  
She manages because she can  
and she refuses to be told.

She is too old to live alone.  
Advice she will not listen to.  
She's used to being on her own.  
Nobody tells her what to do

Though some do try they don't try twice.  
She tells them very forcibly  
what to do with their advice.  
Some times rather colourfully..

Though she is old she is not frail  
she is tough as seasoned oak.

The busybodies always fail  
Because she treats them as a joke.

They cannot tell her what to do,  
nor have they any right to try.  
She lives her life as she wants to  
but when she can't then she will die.

She tolerates no argument  
from paid officials who may call.  
She states that she is quite content  
and has no time for them at all.

What do they know, what do they care  
To them she's just another case  
another cross they have to bear.  
She firmly puts then their place

and tells them not to call again.  
but woe betide them if they do  
And if they're wise they will listen  
She has her rights and knows them too.

20-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Double Double Cross

.  
She was convinced that he believed  
that she was very, very rich  
and that the plan she had conceived.  
Would go ahead without a hitch.  
She'd satisfy her appetite  
for luxuries at his expense.  
Her future now was looking bright  
and she was filled with confidence.  
But what the lady did not know.  
He too engaged in false pretence,  
his seeming wealth was all top show.  
Appearances took precedence.  
Two tricksters both of whom must fail  
A scheming minx a charming cad  
who act their parts to no avail  
There are no pickings to be had.  
Each hoist upon their own petard.  
Their cunning plans have gone awry.  
They have received their just reward  
as tricksters must eventually.

26-Jun-08

space/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Double Entendre? For M'Lady Fay

Clear crisp notes on the morning air.  
The blackbirds joyous melody,  
which he sings loudly to declare.  
This is my home territory.  
To human ears a liquid trill,  
to other birds a warning; clear.  
I will not hesitate to kill  
intruders who dare venture here.  
This is my domain, mine alone  
and I will guard it jealously.  
So heed my warning and be gone  
I wield supreme authority.  
A pretty song. A warning note  
which issues from the blackbirds throat.

31-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Double Standards,

Does God exist: Omnipotent?  
If he does, why did man invent  
another powerful entity?  
To take responsibility,  
For all the evils which men do.  
Which seems to me to contradict  
omnipotence which can't be true.  
If he's unable to predict.  
How his creatures will behave.  
Although in fact they have free will  
Our own desires can enslave  
us. Searching for forbidden thrills.  
Is there a Satan or a God?  
Belief in both is rather odd.

05/11/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Doubletalk For Friend Thad

I don't accept coincidence  
although some things seem synchronised.  
I can't believe it is by chance.  
Although I know my view defies.  
What is accepted usually  
by other folks who disagree.  
The tend to look askance at me.  
Regard my stance contemptuously  
As they are quite entitled to.  
Its only an hypothesis  
I cannot prove that it is true.  
But I would feel it most remiss  
to deny synchronicity.  
I'd see that as duplicity..

18-May-08

./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dragons Teeth.

We know: We've seen it all before.  
Devastation, desolation  
the aftermath of modern war.

Although it shocks us to the core  
It recalls to our attention.  
We know: we've seen it all before.

We have chosen to ignore  
Lack of valid information  
The aftermath of modern war

To us it's just another chore  
needing little explanation.  
We know: We've seen it all before

There is no way we can  
restore any kind of cultivation.  
The after math of modern war.

Still danger lies for evermore  
unexploded ammunition.  
The aftermath of modern war.  
We know: We've seen it all before.

Sunday, 28 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dream Images Can Change.

Dream images can change.

She had a picture in her mind.  
Of the man she hoped to find.  
Someone that she could look up to.

Such was her dream although she knew.  
That girlish dreams rarely come true  
But she still hoped that hers might do.

There was no way she could foresee.  
She would be married happily  
To a man who could not be.

More different in every way  
From her dream man of yesterday  
But Mother Nature likes to play.

The little tricks which she employs  
To bring together girls and boys.  
A favourite game which she enjoys.

When she decides the time is right  
All youthful dreams are put to flight.  
You see things in a different light.

One day you will meet someone new.  
Some man you are attracted to  
Destined to fall in love with you..

I have no doubt that he dreamt too  
About a girl quite unlike you.  
But you met as you were meant to.

And fell in love it's nothing new.  
Though youthful dreams do not come true.  
They are replaced by dreams that do.

Thursday, 01 December 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dreaming

Breezes soft as an angels kiss  
caress the sleeping maiden's hair.  
Whilst she is lost in dreams of bliss.  
Reality cannot compare  
with the sweet dreams of innocents.  
Who have not yet met with heartache  
or suffered from life's accidents.  
Alas too soon she'll have to wake  
to face up to reality  
and leave her childish dreams behind.  
In pursuit of her destiny.  
She too will learn to plot and scheme.  
To try to make her dreams come true.  
Just as the rest of us must do.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dreams Are Not Reality For M 'Lady Ann Beard

Dreams are not reality

She was not fat nor was she thin  
but rather somewhere in between.

She was not dark nor was she fair  
for she was blessed with auburn hair

Her eyes were neither brown nor blue  
but of a subtle sea green hue

She was not bold se was not shy  
but always acted modestly

She had a brain which she could use.  
Quite unafraid to state her views.

By nature she was sweet and kind.  
The ideal girl I had in mind.

I searched but unsuccessfully  
Perhaps I set my sights too high

Still single at thirty and two.  
I met and fell in love with you.

I knew you were the one for me  
and I surrendered easily.

Gave up my foolish fantasy  
and recognised reality.

I was not meant to be alone  
I think that I had always known.

Some day somewhere there had to be  
A real girl not a fantasy.

So I asked you to marry me

in the faint hope you would agree.

Overjoyed when you said yes  
I could forget my loneliness.

We face the world now side by side  
I have some reason now for pride.

Because you love me I must be  
a better man than I could see.

Until I looked into your eyes  
and saw you saw me as a prize.

27-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Dreamscape Reality For Friend Thad

Some think Sci Fi is fantasy  
which could become reality.  
For it has proved so in the past  
technology develops fast.

The far fetched tales of yesterday  
are merely common place today.  
Maybe in the next century  
then men will travel easily.

To places we imagine now  
although I cannot forecast how.  
But until then we settle for  
the time to dream and dream some more

of worlds we think that we create.  
Who knows what wonder still await  
what other treasures we may find  
When we choose to leave behind

the world we know and simply go  
into a heightened mental state  
In which we can appreciate  
That things aren't always as they seem.

So just relax my friends and dream.  
No matter how improbable.  
Or how silly it may seem  
Believing makes it possible.

17-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dual Personality For a

## Dual Personality

Sometimes I try to concentrate.  
My mind decides to deviate  
and gaily goes its sweet way  
Against my will I have to say.

Although I love to fantasise  
I often find to my surprise.  
My mind is playing tricks on me.  
Accepting as reality.

Strange things which cannot possibly  
exist outside of fantasy.  
Perhaps my mind is free to go  
to places that I cannot know.

Bound by my frame of reference.  
To where there is no difference.  
Reality and fantasy  
can coexist quite happily.

Am I my mind? Is my mind me?  
It seems to me quite possibly.  
My mind does not depend on me.  
An independent entity

which is quite free to come and go.  
I am convinced it must be so.  
Although I know I'm always me.  
My mind remains a mystery.

Am I my mind? Is my mind me?  
I ponder on it frequently.  
It seems to work efficiently  
but how it does still baffles me.

12-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Duet

Beauty in Black and white

The trees are now of leaves bereft.  
Stark silhouettes against the sky  
but here and there an odd leaf's left.  
Clinging to life determinedly.  
But in due course they to will fall  
They've played their part it's time to go  
They have no chance, no chance at all  
to defy the winds which blow  
The wintry blasts will tear them loose,  
just as they are supposed to do  
Although they try they can't refuse  
Nature decrees it must be so  
There is no place for leaves of green.  
When winter dominates the scene

Simplicity

Rich autumn colours will soon fade.  
Though for a while the beauty show  
with brilliant colours on parade.  
Will too soon be forced to go.  
When winter king resumes his rule.  
It is his turn he has the right,  
the autumn winds his favourite tool  
to change the world to black and white  
His artistry is monochrome  
but has a beauty all its own.  
Which some of us find most welcome.  
The autumn colours overdone.  
Content with the austerity  
of winters simpler artistr

16-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dulce Et Decorum A Rant

What of the dead, the glorious dead.  
The heroes who of whom it's said  
Laid down their lives in freedoms cause.  
The men who died in foreign wars...

Whose freedom were they fighting for?  
Whose liberty did they restore?  
The history books do not make clear.  
What right we had to interfere?

In other countries home affairs  
or is it true nobody cares  
about the plight of the oppressed  
in any country East or West.

Unless they threaten our supplies.  
It seems to me one rule applies.  
We are prepared to tolerate  
the tyrants ruling any state.

That can supply something we need  
despite their cruelty and greed  
We have no right to intervene.  
Or double standards are obscene.

We do not send our men to die  
and justify our actions by.  
Quoting international laws  
nobody bothers to enforce.

Though when it comes to oil supply  
we intervene immediately.  
A very different rule applies  
and over comes morality.

Freedom is a commodity  
which can be bartered bought and sold  
and has been by humanity  
Forever if the truth be told.

What of the dead the glorious dead  
of whom in truth it could be said.  
Unknowingly they paid the price  
of other peoples avarice.

16-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dusk To Dawn

Dusk to dawn

The sunset sets the sky alight.  
With flames if incandescent red  
and nameless colours just as bright  
The western skies gold burnish'ed.  
The setting sun puts up a fight  
but he is overpower 'ed  
Must needs surrender to the night.  
Reluctantly retire to bed  
But come the morn he is reborn.  
Refreshed he puts the night to flight.  
Rising from pale pink clouds at dawn  
He demonstrates his sovereign right  
He knows by night the moon reflects  
his burning rays as he expects.

16-Sep-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Dusk To Dawn For M Ladytara

The evening breeze a lullaby  
which echoes softly in the sky  
and bids the sun go to his rest.  
The silver moon will take his place  
dispensing silver light with grace.  
When night has passed the sun will rise  
and from the east will paint the skies  
with pastel tints we love the best.  
From palest pink to rose and gold.  
A miracle that men behold  
with wondering eyes, when they arise  
to start the duties of the day.  
from their warm beds reluctantly.  
Each morning brings a fresh surprise  
the sun provides triumphantly.

9-Apr-08

Rosarian Sonnet

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Dying To Succeed For Friend Jon London

The pace of life is fast and furious.  
We have no time to simply stand and stare.  
There is no peace to be found, anywhere,  
so many pressures brought to bear on us.  
Why is that we have to fume and fuss  
lack of success is not so hard to bear  
despite the direful warnings we hear  
As for myself I find it curious.

Why many men assume that they must fail  
if they don't work a sixteen hour day.  
Subsuming every other interest.  
Some work themselves to death to no avail  
because it seem to them the only way  
To prove they're better than the rest.

18-May-08

. /poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Each In Their Turn Form 'Lady Dee

Now autumn has passed. The old years dying  
the harvest's safely gathered in and stored.  
The labourers have earned their just reward.  
The breezes now no longer softly sighing  
but as bitter winds are trying.  
To break the trees like straws, without remorse.  
Men are no longer working out of doors  
but inside for tool repairing.

In preparation for the quickening,  
when the spring sunshine banishes the snow.  
In his full majesty all conquering  
the sun dictates that it is time to sow  
the seed to grow for future harvesting.  
The seasons cycle yearly sure but slow.

12-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Each To His Own For Friend Bob Blackwell

I dance before the Lord, My God.  
Though other people find this odd.  
They are entitled to their view.  
I worship as I was taught to do.  
The Christians sing hymns of praise  
but mainly on their holy days  
And Muslims pray six times a day  
they worship God in their own way.  
As for the Jews they have their views  
a lengthy list of don'ts and dos.  
Why can't we learn to tolerate  
each others views. Appreciate  
there is one God omnipotent.  
who understands each mans intent.

20-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Each To Their Own..

Across the fields at eventide.  
I can hear a choir singing  
faintly. As the birds are winging  
back to their nests. Now peace abides.

The pipistrelles begin to glide  
Across the sky on leathern wings.  
From secret places where they hide.  
Until the shadows gathering.

Persuade the bats to come outside  
The time has come for foraging.  
Until they're fully satisfied  
with insects taken on the wing.

The soft twilit tranquillity.  
Presents an opportunity.  
Which men and bats see differently.  
I think not unsurprisingly.

Saturday, 14 July 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Earthbound For M Lady Chitra Lele

The geese fly south and leave behind  
the bitter winter storms to come.  
They gather, circle then they fly  
a vee formation in the sky.  
Exchanging leaders on the way,  
almost as if a single mind  
controls the flock mysteriously.  
I watch and weep as they depart  
I have no wings I cannot fly.  
I am earth bound I can't escape  
the snow and ice which will confine me  
with just my books for company.  
Until my feathered friends return.  
Their honking cries for which I yearn  
will rouse me from my somnolence.  
Alerting me to their presence.  
I take my ink block and my brush  
most carefully no cause for rush.  
Inscribe my thoughts in black on white  
to signify my great delight.  
In my own style of poetry.  
To hear again the geese converse.  
Not in the style I wrote at court  
but poetry of a simpler sort.  
To prove I have not lost my skill  
and dare to hope I never will.  
Until the day they bury me  
I will be writing poetry.  
No longer in the king's employ  
I use my leisure to enjoy  
the use of my ability.  
To write whatever pleases me.

18-Jul-08

Kushih style

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Easy Prey

A demon lurks beneath his skin.  
Although he looks so innocent.  
His purpose is malevolent  
to foster sin his sole intent.

Though he may wear a saintly air.  
His rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes  
his inner wickedness belies  
His skill is telling artful lies.

He takes us in so easily  
because we do not want to see.  
It fills him with unholy glee.  
To fool us with smooth sophistry.

Do as you wish, do as you will.  
There is no God to punish you  
and we accept his words as true  
but only because we want to.

He is the father of all lies  
and weaves his web of words so well  
Encouraging us to rebel  
against the rules we know so well

His words appear to set us free  
from any fear of punishment  
Indulge your sin do not repent.  
Pursue a life on pleasure bent.

He leads the innocent astray.  
His well pretended piety  
conceals his veniality  
and we respond obediently.

We sin because we want to sin  
It is our choice to break the rules  
Although we can pretend he fools  
us into becoming his tools.



We know there is a price to pay.  
A demon lurks beneath his skin  
and we as fools invite him in.  
We think to blame him for our sin.

There has to come a quarter day  
when all he debts we owe fall due  
and we are sadly left to rue  
the things we did we shouldn't do.

6-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Eating Healthily     A Rant

Eating Healthily.

So many claims are spurious,  
misleading and injurious  
A fact which makes me furious.  
I find it rather curious.

Food manufacturers can imply.  
Indeed they are allowed to lie  
about the food they hope you buy.  
Again I often wonder why

the powers that be chose to ignore  
the lies told by each superstore  
to convince us less is more.  
Surely by now they know the score.

Increasing profits is their aim  
these greedy firms are all the same.  
The view customers as fair game,  
don't have to prove the facts they claim.

They add more salt and sugar too  
and add an extra pound or two.  
For food they say is good for you.  
A claim that's very seldom true.

Convenience food s which they display  
do not conform in any way.  
To what their lying labels say.  
But they're allowed to get away

with lying to increase their sales.  
It seems that legislation fails  
to curb their fancy fairy tales.  
The greed for profit still prevails.

11-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ebenezer Shillingtree.R.I.P

I sit and muse amongst the tombs.  
Only disturbed by sonic booms  
as fighter planes pass overhead.  
A noise enough to wake the dead.  
The dead do not agree with me.  
Continue sleeping peacefully.  
Planes interrupt my train of thought  
I cannot get the peace I sought  
I seek peace in this cemetery  
So I can write my poetry  
The dead don't question what I do.  
Perhaps they might do if they knew.  
Their headstones can inspire me  
I use their strange names shamelessly.

18-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Educators For Friend Thad

Petrarchan sonnet

Italian sestet

The classic scholars always taught  
their pupils that the world was flat.  
The ancient Greeks, changed all of that  
With mathematics and deep thought  
the geometrics they had wrought.  
Some strange new ideas they begat  
arriving at a concordat  
The world was round they did exhort.

Now ever since those days of yore  
when thinking men proved doctrine erred.  
The wisest scholars held their tongue  
and just repeated what they'd heard.  
Did not claim to know the score.  
We hold this right, until proved wrong

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Effluvium

Silent but deadly in effect  
some one has farted quietly  
There is no way we can detect  
just which one of us is guilty.

The lift is carrying six of us  
and everyone looks innocent  
Nobody wants to make a fuss  
but everyone is discontent..

The lift cuts out as usual  
and tempers now begin to fray  
We try to keep it casual  
but someone is compelled to say.

It's bad enough to be confined.  
Without this stench I would not mind  
Six frozen faces all agree  
but one is smiling secretly.

At last the lift reaches ground floor  
and everyone makes for the door.  
The culprit makes his get away  
so ends another stinking day.

21-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ego Te Absolve

When you are young then you believe  
the whole world revolves about you.  
Quite simply you cannot conceive  
what you believe may not be true.

The whole world revolves about you  
the centre of the universe.  
As you so selfishly pursue  
the great ambitions that you nurse.

Quite simply you cannot conceive  
that other people have in their sights  
far different dreams which they perceive.  
As being well within their rights.

What you believe may not be true  
as you mature you're sure to learn.  
The world does not exist for you.  
You will receive just what you earn.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Egocentric Viewpoint For M Lady Wardha Jawdhat

My universe: If I should die  
would disappear. I'll tell you why  
Each day I wake up and renew  
everything in my purview.

Though this may sound like fantasy  
it is in fact reality.

We all create the world we know  
and ring the changes as we go

through all the tests life throws at us.

We are not so autonomous  
we can ignore the salient facts  
that everybody interacts.

Your universe and mine combine  
although they're similar in design  
they still retain their unity.  
We tend to see things differently.

Although the world will still exist  
This is the truth I must insist.  
My universe will cease to be,  
it has no purpose without me.

16-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Either Or Just For A Laugh

Either Or

Though constipation is a curse,  
Diarrhoea is much worse.  
I alternate between the two.  
There's very little I can do

Because I suffer I.B.S.  
Which is a nuisance I confess.  
Retention and distention bloats  
a condition which denotes.

The former is full control  
though other people find it droll.  
I cannot make a joke of it  
Its not enjoyable one bit.

It is the diarrhoea I fear.  
Because it tends to interfere.  
With anything I try to do  
I have to swiftly find a loo.

Or otherwise disgrace myself.  
I think that's why I'm on the shelf.  
I search in vain to find a cure  
The only thing of which I'm sure.

Until I do I'll be alone  
and occupy my favourite throne.  
Such is the curse of I.B.S.  
I can't afford to be careless.

No decent girl would want to be  
Placed second to the lavatory.  
But I can't help it I'm afraid  
it seems to be the way I'm made.

I'm all bunged up or far too loose.  
There is no way that I can choose.

Constipation, diarrhoea  
I wish they both would disappear

So I could lead a normal life  
instead of this internal strife.  
I either have to sit and strain  
Or find the nearest loo again.

This malady drives me insane  
I'm sick of trying to explain  
To other folks the reason why  
I disappear so suddenly.

I have no choice I have to go  
for fear that I will overflow.  
Which makes my life a misery.  
I'm forced to act unsociably.

I cant make friends as others do.  
My life revolves around the loo  
Unless you too have I.B.S  
and suffer from the same distress.

There is no way you'll understand  
Knowledge acquired second hand,  
might activate your sympathy.  
Which doesn't do a lot for me.

So I must suffer silently  
I don't care what you think of me.  
You cannot know what I go through  
when there's a queue outside the loo.

And I am forced to concentrate  
every minute that I wait.  
Until a cubicle is free  
and dropp my trousers hurriedly.

And do that which I need to do  
I can relax when I am through.  
If only temporarily.  
Until they find a cure for me.

07/11/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Either Or For Friend Thad

A thought has just occurred to me.  
When someone claims a victory  
then someone else suffers defeat.  
A simple thought that is complete.  
You either win or else you lose,  
there is no alternative to choose.  
Acceptable when it's a game.  
A fleeting bid for some small fame.  
Transfer it to the battleground,  
this simple thought becomes profound.  
You win you live, you lose you die.  
That is the harsh reality.  
Until we find a better way  
then men on other men will prey.

7-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Either Or: Both Can'T Be True Fpr Joe Poewhit

No one can prove that God exists.  
No one can prove that God does not  
and yet the arguments persists.

I do not know which view is true.  
Nobody does apparently.  
What you believe is true for you.

What I believe is true for me.  
I think the evidence suggests  
we should agree to disagree.

Accept the possibility  
that either viewpoint could be true.  
God could be fact or fantasy.

Why should we argue fruitlessly.  
An argument no one can win.  
God must remain a mystery,

Tuesday, 22 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Election Year, Your Chance To Have Your Say

The Government has proved to be  
corrupt and inefficient.  
Prepared to act dishonestly  
To everybody's detriment.

Bar far the favoured few of course.  
Who think they are above the law  
They cheat and lie without remorse.  
In their greed for even more.

Ill gotten gains to salt away  
In some tax haven based offshore.  
Although they say crime doesn't pay  
It can do if you make the law.

We must defeat them legally.  
Expose their crimes to public view  
Investigate them thoroughly  
And punish them where it is due.

We must restore the old values  
The values that our forebears knew.  
It's not a task we can refuse.  
What must be done that we will do.

Out with old in with the new.  
Elect men of integrity.  
Get rid of the dishonest crew.  
This is our opportunity.

The systems rotten to the core  
And must be scrapped to start anew.  
Go back to what we had before  
Make honesty the prime virtue.

Don't give your vote too easily  
Think very hard and then decide.  
Consider very carefully.  
Now is the time to turn the tide.

Erase pork barrel politics.  
We must derail the gravy train.  
You can't teach old dogs new tricks.  
So throw them out and start again.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Electric Storm For M' Lady Ernestine

The darkness of the night is rent  
By lightning bolts that burn blue/white  
The power of Nature apparent.  
It is a truly awesome sight.  
A heavenly firework display.  
A lesson in humility  
or merely just the Gods at play  
It could be either possibly.  
Depending how you choose to view,  
this natural phenomenon.  
Of course the choice is left to you.  
Because it is so quickly gone  
I choose to take the former view.  
A lesson which is overdue.

Wednesday,02 February 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Encyclical

The spring will come and summer too  
Just as they are intended to.  
Then autumn will take summers place  
This is a cycle not a race.

Then in due course winter will reign  
When winter ends spring comes again.  
The earth will waken from its rest  
Each season does what it does best.

Spring is the time to plough and sow  
The summer provides time to grow  
when crops are slowly ripening  
In autumn comes the harvesting.

When all the crops are gathered in  
and safely stored in box and bin.  
Nature decrees a time of rest  
an age old plan that's stood times test.

Each season has its part to play  
It reigns a while then clears the way  
For the next one to follow on  
They've played their part time to be gone.

31-Jan-09

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## End Of Day Thoughts.

The glory of the sunset fades.  
The evening sky surrenders to  
a nonstop flow of darkest blue.  
Which overwhelms the pastel shades.  
The evening stars come on parade.  
A panorama we can view.  
In hopes of seeing something new.  
Although the stars we see displayed.  
May well have burnt out long ago.  
There is no way that we can know.  
Which of the stars we think we see.  
That twinkle brightly overhead,  
are still alive and which are dead  
We never will most probably.

Saturday, 27 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Enduring Beauty For M'Ladycatherine Rica Coso

From bare black twigs against the sky.  
Transformed by spring to blossoms white.  
To me a more than welcome sight.  
Which alas too soon will die.  
But in their place new greenery  
Leaves seem to unfurl overnight  
in shades of green which catch sunlight  
Add lustre to the scenery.  
The leaves will last the summer long.  
Before they don their autumn dress  
in garish colours to impress  
The winds which sing the winters song.  
The trees return to nakedness  
Retaining beauty none the less.

31-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Enemy

I owe no man, no man owes me  
Exactly as it ought to be.  
I pay hard cash for what I buy.  
There is a simple reason why.

I will not pay expensively  
for things I buy impulsively.  
I do not need the latest style  
I find that if I wait a while.

That fashion change and prices fall  
I can resist the siren call.  
Of T.V. adverts telling me  
that I can have all that I see.

By spending on my credit card,  
but I am always on my guard.  
I have no debts that worry me  
at nights I can sleep peacefully.

Your credit cards an enemy  
although it claims to be friendly  
I know it is convenient  
It's too easy to get overspent,

25-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Enforced Change.

Double, double toil and trouble.  
As they search amongst the rubble.  
Which the fire left behind.  
In the hope that they might find  
Something that has not been destroyed.  
As they struggle to avoid.

Recognising reality.  
That everything they owned has gone.  
They are searching hopelessly.  
They do not want to dwell upon.  
A future looking very bleak.  
Some possessions were unique.

They will have to start again.  
Although the loss has caused them pain.  
Luckily they were insured  
What can't be cured must be endured.  
The fire was a tragedy.  
Also an opportunity.

To show the world what they can do  
Change their life style to something new.  
Their children grown and fled the nest  
So they can do as they think best.  
A smaller house would be ideal  
Less maintenance has strong appeal.

House hunting gripped their interest.  
They faced each day with renewed zest.  
Eventually they both agreed  
A bungalow would meet their need.  
And bought one on the edge of town  
A place where they could settle down.

Decorate to suit their taste.  
Although there was no need for haste.  
The house they bought in good repair  
They chose their furniture with care.

Because they need less quantity.  
They settled for good quality.  
Which they bought cheap at auction sales.  
A strategy which seldom fails.

The house is ready to move in.  
Now their new life can begin.  
There's more to life than the T.V.  
In fact the fire has set them free.

To engage more actively  
As part of the community.  
They've rediscovered life is fun  
So much to see and to be done.  
They may be old but they can do  
A great deal more than they used to.

Instead of sitting passively  
in their armchairs to watch T/V.  
They've made a list of things to do  
Activities both old and new.  
Each day an opportunity  
Which they can use constructively.

If they so can they lose?  
It's up to them they can refuse.  
No one can tell them what to do  
Though it appears they've chosen to.

Embrace their new life happily  
Consign the past to history.  
They know the past cannot be changed  
But futures can be re-arranged.

Though they still have their memories  
Of the way things used to be.

Tuesday, 10 April 2012.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Enforced Solution

The greatest problem that men face  
Is overpopulation.  
We will run out of living space.  
There won't be room for everyone.

The powers that be refuse to see  
they must find some solution  
and implement urgently.  
I cannot be the only one

To see disaster looms ahead.  
Unless it's taken seriously.  
the human race has over bred.  
Continues to haphazardly.

If we don't act then Nature will.  
She's not prepared to tolerate  
Too many mouths she cannot fill.  
Although our rulers hesitate.

Dame Nature can act ruthlessly  
And she will not procrastinate.  
Once she sees the necessity.  
and act before it is too late.

As I suspect she's done before.  
She will revive some old disease  
we're not immune to any more.  
And cut our numbers down with ease.

Only the fittest will survive.  
A hardy stock from which to breed  
to keep the human race alive.  
Because of course we took no heed.

The warning signs were clear to see.  
One of Natures oldest laws  
We chose to ignore foolishly,  
that Mother Nature must enforce.



Too many mouths, too little food.  
Too many people to sustain  
Then Nature acts for own good  
and culls the breeding stock again...

Wednesday, 06 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

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Wednesday, 06 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# English Lit As It Is Taught For Sidi Mahtrow

English lit as it is taught.

My daughter was quite fond of Chaucer.  
It was her choice I didn't force her.  
She treated Shakespeare with disdain.  
Considered him to be pain.  
Although her teachers would insist  
he was the greatest tragedist.  
That England ever had produced.  
She refused to be seduced.  
By the established point of view.  
Though she was forced to listen to  
Them singing praise of the bard.  
They failed despite their trying hard.  
She still considered Will a fraud  
a failed exam was her reward.

Monday, 08 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Enigmatic

Within the woodlands dappled shade.  
I came across a block of stone  
I had no doubt it was man made  
Though when and why cannot be known.  
So perfect was the craftsmanship  
which had been lavished on this stone  
A place of ritual worship  
It had to be an altar stone.  
Though no one worships here today.  
The altar stone still stands alone.  
Within the woods hidden away  
But sadly there is little known.  
There's no recorded history  
To help me solve the mystery.

(09 August 2011)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Enlightenment 08

My soul was restless, discontent.  
I strove to find enlightenment  
but somehow it eluded me.  
I could not solve the mystery.  
I sought instruction where I could  
adopted what I thought was good.  
Continued searching patiently.  
I learnt in time not expect  
that wisdom would be granted me.  
It was not easy to accept.  
I realised eventually  
until I reached maturity.  
Some knowledge was forbidden me.

16-Apr-08

./poetic piers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Enlightenment

Through outer gates of carven teak  
then inner gates of ivory  
The pilgrim ventures who would seek  
an answer to the mystery.

The seeker must be clad in white.  
Pure in heart and innocent,  
his only wish the serve the light.  
He must be truly confident.

Ready and willing to accept.  
The answer to his question may  
not be the one he might expect.  
Obscure and nether yea nor nay.

It is his task to interpret  
the meaning of the words he hears.  
Etched deeply so he can't forget.  
To understand them may take years.

The culmination of his quest,  
when finally he understands.  
A man can only do his best  
the outcome lies in his own hands.

The riddle of the ages solved  
no longer hidden by the Gods  
To win a man must be resolved  
to battle on against the odds.

Pursue his goal determinedly.  
Through outer gates of carven teak  
and inner gates of ivory.  
The answer to each man unique.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Enough Already

I sometimes wish my muse would take  
a holiday, A longish break.  
She is convinced she has the right  
to badger me by day and night.  
There's other things I want to do.  
I love to write that is quite true  
But household chores must still be done.  
I'd like a little time for fun  
A bit of time to paint and draw  
I don't have time to anymore'  
I have some books I want to read  
but constantly she fills my head  
with poetry, she cannot see  
Sometimes I need some time for me.

27/10/2009Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg



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27/10/2009Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Entanglements Embracing All. For Friend Thad

Website by website all ready  
to defend access to the net.  
Against all government's already  
trying to exert control, upset.

by their own inability  
To keep up with the latest trends.  
We threaten their stability  
and use the net for our own ends.

To spread the truth, reveal the lies.  
Which are told all too frequently.  
By those in charge who cannot see  
beyond their wish for secrecy

The internet will set us free.  
Beyond control of government  
which they admit reluctantly.  
The internet defies their intent.

To impose their will on us  
Some one will always whistle blow  
to satisfy the curious  
And tell us what we want to know.

The internet's above the law.  
Untamed and wild not always true  
But it is better than before.  
it can do as it wants to do.

Exchanging information  
freely. As people ought to do.  
Shared between every nation.  
A concept which is not new.

Banned in the past by governments  
who guarded secrets jealously.  
Who penalised the discontents  
They could not take seriously.

Knowledge is power so they thought.  
They gloried in their secrecy.  
All their attempts avail them naught.  
the net erodes security.

The internet may prove to be  
the greatest invention of mankind.  
It will enforce transparency  
on governments of every kind.

And lead to true democracy.  
The present system was absurd.  
Led to elected tyranny  
The people's wishes were not heard.

I am prepared to wait and see  
If my assessment proves correct.  
The speed of new technology  
I have good reason to expect

Will change the world drastically.  
Am I a hopeless optimist?  
I think perhaps that I may be  
but no one loves a pessimist

24/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Entranced For Granddaughter Chitra

I saw two rainbows intertwine  
their colours were identical.  
Together forming a design  
which I found doubly beautiful.  
I've often seen a single bow  
they're not at all unusual.  
A band of pastel colours show  
delicately ethereal.  
But never had I seen before  
two rainbow arches in the sky  
Two matching bands of colours soar  
across the sky majestically.  
I stood entranced by what I saw.  
What philistine could ask for more.

05/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Equal Rights

Why should I love my enemy?  
My enemy does not love me  
Why should I turn the other cheek?  
and give him cause to think I'm weak.

I show my enemy respect  
but let him know that I expect  
from him similar courtesy.  
He can and will expect from me.

If he is wise he understands  
I will not bow to his commands.  
I am quite sure I have the right  
To fight if I am forced to fight.

I can accept you don't like me  
And I dislike you equally  
You have the right to your own view  
You must remember I do too.

It's possible to disagree  
And yet not be an enemy.  
I think we have the right to choose  
If we so wish opposing views.

I do not choose my enemies  
I would much rather we were friends  
I think my enemies choose me  
My rights I will fight to defend.

7-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Escape Mechanism

I was in pain, in agony  
and saw no way to gain relief.  
Then all at once I seemed to be  
beside myself quite literally.

Some how I had escaped my pain  
just left my agony behind  
so I was comfortable again.  
I thought at first I was insane.

And yet I knew I was still me  
but by some magic of my mind.  
I had escaped I'd struggled free.  
Although it felt quite strange to see.

My body sitting in my chair.  
To see myself from the outside.  
As though I was both here and there.  
I found it rather hard to bear.

I wondered then if I had died  
and that was how I came to be  
Observing myself from outside  
I understood I must decide

I had a choice to be pain free  
and leave the life I knew behind.  
I chose somewhat reluctantly  
and I returned immediately.

Back to the inside looking out  
I don't pretend to understand  
what happened but I have no doubt.  
Although I rarely talk about.

The day I found that I could be  
in two places at one time.  
Experience simultaneously  
to be pain wracked and be pain free.

I sometimes voluntarily  
decide to take a holiday  
from aches and pains which distress me.  
Be pain free temporarily.

All men must die and so will I,  
I do not let it worry me.  
But until then I can but try  
to bear my suffering patiently.

When it gets too much to bear  
I close my eyes and I escape  
to somewhere else I'm not sure where  
nor do I think I really care.

1-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Esmerald For y.

She danced as though she was possessed.  
Perhaps she was I do not know.  
Her heels beat out a staccato.  
I have to say she was the best  
exponent of the flamenco  
that I have seen or hope to see.  
She became part of the flow  
went with the music totally.  
Although it was so long ago.  
I still recall it vividly.  
A memory I won't let go.  
until the day they bury me.  
Still in my minds eye I can see  
the gypsy dancing wantonly.

2-May-0

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Establishing A New Precedent.

Establishing a new precedent.

On Christmas day just after lunch.  
Uncle Jim's drunk most of the punch.  
Grandmas been at the gin again  
Her silly giggles make that plain.

Mothers too busy washing up  
to see how much booze Dad can sup.  
The kids have gone their separate ways  
without a single word of praise

For the preparation  
their mum has single handed done.  
It is the same thing every year  
Nobody sees that it's not fair.

To leave it all to poor old mum  
A little help would be welcome.  
At least that how it used to be  
But this year Mum has broken free.

She has decided she will stay  
in an hotel for Christmas day  
Where she will be waited on  
.She left a not to say she's gone.

But carefully does not say where  
nor when she's coming home again.  
She decided to declare  
and by her action make it plain.

That in the future she must be  
treated very differently.  
I am quite sure the family  
will realise shamefacedly.

That mothers are entitled to  
expect the family to assist

When there is so much work to do.  
She knows how much she will be missed.

Although she goes reluctantly  
She is quite sure she is correct  
to try and show the family.  
That in the future she'll expect

every one to play their part  
and offer their help willingly  
It's time to make a brand new start  
and treat Mum more respectfully.

This Christmas will not be much fun.  
Without their Mum to supervise  
the preparations won't get done  
and they will have to improvise.

A lesson that's intended to.  
Change their selfish attitude  
(A lesson which is over due)  
and show a little gratitude.

For all the work that mother does  
But this year will be different  
Without their Mum to make a fuss  
Their Christmas day a non event.

Because their mum decided they.  
Did not appreciate that she  
deserved a restful Christmas Day  
the way a Christmas day should be

Perhaps next year they would decide  
they should dine out on Christmas day.  
To make quite sure Mum was satisfied  
and could enjoy her restful day.

Now Mum has registered her protest.  
Much to the family's surprise.  
They will decide it's for the best  
and be prepared to compromise.

Monday, 21 December 2009.

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Eternal Guardians Fr M Lady Fiona

To you a thousand years would seem  
as a mere moment passing by  
The faintest echo of a dream  
that would not even justify.

The opening of a watchful eye  
nor yet the twitching of an ear  
From guardian dragons who still lie  
in peaceful sleep not far from here.

As they have done for centuries.  
Until some danger threatens. Then  
they will fulfil the prophecies.  
Take to the skies to protect men.

Or so the ancient legends say.  
Though disbelieved by modern men.  
It may be true I cannot say  
the dragons will not fly again.

The time will come when they must fly  
emerging from their hiding place.  
What the will modern man reply  
to saviours of the human race.

25-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Eureka! Today's Idiocy.

He stands alone, he has B.O  
He has no friends to let him know.  
He is supremely ignorant  
that he needs a deodorant.

He does not wish to be alone.  
But sadly he has never known.  
The fact that he smells so bad  
If he was told he would be glad.

To take a bath. use aftershave  
in short become a willing slave.  
But no one dare get close enough  
to tell him all about such stuff.

He stands alone he has B.O.  
how very sad he does not know

.26/10/2009

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Evening Routine.

A maple tree is glowing red.  
Highlighted by the setting sun  
A fiery glow that quickly spread  
to tint the clouds now day is done.  
When day is done before the night  
comes to erase the pastel hues.  
Which fill the western skies with light.  
I watch and glory at the sight.  
I watch until the stars appear  
as spots of light against the blue.  
It is a ritual, I fear  
I have become accustomed to.  
Then I will take my homeward way.  
A peaceful ending to my day.

Wednesday, 27 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Eviction

Eviction

A picture formed by ultra sound  
will only cost a pound or two  
You can be sure it will astound  
everyone you show it to

A picture of your unborn child.  
Thanks to modern technology  
still innocent and undefiled.  
Kept safe within the sanctuary

provided by his mothers womb  
He has no idea at all that he  
must soon vacate his private room  
Where everything's provided free.

Although he would much rather stay  
He can't dictate the time and place  
Dame Nature will brook no delay  
He has to join the human race.

16-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Evolution

Long, long ago as poets know.  
A sonnet was a little song  
without rules you had to follow.  
There was no way you could go wrong.  
Petrarch invented a fixed form  
and then Will Shakespeare altered it.  
Both are accepted as the norm  
although they vary quite a bit.  
Since Will most poets had a try  
to write a sonnet in their way.  
The hide bound purists can't deny  
there's many sonnet forms today.  
Like any art fine poetry  
evolves and improves constantly.

28-Nov-08

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Eye To Eye

A poet with an artist's eye  
can conjure words to set the scene.  
Then with the words that he'll supply  
his reader feels as though he's seen.  
The same scene which the poet saw  
Draws on his own experience  
of things that he has seen before  
though it makes little difference.  
The message that the poet sent  
is perhaps not the one received  
The reader senses the intent  
and finds the poem well conceived.  
The picture which the reader gets  
is the scene his own mind sets

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Eyes: Those Tragic Eyes,

It was her eyes, those tragic eyes  
The saddest eyes I ever saw.  
That made me start to realise.  
The price that children pay for war.

Those eyes had seen brutalities  
no innocent should ever see  
She haunted still by memories  
from which I fear she can't break free.

I look into her eyes and see  
that she expects nothing from me.  
She has no hope that there might be  
an ending to her misery.

Although I know I'm not to blame  
I still feel guilty all the same.

Though we protest our innocence  
in our attempts to rationalise.  
What can we say in self defence.  
That is not based on blatant lies.

It makes me frankly furious  
that innocents should suffer so  
The guilt belongs to all of us.  
We can't pretend we did not know

That we should learn from history  
instead of choosing to ignore  
Because we do not want to see.  
There are no winners in a war.

I can't forget those empty eyes  
They'll haunt me 'til the day I die.

Monday, 08 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Faded Photograph

A snapshot taken years ago.  
Somewhat lacking clarity.  
Of some young guys I used to know  
In fact the skinny one is me.  
The other two I can recall,  
their faces well but not their names  
Although I try nothing at all.  
My memory is playing games  
I wonder where they are today  
I wonder if they remember me  
The passing years erode away  
your memories ability.  
To regain any access to  
some things you know that you once knew

Monday, 13 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Fair Exchange? For M'Lady Ernestine

A man alone is incomplete.  
He needs a helpmeet by his side  
a fact from which you cannot hide.  
He may be self sufficient  
but I am sure that nature meant.  
He needs a mate to be content.

Man was not meant to live alone.  
Though he can cook and clean and bake  
he needs a mate make no mistake.  
A bachelor but not for long.  
Some pretty maid will come along  
and prove to him that he is wrong.

She will convince him easily.  
She can fulfil all of his needs  
the oldest tale of all succeeds.  
He takes the bait with open eyes  
and then he finds to his surprise.  
That she not he has won the prize.

He may look back with some regret.  
In fact it is quite normal to,  
but things have changed as they must do.  
A married man you are constrained  
your roving eye must be restrained.  
But you've lost less than you have gained.

Though bachelors may be quite free  
to come and go just as they please  
without responsibility.  
No longer foot loose fancy free  
you will adapt quite easily.  
Swap freedom for security.

10-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fair Warning For The Ladies

If you want to retain your youth  
don't introduce him to your friends.  
This a plain and simple truth  
though your refusal may offend.  
You cannot trust the best of friends  
not to attempt to steal your guy.  
Despite the fact that they pretend  
that you can trust them completely.  
Though you would trust them with your brass  
and even with your credit card.  
But men are in different class  
in which you'll find nothing is barred.  
So if you want to keep your youth  
believe my words they are the truth.

23-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Fair Warning.

Methinks thou art a lying knave.  
To thy desires nought but a slave.  
Prepared to grovel if needs must  
to satisfy thy endless lust.  
Philandering thy favourite game  
pursuing any maid or dame..  
Thou treateth women with contempt  
With honeyed words thou dost attempt.  
Seduction as is thy wont.  
Now listen well to what I want.  
I want thee far away from here.  
If thou should choose to linger near.  
Then surely I will run you through  
As any decent man would do.

Sunday, 11 July 2010

[http: /](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Fairy Stories?

Are fairy tales just fantasy  
or things we know subconsciously.  
Warnings we heed instinctively,  
although presented pleasantly  
Why do we tell our children tales?  
in which it seems that evil fails  
and in the end virtue prevails.  
When we know that life entails.  
Some hard decisions we must make  
about the road that we should take.  
Perhaps the fairy tales awake  
abilities to spot the fake  
that's masquerading as the truth.  
A lesson learned in early youth.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Faith & Hope.

I am not a religious man  
I place my faith and loyalty.  
Like any other football fan.  
In the demi -gods I see.  
Performing minor miracles  
of ball control and football skill  
In overcoming obstacles.  
To score the goal which will fulfil.  
My ambitions for my team  
Which is to see them win again  
The FA Cup, that is my dream.  
A team of dedicated men.  
The faithful pray to save their souls  
But football fans just pray for goals

Wednesday,15 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Faith The Facts

Search out all things of good report.  
Consider each one carefully,  
things are not always as you thought.  
As you will find most probably.

What you were taught to be the truth  
is very often far from true.  
Lessons taught you in your youth  
by those you thought knew more than you.

As you mature you learn to see.  
They taught you their own biased view  
Which you examine critically  
And then discard most as untrue.

Your old beliefs grow obsolete.  
Examine all the evidence  
New facts emerge though incomplete,  
you then accept what makes most sense.

What you were taught no longer true.  
You can't rely on faith alone.  
Although the clergy urge you to  
Because too much remains unknown

Wednesday, 25 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Faith.

Rondel prime.

A virgin saint inviolate  
To whom all true believers pray.  
They are convinced it is the way.  
In which they can communicate.  
Requesting her to mediate.  
When the confess they've gone astray  
A virgin saint inviolate  
To whom al true believers pray.  
The statue which they venerate.  
Can't hear a single word they say.  
Will not respond in any way.  
She's totally inanimate.  
A virgin saint inviolate  
To whom all true believers pray.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fall Due

The autumn leaves beneath the trees  
engage in swirling whirling dance.  
To tunes provided by the breeze.  
As if they know it's their last chance.  
To show their beauty while they may  
before their brilliant colours fade  
and they fall subject to decay.  
The dues they owe must be repaid.  
The trees which lent them sustenance  
will reabsorb their nutriments  
When they have danced their final dance  
according to the precedents  
Nature established long ago.  
They have no choice it must be so.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# False Pretences (Fictional)

False pretences

My once bright world now desolate.  
I am condemned to loneliness.  
Always alone disconsolate  
I am bereft without my mate.

The sorrow I cannot express,  
has left me inarticulate.  
Sad thoughts I must perforce repress.  
I do not wish to cause distress

to those who also loved my mate.  
They do not know nor can they guess.  
I do not live I simply wait  
until I can rejoin my mate.

When she was here then life was sweet.  
Together we knew happiness.  
Without her I am incomplete.  
I know the meaning of defeat.

I am consumed by hopelessness  
and wish my heart would cease to beat  
Bring to an end my loneliness  
That's how I feel but daren't confess.

So I pretend and try to cheat  
I must pretend to happiness  
and smile at everyone I meet.  
I am well practiced in deceit.

17-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Familiarity For M'Lady Ann

The river as it flows on by.  
Softly sings us a lullaby  
Our cottage built of weathered stone  
sits by the riverside alone.  
Here where we raised our family  
we are still living happily  
Al though the family have flown  
and now have children of their own.  
The house was here before we wed  
and will be here when we are dead  
But until then we're satisfied  
to live beside the riverside  
and listen to the lullaby  
the river sings as it flows by.

22/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

The psychedelic neon signs.  
A visual insanity.  
Create intricate designs  
that linger momentarily.

They are designed to catch the eye  
which they did successfully.  
Illuminating passers by  
in garish colours constantly.

We can ignore them easily.  
They have become familiar.  
part of our past history.  
We have become particular.

Their garish colours are a bore  
they don't intrigue us any more.

Friday, 18 February 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Family Ghosts

This stately home is haunted by  
The ghosts of those who spent  
Most of their lives here in days gone bye.

Though seldom seen they still come here  
and sometimes make their presence felt.  
Although they don't inspire fear.

You sometimes smell a faint perfume  
Or hear a sound that should not be.  
Although are alone in the room.

Though only if you're sensitive  
and you have an open mind  
Believing spirits do survive

Death only means they've travelled on  
To a different form of being.  
But can return to look upon

Familiar scenes they used to know  
Whilst they were still in human form  
They are quite free to come and go

A feeling of serenity.  
Convinces me my words are true.  
Though you are free to disagree.

This stately home was occupied  
by one family for centuries.  
But when the very last one died.  
He left it to the National trust.  
Who have maintained it ever since  
The ghost don't care they can adjust.

If you should visit you may find  
A welcome waiting for you here.  
The family ghosts are very kind.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Family Tradition.

I feel a hand touching my hair but when I look there's no one there.  
And then I settle down to rest again I felt my hair caressed.  
I've no idea what it might be. It seems to mean no harm to me.  
I'm wide awake I m not dreaming. The gentle moonlight softly beaming  
through the window of my room, firmly dispels the twilight gloom Although  
there's nothing I can see, some thing is caressing me.  
It feels somehow familiar and I recall my Grandmama  
Who used to sit beside my bed and very gently stroke my head.  
when I was just a little lad. A memory both sweet and sad.  
I have returned to my old home back to my roots no more to roam.  
Perhaps her spirit lingers here and that is why I feel no fear.  
I felt this old house calling me insistently and constantly.  
Which finally decided me that this where I ought to be.  
It has been in my family for two and one half centuries.  
I think that very probably my eldest son will follow me.  
Just as I followed my own Dad. If he did not it would be sad.  
We are an ancient family part of the local history.  
They say there is a prophecy and I believe there may well be.  
Which says we must come home to die. That it is true I can't deny.  
Nor can I guarantee its true I leave that question up to you.

Monday,17 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Fantasy Or Fact? For Friend C.P Sharma

I am not dead nor do I live.  
I hover somewhere in between  
No explanation I can give  
will prove to be sufficient to.

Describe exactly how I feel.  
I long to stay but want to go.  
To who or what do I appeal?  
I am confused I do not know.

When I return to consciousness  
and find I am myself again.  
Gone is the sense of timelessness.  
I am content and free from pain.

I knew death's door was open wide  
but knew my family needed me.  
I did not choose to step inside.  
It could have been a fantasy.

I'm sure some few will understand  
but only those who have been there.  
Most will dismiss it out of hand.  
Though not because they do not care.

They simply cannot comprehend  
they lack the sensitivity.  
To know that death can be a friend  
who is prepared to set you free.

But in the end the choice is yours.  
It is your life you must decide  
which would be the better course.  
To just give up or to abide.

I don't remember which I chose  
but obviously I am still here.  
I must have chosen I suppose.  
But on that point I am not clear.

I can remember vividly  
The doctors crowding round my bed  
Whilst I was floating happily  
and watching from above their heads..

Fantasy or reality  
I do not know but I am sure  
That it has wrought a change in me  
that's permanent and will endure.

No longer will I fear to die.  
I know that death is not the end.  
I am quite sure but know not why.  
My enemy is now my friend.

I know that death will set me free  
When my time comes then I will go  
Released from my earthly body.  
Towards a future I can't know.

22/10/2009  
cpiers]

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Far Memory.

I'm haunted by strange memories  
of places I have never been  
I can remember vividly  
Street scenes I know I have not seen

It's very strange and puzzles me.  
I cannot see how possibly  
I have access to memories  
I know do not belong to me.

I see street scenes from long ago.  
Though where they are I do not know.  
The clothes are unfamiliar.  
To me they seem peculiar.

I think it may be Budapest.  
But honestly that's just a guess.  
It could be almost anywhere.  
But I am sure I've not been there.

My wife suggests telepathy.  
I do not see how it could be.  
A temporal anomaly  
which can't exist apparently.

The learned experts all agree  
it's an impossibility  
But can't explain how I can see  
Scenes from the eighteenth century.

I have a photograph which shows.  
People in old fashioned clothes.  
Which was taken in old Moscow  
More than a hundred years ago.

Establishing the verity  
Of the intrusive memories  
The scenes I see so vividly.  
Though how remains a mystery.

I know they are real memories.  
Although the experts disagree.  
I hope to prove eventually  
these memories have reality.

They are passed down genetically.  
Encoded in our DNA.  
I will research my family tree  
and try to prove it come what may.

Although it's just a theory.  
I will pursue it ardently  
Some body in my ancestry  
may well turn out to be.

A man who lived in old Moscow  
Who emigrated to the west.  
Although perhaps I'll never know.  
It gives my life an interest.

I like to think that there might be  
somebody in my family tree.  
Who will prove to be the key  
which will unlock the mystery.

Of who perhaps I used to be  
in the eighteenth century.  
Which would explain the memories  
apparently passed down to me

Saturday,21 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fare You Well

Fly free proud spirit on your way.  
Towards the truth you sought to find,  
No need to tarry or delay.  
You know I'll follow on behind.

The bonds of love death cannot break  
For love will last eternally.  
We'll meet again make no mistake.  
I will rejoin you presently.

We've lived and loved and died before.  
I have no doubt we will again.  
Each life we learn a little more  
although each parting is a pain.

With my blessings go your way  
until my call comes I must stay.

22/04/2009

[http:](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Farewell For M Lady Francesca

Glosa a tribute to  
Katherine Tynan 1859-1931.

Not soon, shall I forget.  
A sheet of golden water cool and sweet  
The young moon with head in veils  
of silver and the nightingales.

+ = + = +

Not soon, shall I forget a sheet  
of water silvered by the moon.  
A quiet place where lovers meet  
to share a pleasant afternoon.

A sheet of golden water cool and sweet.  
A place of vivid memories  
which mark both triumph and defeat.  
I can recall at will with ease.

The young moon with her head in veils  
They say foretells a weather change.  
Wise weather lore which seldom fails  
Although the experts find it strange

Of silver and the nightingales.  
That is a secret I shall keep.  
Your questioning is doomed to fail.  
I can't say why he ceased to care.

Tuesday, 24 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Farewell Adeline

Farewell Adeline.

She lay with pillows for support,  
a vain attempt to find comfort.  
The noble spirit housed within  
that frail translucent shell of skin.

Still took a kindly interest  
in that small world that she knew best  
Her face a mask of silver bones  
back lit by a candle's flickering tones.

The hollow orbits of her eyes  
blue shaded now but very wise  
The eyes themselves of violet blue  
smile on me as they used to do.

Her hands at peace lay white and still  
Lily petals that lacked the will  
to knit or sew or read a book.  
Adeline was content to look

at those who sometimes came to call  
or watch the shadows on the wall.  
Beyond all pain she'd reached the place  
granted to some by heavens grace.

She spoke her voice was welcoming  
still had that old familiar ring.  
Come in my love and have a chair  
beside me so I know you're there.

I beg a favour my old friend  
will you sit with me to end?  
I will not keep you waiting long  
I see the lights and hear the song.

Soon now the gates will open wide

and gladly I will step inside  
Will you grant me what I ask?  
I know it is no easy task.

What could I do but nod my head  
and sit beside her on the bed  
and gently take her hand in mine  
to say farewell to Adeline.

I watched her eyelids gently close  
as if she lay in sweet repose  
Adeline has gone and left me  
with nothing but a memory.

Revised May 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Farewell Ritual.

The rifles bark their last salute.  
To say farewell to a comrade.  
The tears of mourners follow suit.  
The last post sounds: A serenade  
or better yet a lullaby  
To lull a valiant soul to sleep.  
A tribute to his memory.  
The price of freedom is not cheap.  
Another human sacrifice  
offered to the God of War.  
He earned his place in paradise  
to rest in peace for evermore.  
A sight we see too frequently  
In military cemeteries.

Friday, 27 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Farmers Complaint

The frosted fields are lying fallow.  
The frozen ground will not allow  
free passage to the farmers plough

Though things will change they always do  
Then is the time he must review  
the wisest course he can pursue.

He needs to plough then he must sow  
the kind of crops he wants to grow  
he can't afford to be too slow.

When spring sunshine ignites the fuse.  
A farmer has no time to lose.  
Excuses are of little use.

Spring is the time of life's rebirth.  
He must prepare the fertile earth  
and labour hard to prove his worth  
.

The seasons cycle in their turn  
as every farmer has to learn  
If you don't work you cannot earn.

A farmer only prospers when  
he works harder than other men  
or so they say time and again.

I do not know it may be true  
That farmers have too much to do.  
I don't believe it though. Do you?

11-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fashion Passion

In days of yore the dandies wore  
embroidered clothes in colours gay.  
Fine velvets, silks and coarse tussore.  
The current fashions of the day.

Each dandy felt he must display  
Like peacocks vying for a mate.  
No price they thought too high to pay  
Their refined taste to demonstrate..

Beau Brummel won everlasting fame.  
By wearing only black and white.  
He was a master at the game  
and in due course he was proved right.

The followers of fashion fail.  
One style cannot suit everyone,  
the latest trends grow quickly stale.  
So set a style that's yours alone.

Ignore the experts pointedly  
as they ignore your shape and size.  
No need to dress expensively.  
You wear what suits you if you're wise.

12-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Fashion Sense For M'Lady Ann Beard

The trees bedecked with blossom now.  
Some clad in pink and some in white.  
Contestants in the beauty show  
which spring provides for our delight

The blossoms which adorn the trees  
are unaware, they do not know.  
That very soon the gentle breeze  
will shake them loose to fall like snow.

The trees will don new coats of green.  
More suited to the summer sun  
than what the blossoms would have been  
Their time has passed so they have gone.

When autumn comes the trees will know  
its time to wear their winter clothes  
In preparation for the snow.  
The theme of winter's beauty show.

Though seasons come and seasons go.  
The trees adapt quite easily  
for summer's sun or winter's snow  
They're sure to be dressed suitably.

29/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fashions Are A Passing Phase For Friend Jon London

I read your words with greatest care  
and try to see your point of view  
Although sometimes I must declare  
I find it difficult to do.

I hesitate to criticise.  
Aware the fault may lie with me.  
Nor dare I offer you advice.  
You might resent it bitterly.

The messages you try to send  
to me lack simple clarity  
I cannot see what you intend.  
It makes no sense at all to me.

Your random thoughts lack coherence  
They're neither poetry nor prose.  
An unintended consequence  
of fashions changing I suppose.

The way that poetry is taught  
in schools and colleges today.  
They do not know although they ought.  
Anything goes is not the way.

Most modern so called poetry  
can only be poetic prose  
Although it's written beautifully  
Opinions differ I suppose.

I'll stick to formal poetry  
Perhaps I need the discipline  
that rhyme and meter gives to me.  
And free form verse I will decline.

2-Feb-09



ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Fatal Error For Friend Thad

The suicidal moths attack.  
Small kami kazi volunteers,  
There is no way to hold them back.  
The moment that a light appears.  
The lanterns on the Patio  
are very soon surrounded by  
Frantic moths ready to go  
and meet their maker in the sky.  
I sit and watch them quietly  
and wonder if they know they'll die  
But it remains a mystery  
to me I see no reason why.  
Perhaps they're dying by mistake.  
The very last that they will make.

4-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Feeling The Draught

Tom tiddle om, tiddle om tom tom.  
The drummers played as they marched along,  
close behind were the infantry.  
they were smart as smart could be.

The cavalry were there of course,  
each man riding on his horse.  
Oh what a wonderful sight to see  
the soldiers in their finery

.  
At the head was Major drum  
who had a very large tum tum.  
He was dressed in red and gray,  
But his big tum tum got in the way.

As he marched so very proudly.  
Someone in the crowd said loudly.  
He wont cut such a dashing figure,  
If his tum tum gets any bigger.

The people yelled, the people cheered.,  
the king was laughing in his beard.  
The queen. she nearly had a fit.  
when the Major's trousers split.

,  
First they sniggered then they laughed.  
when the Major felt the draught.  
No one there had ever seen  
a major wearing shorts of emerald green.

April 2003

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Feet Of Clay.

Byronic sonnet.

Lord Byron loved the ladies well.  
Too many and too frequently.  
A somewhat chequered history.  
According to the tales they tell.  
Aristocratic ladies fell  
so easily beneath his spell.  
Surrendered their virginity.  
Their curiosity to quell.  
A serial philanderer.  
He pursued many love affairs.  
A faithless selfish wanderer.  
It seems to day nobody cares.  
Because the public much prefer  
To ignore truths too hard to bear.

Sunday, 26 August 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Feline Dreamy For M'Lady Ernestine

Once upon a Tuesday morning,  
it was early, day was dawning.  
I looked outside to see  
what kind of day t'was going to be.

Dearie me, oh fancy that,  
there I saw a dancing cat.  
This was very strange to see,  
no one saw it, only me.

A twist, a glide, a pirouette,  
it was a sight I shan't forget  
Dancing, prancing leaping high,  
he danced alone beneath the sky.

A brilliant scarlet shirt he wore,  
of finest silk from Bangalore.  
His dancing shoes of patent leather  
fit only for the finest weather.

His trousers were of forest green,  
quite the tightest I had ever seen  
Dearie me, oh fancy that  
on his head was a bowler hat.

As he danced 'twas plain to see  
he was dancing just for me.  
He stopped and gave a little bow,  
and vanished with a single meow

I woke in bed I'm sad to say  
that this had been my mind at play.  
Things aren't always what they seem  
it was a lovely, lovely dream.

Poeticpiers  
random selection

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Female Characteristic For M 'Lady Ernestine

Women's minds are different  
They do not think the way men do.  
Present no reasoned argument  
they merely state their point of view

They seem to know instinctively  
and are invariably correct.  
Which grieves me but I must agree  
It is what I come to expect.

Intuition is their guide.  
A skill that men sadly lack.  
We always tend to look outside  
for reasons we can carry back.

To justify the things we do  
and wonder why our ladies smile.  
Men's foolishness is nothing new.  
Why should the ladies change their style.

What men consider logically  
before they can make up their minds.  
The ladies discount completely.  
Their wisdom of a different kind.

They tolerate our foolish pride.  
because they are superior.  
A fact that men have long denied  
It's not a case of either or.

For women know without a doubt  
What is important what is not.  
They need no time to work it out.  
A talent that no man has got.

Sunday, 16 May 2010  
<http;> .

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Femme Fatale

My soul is sick, soon I will die  
I seek the comfort of the grave.  
I suffer from love's malady  
and may not have the love I crave.

I yield I am no longer brave  
My love has made me cowardly  
There's little left that I would save.  
My soul is sick, soon I will die

She spurns my love so easily  
though I would be her willing slave.  
Regarding me contemptibly.  
I seek the comfort of the grave.

Her sins I readily forgave  
although she acted wantonly.  
I saw her as a soul to save.  
I suffer from loves malady.

This love will be the death of me.  
She sees me as a spineless knave  
and so treats me disdainfully.  
I may not have the love I crave.

She gladly took all that I gave  
and played with me dishonestly.  
I'm fevered now and left to rave.  
She has no further use for me.  
My soul is sick.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fidelity Personified For M'Lady Ernestine.

Fidelity personified

Though he was old he was still spry  
enough to manage on his own.  
Although he'd had a family.  
They were grown up and long since gone.

The kept in touch spasmodically  
by letter and by telephone.  
But very seldom came to see  
him in the home they'd known.

Throughout their happy childhood days  
But times moves on and so did they  
They chose to go their different ways  
and one by one they moved away.

Dad would remain until he died  
and would be laid to rest beside.  
The woman he had loved the best  
to join her in eternal rest.

He tends her grave with loving pride  
He brought her here his blushing bride.  
Together always til she died.  
She's waiting on the other side.

He's sure he will rejoin her soon  
beyond the mountains of the moon.  
Still faithful to her memory  
he waits to join her patiently.

Sunday,29 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fight For Freedom A Rant

The English pub is dying fast.  
Strangled by regulations.  
I think I'll live to see the last.  
There'll be no celebrations

There is no where to celebrate  
no local institutions.  
Unless before it is too late.  
A stay of execution.

Is granted by the powers that be  
who recognise their foolishness  
reversing their stupid decrees  
which have proved their total uselessness.

Free the pubs from petty rules,  
No one can truly understand  
designed by pettifogging fools.  
Its up to us we must demand

Repeal of anti smoking laws  
and simply let the landlord choose  
what seems to be the wiser course.  
To allow smoking or refuse.

The customers will let him know  
if his decision is correct.  
Vote with their feet and choose to go  
to any pub which they select.

Where they can smoke or to refuse  
Acknowledge we have got the right  
As free born Englishmen to choose  
Before the last pub fades from sight.

I may survive to see the last  
and wonder what will take their place.  
An old tradition overcast.  
They will just vanish without trace.

Unless we are prepared to fight  
to change the governmental view.  
The pubs are part of our birthright  
I `m sure we are entitled to.

Choose to do what we enjoy  
To smoke and drink and chat with friends  
Whatever tactics they employ  
To achieve their stated ends

Presenting theories as facts  
in their attempts to frighten us.  
They try to justify their acts.  
Which frankly makes me furious

I smoke because I chose to smoke  
Nobody is coercing me  
I treat their theories as a joke  
not to be taken literally

24/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# File Clerks Lament.

File clerk's lament.

I dreamt a dream of pure delight.  
Then woke up to reality  
I know it was a fantasy.  
It satisfied my appetite  
for beauty which I rarely see.  
Confined to grimy city streets.  
My restless spirit was quite free  
to travel where it wants to be.  
My mind is capable of feats.  
Which are denied to my body.  
I visit worlds where none compete  
and all are treated equally.  
Unlike this weary world of woe  
that's all I am allowed to know.

Saturday, 21 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Final Solution

The countless dead unburied lay beneath a covering of clay.  
The good earth turned to dark red mud mixed with the best of soldier's blood.  
It mattered not how many died for death could not be satisfied.  
Brave men who fought for their country. Death chose amongst them randomly.  
I lived although my comrades died. Death often took them from my side.  
Why did I live? So I can tell the world about the living hell  
which we endured knee deep in mud. I think it fitting that I should.  
So many died on either side. Involuntary suicide  
To fight a war they could not win, to no more see their kith and kin  
Like every war it proved to be a total waste, a mockery  
The cream of Europe's fighting men would never see their homes again.  
What did it prove the First World War? Nothing we had not known before!  
Though we remember those who died. The lessons learned are not applied  
for men still battle constantly to prove superiority.  
It seems mankind can't live in peace, that wanton killing will not cease  
Until death has added to his score the last man and there are no more.  
I think that then and only then the world will be at peace again.

16/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Final Solution Implemented

I often feel the urge to kill  
and just as often I resist.  
I know for sure one day will.  
These insane urges still persist.

I told my doctor how I feel.  
He said that I must learn to deal  
When such urges bother me  
that they are only fantasy.

Just yesterday I nearly killed.  
My life dream almost fulfilled  
But some last shred of decency.  
Intervened and prevented me.

The lady was so beautiful  
her swan like neck so round and full  
Oh Lord the woman tempted me.  
I could have killed her easily.

The only way to satisfy  
my urge to kill: Someone must die,  
make fantasy reality.  
the one solution I can see

from which I can no longer hide.  
My last resort is suicide.  
No one else should have to die  
My killing urge to satisfy.

I will depart with dignity  
and not all reluctantly.  
I'll overdose, die quietly.  
My problems solved permanently.

17/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Finale

Across the sky a streak of light,  
a shooting star, a meteor.  
Against the darkness of the night,  
a sight I've often seen before.  
I sometimes wonder where they've been.  
Before they're caught by gravity  
and forced to play their final scene  
and burn out spectacularly.  
Each one I've seen was similar  
and yet unique in its own way  
A meteor or shooting star.  
In its last moments would display  
its signature across the sky  
A rather splendid way to die.

25-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Finale?

I don't want to live forever.  
Nor do I wish to die too soon..  
I will make it my endeavour.  
To treat each new day as a boon.  
I remember way back when.  
I thought that I would never die.  
Age taught me to think again  
As the years flew swiftly by.  
Each day I wake I'm positive  
That fate has plans in mind for me,  
and that is why I'm still alive.  
I know I'll die eventually.  
I plan to enjoy every day  
until the call I must obey.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Finders Keepers For Friend Thad

I have just caught a passing thought.  
I wrote it down in black and white,  
it was a stray I had the right  
I've not seen one like this before  
A random thought, original.  
It is not often that you see  
a brand new thought that's flying free.  
I claimed it which is typical,  
I caught it by pure accident  
it was not something I had planned.  
I am quite sure you'll understand  
I'm following a precedent  
which was established long ago.  
Finders are keepers as you know.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# First Born

In the softly scented twilight,  
walking slowly simply musing.  
My thoughts turn to my hearts delight  
she is sure now to be choosing.

Which young man she wants to marry  
now she has become a woman.  
Hopefully I am her quarry now  
that she must chose her man.

Long dark hair which flows like water,  
flashing eyes that hold the moonlight.  
Running Elk the chieftains daughter  
graceful as the swallows in flight.

She is full of joy and laughter,  
she sings sweeter than the song birds  
Can I win the chieftains daughter  
may the Great Spirit hear my words.

Many moons now I have loved her  
watched her grow into a beauty  
Now the goddess' hand has touched her,  
she must do her sacred duty.

She is old enough now to wed.  
She must choose her life's companion  
to share her tepee and her bed.  
I long to be her chosen one.

I am proud with much to offer.  
Doughty warrior, careful tracker.  
I have much that I can proffer  
defence from any attacker.

Great Manitou lend me your aid.  
Guide her footsteps let her choose me  
from all the braves who will parade  
Let her heart see my honesty.

Make me show worthy in her eyes.  
She is young and needs a husband  
who know that he has gained the prize.  
Fairest maiden of all this land.

Through the night I'm vigil keeping  
praying to ancestral spirits  
Whilst the other braves are sleeping.  
Night long prayers can bring benefits.

In the morning as the dawn breaks.  
Tribal elders call the young men  
from their beds as the camp awakes.  
To let the maidens look again.

Each young warrior wears a brave face  
Hoping he is the chosen one  
Now each young maiden takes her place  
their faces set as cast in stone.

Will she chose me I must wonder.  
If I find favour in her eyes,  
she'll lead me to the forest yonder.  
Where we may enter paradise.

Be still my heart let not your thunder  
sound so loudly. I must appear  
indifferent as I wonder.  
Though I can feel her drawing near.

Her soft strong hand encloses mine  
Running Elk the chieftains daughter  
has chosen me so she is mine  
We walk away midst peals of laughter

quickly towards the forest grove  
There in the quiet of the trees  
we can enjoy our new sprung love  
Caressed by sunlight and the breeze.

For one full moon we need not be

concerned with any other thing.  
For one full moon we are quite free.  
She is my queen and I am king.

But then we must rejoin the tribe  
take up our duties separate  
As tribal customs all prescribe  
as married man and chosen mate,

Though presently we do not care  
lost in love and burning need.  
We live on love and dine on air  
in this we are firmly agreed.

When the moon is full we will go  
back to the camp to our tepee  
and let her loving kinfolk know  
that she has chosen happily.

We will maintain our dignity  
at least in public where we're seen  
But in our tepee privately  
I will still treat her as my queen.

Although the tribal laws dictate  
a wife must meekly serve her lord.  
I see no need to dominate  
I'll let her have the final word.

For I have observed carefully  
the way my older kinfolks live  
and those who live in harmony.  
Know when to take and when to give.

My Running Elk is my delight  
and I provide for her the best  
WE work by day and love by night,  
we know by heaven we are blessed.

Beneath her heart a new life thrives  
a mutual product of our love  
A treasure to complete our lives

A sign of favour from above

The first born of our family  
The chieftain takes it in his stride  
Her mother tells us privately  
That he is swollen up with pride.

Her mother well advises her  
what she must and must not do  
As she makes clothes of softest fur  
to fit the babe that is soon due.

But as me I'm terrified  
I would rather face a bear.  
She brushes all my fears aside  
and tells me that I won't be there.

Some things men aren't allowed to see  
At child birth the old women rule  
and I agree wholeheartedly.  
Because I am frightened fool.

But when he's here I'll play my part  
and teach him everything I know.  
Make sure he has the finest start  
of any child and watch him grow.

My wife's convinced it will be a she.  
She says the goddess told her so.  
It matters not we both agree  
for in due course we'll get to know

I am a man I have a wife  
I am as happy as can be.  
Together we created life  
that I await impatiently.

My Running Elk just laughs at me.  
She says she must do all the work  
In nurturing the life to be  
while I just wear a silly smirk

As if was all down to me  
I did my bit I did my best  
and she conceived triumphantly.  
I think I passed my manhood test.

I'm what a proper man should be  
I am so proud that I could burst  
My Running Elk indulges me.  
All men are proudest of their first.

Nine moons have passed this was the last.  
Now I am banished from my tent.  
I sweat and bid the time go fast.  
I cannot rest til news is sent.

Have I a daughter or a son  
and is my Running Elk alright.  
The babes arrived the battle's won.  
Just as the morning star shines bright.

Now Running Elk must have her rest  
and I am not allowed to see  
the babe that's suckling at her breast.  
Until my sweetheart calls for me

To thank her for this wondrous gift.  
the pain she underwent for me.  
I feel my lowered spirits lift  
I hear her calling come and see.

I go to her and hold her hand.  
My son is sleeping peacefully.  
I cannot speak I simply stand  
and gaze upon my family.

My heart is full she understands  
she reads me like an open book.  
My son she places in my hands  
I stand amazed and thunderstruck

A sturdy boy, his shock of hair  
as shiny as a ravens wing



I cannot say how much I  
but she can hear she's listening.

The hymn of praise which my heart sings  
will tell her all she longs to hear  
To me our son a king of kings  
and she the dearest of the dear.

My mind replays the day she chose.  
I was afraid that she would not  
and somehow even this she knows  
but is still pleased with what she got.

She is much more than I deserve  
although she won't agree with this.  
For all my life I'll gladly serve  
my family for her sweet kiss.

She knows my love will never fade  
that I will love her faithfully  
She knows I loved her as a maid  
and that's the reason she chose me.

She bids me go and get some sleep  
she knows the vigil that I kept.  
Our love is strong enough to keep  
and words must wait until we've slept.

I go my way and find a bed  
I close my eyes and know no more.  
When I awake the sun is red  
and night is falling fast once more.

Tonight I sleep in my own bed  
beside the wife that I adore  
My son will sleep beside her head.  
What man could ask for any more.

(Revised Sep 07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# First Impressions Can Be False

The vicar wore a summer frock  
when he was preaching to his flock.  
His chosen theme intolerance  
afforded him the perfect chance.

To openly admit he was  
a little different because.  
By nature disinclined to fight  
the urges which to him felt right.

Confidently masculine.  
He did not feel clothes should define  
ones sexual identity  
and should be viewed more tolerantly.

All deviations from the norm  
considered so we might reform  
The way we judge our fellow men  
It is time to take stock again.

A brawny Scotsman we accept  
can wear a kilt we don't suspect.  
that he might be effeminate.  
In fact we think that he looks great.

A prime example of a man.  
Which only goes to show we can forget  
our preconceived ideas.  
A man defines the clothes he wears

In days of yore Dandies would dress  
in silks and velvet to impress  
and would defend with naked steel  
the right to dress the way they feel.

I find it hard to understand  
why people condemn out of hand  
Men who do not seem to care  
what you think they ought wear.

A man has every right to dress  
in any fashion more nor less.  
Women can wear trouser suits  
and if they choose to heavy boots.

If your reaction to his clothes  
is to suspect he's one of those  
Then you display your ignorance  
and complete lack of tolerance.

16-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# First Lady

Darkness descends and silence reigns  
across the mountains and the plains.  
The Moon Goddess has yet to rise  
but soon she'll dominate the skies.  
The focus of adoring eyes.

Though new religions rise and fall.  
The faithful few resist their call.  
They have no doubt, no doubt at all.  
That their Goddess rules over all.  
The orb which lights the sky by night  
is only meant to signify.  
Her ever open watchful eye.  
She still regards the race of men  
indulgently as her children.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# First Love

I've been around the block a time or two.  
Long since; I lost my childish innocence.  
For what I lost I gained some recompense.  
One of the bitter lessons life has taught.  
I loved her: She loved me or so I thought.  
Her practiced lies defeated my defence.  
I fell because I lacked experience.  
I was a toy to her just something new  
to play with for a while and then discard.  
I was seduced, betrayed and cast aside  
to satisfy her selfish vanity.  
I learned to cope but found the lesson hard.  
So now I view romance suspiciously.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Fixed Routine.

I always choose to take this way  
This quiet path leads to my door,  
Today as every other day.

I have no fear that I may stray.  
I see no reason to explore.  
I always choose to take this way.

Here sun and shadow interplay  
Creating shapes not seen before.  
Today as every other day.

The song thrush sings his roundelay.  
I feel my jaded spirits soar  
I always choose to take this way.

Though I could choose another way  
I am aware of two or more.  
Today as every other day.

It adds some pleasure to my day  
a feeling I have known before.  
I always choose to take this way  
Today as every other day.

Wednesday, 10 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Flagrant Exhibitionists For M'Lady Ernestine

Deep purple Iris' rioting  
Beside a gently flowing stream.  
Neglected yet still flourishing.  
Part of a long abandoned dream.  
The Gardener grew old and died  
before she made her dream come true  
Her dream remains unsatisfied.  
Yet still the purple Iris Grew.  
Though dreamers die their dreams live on  
until they are adopted by  
By somebody else; Perhaps someone  
who's not prepared to let dreams die.  
They flaunt their beauty shamelessly.  
Purple clad Imperially.

Friday, 19 August 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Flaming June Fo M' Lady Ernestine

The night descends so suddenly.  
It's darker than it ought to be.  
Unless I'm wrong the month is June  
It's not supposed to get dark soon  
but then again it's rained all day  
from weeping clouds of iron grey.  
What happened to the summer sun?  
This cold and damp is not much fun.  
It makes my old joints ache and creak  
although I know I'm not unique.  
Arthritis is a malady  
which will respond quite readily.  
To a good dose of warm sunlight  
A month or two would put me right.

8-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Flautist For M Lady Erenestine

The soft sweet notes flow from the flute,  
played by a busker old and gray  
He chooses melodies to suit  
The folks he knows will pass this way.  
His old cloth cap lies at his feet,  
already holds a coin or two.  
His lilting music bitter sweet  
ensures that I will add one too.  
The old man breathes new life into  
forgotten tunes from long ago  
and turns them into something new.  
He seems instinctively to know  
what kind of music he must play  
to fill his hat with coins today

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fleeting Impressions.

Fleeting Impressions.

Soft silver moonbeams passing through.  
A stained glass window in the night.  
Are guaranteed to turn into  
An abstract picture to delight.  
Those who can appreciate.  
A different form of artistry  
Which never becomes out of date.  
But remains contemporary.  
The way the colours merge and blend  
The interplay of light and shade  
The constant changes will not end.  
Until the sun announces a new day  
When daylight breaks the moonlight goes  
Back where it came from I suppose.

Tuesday, 29 November 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Flexitime For Friend Denis Joe

A blank faced clock which has no hands  
must still obey Chronos' commands.  
The minutes pass without display.  
Times moves on inexorably  
the hours passing speedily  
Today replaces yesterday.  
Why are men obsessed by the clock  
they measure every tick and tock.  
What does it matter anyway?  
we know that darkness rules the night  
and that the day is filled by light.  
Some time to sleep and work or play.  
Avid clock watchers fail to see  
that time can pass variably.

4-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Flight Of Fantasy.

No moon tonight, the sky is indigo.  
The stars appear as points of brilliant light  
against the backdropp of the darkling night.  
Far too far away for us to ever go.  
And yet perhaps in time, you never know.  
We may one day exceed the speed of light.  
Though until we do we can claim the right  
to send our questing minds where we cannot go

Our minds are free to defy gravity  
and travel at the speed of thought.  
We can indulge our love of fantasy.  
Our minds need no technical support  
although we know it is not reality.  
Things may not be, as we were taught.

Thursday,13 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Flutter Byes For M Ladychitra

The autumn leaves fall from the trees.  
Twirling and dancing in the breeze.  
Like ghosts of summer butterflies  
although they don't deceive my eyes.  
My poets mind says otherwise.  
Transmogrifies them easily,  
assisted by their autumn guise.  
Into bright coloured butterflies.  
Like butterflies they dance and play  
but they will fall eventually.  
Down to the ground and rot away  
And form a mulch to feed each tree.  
On which trees live as they should do.  
Though for a little while they flew.

16-Oct-08

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Flying Blind

You must conform or when you die  
you may not enter paradise  
I won't conform I'll tell you why.  
I don't believe the blatant lies

of priests who claim to speak for God.  
Each claim their way's the only way.  
In fact I find it very odd  
that they believe or so they say.

In tolerance and charity  
which all of them profess to teach  
To me it is hypocrisy  
not to practice that which you preach

But sadly there some who will  
although they are forbidden to.  
Set out determinedly to kill  
all those who hold a different view.

I do not claim to speak for god  
nor do I claim to speak for you.  
Though you may find my beliefs odd  
in my view you're entitled to.

I will not try to convert you  
or force you to accept my view  
Because my friend I'm flying blind  
like every last one of you.

16-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Flying Lessons For M'Lady Ernestine.

The swallows have successfully  
raised up their fledging family.  
The little ones now have to try  
out their wings and learn to fly.  
Although at first reluctantly.  
They seem to know instinctively,  
the freedom of the sky is theirs.  
But only for the bird who dares  
to leave the nest and try their wings.  
Despite the anxious twitterings  
of parent birds who have the right.  
To watch their first attempt at flight.  
They fly because they know they can.  
All part of Mother Natures plan.

Sunday, 13 June 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Foiled By Beauty For M'Lady Sally Plumb

A spider web bedecked with dew.  
The early morning sun shines through.  
Creates a tapestry of light.  
A work of art in its own right.

Because the sparkling dew negates.  
The spider webs efficiency.  
Until the sun evaporates  
the morning dew sufficiently

The spider must wait patiently  
until at last she breaks her fast  
Flies tangled inextricably  
in the sticky threads she cast.

The spider builds instinctively.  
A trap we aren't supposed to see.  
As long as it is visible  
It's totally impossible.

For the silken trap to do  
(It is designed to be unseen)  
The task it is intended to.  
But for the dew it would have been.

Although it's pleasing to our eyes  
We know it isn't meant to be  
It's obvious to passing flies  
who can avoid it easily.

The hungry spider would prefer  
to do without the morning dew.  
Which seems intent to deprive her  
of fat flies which are her due.

The spider's loss is our gain  
We see the transient beauty.  
Which we may never see again.  
If only temporarily.

The spider web bedecked with dew  
To us a source of great delight  
Created each morning anew  
by dew drops reflecting sun light.

Although the spider breakfasts late.  
There's little doubt she will survive.  
I'm sure she will appreciate  
her breakfast when it does arrive.

Tuesday, 08 March 2011  
poeticpiers.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Food For Thought

The fields are bare, the harvest safe in store  
Now is the time for man and beast to rest  
King winter will enforce his frigid rule.  
The fields are white, the harvest safe in store  
In time the sun will shine and spring return  
The earth will show renewed vitality  
When sunshine puts an end to winters reign,  
the frost retreats to let the spring return.  
The farmers and the peasants know the score.  
The city folk are merely parasites  
who do not know nor want to know the score.  
They are convinced they do not need to learn.  
Confident that gold can buy anything,  
this is not true. When famine strikes they'll learn.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Food Glorious Food For Friend Thad

The hunger pangs I feel are real.  
My stomachs growling to be fed,  
This is no quiet mute appeal  
refuses to be quieted.  
Nouveau cuisine just will not do  
no pretty pictures on a plate  
I really need something to chew  
some prime beef steak to masticate.  
My stomach clearly understands  
exactly what it wants and needs  
Expects me to obey its commands  
and as always it succeeds.  
A T bone steak with some French fries  
My stomach usually satisfies.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# For Amusement Only

F

I do not let spam mail annoy  
but rather it amuses me  
The corny ruses they employ.  
Make me laugh hysterically  
The tell me that I really need  
the services they have to sell.  
Then try appealing to my greed  
another scam which fails as well  
There's no way that they can succeed.  
I enjoy their stupidity  
it helps to brighten up my day  
Relying on cupidity  
of simple fools happy to pay  
for doubtful goods of little worth  
To me a source of endless mirth.  
I know it may seem odd to you  
But I enjoy it really do'

8-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## For Better Or Worse

I say Phoebe do not force it.  
It won't fit inside your corset.  
Those rolls of fat that wobble so  
are adamant they will not go.  
They do not wish to be constrained.  
't was better far you had remained.  
The slim young girl you used to be  
and given up on gluttony  
Those sweets which you enjoyed so much  
have added weight, well just a touch.  
Oh Blast it I'll speak honestly  
You are as fat as fat can be.  
But I don't care I love you still  
There's more of you my arms to fill.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# For Pity's Sakes

Oft in the stilly night, I wake  
for no reason apparently.  
Then I recall each past mistake  
that I have made regretfully.  
A self inflicted punishment  
for wrongful deeds which I recall  
Some hurt I caused without intent.  
The guilt I felt still lingers yet.  
I fall asleep eventually  
my guilty conscience satisfied.  
Allows me to sleep peacefully.  
My past misdeeds are set aside.  
I can't deny I made mistakes  
so do we all for pity's sakes.

11-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# For This Relief Much Thanks For M Lady Ann

Just a few dwindling pools remain  
in what was once the river bed.  
Three years and more without rain.  
Most of my livestock long since dead.

Yet still I have to struggle on  
I have no choice no place to go  
All of my men have packed and gone,  
To where the deeper rivers flow.

Each evening I pray for rain  
I won't surrender to despair.  
I'm not too old to start again.  
No man can win who does not dare.

The storm clouds gather overhead.  
Perhaps in answer to my prayer.  
This time release much needed rain.  
There's water, water everywhere.

The river fills and overflows.  
The arid earth drinks greedily.  
The drought is over: Heaven knows  
I've had my share of misery.

I face the future confident  
That I can do what must be done  
Determination and intent  
are all I have I will go on.

I will build up my stock and then  
I will employ some jackaroos.  
To help me run the place again  
much needed help that I can use.

But for the present work alone.  
My nearest neighbour's miles away  
There is so much that must be done.  
Enough to fill each working day.



When evening comes I will give thanks.  
Unto my maker gratefully.  
The river flows between its banks.  
And all is as it ought to be.

09/07/2009

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Forbidden For Jt Ellison

I sometimes wonder when you die.  
Are you aware that you are dead?  
And do you know the reason why  
And can you see the way ahead.

Or are you frightened and alone  
And do not know what you should do  
When you are faced with the unknown.  
Does someone come to comfort you?

Some sort of spirit rescue team  
who are prepared and on stand by.  
Who will explain this is no dream.  
A different reality.

Your body died but you live on  
Immortal spirits cannot die.  
Although you're sad and woebegone,  
you must accept reluctantly.

You can't go back; impossible.  
You must move on to the next stage.  
Although it's highly probable  
you will refuse to in your rage.

You were not ready yet to die  
and miss all that you left behind.  
You cannot see a reason why  
fate should choose you. That you can find.

Eventually you realise  
this is your new reality.  
Death comes to all as a surprise  
because that's how it is meant to be.

All people know that they must die  
but may not know the where or when  
Though we may ask, there's no reply.  
Some knowledge is forbidden men.

10-Sep-08

http;

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Forbidden Fantasies

.  
Dreams of desire: Forbidden things,  
we wanted to, but never did.  
Desires we carefully hid,  
Carnal, lustful, hopeless yearnings.

Forbidden fruits beyond our reach.  
We could achieve in dreaming state.  
Each dream a lesson sought to teach.  
Our super egos in full spate.

Warnings against unbridled lust.  
Egos obey they don't rebel.  
Our Ids reply why should we trust  
the stupid stories which you tell.

Our Ids perforce must be restrained.  
Nobody is allowed to do  
exactly as they wanted to.  
They are by legal rules constrained.

Dreams of desire as yet are free  
to be indulged in privately.  
Not to be taken seriously,  
we know they're only fantasy.

3-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Forbidden Knowledge For Dr

Driven by curiosity  
the monkey mind of modern man.  
Creates new technology  
to find out everything he can.

Regardless of the consequence.  
He has to know, he is obsessed.  
Although rarely can he make sense  
of things that catch his interest.

He has to try and satisfy  
his raging curiosity.  
The normal rules do not apply  
to someone searching earnestly

for answers to the mysteries  
Which have bedevilled humankind.  
Throughout all mankind's history.  
The answers we will never find.

Some knowledge is forbidden us  
Because we do not need to know  
We're immature and dangerous.  
We must accept the Status Quo

Until we learn to think ahead  
Consider probabilities  
alternatives to use instead  
within our capabilities.

We are spendthrift and profligate  
Take what we want without remorse  
Destroy much more than we create.  
Greed is the creed which we endorse.

04/04/2009  
cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Forbidden Territory For M Lady Kelly Houseman

I tend my gardens on the moon  
The far side which the earth can't see.  
Although I fear that very soon  
astronauts will visit me.

I'll hide my gardens from their eyes.  
This is a place they should not be.  
This is no time for compromise.  
I will repel them forcibly

I value highly solitude  
and my hard won serenity  
I disdain men's attitude.  
They're lacking in maturity.

A member of an older race  
I've paid my dues and earned the right  
To protect my own living space  
which I keep hidden out of sight.

Intruders I won't tolerate  
I will destroy them instantly  
and leave no trace as to their fate.  
If they intrude impudently.

I tend my gardens on the moon  
with loving care contentedly  
and ask from fate one single boon.  
No astronaut should bother me.

I live alone because I choose  
Preferring my own company  
for others I have little use.  
In perfect self sufficiency.

13-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Foregone Conclusion. For M'selle Perrault

My muse like any woman will  
use her feminine wiles and skill  
To persuade me to her view  
and will persist until I do  
Exactly as she wants me to.

I'm well aware that she will win.  
Should I surrender just give in?  
I must defend my self respect  
it is the least she will expect  
So I protest to no effect.

When my muse makes up her mind.  
Like any poet I will find.  
I have no choice but to obey  
and there is nothing I can say.  
She will reject each argument.

That I can muster and present  
Although it's futile to resist.  
My fragile ego will insist  
I have no option but persist  
to register my discontent.

Though this does not deter my muse.  
She knows full well I can't refuse.  
She knows from my past history.  
I will submit reluctantly  
She always wins eventually

She knows I must put on a show  
to satisfy my male ego.  
She is prepared to wait until  
I do obey her sovereign will.  
She makes that clearly evident.

I cannot win I'm bound to lose  
When I argue with my muse.  
She's confident she will prevail.

After all I'm only a male  
Somewhat naïve and innocent.

She knows I am a gentleman  
that's why she's certain that she can.  
Persuade coerce or bully me  
Until give in and agree.  
My muse will brook no argument.

Sunday, 24 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Foreordained?

I suffer from a malady  
And have done since I first drew breath  
I know this for a certainty.  
The end result will be my death.

Why should I let this worry me?  
I know that I have died before.  
My soul will live eternally.  
Each time I die I'm born once more.

Each life I must learn something new.  
Something I have not learned before.  
One life insufficient to  
add enough knowledge to my store.

I must return again to learn  
Each life I have to start anew  
To garner credits which I earn  
By doing what I have to do.

I can't access my memories.  
I start each life with a clean sheet.  
And build up knowledge by degrees.  
Like other men I must compete.

To earn my place and gain respect.  
It is entirely up to me.  
There is no way I can expect  
To earn my merits easily.

The obstacles I overcome.  
Will be recorded faithfully.  
Although I score the minimum..  
I still progress although slowly.

Life is a journey all must make.  
Although there is no urgency.  
About the speed or road we take.

Because we have eternity.

We live we die we are reborn.  
Always to different circumstance.  
To poverty or else high born.  
Each life provides another chance.

To move on towards the light.  
Where we will know as we are known.  
And gain the power of wingless flight.  
Because we are at last full grown.

The journey to maturity.  
We undertake at our own pace.  
We can choose slowly or swiftly.  
Until we reach the trysting place.

We will return from whence we came.  
And become part of the oversoul.  
We'll have succeeded in our aim.  
To merge must be our final goal.

Monday,09 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Foresight

Some sweet peas still defy the frost.  
A battle which will soon be lost,  
Though they have battled valiantly  
they can't defeat their enemy.  
Which kills each blossom one by one.  
Quite soon the last one will be gone.  
I pick the seed pods to be dried  
and store them safe and warm inside.

When spring returns I will prepare  
their seed bed with the greatest care  
I will ensure it is weed free  
and I will feed it thoroughly.  
Before I plant my precious seed  
So I am sure they will succeed.  
and in due course produce for me  
their pretty blooms abundantly.

20-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Forest Lord For er

As I walked out beneath the moon  
I heard that old compelling tune  
The Pipes of Pan that faintly play  
have power to steal my will away.

The old God rules the forest yet  
I know he does I can't forget.  
I was forced to follow the sound.  
Although I know he can't be found.

Unless he chooses to reveal  
he is alive and well and real.  
To tell the truth I found it odd  
For Pan is a forgotten God.

He has the power to overrule  
with music as his only tool.  
My hardened shell of disbelief  
and in some way grant me relief.

From all the woes which trouble me.  
So for a little while I'm free,  
to leave reality behind.  
For long enough to still my mind.

I might be only fantasy.  
I'm well ware that it could be  
Although I try I can't explain  
the forest is till Pans domain.

Then suddenly the music ceased.  
I knew that I had been released.  
I still cherish the memory  
Of the night Pan played pipes for me..

28-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Forgive Me Father I Have Sinned For Frienddenis Joe

Forgive me father I have sinned.

He was a hidden enemy who took delight in thwarting me.  
I don't know how I gave offence, his friendliness was pretence.  
He constantly destroyed my dreams by underhanded evil schemes.  
When I discovered all he'd done, I said nothing to anyone.

Then I destroyed my enemy. I planned his murder carefully  
Paid great attention to detail and formed a plan that could not fail.  
He had to pay the penalty in such a way that I went free.  
His death must seem an accident, nobody knew of my intent.

My conscience doesn't bother me because I killed my enemy.  
His hatred of me made him blind to the snare I had designed.  
He thought that when he turned the key, the lift would fall down crushing me  
But I had rewired the lock and he received a fatal shock.

I think that I was justified in planning how and where he died.  
He was intent on harming me instead of which died instantly.  
I acted in my own defence. His spite and his malevolence  
Have made a murderer of me but I can still sleep peacefully.

I confessed my sin openly; my parish priest has absolved me.  
He bid me go and sin no more. He need have no doubt on that score.  
The deed which I was driven to, I won't repeat and that is true.  
My secret enemy is dead. It might have been me in his stead.

27-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Forgotten.

I used to be a household name.  
A notable celebrity.  
I was a winner in life's game  
Now nobody remembers me.

I lived a life of luxury.  
Spent every penny that I earned.  
Today I live in poverty.  
The tables well and truly turned.

I should have saved but I did not  
I thought my fame would never end  
I was contented with my lot.  
But now I know you can't depend.

On lady luck a fickle jade.  
She builds you up then tears you down.  
One day you top the hit parade  
The next day you become unknown.

I only have myself to blame  
Believed my own publicity  
I gloried in my transient fame.  
But lady luck deserted me.

I was a fool I must confess  
But I chose not to think ahead.  
What does it matter more nor less.  
Most people think that am dead.

Instead I'm just an old has been  
I slipped into obscurity  
completely faded from the scene.  
Nobody wants to remember me..

23/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Forward Planning

Bright autumn leaves like butterflies  
are gaily dancing in the breeze.  
Until they fall; no more to rise  
and coat the ground beneath the trees.  
In carpets of rich autumn hues  
Which will soon fade to neutral brown.  
The time has come for trees to lose  
their leaves and cast them down.  
As they prepare for winters rule.  
Returning to the earth again  
their useless leaves to use a fuel.  
Which when spring comes will help sustain.  
The sudden burst of energy  
that is required by every tree.

Saturday, 11 September 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Forward Planning.

God rest ye greedy merchants all.  
The time has come when you display  
the tawdry goods you hope to sell  
to foolish folk prepared to pay.  
Much more than what your goods are worth.  
To give as gifts on Christmas day  
Your tills are ringing merrily  
in tune with carols which you play  
Creating an ambience which  
encourages folks to spend.  
A great deal more than otherwise  
On which your profits will depend.  
I have no doubt you're planning to  
make more profits at Easter too.

Saturday, 27 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Free Flight For Friend Thad

To celebrate freedom a bird  
will soar on high triumphantly  
Ensuring that it will be heard  
singing in freedom joyfully.  
Freed from its cage by accident  
the door left open by mistake.  
Turned loose to make its first ascent.  
Alas the last that it will make.  
Because it is so different  
the wild birds will attack on sight  
to kill this stranger their intent  
Without remorse as they think right  
The song bird dies a tragedy  
but better than captivity.

2-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Free Lunch For Doc Wilde

Free lunch: there's no such thing!  
There is a price for every thing,  
although at first it may seem free.  
There's strings attached you do not see.  
The innocent and the naïve,  
might well mistakenly believe.  
That kindly merchants give away  
some things for which you need not pay.  
Then realise to their surprise  
that they have paid a higher price.  
for something free apparently.  
They have been screwed right royally.  
If it looks too good to be true  
it usually is I'm telling you.

7-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Free Thinker.

I don't believe the world we see could happen accidentally.  
Considered scientifically the evidence convinces me.  
There has to be some master plan, some power which is greater than anything  
conceived by man. Which I believe because I can  
think independently. Refuse to follow slavishly  
the ideas which are currently accepted by humanity.  
Though different creeds hold different views from a man is free to choose.  
I am entitled to refuse. After all what can I lose?  
I can accept that I might be completely wrong quite possibly.  
But I believe that I am free to reject theology.  
Though warring creeds have every right to see it as a sacred rite  
Freedom to worship as they choose. I can respect their different views.  
That does not mean I must agree. I tolerate quite easily  
and all I ask their respect. I `m not a fool I don't expect  
they will relinquish bigotry and cease to try to convert me.  
I don't belong to any creed Because I can't see any need.  
I think that god created me and gave me the ability  
To use my brain to think things through and that is what I choose to do

.  
Tuesday, 11 May 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Freedom Of Choice.

I see God as a neutral force.  
A universal power source,  
which everyone has access to.  
To do the things they choose to do.  
It can be used for good or ill  
according to the users will.  
But like any power source  
there'll be a price to pay of course.  
Be very careful how you use  
The power that you're free to choose.  
It's your responsibility.  
You cannot claim to be blame free  
For what you freely chose to do.  
You'll foot the bill when it falls due.

Sunday, 27 February 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Freedom Of Expression For M Lady Christine Kerr

Freedom of expression

A woman cries when she is glad  
A woman cries when she is mad.  
A woman cries when she is sad.  
Tears of pleasure, rage and grief  
all bring some measure of relief  
and that is why a woman cries.

But men are not supposed to cry.  
Forbidden by society,  
though no knows the reason why.  
Men may not let their feeling sho.  
Men must appear to be macho  
and that is why men do not cry.

Though women claim equality.  
The truth is different obviously.  
Women can expect to be  
allowed to cry quite openly.  
But men are still inhibited  
for them tears are prohibited

Although I only theorise  
I'm wise enough to realise  
that some men taken by surprise.  
Will weep and wail as women do  
and demonstrate the way they feel.  
Their rage and grief is just as real.

As anything a woman a woman feels.  
Why should a man try to conceal  
what his hot tears clearly reveal.  
That he is sad or mad or glad.  
Perhaps its time to think again  
what is appropriate for men.

27-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Freedom. Ivorian Sonnet

Because some people disagree  
about the rules of poetry.  
There'll always be some argument.  
Nobody can define the rules  
which leads to widespread discontent.  
Some cannot understand it seems,  
that every poet has the right.  
To choose the way they share their dreams  
in any form they choose to write.  
I say each poet should be free  
to write the way they want to write.  
In metered verse with rhyming schemes  
or try some new experiment.  
No one can dictate how you write.

Wednesday, 16 June 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Freelance Contractor For M'Lady Lucianne

I've been a ghost for centuries.  
Qualified by experience.  
No diplomas or degrees  
but plenty of self confidence.

Although I died quite suddenly.  
Beheading does not take too long  
I just accepted readily  
the choice of sides I made was wrong.

I lived my life as best I could  
like other men I made mistakes.  
And did not do the things I should  
One wrong decision all it takes.

Although a failure as a man.  
I am a most successful ghost  
I do the very best I can  
Although I am not one to boast.

I take a pride in what I do  
I can appear and disappear  
(I'm one of the accomplished few)  
to fill a humans heart with fear.

I've haunted stately homes with pride  
I've walked abroad without my head  
Through solid walls I quickly glide  
I am enjoying being dead.

Alive I earned but small respect  
in fact nobody noticed me.  
But now in my ghostly aspect.  
I'm treated most respectfully.

Some day I know I must move on  
but I can feel no urgency.  
Although my dearest friends have gone.  
A ghost is all I want to be.

I've been a ghost for centuries.  
I find it suits me very well.  
I do exactly as I please  
The skills I have I freely sell.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Freethinker

I don't profess to speak for God  
nor do I claim authority  
To you my ideas may seem odd  
but they are mine exclusively  
I question everything I am told  
I use the brain God granted me  
Challenge the legends known of old  
and find them full of falsity.  
I can respect that other men  
cling firmly to what have been taught  
when they were innocent children  
Which they accept without a thought.  
I see no reason for dissent  
though our beliefs are different.

30-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Freethinker For on

Freethinker

I do believe that memory can be passed down genetically  
Encoded in our D.N.A Although I know the experts say  
My theory's unsustainable, there is no proof obtainable.  
For all their professed expertise. My theory causes them unease.  
They are afraid I might be right. It could explain why men take fright.  
When darkness falls and they can't see, arousing repressed memories  
Of long ago when men were prey which linger to the present day  
Although the experts can't explain the workings of the human brain.  
The experts say it can't be so: They know less than they think they know.  
I don't accept the experts view I see no reason I should do  
I still believe that memory can be passed down genetically.  
Encoded in our D.N.A. No matter what the experts say.  
They cannot force me to agree for I think independently

31/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Freeway Diners

In sombre black from head to toes.  
There are few birds as smart as crows  
both in the manner of their dress  
and in their native cleverness.  
They seize each opportunity  
to gain advantage easily.  
Patrol the motorways at will  
and daily dine on fresh roadkill.  
The need not struggle to survive  
as long as human beings drive.  
The crows are wise enough to know  
exactly when and where to go  
to satisfy their appetites.  
They have their choice of tasty bites.

6-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# From A Great Height.

Beneath her balcony he'd sing  
and promise love eternally.  
The maiden spurned his offering.  
She knew of his philandering.

But undeterred he'd nightly sing.  
Experienced in the ways of maids.  
He knew she would be listening  
to hear his mandolin tinkling.

Eventually she would relent  
appear upon the balcony.  
Although she doubted his intent.  
By trial and experiment.

He'd found that curiosity  
A fatal weakness in young maids  
would bring her to the balcony.  
It always worked successfully.

It always had done in the past.  
This maid was made of sterner stuff.  
She vowed tonight would be the last  
and down upon his head she cast.

The contents of her chamber pot.  
Which served to dampen his ardour  
Attar of roses it was not.  
Although he deserved what he got.

I felt some little sympathy  
to see him so discomfited.  
To be drenched unexpectedly  
in his intended victims pee.

A message that he'd not forget.  
This lady was no easy prey.  
The chamber pot she had upset  
Has soaked him in Eau de Toilet.

He quickly hurried from the scene.  
His pride damaged beyond repair.  
His parting comments were obscene.  
At least I thought they must have been..

No longer does the troubadour  
Sing below her balcony  
Sweet serenades about amour  
No one has seen him any more.

07/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# From Small Begginings Story Poem For M'Lady Ernestine

A cairn of stones that's added to  
By travellers who pass this way.  
Although today they're very few.

Few realise the cairn exists  
Now no one can remember why  
But the custom still persists

Originally the cairn was built  
to mark the spot where someone died.  
Perhaps assuaging a sense of guilt.

The killing was an accident  
a blow which was in anger struck.  
There was no murderous intent

He killed his friend and he confessed  
The man was truly penitent.  
So obviously that he impressed.

The learned judge who heard the case.  
Who ruled that he was innocent  
of murder but that he still must face.

A whole life sentence of regret  
and that was punishment enough.  
This old legend lingers yet.

Each time he passed the spot  
he placed a stone upon the cairn.  
Which whilst he lived grew quite a lot.

It towers now some eight feet high.  
As people added their tribute

although no one remembers why.

Although it's off the beaten track  
one day you might just pass this way  
and add your pebble to the stack

It has become a monument  
a cairn of stone sure to impress.  
Yet it began by accident

12/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Frost Filigrees For M 'Lady Ernestine

The first frost paints the window panes  
with filigrees of silver white  
The artist takes the greatest pains  
to ensure that he gets it right.  
Though very sad it's also true.  
His artistry is all in vain,  
it only lasts an hour or two  
before the glass is clear again.  
We can enjoy it for a while.  
That is what we're meant to do.  
Tomorrow in his usual style  
he will have painted it anew.  
A different pattern put on show  
created there on my window.

28-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Frosted Glass

Frost flowers on my windowpane.  
Jack Frost has visited again.  
I always know when he's been here.  
Because pretty patterns appear  
As if by magic overnight.  
A tracery of sparkling white.  
A sight that sure to satisfy.  
The most discerning artist's eye.  
It's beautiful though transient.  
Frost paintings can't be permanent.  
It will last for an hour or two.  
Before it melts as it's sure to.  
Frost flowers bloom beneath the moon.  
'til morning comes alas too soon.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Frustrated Ambition.

Frustrated ambition.

I can remember vividly  
The first person that I chose to kill.  
Although selected randomly.  
It somehow made me feel fulfilled.

No longer a non entity.  
Overlooked by everyone.  
It proved my capability  
To make my name and be someone.

I thought about it constantly.  
I knew that I must kill again  
I felt a growing certainty  
my only thought was to regain.

The rush of the adrenaline  
The sense of power which it brought.  
As if the whole wide world was mine.  
That was the feeling which I sought.

Though when my second victim died  
My pleasure was not so intense  
and I was left unsatisfied  
Which did not seem to make much sense.

When I killed victim number three  
There was no rushed adrenaline.  
Which only served to convince me  
That killing had become routine.

I had not yet achieved my aim.  
Although killing had lost its thrill.  
The only way I would gain fame  
Was by continuing to kill.

I will defy the threatened rain  
To add another to my score

Tonight I mean to kill again  
and claim my victim number four.

Though others have killed many more  
To earn their place in history.  
I aim to beat the highest score.  
I'm sure I will eventually.

Because I've only just begun  
I study the case histories.  
Familiar with everyone  
I find that this inspires me.

To choose my victims carefully  
and not at random as before  
and change my M.O frequently  
Whilst I am racking up my score.

Six years have passed my final score  
I don't believe can be surpassed.  
by anyone who's gone before.  
Perhaps the time has come at last

For me to claim the fame that's due.  
Because I have successfully  
Achieved what I set out to do.  
By confessing publically.

The best laid plans can go awry.  
The powers that be were satisfied  
My story was a fantasy.  
And so they had me certified.

No access to publicity  
I never got the chance to boast.  
Perhaps a fitting penalty  
Organised by a vengeful ghost.

They keep me safely locked away  
With no access to the outside.  
Though I am certain that one day  
All my claims will be verified.



Some one will find my record book  
Containing records of my kills.  
But when I tell them where to look  
They do not listen: no one will.

Tuesday,13 December 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Frustration

I would that I could ever be.  
Allowed to worship thy beauty.  
but thou hast little time for men  
now past their three score years and ten.  
But old men still dream young men's dreams.  
So when I sleep it truly seems  
thou wouldst accept me as a swain  
for I am young and strong again.  
I wot that in reality  
such foolish dreams can never be.  
The secret dreams I dare not share  
are but a burden that I bear.  
Desire outlives ability  
a lesson in humility.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Fulfilment

When I am dead I want to be  
buried without ceremony.  
As nourishment to feed a tree  
that's planted in my memory.

I just express the way I feel.  
Gravestones are cold have no appeal.  
A living tree is much more real  
Than any monumental deal

The carcass that I leave behind  
bereft of life is deaf and blind  
was never me but was designed  
to keep my spirit close confined.

Death cut the strings and turned me loose  
My spirit now completely free  
What's left is of but little use  
except perhaps to feed a tree.

22-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Full Moon A Storypoem

The moon is full and bright tonight.  
The tensions rise within these walls  
Although the corridors are bright  
I clearly hear the eerie calls

of those affected by the moon  
Their madness raised to fever pitch  
I pray that morning will come soon  
I feel their hatred like an itch.

Which creeps and crawls across my skin  
An itch for which there is no cure.  
Although I know they are locked in,  
the full moon makes me insecure.

Although the experts disagree.  
They don't patrol the floors at night.  
They will be sleeping peacefully  
Smugly convinced that they are right.

Those of us who watch and ward  
do not neglect the evidence  
A full moon we can't disregard  
we've learnt by hard experience.

That when the full moon rules the sky  
we must increase our vigilance.  
Her rays enhance insanity  
we can't afford to take a chance.

I do my rounds reluctantly  
I check and double check again  
I feel mad thoughts chaotically  
impinge upon my tired brain.

When daylight comes the tensions fall  
and stillness permeates the air.  
A brooding silence lies over all  
the patients who are in our care.

A full moon without incident  
I can report to my relief.  
Which he accepts without comment.  
I know we share the same belief.

I can go home my shift is done  
and seek the comfort of my bed.  
Next month there'll be another one.  
But I will be on days instead.

15-Aug-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Futility

The scarecrow dressed in cast off clothes.  
Sticks grimly to his given task  
But does he frighten off the crows,  
that is the question we must ask.

When he is new perhaps he will  
but crows are wise and realise.  
This ragged figure stands stock still  
and will not take them by surprise.

He cannot move, inanimate.  
Which leaves then free to eat their fill.  
A guardian quite inadequate.  
He does not and he never will.

Frighten the crows who are too wise  
to be afraid of straw stuffed clothes  
Though he appears in manly guise  
he can't deter the hungry crows.

The scarecrow fails in his attempt.  
He never really stood a chance  
Crows treat him with amused contempt  
and disregard his vigilance.

5-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Future Imperative

Essential to efficiency.  
When writing prose or poetry.  
Elegant simplicity,  
will enhance the clarity.

Of what you're trying to convey  
in the most artistic way  
Although it makes me sad to say  
Standards are slipping day by day.

Communicating at high speed.  
Young people do not see the need.  
For rules they think needs must impede.  
The messages they want to read..

The youngsters use technology  
to sweep away the pedantry.  
By far the vast majority  
adapted to it readily.

A small vocal minority  
Bemoaned the loss of purity  
And stubbornly refused to see.  
That language changes constantly.

That in the future there would be  
a greater need potentially.  
A switch towards simplicity  
and even less formality.

The flowery language of the past  
was very slowly overcast.  
It was too cumbersome to last.  
When change is due it happens fast.

The need for speed bound to increase.  
That does not mean that we should cease.  
To write in ways that please  
and make each work a masterpiece.

Communicating speedily  
a modern day necessity  
But we don't need to let it be  
Destroyer of our literacy

We have free will so we can choose  
What form of language we should use  
What to accept or to refuse  
We stand to gain more than we lose.

We can store electronically  
more books than any library  
of any merit literally  
on one small chip quite easily

The nerds can txt phonetically  
Where speed is a priority.  
While scholars maintain purity  
Of classic prose and poetry.

Sunday, 21 August 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Future Imperfect

Beneath a gray and weeping sky  
I watched a horse drawn hearse go by  
A sight we very rarely see  
It seems to have more dignity

Than any slowly driven limousine

Two horses black as ebony  
A well matched pair walk sedately  
Almost as if the horses know  
The must put on a finer show

Than any slowly driven limousine

The hearse itself is gleaming black  
With etched glass windows in the back  
Through which it's possible to see  
The coffin more respectfully

Than any slowly driven limousine

The cortege as it passes by  
Is guaranteed to catch the eye  
It is a sight that seemingly  
Most people would prefer to see

Than any slowly driven limousine

Though fashions change there is a cost  
The sense of dignity is lost  
Although I'm sure they do their best  
Nothing attracts less interest

Than any slowly driven limousine

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Future Imperfect For Friend Ben

The world today is in a dreadful mess.  
No one accepts responsibility.  
It seems that truth and honour matter less  
than expedience apparently.  
The only thing we value is success  
although it's been achieved dishonestly  
The values which our forbears knew are lost  
and everyone of us will bear the cost.

Ottavo Rima

23/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Future In The Past? For My Wife

I dreamt that she and I had met  
when we were young and fancy free.  
It is a dream I shan't forget  
but will remember happily.

We fell in love and we were wed  
together raised a family.  
I see the pictures in my head.  
My dream was Oh so right to me.

It was a dream that could not be.  
We did not meet we did not wed  
but yet I hold the memory.  
Perhaps allowed to look ahead

See what in time would come to be.  
She married but she was betrayed  
I wed and raised a brood of three.  
A sad mistake which fate had made.

When we were old and fancy free.  
We met as we were meant to do  
The fates had reversed their decree.  
Brought us together and we knew.

That you were meant to be with me  
and I was meant to be with you.  
Too late to have a family  
I am content just finding you.

Perhaps it's possible to see  
some things which haven't happened yet  
That in due course will come to be.  
A vivid dream you can't forget.

Some sort of future memory.  
I only know my dream came true  
when you agreed to marry me  
I had to wait so long for you.

24-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Future Perfect Dialect Poem

Future Perfect

Two auld biddies gossiping  
about their hubbies suffering.  
My Albies plagued with aches and pains  
Ye knaa he's got varry close veins..

That's aaful pet her friend replied.  
With eagerness she could not hide  
My Fred has a cardiac heart.  
That's bad enuff just for a start.

He has a gastric stomach too.  
He's hard to live with I tell you.  
Aah dee me best as ye well knaa,  
he's only happy doon the bar.

Supping beer he shouldn't have  
he'll drive me to an orly grave  
Ye knaa hinny but for us  
they'd starve to death Its curious.

Theres neither of them fit te work  
Aah wonder sometimes if the shirk  
but we gan on as women dee.  
We have nee time to be poorly.

They said Tara and went their way.  
They'd had their gossip for the day.  
There's hoosework waiting to be dyun  
we get nee help from anyone.

His lordship likes to lie in bed  
He's like a bear with a sore head.  
If Aah distorb him early on  
before the noonday buzzers gone.

He gets up shouting for his grub.  
His breakfast forst then doon the pub.

It hurts to see him suffer so  
aah doot he hasn't lang to go.

His funerals paid for at the store  
that's one worry aah can ignore.  
Aah'll be a widow woman then  
Aah divvent think aah'll wed again.

AAh'll get mesel a bungalow  
wi lace cortins in the window.  
Aah have a black dress put away  
ah divest wear it ivory day

Aah keep it by for funerals  
it's ower fancy for me gals.  
Aah'll wear it when they bury me  
a sight Aah will not live te see.

AAh'll be alone when Fred has gone  
but dee me best to carry on.  
Nee lazy man to bother me.  
Aah think aah'll manage easily.

8-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Fuzzy Logic.

Between the worlds the boundary.  
Sometimes grows thin and disappear.  
Fantasy and reality  
Which is which no longer clear.  
Imagination can supply  
Alternative scenarios  
Where normal rules do not apply  
But are they real? nobody knows  
It may well be that it is so  
I can accept a different view  
I do not really want to know  
whether or not that it is true  
I can believe quite easily  
there is no definite boundary.

Sunday, 17 January 2010  
ce. com/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Game, Set And Match For Friend Thad

Without a word I had to yield  
to powers greater than I wield.  
Without a word I quit the field.

The lady had enraptured me  
I could not fight a Force Majeure.  
Without a word she captured me.

What choice had I a simple man  
but to surrender gracefully.  
The power held by a woman.

Is such that no man can resist  
because he's overtaken by  
confusion once he has been kissed.

The predator becomes the prey.  
The role reversal is complete,  
the woman has the final say.

I know men think they chose their mate.  
Although the opposite applies  
when they give up their single state.

Ladies are content to allow  
the man to think it was his choice.  
Ladies do not need to think: They know

how fragile is the male ego  
.Encourage him in his belief  
it was his choice. Though it's not so.

She wastes no time on argument.  
She knows hers is the victory.  
Her plan has worked, she rests content.

5-Oct-08



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Genenology

When I researched my family tree.  
I found out that quite possibly  
I should conceal my ancestry.  
They were not as my mum believes  
aristocrats but cattle thieves.  
It's odd how family pride perceives  
their ancestors as respectable.  
It makes them feel more comfortable  
although it is a load of bull.  
I'm not ashamed why should I be  
because of my discovery  
It makes no odds I am still me.  
You will do well to bear in mind  
you may not like what you will find.

11-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Generally Speaking

The guns fall silent and the dead  
lie quietly they've played their part.  
The night hour's pass heavy with dread  
at first light the big guns will start.

The sound of the artillery  
will fill the silent skies again.  
Eroding further bravery  
of the war weary fighting men.

The brave young men on either side  
are doomed to die face down in mud.  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.  
Their dug outs do but little good.

A shell burst may not kill just maim  
The lucky ones are those who die,  
they are the winners in this game  
when thick and fast the bullets fly.

Opposing sides move to and fro  
to capture trenches they've just left.  
For no good reason that they know  
obeying orders quite bereft

of any sign of sanity.  
The generals are safe behind the lines  
Unlike the vast majority  
who fight to fulfil their designs.

Lions by donkeys badly led  
Young men by the thousand died.  
A foreign field their final bed  
because good sense was not applied.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow.  
The soil enriched by their hearts blood  
What have we learnt we did not know?  
Nobody won Nobody could.

There are no winners none at all  
except perhaps the carrion crows  
They dine well when the soldiers fall  
as mighty nations come to blows.

Survivors return home broken men  
with small support and little praise.  
Until they're needed once again  
when countries their new armies raise.

Another war to end all wars.  
We do not learn from history  
For men can always find a cause.  
Why this should be a mystery.

18-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Generation Gap For M Lady Dee Daffodil

I wonder why some parents try  
to make their children satisfy.  
Ambitions they did not achieve.

A subtle form of child abuse  
which proves to be of little use.  
It seems such parents can't conceive.

Their children may not want to be  
what they desire so fervently.  
Apparently they can't believe.

Their children will point blank refuse  
to fall in with parental views.  
Because their children don't perceive

the world the way their parents do.  
They have a different pint of view.  
Which does not do much to relieve.

The stress and tensions which arise  
until they reach some compromise.  
It can be done I do believe.

11-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Get Out Of My Face!

I may be growing paranoid.  
I find it better to avoid.  
Those members of the human race.  
Who rudely intrude on my space  
And think I should be overjoyed.  
I firmly show them I'm annoyed.

I do not wish to give offence  
But I must act in self defence.  
I make my feelings very plain  
and treat them with a cold disdain  
Some are so insensitive.  
They find it easy to forgive.

What they perceive as my shyness.  
I have work hard to impress.  
My dislike for their company  
I don't care what they think of me  
The space that's personal to me  
Is sacrosanct or it should be.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Glass Ceiling.

Business women power dress.  
Their sole intent is to impress  
The world with their efficiency  
and not their femininity.  
Though many try few will succeed  
Men are unwilling to concede  
That any woman possibly  
can hope to claim equality.  
Men think that masculinity  
confers superiority.  
Though women know it isn't true  
There's very little they can do.  
To change the system that exists.  
The old boy's network will resist.

Thursday,03 March 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Glimpses

I strain my eyes, peer through the clinging mist  
My mind can conjure up strange fantasies  
surrealistic unrealities  
I know are not real, but they still persist.  
Perhaps in fact somewhere they do exist.  
false copies of forgotten memories  
arising when and how they please.  
They have a power I cannot resist..

Sometimes I comprehend the scenes I see  
and other times I do not understand.  
Impressions pass me by so speedily  
Their rate of progress I cannot command.  
I sense a strange familiarity  
With things I glimpse impressionistically.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Global Warming; Phooey

The morning breaks it's dull and grey  
another wretched winter's day.  
There's some mistake the month is May.  
It's not a day I have to say  
to rise up smiling from your bed  
far better stay and sleep instead  
Enjoy the dreams which fill your head.  
There's little more that can be said.  
Perhaps tomorrow will be bright  
I will awake to bright sunlight  
and greet the new day with delight.  
The weather man has got it right.  
But then again he might not do  
another day for feeling blue.

28-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Global Warming? I Think Not.

Snow has fallen, snow on snow.  
The temperatures remaining low.  
There is no sign of any thaw,  
In fact we are expecting more.

It's snowing intermittently.  
With intervals of weak sunshine  
but it is freezing constantly.  
With dread black ice the bottom line

A hazard for the traveller  
who has no choice but has to go  
Though most of them would much prefer  
to stay at home out of the snow.

Authorities are struggling to  
ensure the major roads are free  
of snow to let the traffic flow.  
Albeit very carefully.

Its more than thirty years ago.  
Though some of us can still recall  
the problems caused by heavy snow.  
But memories don't help at all.

We have to cope with here and now  
and not what happened years ago.  
We have to show that we know how  
to overcome this winters snow.

We do not know when thaw will come  
as it has always done before.  
But we are sure we will welcome,  
the sight of snow free roads once more.

Tuesday,05 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Glosa

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.  
The lowing herd winds solely o'er the lea.  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way  
and leaves the world to darkness and to me

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.  
A hush descends upon the countryside,  
now is the hour when owls come out to prey.  
Like ghosts on silent feathered wings they glide

The lowing herds winds slowly oe'r the lea.  
Quite soon they will be relieved of their distress.  
The bursting udders emptied easily.  
Their heightened pace betrays their eagerness.

The ploughman homewards plods his weary way.  
He's more than ready for his evening meal,  
he and his horse have worked along hard day  
and both were glad to hear the tocsin bell.

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
I wait and watch for the stars to appear  
and marvel at their punctuality.  
I wonder if they too some signal hear

Poeticpiers aka ivor

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Godivas Granddaughter For Friend Denis Joe

Sky Clad she rode her motorbike  
around the town at normal speed.  
No one had ever seen the like  
but all the fellers were agreed.  
That she deserved a rousing cheer.  
She'd livened up a boring day  
They hoped she would again appear  
a sight for which they'd gladly pay.  
The lady had fulfilled her bet.  
None knew her real identity,  
the townsfolk talk about it yet.  
But it remains a mystery.  
Just who she was and why she chose  
to ride Sky Clad nobody knows.

20-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Gone Astray     A Rant

## Gone Astray

A solemn silence fills the space  
contained with cathedral walls.  
A sanctuary filled with grace  
But over it a shadow falls

There are few worshippers today  
and they're engaged in private prayer.  
Although the tourists make their way  
to see the wonders which are there.

They gladly pay the entrance fee  
a charge imposed to help defray  
the maintenance that has to be  
paid for. This is the only way.

the church authorities can find  
the funds which are necessary.  
Although the ancient rules defined  
access to worship should be free.

The churches now are businesses  
and not what they were meant be.  
It seems religion matters less  
to the presiding hierarchy.

Than making profits to maintain  
these symbols of authority.  
Although the signs are very plain  
Because they do not want to see.

That piety has less to do  
with structures glorifying God.  
Provided by the wealthy few.  
Who did not think it at all odd.

To see this as their entry fee  
to buy a place in paradise

A triumph for hypocrisy.  
I think today we are more wise.

No longer ruled by the dead hand  
of church enforced religious laws.  
We are entitled to demand  
the church must find a different course.

The world has changed and so must they  
We aren't required to obey  
church leaders who have lost their way.  
And do not meet our needs today.

It matters not which creed you choose  
they do not practice what they preach.  
Their teachings are of little use  
If they don't believe what they teach.

Intolerance and bigotry  
Fostered by narrow minded priests  
are prevalent it seems to me.  
Truth does not matter in the least

21-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Gone But Not Forgotten

The water meadow by the stream  
where I was wont to sit and dream.  
Has disappeared, replaced by  
much less pleasing to my eye.

A street of brick red bungalows.  
You can't halt progress I suppose.  
This used to be a pleasant place  
of beauty now there's little trace.

Developers just do not care  
they're building houses everywhere.  
Despoiling every beauty spot  
in search of any vacant lot.

Though city dwellers wish to live  
Somewhere at least an hours drive  
from the city where they strive.  
I do not think I can forgive

Destruction of my riverside.  
Now ugly bricks and mortar hide.  
the water meadows where I dreamt.  
I owe them nothing but contempt.

2-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Gone But Not Forgotten.

My father's bald and wears a wig  
My older brother shaves his head  
I wonder is it infra dig  
Agreeing with what mother said.  
About masculine vanity.  
Women prefer a man with hair  
Though they accept that it might be.  
Only temporarily there.  
The hair you run your fingers through  
By middle age may disappear  
The only thing that you can do.  
Is stroke his ego not his hair.  
He's still the man you chose to wed.  
Although his hair has departed.

Wednesday, 18 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Good News To Share

Now what's amiss?  
No welcome kiss  
That's not like you

Usually  
you will give me  
a kiss or two,

Your smiling face  
tears now replace  
What is to do?

Why are you sad  
or are you mad.  
Now tell me true.

Did I offend?  
I will amend  
I promise you.

I am not mad  
but I am sad  
I cannot do.

All I would will  
I feel too ill.  
I really do.

Once out of bed  
I vomited.  
What should I do

What did we want?  
You are pregnant  
I'm sure it's true.

We soon will be  
not two but three.  
I'm proud of you.

We will be three  
a family  
I'll care for you.

So frown no more  
smile as before.  
Come kiss me do.

All will be well.  
Who first to tell  
I leave to you.

7-Jun-07

Rhupunt welsh bardic form

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Good Question

Of what does happiness consist?  
Merely a feeling of content  
is it enough to just exist?

Is it just a sometime thing?  
Which we experience now and then  
that stirs our hearts so they must sing.

If we don't know the opposite  
how can we know that we are glad?  
I think it only apposite.

We meditate and celebrate  
all the emotions we can feel.  
So we with confidence can state.

Today I am not sad but glad  
to be who and where I am.  
All in all life's not too bad.

Sadness balances happiness  
as sure as day must follow night.  
This truth I feel I must express.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Goodbye Blues For Friend Marvin

When you are finding life too tough  
and feel as if you've had enough  
There's only one thing you can do.  
You must conduct a life review.

Weigh up the good against the bad.  
Recall the good times that you've had,  
I am quite sure if you reflect  
although life is far from perfect.

I rather think that you'll agree  
if you reviewed things honestly.  
Things aren't as bad as they appeared  
and find your blues have disappeared.

Expose your problems to the light,  
when written down in black and white.  
You can resolve them one by one  
until the very last is gone.

Don't leave them festering unseen  
Just give your mind a thorough clean.  
If you adopt this strategy  
you'll find it works immediately.

Your life takes on a rosy hue  
because you've changed your point of view.  
A simple change of attitude  
is all you need to lift your mood.

26-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Goose Fair For My New Friend Baylei

A regiment of honking geese,  
disturb the early morning peace.  
As they are driven to the fair  
by girls with flowers in their hair.

The goose fair is the great event  
and the excitement's evident.  
As Farmers, wives and serving maids  
and hucksters join the great parade.

Small tinkers carts of pots and pans.  
Dispute the way with caravans  
of gypsy families who meet  
at the goose fair. Where they compete

with local merchants. They all try  
to persuade fair goers to buy.  
The fairings that they have for sale  
gilt gingerbread and bottled ale.

Hair ribands of every hue.  
"golden" rings and brooches too  
At least that's what the hucksters say.  
As they attempt to make you pay.

much more than what their wares are worth.  
A cause to wiser heads for mirth.  
But the young will not be told  
that all that glistens is not gold.

It would be wasting time to try  
to persuade them not to buy.  
What they perceive to be bargains.  
Excitement has addled their brains.

There stands a stall of pewter ware  
The finest value at the fair  
with pots and plates of every size.  
The pewtersmith does not tell lies.

There's something to suit every taste.  
Be quick, be quick no time to waste  
The merchants cry in unison  
your only chance will soon be gone.

There's games to play to test your skills  
and fat quack doctors selling pills.  
Which they're prepared to guarantee  
will cure your every malady.

Your rotten tooth you can have out.  
The dentist knows what he's about  
He does not claim it is pain free  
but pulls it out efficiently.

There's stalls of boots and stalls of shoes  
which make it difficult to choose  
from whom you'll buy your merchandise  
Prepared to haggle over price

You have to have the cash to pay  
for anything you buy today.  
This simple rule to everyone applies.  
And woe betide the fool who tries

To steal the goods he cannot buy.  
For they will raise the hue and cry.  
The buying crowd will join the chase  
the thief will find no hiding place.

They will harass him mercilessly  
until he's caught eventually.  
Then he'll be locked away to wait  
his trial by the magistrate.

He has been beaten black and blue  
as angry crowds are wont to do  
He faces transportation  
or even execution.

If valued at twelve pence or more  
then only death will pay the score.  
If it is less he will sent  
to some far distant settlement.

Where he must labour for the time  
that was thoughtmete to fit his crime.  
The angry crowd have had their fun  
and soon forget what they have done.

They drift away as twilight falls  
completely deaf now to the calls  
of merchant who still have goods to sell.  
They make for home with tales to tell.

The merchants must remove their stalls  
although outside the city walls  
They must be gone by break of day  
or they will have a fee to pay.

The fair is over for this year.  
The finest Goose Fair anywhere.  
The local worthies proudly boast  
about the Goose Fair which they host.

It has been held for centuries  
and still today it guarantees  
a fun filled day for families  
Although today you see few geese.

3-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Grace Notes For M Lady Tara

I'm haunted by a memory.  
A tune I cannot quite recall,  
in quiet times it comes to me  
as into reverie I fall.  
Somehow it seems to soothe my soul  
makes all my troubles disappear.  
Knits up the pieces makes me whole,  
assures me that I've nought to fear.  
A harpist plays the melody  
accompanied by a silver flute.  
They blend in perfect harmony  
as if it was composed to suit  
my taste when in a pensive mood.  
I would record it if I could.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Grace Notes Echoinf For M Lady Olfa

The eastern sky is growing bright.  
Signalling the end of night.

Soon in due course the rising sun  
confirms a new day has begun

The morning silence broken by  
a lark that carols from on high.

Instinctively when she takes wing  
.She knows her duty is to sing.

Because she has survived the night  
Because a new day has begun  
Because she free to fly on high.  
Because she knows that her singing.

Is something she's required to do.  
Yet every day her song is new.

Tuesday,02 February 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Graduated Success

The World's my university.  
Where lessons are taught painfully  
I made mistakes as all must do  
and to be honest not a few  
I missed some opportunities  
but I learned slowly by degrees  
When things looked too good to be true.  
You'd best step back and review  
the situation once again  
and save yourself a lot of pain.  
Nothing worth having comes for free.  
So weigh things up judicially  
Then if your certain go ahead  
but still be careful how you tread.  
The best laid plans can come to nought  
when things don't go as you thought.  
You're bound to fail a time or two  
such setbacks can be good for you  
You have to learn from your mistakes  
resilience is all it takes.  
Life knocks you down; get up again  
and in a short while you'll regain.  
Your sense of purpose and move on.  
There's nothing more you could have done  
Another lesson you have learned  
you sometimes get your fingers burned.  
Just persevere and you'll make good  
the way you always knew you would.  
We don't award fancy degrees  
nor give cast iron guarantees.  
What you learn are realities  
unlike other universities.

24-Jun-07

Cyhydd naw ban      a welsh bardic form  
poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Gramercy

Why should I live in agony?  
my life a total misery.  
Because you find you can't agree.  
to help me die with dignity.

Who gave you the right to choose?  
whether to allow or to refuse.  
To end a life of little use  
I think it is gross abuse.

of your assumed authority.  
To decide what is best for me,  
you will not listen to my plea.  
I choose death voluntarily.

I am no use to anyone.  
I'm well aware my race is run  
and I am anxious to be gone.  
The choice is mine and mine alone.

And therefore should be left to me  
But in your wisdom you decide.  
I must live on in agony  
You won't assist my suicide.

01/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Grandchild M' Lady Chitra

She walks in beauty innocent.  
Too young as yet to understand  
beauty can create discontent.

Men will regard her with desire  
and other girls with jealousy.  
Emotions that she will inspire

in other folks against her will  
She is content to be herself,  
she has her own dreams to fulfil.

She is not quite a woman yet  
retains a trace of childishness.  
Which in due course she will forget.

As she matures and comes to know  
the power that her beauty brings  
But can she use it wisely though?

Or let power go to her head  
and use her beauty to control  
and gain her selfish ends. Instead

of being what she's meant to be.  
Some one who cares for other folks.  
Oblivious to their jealousy.

and to the lustful looks of men.  
Continue to act naturally  
as she does now. She is open

to the demands circumstance.  
What influence is brought to bear  
which will define her future stance.

She walks in beauty innocent.  
There is so much for her to learn,  
before she becomes competent

to choose the way that she will go.  
The choice she faces hers alone,  
and not a gift I can bestow.

She has free will as we all do.  
I dare not offer my advice  
after all what do I know.

18-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Grandmama

She sits and rocks contentedly.  
She's grateful for the evening breeze  
which is perfumed by lilac trees  
and cools the air considerably.  
A picture of serenity  
a comforter across her knees.  
As she recalls fond memories  
from long ago with clarity.  
What day it is she does not know  
her short term memory is gone  
She sits and rocks quite happily  
and watches as the sun sinks low.  
She understands when day is done  
but little else apparently.

She's cared for by her family.  
Who make sure she is comfortable  
She is no longer capable  
of living independently..  
No longer as she used to be.  
A sight that makes them sad to see  
as she regresses mentally.  
Though they are glad she does not know.  
Appears to suffer no distress  
quite happy in her mindlessness.  
They think perhaps its better so.

10-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Grandpas Rocking Chair For M Lady Chitra

On the front porch a rocking chair  
nobody uses no one dare  
Nor dare they move it anywhere.  
Grandpa decreed it must stay there

What grandpa said was what he meant  
he left no room for argument.  
He simply stated his intent  
Though other folk felt different

When Grandpa died the family tried  
to set his iron rule aside  
You'll rue this day their Grandma cried  
Your Grandpa will not be defied.

They moved the chair to show they could  
though grandma did not think they should  
She warned them all that nothing good  
would come of this. She understood

although she knew Grandpa was dead.  
She knew he'd rise in wrathful pride  
to reinforce what he has said.  
His last command before he died.

The chair was moved despite her pleas.  
Her warnings were not listened to.  
From that day on they knew no peace  
Til grandma told them what to do

The rocking chair must be restored  
to where Grandpa said it should be.  
They all agreed of one accord  
the chair replaced immediately.

Sometimes at night it seems to be  
moving gently slowly rocking  
Although there's nothing they can see  
they know that Grandpas visiting.

To see his word is still obeyed.  
That no one moves his rocking chair.  
Nobody will they're too afraid.  
They know sometimes he still sits there.

27-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Green Shoots

My morning stroll, a search for signs of spring.  
The sun is bright although the temperature is low  
But has been lower throughout the long night  
Beneath the trees the grass is frosted white.  
Frost crystals sparkle with reflected light.  
But still I search for signs although I know.  
Until the soil is warm nothing will grow.  
Despite the fact I can't see anything.  
Beneath the soil ready to germinate.  
Seeds bulbs and corms are waiting patiently  
For soil conditions to become just right  
Life held suspended in a dormant state.  
One day soon, they will suddenly break free.  
Spring will arrive at last to my delight.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Grin And Tonic For M 'Lady Marilyn

I sometimes have a jaundiced view  
when I survey the world today.  
I have to pause and look anew  
to try to see a different way.  
It all depends on upon my mood.  
The way in which I choose to see  
and my prevailing attitude.  
So in the end it's down to me.  
I wear an artificial smile  
which will conceal the way I feel.  
But oddly in a little while  
I find my smile becoming real.  
What I pretended has come true.  
It works for me: why not for you.

01/05.2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Grown Men Do Cry

Old memories which linger still.  
Can bring the tear drops to my eyes  
Sometimes they take me by surprise  
and cause my tears to freely spill.  
I'm not afraid to say they do.  
There is no reason I should be.  
My memories both old and new  
are an integral part of me.  
Sometimes they're tears of happiness  
and I am smiling through my tears.  
Though other tears recall sadness  
that I have suffered through the years.  
Old memories reminding me  
of joy and sorrow equally.

Monday, 09 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Guardian Angel?

I think I'm being haunted by  
a female ghost who constantly  
Appears to want to be with me  
Although I can't imagine why.

I ask her but she wont reply.  
She seems afraid to meet my eye.  
I think she thinks she and I  
have shared some common history.

I see her as faint image.  
A blurred impression from a page  
of fashions from a bygone age  
Or some actress upon the stage.

A misty figure clad in grey  
stays close to me by night and day  
I ask again but she won't say  
She cannot seem to stay away.

I don't know who she is or was  
and I will never know because.  
She thinks I ought to know of course.  
Which in itself should give me pause.

She only comes when no one is here.  
I sense her presence drawing near  
then hazily she will appear.  
This silent ghost from yesteryear.

I see no reason for alarm  
I know she does not wish me harm  
In fact she has a certain charm.  
Her quietness a healing balm.

Which soothes my mind and set me free  
from all the noise which bothers me.  
Incessantly and ceaselessly.  
She offers quiet company.

She places no demands on me.  
She is content apparently  
to visit unobtrusively,  
when she desires my company.

I do not know if she chose me  
or I chose her subconsciously.  
Sometimes I doubt my sanity  
but she is very real to me.

Perhaps she's just a fantasy  
I'm well aware that she might be.  
Or some forgotten memory  
of someone who was dear to me.

My mother died when I was small  
it could be her who I recall.  
I have no memories at all  
The passing years erased them all

7-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Guardian?

Guardian.

Surreal scenes of beauty lie  
silently beneath the sky

You find them unexpectedly.  
If you are lucky you will see.

Scenes seldom seen by human eyes  
A veritable paradise

.  
Which nature has successfully  
managed to keep completely free.

From outside interference.  
Secrecy her best defence..

Now you have glimpsed this paradise.  
You will forget if you are wise.

Where you have been what you have seen.  
You know too well what it would mean.

If it should become well known.  
Instead of leaving it alone.

Some businessman would surely buy.  
In search of profit he would try.

To sell it off as building lots.  
A common fate of beauty spots.

What can you say to convince me  
You will maintain the secrecy.

If you cannot then you must die  
and with the other strangers lie.



I will kill you reluctantly  
to maintain the security.

Of this secluded beauty spot  
Have I the right or do I not?

Friday, 09 July 2010

[http;](#)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Guilt 08 For Friend on

The slow soft sighing of the breeze, recalls a stir of memories.  
Some good, some bad, some sad, some glad. concerning all the friends I've had  
All of my youthful dreams which failed young love affairs which quickly staled  
All of my petty victories I can recall with greatest ease.  
My failures too are on parade, all of the errors I have made.  
Insist on coming to the fore, they do not matter any more.  
I have regrets of course I do I can't deny that this is true.  
Now looking back I clearly see. It wasn't always up to me.  
sometimes because of circumstance I was prepared to take a chance  
and acted irresponsibly. Instead of thinking carefully.  
When I was young, naïve and green Made promises I did not mean  
in order to achieve my ends. Now it's too late to make amends.  
Some memories come as punishment and other memories are meant  
to comfort me in my distress. Assuage the sins which I confess.  
I think perhaps this might be true of each and every one of you.  
I offer in my own defence that I learnt by experience  
the lessons which I needed to as everybody has to do.

1-Jun-08

blog my

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Gut Feelings?

I can read omens in entrails  
of cockerels I sacrifice.  
my inner vision seldom fails.  
I am the local Haruspice.  
Although you may not understand  
the message that I give to you.  
I must do as the Gods command  
as I am bound by oath to do.  
The Gods enjoy their little jest.  
They make their messages obscure.  
Although I always try my best.  
There is no way I can be sure  
The message I relay to you  
is the one I am supposed to.

Saturday, 11 September 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hannibal's Lecture A Cautionary Tale

She was pretty clean and neat  
from her head to her bare feet.  
The kind of girl to whom I cater.  
She looked good enough to eat.  
so I did I cooked and ate her.

Now she has become part of me.  
Although perhaps you won't agree  
I did the only thing I could  
I made a maiden fricassee  
I have to say she tasted good.

My given name is Hannibal  
an unashamed cannibal.  
I see no reason to waste meat  
I am convinced that after all  
Fresh human flesh is good to eat.

I was locked up but I broke free  
as I think rather cleverly.  
I prowl the streets in search of prey.  
There is no prison can hold me.  
Maybe you'll meet me one fine day.

I do look rather ordinary  
There's nothing visible to see  
to mark me out from other men  
I tell you confidentially  
That I intend to feast again.

Perhaps I have selected you  
to be one of the chosen few  
To satisfy my appetite,  
to braise or roast or make a stew.  
To dine upon tomorrow night

But do not worry you won't know.  
I'll kill you with a single blow  
I don't believe in cruelty

I'll kill you quick but cook you slow.  
Enjoy you Gastronomically

Although recognise my name  
I am quite certain when I claim  
That should we meet one day by chance,  
as part and parcel of life's game  
I would not rate a second glance.

This is the key to my success  
I do not dress up to impress.  
So should I ask you out to dine  
there is no chance that you might guess  
That the pleasure will be all mine

I'm Hannibal the Cannibal  
a predatory animal  
I find the taste of humans sweet  
To you its reprehensible  
to me you are a source of meat.

I dare to break this strict taboo  
which makes me different from you  
I see no reason for the ban  
Although you may deny it's true  
but man has always preyed on man.

Now who am I to change the rules?  
although they are not taught in schools.  
I believe that they should be  
If only to protect the fools.  
From roving predators like me.

30-Nov-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Happy Heretic

The seven deadly sins must be.  
Reserved for Cardinals and such  
who are completely out of touch  
with everyday reality  
For they believe apparently.  
That greed is asking far too much  
but gluttony can be a crutch  
for those who live in misery

And seeming sloth could be M.E.  
Rendered blind by their own pride,  
They raise their voice in righteous wrath.  
I think perhaps they envy me  
because I do not have to hide  
my sins. I'm free to choose my path.

18-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hard To Bear 2010

Like spectres in the gathering gloom.  
White lilac trees are in full bloom  
and fill the air with sweet perfume  
The perfume that you used to wear.

When first I set my eyes on you  
I knew you were my dream come true  
Quite certain no one else would do.  
We were destined to be a pair.

You smiled at me and then I knew  
my darling that you felt it too  
For once Dan Cupids aim was true  
he hit his targets fair and square.

Two separate hearts now beat as one.  
We both knew that we'd undergone  
a sudden transformation  
And so began our love affair.

We had been wed for forty year.  
Known happiness beyond compare.  
But death took you left me to bear.  
My grief alone. Life is unfair.

Like spectres still white lilac trees  
their perfume carried on the breeze.  
Refreshing my fond memories  
of perfume that you used to wear.

Although I know it can't be true.  
I sometimes sure I can see you.  
Smiling at me as you used to do.  
But as I watch you disappear.

An old mans foolish fantasies.  
Or do you really visit me?  
Do I see what I want to see?  
'Cos I won't face reality.

I know your watching over me  
I feel your presence frequently.  
Let other people disagree.  
they think I'm mad but I don't care.

Wednesday, 28 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Hard To Bear. For M 'Lady Tara

Moonlight on the water glimmers.  
Highlighting the naked swimmers.  
skinny dippers, just having fun  
They do no harm to anyone..

It isn't right the whingers cry,  
who happen to be passing by.  
It's rude, it's lewd, lascivious.  
Perhaps because they're envious.

They'd like to join in but don't dare  
display themselves completely bare.  
Which probably is just as well  
because as near as I can tell.

They'd add no beauty to the scene.  
They're grossly overweight: Obscene.  
I have a different attitude  
though I am old I am no prude.

If I was younger I would be  
amongst them playing happily.  
I used to enjoy swimming nude  
I really wish that I still could.

Old age and disability  
effectively preventing me  
I cannot do what I used to do.  
Though I can still enjoy the view.

27-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Harmless Gossip

An avenue of stately trees  
whose branches meet high overhead  
exchanging gossip with the breeze.  
This is the way that rumours spread.

When lovers stroll beneath the moon.  
The trees observe their every move.  
They dance to day to the same tune  
their forbears danced to when in love.

Though fashions change, some things do not.  
The trees have seen it all before.  
All that they've seen is not forgot  
but added to their growing store

of gossip which the trees then share  
with every passing breeze that blows.  
The trees will spread it everywhere  
to all and sundry I suppose.

Be very careful what you do.  
Although no one can see.  
Know that the trees are watching you  
and they will share quite happily.

Everything that they have seen  
with any breeze that happens by.  
With consequences unforeseen  
By trees and breeze or you and I.

When strolling in a moon lit glade  
Beware the moon's soft silver rays.  
That stir the blood of man and maid  
to think this is the time and place.

19/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Harmless Pastime For Friend Thad

When I survey the skies at night.  
I try to count the points of light  
although I know it can't be done  
I still attempt to just for fun.

The light which we perceive today  
has taken centuries they say.  
To travel at the speed of light  
from stars beyond our human sight.

Perhaps its true, perhaps its not  
but does it matter. Not a lot.  
The stars I think that I can see  
are part of my reality.

Though they burnt out eons ago.  
the speed of light seems very slow.  
I see them as they used to be  
and that is good enough for me.

I understand each is a sun  
but still I count them just for fun.  
Those distant twinkling points of light  
To me a source of pure delight.

I like to sit and fantasise  
about these beacons in the skies.  
Set my imagination free  
as I sit watching quietly.

6-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Harmonic Accord

When ebony and ivory  
combine in keyboards they provide  
cacophony or harmony.  
Its up to you must decide.

You find one colour limits you  
in what you can and cannot play  
You wisely choose to use the two.  
Because there is no other way.

To create music old and new  
Both black and white each play their part  
Why is it that we choose to  
see others races as apart.

Because they're not the same as us  
We miss the similarities  
which makes me rather curious  
What is it causes us unease.

Intolerance and bigotry  
or merely simple ignorance.  
It seems we see selectively  
quite unprepared to take the chance.

That they might be like you and me.  
Despite the colour of their skin.  
If we look closely we can see  
They're not so different from our kin.

Both ebony and ivory  
It seems so obvious to me  
need to contribute equally  
for any kind of harmony.

2-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Harmony Restored For M Lady Ernestine

The vicar, such a nice old gent.  
Sees both sides of the argument.  
But there is little he can do.  
He will not choose between the two.  
Maintains a strict neutrality  
and prays for guidance reverently

The Sabbath should pass peacefully,  
quite free from all hostility.  
But Oh Dear Me it isn't so  
the organist will have to go.  
So we regain tranquillity  
and hear the choir properly.

The organist will take offence.  
But we must act in self defence.  
The vicar acts reluctantly  
and grants the choirmaster's plea.  
The organist just has to go.  
He played far too fortissimo.

05/11/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Harsh Reality For M 'Lady Fay

Although I truly empathise  
with your desire to fantasise.  
It is my task to emphasise.

Although you day dream happily  
escaping from reality  
Your must return eventually.

There is one rule all must obey  
although you would much rather stay.  
Your fantasies must fade away.

You know that what I say is true.  
Although your job is boring you.  
It's something that you have to do.

So save your dreams for when you sleep  
and have no deadlines you must keep.  
If you do not the price is steep.

You will get fired right away  
you'll have no job and get no pay  
But you'll be free to dream all day.

If you are wise you'll listen to  
the sound advice I'm giving you  
and do what you are paid to do.

You cannot live on fantasies  
you have to pay for groceries.  
That's one of life's realities.

22-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Hauptstrasse Heidelberg

I seem to see superimposed  
upon today's reality  
An older world a fantasy  
this high street as it used to be.

Pondering with eyes half closed.  
I can imagine easily.  
This old streets chequered history.  
Today a lasting legacy.

Perhaps in truth I merely dozed  
and only dreamt that I could see.  
This cobbles street completely free.  
From all modern technology.

A great deal different I suppose.  
No mobile phones, no cameras  
no bicycles, no motor cars.

Then in my mind a question rose.  
Was there a possibility  
my poet's sensitivity.  
Had actually enabled me.

To slip through times firmly closed door  
and see vignettes from history.  
A gift that fate had granted me  
however undeservedly.

I do not know nor ever will.  
It must remain a mystery  
Just what I saw or did not see  
Is etched deep in my memory.

I am compelled I must compose  
A verse or two of poetry  
Say how this street affected me  
The how and why, eluding me

19/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## He Calls Me Honky.

My friend's as black as ebony  
and he delights in teasing me.  
He says I am the coloured man  
I can't deny it no one can.  
My hair is blond my eyes are blue.  
His words are obviously true,  
My facial skin is pink and white.  
to anyone with normal sight  
His eyes, his hair and skin are black  
I cannot counter his attack  
But he's my mate so I don't care  
His banter isn't hard to bear  
We're much the same bar for our skin.  
What matters most must lie within.

Monday, 16 November 2009

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Healing Hand For M Lady Ernestine

I don't conduct experiments  
to prove established precedents  
I try to keep an open mind  
to things by science undefined.

I do accept telepathy  
and other forms of ESP.  
I see no reason to deny  
Some may have this ability

Some heal by laying on of hand  
a process no one understands  
But one that works obviously.  
The evidence is plain to see.

To see someone become pain free  
when they have been in agony.  
Though all the doctors are quite sure  
that healers can't provide a cure.

The patients know that healers do  
that's why they will not listen to  
The scientists who can't believe  
the cures that healers can achieve.

Sometimes alternate therapies  
do work much more efficiently.  
Than what the doctors offer you  
Both you and I know this true  
23-Dec-08

poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Heaven Belongs To Me

Enclosed within rose red brick walls.  
A garden from a bygone age.  
A view which instantly recalls.  
An Elizabethan image.

Remembered from a magazine.  
A glossy illustration  
An Idyllic English scene.  
Which comes close to perfection.

Although the house is very old  
It's well maintained in good repair.  
According to what we've been told  
A reigning monarch once slept there.

A local legend probably  
Which can't be proven either way.  
It could be true quite possibly.  
It doesn't matter anyway.

It really was love at first sight.  
This house will suit me perfectly  
I'll buy it if the price is right.  
I'm hopeful that it's going to be.

I made my bid successfully.  
I hope to move in right away.  
I shall live here happily.  
I think until my dying day.

Some dreams come true but some do not.  
But Lady Luck has smiled on me  
I am content with what I've got.  
As I have every right to be.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Heavenly Messenger.

Heavenly messenger.

As morning breaks the still, dark lake  
reflects the opalescent light.  
The waterbirds begin to wake.  
Then somewhere near a lark takes flight.  
This tiny bird whose melody  
informs the world of a new day.  
She rises singing joyously.  
The blackbird adds his roundelay.  
A pleasure for the ears and eyes  
of early rising men who see  
the pastel colours of sunrise.  
Spread from the east above the sea.  
I am content to listen to  
her hymn of praise forever new.

Saturday, 11 September 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hello World

We start our lives as parasites  
and selfishly take all we need  
to satisfy our appetites  
to mothers wants pay little heed

Inhabiting a paradise.  
A place of comfort and delight,  
it comes to us a surprise  
to be expelled into the light.

Our first reaction is to yell  
protestingly to no avail  
Expelled from paradise to hell,  
just the beginning of our tale.

We are presented with a teat  
and fall to suckling hungrily.  
The breast is warm the milk is sweet  
we feed and then sleep placidly.

In my small world there's only me.  
Nothing and no one else exists.  
Save only what I feel and see.  
A point of view which long persists.

I make my demands forcibly  
because I rule the universe.  
My mothers there to comfort me  
and feed me when I wish to nurse.

In time I came to realise  
my mother isn't part of me.  
My wants and needs she still supplies  
but does so voluntarily.

I recognise her by her smell  
and fret when she's away from me  
I scream in anger and rebel  
because she has no right to be

anywhere but in my sight  
and so she sings to comfort me.  
I give in and cease to fight.  
Then when I'm sleeping peacefully.

She can get on with other things  
the household chores which must be done  
But she flies back as if on wings  
if I should stir or cough of course.

My daddy sometimes watches  
me while mummy has a well earned rest.  
His antics make me with laugh with glee  
but I still love my mummy best.

I've ceased to be a parasite  
I can live independently.  
I know when mummy's not in sight  
she's never very far from me.

I still return to paradise  
when mummy sings a lullaby  
and rocks me 'til I close my eyes  
and fall asleep obediently.

5-Aug-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Help

Angels come in many guises.  
Different shapes and different sizes,  
concealed by their odd disguises.  
Angels manage to surprise us.  
Sometimes we do not recognise  
because of blinkers on our eyes  
or the dark clouds that fill our skies.  
The title angel still applies.  
To those that lend a helping hand  
or only try to understand.  
The problems which seem to demand  
resources which we can't command..  
Your guardian angel will appear  
to calm your mind and quell your fear.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Help Wanted

I am compelled, perhaps obsessed.  
Would be a better choice of word.  
My muse allows me little rest.  
She is convinced that she know best  
No matter how much I protest  
She insists she has the right  
To make me write by day and night.

I sometimes feel I am possessed  
Although the idea seems absurd.  
My judgement marred by lack of rest  
I find reality is blurred.  
I'm sure my muse abuses me  
I'm tired of her tyranny.

I really think that it would be  
Better if she left. Undeterred  
She still insists that she knows best.  
And acts as if she hasn't heard.  
That poets can dismiss their muse  
When they are guilty of abuse.

I'm sick of being under stress  
Although I would have much  
preferred not to cause my muse distress  
She pretended she misheard.  
When I told her we were through  
It was the only thing to do.

I did not like her attitude.  
But now I am without a muse.  
Although I have some aptitude  
I must arrange some interviews  
I will be careful when I choose  
Some muse to fill the vacancy.  
A muse that will not bully me.

Monday, 17 October 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Helplessy Hopeful.

The shells are falling all around.  
Destroying lives and property  
The city streets a battleground.  
Death strikes indiscriminately.

The government determined to  
Enforce the rules which they dictate.  
It seems they are prepared to do  
Anything but negotiate.

Dictators do not want to see.  
That times have changed and they must go.  
They cling to power desperately.  
Try to maintain the status quo.

A task which proves impossible.  
Because the vast majority.  
Have decided that they will  
Fight to reclaim their liberty.

The winds of change have reached gale force.  
Which no dictator can defy  
Although they're bound to try of course.  
To no avail they must comply.

The peoples will is paramount.  
No man can rule without consent.  
Dictators will have to account  
for all their sins that's evident.

The winds of change will sweep away.  
Dictatorships and tyranny.  
Although there is a price to pay  
Peace will return eventually.

But until then the suffering  
will continue day by day.  
The world condemns but does nothing.

Just watches in a helpless way.

Sunday, 08 July 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Helpmeet For M 'Lady Ann

I don't pretend to understand  
the workings of a woman's mind.  
It is much easier I find  
to let her know she can command  
My full attention when she needs  
someone to listen to her woes  
and this apparently succeeds.  
Though why or how no man can know.  
She doesn't want solutions  
she merely wants to ventilate.  
(A fact few men appreciate)  
until her fit of blues is gone.  
The female mind's a mystery  
which responds well to sympathy.

2-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Her Own Choice

She could no longer cope alone.  
Knew all too well that it was true  
and there was something else she knew.  
Her race was run, time to move on.

She did not wish to vegetate  
in some well run establishment  
Where lunch became the main event.  
With no attempt to stimulate.

The workings of an agile mind,  
trapped inside a useless shell.  
A body which had served her well.

Before her health was undermined,  
by ailments which progressively  
destroyed all of her abilities.  
The time had come to quit the game.

So she decided she would die  
in her own bed in her own home  
To be pain free would be welcome.  
So she died voluntarily.

The cause of death no mystery.  
She chose to exercise her right,  
While she had the will to write  
the finish to her life story.

22/04/2009

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Here And Now For M 'Lady Ernestine

I know a bank beside a stream.  
Whereon the shy white violets grow  
An Ideal place to sit and dream.

At least I know it used to be  
but nothing ever stays the same  
The world is changing constantly.

You can't return to yesterday.  
Though if you try then you will find  
there is a price which you must pay.

If you are wise just stay away  
retain your cherished memories.  
It's very different there today.

I could not even find the stream.  
Instead a clutch of bungalows,  
A cheap and nasty housing scheme.

I came away without delay.  
I left as quickly as I could.  
My cherished dreams in disarray.

I was a fool I should have known.  
You can't return to yesterday.  
Far better leave the past alone.

Concentrate on the here and now  
Where you can wield some influence  
if circumstances will allow.

08/08/2009

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ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Here And There For M'Lady Mary Gordley

To you they are pure fantasy.  
To me they are reality,  
So we are bound to disagree.  
In worlds I visit frequently,  
you can see dragons flying free.  
But only if you have the key.  
To open up your tight closed mind  
to all the wonders you can find  
when reality is left behind.  
Try it out what can you lose,  
travel anywhere you choose.  
You have free will you can refuse.  
But when I need a holiday.  
I close my eyes and drift away.

7-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hi Mom; Remember Me?

Tissue warning.

Her eyes abrim with unshed tears  
She tries her best to hide her fears.  
But tells her beads compulsively.

Her soldier son a fighting man.  
Is serving in Afghanistan.  
She prays for him continuously.

She prays he will soon be home again  
And bring an ending to the pain.  
She cannot hide effectively.

But those of us who love her know  
She is prepared to undergo  
Her sufferings stoically.

It is her choice to hide her fears  
It is her choice to hold back tears.  
So we pretend we cannot see.

It is our choice to show respect  
We know she's trying to protect  
us from sharing in her misery

but we have a secret too  
We know her soldier son is due  
to land almost immediately.

But he swore us to secrecy  
Though we agreed reluctantly  
We will stay with her until we see.

Him say " Hi Mom remember me."  
The she will let her tears flow free

whilst she is smiling joyfully.

Sunday, 22 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hidden Scars

To most of you who have not killed  
and suffer not from dreaming filled  
with flash backs known to fighting men.  
Who must relive the moments when  
they had no choice, they had to kill  
or be killed. Which haunt them still.  
It may be they disturb your dreams  
with grunts and groans and muffled screams.

Be patient try to understand  
these dreams they cannot countermand  
are far too vivid to ignore.  
So comfort them try to restore  
their sense of being here and now  
until their racing heart beats slow.

They say in time these flash backs fade  
but until then the ghosts parade.  
Across the minds of sleeping men  
and drag them back from now to then.  
Survivors sometimes suffer more  
than those who died whilst waging war.  
The guilt they feel is all too real.  
Wounded minds are slow to heal.

17-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hidden Watcher. For M'; Lady Francesca

Hidden watcher.

The salt marsh stretches endlessly  
and forms a perfect habitat  
Where migrant birds nest in safety  
to brood and raise a family.

Few hunters ever venture here,  
because they fear the boggy ground  
That's noted for its treachery.  
So most prefer to hunt elsewhere.

Bird watchers come the whole year round.  
They only shoot with cameras  
and they avoid the boggy ground  
They know that rare birds can be found.

In the salt marsh beside the sea.  
It is a twitcher's paradise  
They record meticulously  
each and every bird they see

The salt marsh lies beside the sea.  
As it has done since time began.  
A panorama of rare beauty  
That is changing constantly.

It changes as the seasons change.  
I does not stay the same for long.  
Nature can and does rearrange  
to make the landscape look quite strange.

An eerie place and frightening  
when covered by a dense sea fret.  
When you can see and hear nothing  
above the roar of waves breaking.

There's nowhere I'd prefer to be

Than esconced in my favourite hide.  
To watch the birds in secrecy  
I can see them They can't see me.

Sunday,15 August 2010.

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# High And Free

Though magic mushrooms may transform  
change your perceptions from the norm  
then lead to flights of fantasy.  
Escaping from reality.

Some prefer Acapulco Gold  
to loosen up, let go their hold.  
To drift and dream in mellowness  
where nothing matters more or less.

Still others choose a line or two  
of the White Lady takes them to  
a place where they no longer care  
about the burdens which they bear.

Whatever poison which they choose  
I see as forms of self abuse.  
I much prefer to meditate  
Till I achieve an altered state

of mind which will set me free.  
To create my own fantasy.  
Poetry is my drug of choice  
Triumphantly I can rejoice

and share the visions which I see  
in black and white poetically.  
I suffer from no side effects  
which every addict must expect.

I get as high on poetry  
as I would ever want to be  
I dream but I dream lucidly.  
I can control my fantasy.

18-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# High Stakes For Friend Thad

The sun scorched desert lies in wait.  
Implacable but patiently  
Its moving contours undulate  
moving swiftly but silently.

There are no landmarks men can see  
to know exactly where they are  
On every side hostility  
the desert's not particular.

They have no way to navigate  
across the ever changing sea  
of endless dusty real estate  
which alters imperceptibly.

The sunlit slopes and shadows change  
more quickly than men think they can  
The desert's free to rearrange  
the landscape and so baffle man

.  
That he despairs surrenders to  
the tactics that he cannot fight.  
Then as so many travellers do  
is lost forever to men's sight.

Implacable hostility  
the desert show the human race  
and also its ability.  
To erase men and leave no trace.

Though sometimes sun bleached bones appear  
by constant friction polished clean  
Then just as quickly disappear  
almost as if they'd never been.

The sun scorched desert lies in wait  
today as it has always done  
For foolish men to challenge fate.  
Though very seldom men have won.



23-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# History In The Making

The time has come to change the rules.  
The powers that be think we are fools  
Though they will find to their dismay.  
It isn't true and they will pay

The penalties long overdue.  
The people have the power to  
demand and to enforce.  
A change to the existing laws.

Which seem to be designed to  
Benefit only the rich few  
Who think they are above the law  
They see themselves as superior..

The peoples will is paramount  
and we will call you to account.  
Exposing your dishonesty  
Publically for all to see.

The boot is on the other foot.  
We will divest you of your loot.  
Ill gotten gains you have amassed.  
Your unfair rule will be overcast.

Look round the world and you will see  
A demand for democracy.  
The people's voice must be obeyed  
The peoples will can't be gainsaid.

The fat cats and the bankers must  
Recognise they have to adjust.  
The way they think and how they act.  
Accept as an established fact.

The winds of change have reached gale force.  
The time has come for a change of course.  
You've had your own way far too long

It's time to sing a different song.

The once silent majority.  
Have spoken with authority.  
You can't ignore the peoples will  
But if you try you will foot the bill.

Rebellion is in the air.  
With people rising everywhere.  
You can't afford to make mistakes  
A single spark is all it takes.

Thursday, 27 October 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hold Back The Night

Hold back the night. Let not the light  
fade and disappear from view  
I still have duties yet to do.  
Hold back the night I'd fain put right  
and leave with honour shining bright.  
Mistakes I made as all men do.  
before I bid this world adieu  
and then accept the fall of night.

I'm truly not afraid to die.  
Because I know I've done my best  
and that is all a man can do.  
I hope I'll be remembered by,  
when finally I'm laid to rest.  
Those who I loved, who loved me too.

16-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Honest Politician For Friend Thad

Self confidence is often found  
where it cannot be justified.  
In naïve fools who love the sound  
of their own voices, full of pride.  
Oft in the young an arrogant.  
We can forgive them easily  
but when the politicians rant.  
We listen to them warily.  
All of their florid verbiage,  
we disregard we know they lie  
Their promises mere persiflage  
which when elected they deny,

So vote for me an honest man  
I'm out to get all that I can.

My honesty makes me unique  
I want to board the gravy train.  
You can believe these words I speak  
Because I state I hope to gain  
a seat which will entitle me.  
to pursue my own interests.  
Claim my expenses easily  
for M.P.s there are no means tests.  
I can employ my relatives  
and claim back their salaries.  
The art of nepotism lives  
So vote for me I ask you please.  
I do not promise that I will do  
anything at all for you.

2-Jun-08

[http; blog](#)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Honestly

A good luck charm an amulet.  
yes superstition lingers yet.  
Despite vaunted modernity,  
the human race is still not free  
from their belief a lucky charm.  
Will somehow keep them from all harm.  
Although it defies common sense  
it seems to boost their confidence.  
I don't subscribe to this belief.  
I check and find to my relief  
the lucky charm she gave to me.  
Exactly where it ought to be.  
My only reason I declare  
for wearing it. It pleases her

9-Feb-08.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Honesty

When I was young I lacked the sense  
to realise I'd cause offence.  
By asking questions frequently  
and challenging authority.

I asked because I wanted to  
believe that what you said was true.  
But you denied me a reply  
and I was left to wonder why.

Children should be seen not heard.  
To my young mind was just absurd.  
I think you were afraid to show  
There were some things you did not know.

So you forfeited my respect.  
I learnt thenceforward to expect  
From most adults dishonesty  
Because they could not possibly.

In any shape or form confess  
that they might possibly know less.  
Much less than what they thought they knew  
and passing time has proved it true.

If I am asked I find it best  
to admit that I fail the test  
and simply state that I don't know  
but that I do know where to go.

I recommend the library  
where you may find quite easily  
The answer that I can't supply.  
I find that's satisfactory.

12-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Honourable Members? ?

The politicians all agree they have more rights than you and me  
They are convinced that they should be. Divorced from life's reality  
They should be allowed to make claims. to further their own ends and aims  
Gain money from the public purse. Which should willingly disburse  
however much they choose to claim. Because they referee the game.  
The present rules are much to lax they even cheat on paying tax.  
They say they play within the rules. They seem to think that we are fools  
Though in the past we may have been. It is past time to change the scene.  
They must repay ill gotten gains although each one of them complains  
They only claimed what they were due. I don't believe it nor do you  
Perhaps some few claimed by mistake. Though most of them were on the take.  
They may have started honestly but were corrupted easily.  
There's no excuse for their abuse. Their complaints are of little use.  
Their penchant for dishonesty casts doubt on the integrity.  
On all who just might be untainted by dishonesty.  
I am quite sure there are a few who won't object to the review.  
Which seeks to introduce new rules and put in place the correct to tools.  
Which will derail the gravy train and let the honest men retain  
the respect which they deserve. The ones who truly try to serve.  
The thieves are a minority and should be dealt with severely.  
If they prove guilty by intent then they deserve imprisonment  
Like any other citizen and not allowed to stand again.  
Making repayments will not do there must be prosecutions too.  
They must be made to pay the price for their greed and avarice.  
It was their choice to cheat and lie and I can see no reason why  
the rule of law should not apply to all men even handedly.

03/11/2009

poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Hooked.

I'm sure, deprived of poetry  
descent into insanity  
would follow. Inevitably  
It is my prime necessity

Poetry is my drug of choice.  
Without it I would have no voice  
either to lament or rejoice.

For I depend on poetry  
to validate that I am me.

I am addicted hopelessly.

Wednesday, 23 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hope Overcomes Experience.

I understand that love can die.  
Without a cause apparently.  
There is no point in asking why.  
We must accept that agony  
replaces erstwhile ecstasy  
We used to share so long ago.  
So we decide reluctantly  
the time has come we must let go.  
We can retain fond memories  
or do our damndest to forget  
though neither can be done with ease.  
Because we are not ready yet.  
No doubt we'll fall in love again  
undeterred by our past pain.

Thursday, 27 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hot Gossip

I tell you in strict confidence.  
Because I know you can't resist  
Passing what I tell you on  
To anyone and everyone

You can contact by telephone  
Or even send an e mail to  
The choice is yours and your alone  
I cannot control what you do.

I have no qualms in using you  
although I know it isn't fair  
You do what I intend you to  
Despite the fact I made you swear.

You won't betray my confidence  
and stick to what you said you'll do  
I know you lack sufficient sense  
To know that I am using you.

I never tell you anything  
I do not wish to be broad cast.  
You have to pass on everything  
you hear from first to last.

When the rumours prove untrue  
Nobody knows I am to blame  
They are quickly traced back to you  
Whilst I maintain my own good name.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hourglass

The sand flows through, marks grain by grain  
the minutes which won't come again.  
Moments of pain, moments of pleasure.  
They record with equal measure.  
They mark them with a steady flow  
the sand above drips down below.  
Then when the final grain has dropped  
It does not mean that time has stopped.  
It's time to turn the hour glass  
so that the grains may freely pass.  
From up above again below.  
Time will not stop if they don't flow.  
But if it did how would you know  
without the sand to tell you so.

8-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# House Hunting For M Lady Ann Beard

Some houses seem to welcome you.  
You feel at ease immediately.  
It is if the walls recall  
What happened here and store it all.

The triumphs and the tragedies  
Firm memories of past events  
Have been recorded faithfully  
Each and every incident.

If you are at all sensitive  
You tune into the ambience,  
the positive and negative.  
Impinge somehow so you can sense.

That something dreadful happened here  
It may be faint it may be strong  
but it affects the atmosphere.  
You know at once this house is wrong

You're certain that it will not do.  
You have no doubt, no doubt at all  
You know the house is telling you  
it has no choice it must recall

All the unpleasant memories  
which it has stored so faithfully.  
For decades perhaps centuries.  
You choose to leave immediately.

The next house which you choose to view  
affects you in a different way.  
It seems prepared to welcome you.  
You can decide without delay

It is not hard to make the choice  
This is the house that you will buy  
You listen to that house's voice

because you know it cannot lie.

You go ahead complete the deal  
prepare to move in right away  
You are content because you feel  
that everything has gone your way.

You know that it was meant to be  
It's all that you were looking for.  
This house responds positively  
You need not look at any more.

21/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Household Goddess

She moves with fluid stealthy grace.  
Although compelled by circumstance  
to accept now a lowly place.  
A loser in life's game of chance.

She can pretend to be a pet  
But don't be fooled make no mistake,  
for she remembers even yet.  
When the whole world was hers to take,

to freely do with as she chose.  
None had the power to say her nay,  
deep in her savage heart she knows.  
That she will reign again some day.

You might think she is just a cat.  
Exactly as she wants you to.  
Though she is not, she's more than that.  
One day she will reign over you

when she resumes her rightful place.  
As the ancient Egyptians knew,  
each cat a goddess in her own right.  
But until then she will make do.

She lets you think you're in control  
Yet she can rule you easily  
I think that truly on the whole  
you recognise her majesty.

The feline race were born to rule.  
Which they all know instinctively.  
If you think otherwise: You fool  
yourself most comprehensively.

13-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Howdy For M'Lady Mary Gordley

If you should catch a passing smile.  
Then wear it for a little while  
before you pass it on again.  
You cannot lose you always gain.  
For smiles are most transferable.  
Most everyone is capable  
of giving and receiving smiles  
in many forms and many styles.  
They take less effort than a frown  
and lift you up if you feel down.  
Surprise a stranger with a grin  
a gesture that's born deep within.  
Strangers are friends you have not met.  
A smile's something they won't forget

29-Jun-08

[http;](#)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Hunger Is A Fine Sauce

Nature intended me to be  
an omnivore: That's what I am.  
I will make no apology  
because I enjoy beef and lamb.

Though others may have different views.  
I find no cause for argument  
if they enjoy their meatless stews.  
A vegetarian precedent.

I do as nature bids me to  
I eat what is available  
and feel no guilt because I do.  
Eat meat and fish and vegetables.

We have no choice we have to eat  
I see no fault in eating meat.

30-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Hydrotherapy

I rose before the sun today  
And slowly walking made my way.  
Down to the shore where I could see.  
The waves that roll in endlessly.  
Although my travelling days are done  
I can remember everyone  
Each journey that I ever made  
Fond memories I would not trade  
For anything with anyone  
The journeys I look back upon  
Can make me feel quite young again.  
I can forget the constant pain  
Of the disease that's killing me.  
My erstwhile mistress comforts me.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Am A Man!

I am a man full grown.  
I have the right to choose  
To make my way alone  
What have I got to lose? .

If I refuse to do  
as you expect me to.  
I owe nothing to you

I will choose my own way.  
Today and every day

I am man, my own man

Friday,05 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Am My Own Man For Jt Ellison

They say I'm mad but I don't care  
It's merely eccentricity  
If I was poor I would be mad  
but I am not which makes me glad

I have my own psychiatrist  
He thinks he knows much more than me.  
He has delusions which persist  
Which I encourage quietly.

So he advances theories  
meant to explain what makes me tick.  
Tries to diagnose some disease.  
He cannot see I am not sick.

I did not choose to be a clone  
accept opinions tailor made  
He is a fool he should have known  
That I would see through his charade.

I am not mad just different.  
Simply because I choose to be  
I go my own way quite content  
Proud of my eccentricity.

12-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Am Still Me.

I'm not the man I used to be  
When in the first bloom of my youth.  
Who had abundant energy  
I must accept the awful truth.

As I grow old I realise.  
I'm not the man I used to be  
I have no choice but recognise.  
I must conserve my energy.

It's for the best quite probably.  
I have to think before I act.  
I'm not the man I used to be.  
I can't deny that simple fact.

I can do what I need to do  
Though I must plan it carefully.  
I am quite sure you feel it too.  
I'm not the man I used to be.

Saturday, 15 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Am That I Am For a

I speak to those who choose to hear  
To those who choose to see, appear  
If you believe you will perceive  
if you accept you will receive.  
The blessings that I offer you  
and in return I ask you to.  
Attempt to love your fellow man.  
It is not easy but you can  
What does it matter black or white  
all men are equal in my sight.  
You have free will and you must choose  
to listen to me or refuse  
Be still and let the silence speak.  
I am that for which all men seek

23-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Am What I Am

I am what I am

I try my best to show  
So other people know  
That I'm a gentleman.

Because I think it best  
to differ from the rest.  
I am not a macho man.

I am content to be  
seen as ordinary.  
Though I am a gentle man.

Balassi Stanza

13/05/2009

Http:

Parameters

Three three line stanzas

Rhyme pattern

aab

ccb

ddb

first and second lines 6syllables

third line seven syllables

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Believe 2012

When moonlight filters through the trees.  
I sometimes hear sweet melodies.  
Carried towards me on the breeze.  
Music guaranteed to please.

It comes from where the fairies dance.  
I'm not afraid to take a chance.  
To follow it and steal a glance.  
Which would do nothing but enhance.

My belief that fairies do exist.  
A fact that others may resist.  
Despite the legend that persist.  
Although I am a realist.

And not some dreaming fantasist.  
I claim to be a pragmatist.

Wednesday, 15 February 2012.  
[http: :](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# I Believe In Fairies Too For M Lady Ernestine

Sometimes at night across the sky.  
I see the silver dragons fly.  
Although not everyone can see  
the dragons dancing gracefully.

My friends think I have lost the plot  
but I assure them I have not.  
I don't know why they cannot see  
what is so very clear to me.

Perhaps I have an open mind  
and they do not, so they are blind.  
Moonlight reflecting on their scales.  
This is a sight that never fails

to make me stop and realise.  
Some cannot see though they have eyes.  
They don't believe the evidence  
of their own eyes. It makes no sense.

Because they can't believe it's true  
and won't adjust their point of view.  
But I believe and I can see  
the dragons flying easily.

When twilight falls if you just try,  
you too will see them fly  
Unless you too, have closed your  
mind and don't believe in dragon kind.

2-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Can And I Will! !

Welsh Bardic form

Written in heptasyllabic (7 syllable) Quatrains

Line three cross rhymes with the central syllables of line four.  
Lines one, two and four carry the main Rhyme

Rhyme pattern

XXXXXXa

XXXXXXa

XXXXXXb

XXXXbXa

Example

There is no way I can know  
Trials I must undergo.  
This must be hidden from me  
Lest I should be laid down low.

And see time as my mortal foe.  
It is mete I should not know.  
A mans future has to be  
a deep mystery and so.

It was decreed long ago  
No man is allowed to know  
what his fate will come to be  
in dire jeopardy or no.

The years will pass quick or slow.  
Troubles come and troubles go  
Insofar as I can see  
Nobody is free to know.

I need no one to tell me so  
We go where we have to go  
Until we eventually  
are allowed to see and know.

20-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Can Revisit Yesterday.

Sometimes I sit, sometimes I think.  
At times I can combine the two.  
Time passes by quick as a wink  
As I nostalgically review.  
Where I have been, what I have done.  
I wander down memory lane,  
Just sit relaxing in the sun.  
Recalling happy times again.  
I let sad memories fade away.  
They do not hold my interest.  
The happy ones are here to stay.  
I try to choose only the best.  
The memories which make glad.  
I don't waste time on feeling sad.

Wednesday, 15 August 2012.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## I Can Still Look.

Ripe breasts like apples tempt my eye.  
Although I try to look away.  
my eyes continue looking avidly  
Nature designed all men this way.  
I may be old but I still can  
appreciate a shapely maid.  
Like any other normal man.  
Some times I find my eyes have strayed  
back to beauties on display  
and memories flood back unsought  
of when I was not old and grey.  
I thoroughly enjoy the view.  
I'm not ashamed to say I do.

7-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Can.

Inverted hexaduadad.

I can  
choose to be a man.  
Stand tall upon my own two feet  
Or to retreat.  
The choice is up to me.  
Though not quite free  
I can't refuse  
I am compelled to choose.  
What shall I do.  
I will not change my view  
I will be the best man  
I can.

Saturday, 10 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Can'T Decide. Story Poem

Oil lamps burn on either side  
Of a polished stone centrepiece.  
Its only purpose is to guide  
The task performed by the high priest

The celebrant is crimson clad.  
He speaks a language long since dead.  
The strangest dream I ever had  
Which filled me with a sense of dread.

I knew I dreamed but it seemed real  
I tried to wake to no avail.  
Held in a trance as strong as steel  
My puny efforts doomed to fail.

It was as if against my will  
I was transported to the past  
By some magician with the skill  
The bonds of time to overcast.

I could tear my eyes away  
Beneath the altar though unbound  
The sacrificial victim lay  
Willing to die: His faith profound.

His death would bring fertility  
Ensure the future of his clan  
So they could thrive successfully.  
Thanks to the courage of this man

The priest despatched him with one stroke  
The young man died without a sound  
The priest turned to the crowd and spoke.  
The words he uttered echoed round.

Although I could not understand  
a single ow I knew  
That he obeyed his Gods command  
As he was duty bound to do.

Then I awoke quite suddenly  
The sacrifice had set me free.  
But was it fact or fantasy  
I cannot say positively.

Perhaps some racial memory  
embedded in the D.N.A  
My forebears had passed down to me  
Had been triggered in some way.

That vivid dream still bothers me  
It is a dream I shan't forget  
I choose to call it fantasy  
But I have doubts that linger yet.

Alternative reality  
Or just a dream about the past  
It could be neither possibly.  
But I was glad when it had passed

I think about it frequently.  
But find that I cannot decide  
If it was fact or fantasy.  
It seems my doubts will long abide.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# I Choose My Path

Experimental form

Why  
Should I try?  
to be  
What I am not.

I  
Cannot be  
what you  
expect of me.

I  
can't fulfil  
the dreams  
Which you could not.

You  
had your chance  
and failed.  
It's my turn now

I  
will pursue  
my dreams.  
They may come true.

Wish  
me success  
is that  
too much to ask.

I  
have no choice  
I must  
follow my dream.

To

win or lose.  
A chance  
I have to take

So  
say goodbye.  
Then smile  
and wish me luck.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Choose To Protest Openly.

I choose to protest openly.

I'm cynical, satirical.

Politically incorrect.

Though you agree in principal.

I sometimes think that you suspect.

I'm sometimes economical

With the truths I try to expose.

You think it may be probable.

My acid comments are a pose.

You hold your tongue in self defence.

Although you do not disagree.

You hesitate to give offence.

To the prevailing powers that be.

By staying silent you assent.

To tyranny by government.

Sunday,15 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Chose My Way

The road I took came to a fork.  
I had no choice but to decide  
which of the two paths I would walk.  
One narrow way, one broad and wide.

Whichever path I choose to take  
a question lingers in my mind.  
Perhaps I've made a grave mistake  
but I press on leave doubts behind.

The narrow way; I made my choice.  
Although I chose impulsively  
I listened to some inner voice.  
That whispered it was right for me.

I reached my goal successfully  
which made me what I am today  
Although I wonder where I'd be  
if I had gone the other way.

Once you decide don't second guess  
but execute the choice you made.  
The only way to reach success  
is to keep on unafraid.

20-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

I can recall quite vividly  
the day I solved the mystery.  
How girls and boys were different  
. We were so young and innocent.

Our youthful curiosity  
was satisfied quite easily.  
She showed me hers. I showed her mine  
Noting the different design.

We were too young and innocent  
to understand quite what it meant.  
Why she was different from me  
it made no sense that we could see.

Until later years when we  
were fast approaching puberty  
Our bodies underwent great change  
as hormones tried to rearrange

and reinforce the difference  
The things began to make more sense.  
We'd left our childhood days behind  
and we were struggling to find.

A new sense of identity  
which would provide stability  
Though we were hovering in between  
what we were now and what we'd been.

We settled down eventually  
and we were ready physically  
To fall in with Dame Nature's plan  
Unaltered since the world began.

I must confess when first I tried  
it left us both unsatisfied  
I was too quick she was too slow  
there was so much we didn't know.

Practice makes perfect so they say  
and so we practiced every day  
and learned to bless the difference.  
We realised it made good sense.

That boys and girls were different  
If this was sin I won't repent.  
Although the priesthood say I must  
It was not simply down to lust.

To us it was a learning curve  
apprenticeship we had to serve.  
I still recall it vividly  
a not too painful memory.

4-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Don'T Regret What Might Have Been.

When the sun sets and the world is still.  
I seek release in solitude  
This is my time for memories  
Some I can recall vividly  
Selected from the multitude  
Of dreams which I could not fulfil.

Some were my own and some were not  
I can look back in retrospect.  
Though some quite unexpectedly  
Decide to surface suddenly.  
Each one is worthy of respect  
Although they have been long forgot.

The quiet time that lies between  
The end of day and fall of night  
Would seem to be appropriate  
To sit alone and meditate  
After the sun fades from sight  
and contemplate what might have been.

Eventually I must conclude.  
That I am where I'm meant to be  
Some times I tried only to fail  
My efforts were to no avail.  
When I look back nostalgically  
I know it's just an interlude.

I'm well aware that all too soon.  
I must accept reality.  
The humdrum world of every day.  
Is never very far away  
And banishes my reverie  
Beneath newly risen moon.

I face the morrow with a smile

Because I know the sun will set  
Then I seek my solitude  
Enjoy the peace and quietude.  
That I so very seldom get.  
If only for a little while.

I tend to stick to my routine  
I am too old to change my ways  
I see no reason why I should  
The peace and quiet does me good  
As I review my glory days.  
I don't regret what might have been.

Sunday,04 September 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# I Found A Friend Or He Found Me Storypoem

I see strange phantoms in the mist. Most quickly fade but some persist  
Some few I recognise as trees but others still are mysteries.  
Fogbound I cannot trust my eyes and my subconscious mind supplies some  
memories which frighten me. I cannot discount easily.  
Of travellers lost in the fog who end up choking in some bog  
I am no fool I shall remain until the fog lifts and I see again  
The cold damp fog chills me to the bone. I start to feel that I'm not alone  
Something, someone is watching me I dare not think what it might be.  
I cannot run, I cannot hide I have no choice I must abide.  
I feel a presence near to me but there is nothing I can see.  
I'm not afraid I'm is this thing so close beside  
me that I can feel its panting breath. Is this the day I meet with death.  
I feel a warm touch on my hand and finally I understand.  
A stray dog's found his way to me desiring human company.  
Now that he's found me he won't leave and I am ready to believe.  
That each of us has found a friend someone on which they can depend.  
His very presence comforts me. We wait together patiently.  
The fog will clear and we'll go home He will no longer need to roam  
and scavenge for his daily food. He is mine now that's understood.  
A bargain struck without a word but by our inner senses heard.

13-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Go Where Moonbeams Go

I wake from sleep and hitch a ride  
Upon a moonbeam passing by  
Where shall I go I can't decide  
no matter how hard I may try.

I am content to simply glide  
and go wherever moon beams go.  
Dark city streets where shadows hide  
the shameful secrets which they know.

Along slate roof tops wet with rain  
my faithful moon beam carries me.  
Far out to sea and back again  
there is so much for me to see.

When morning comes I'm back in bed.  
My mother says it was a dream  
but I just smile and nod my head.  
Tonight I'll catch a new moon beam.

29-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Have A Dream

I want to write real poetry  
But I'm not sure how I should start  
I need someone who can teach me  
the basics of poetic art.

I do not know if it should rhyme  
and meter is a mystery.  
I have the will I have the time.  
I somebody will please help me.

I have the urge I have to write  
I really want to get it right  
What makes it poetry or prose?  
there is a difference I suppose.

I know there's different schools of thought  
an ongoing controversy.  
I'm simply looking for support  
to help me with my poetry.

I have the basic writing tools  
a pad a pencil and P.C.  
I need to learn the basic rules  
which turn prose into poetry.

I am willing to study hard  
and heed advice that's offered me.  
By any older wiser bard  
who's skilled at writing poetry.

26-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Have A Family! !

I have a family

My ancestry a mystery  
I was abandoned as a child.  
I had no family history.  
To which I am now reconciled.

From nursery to children's home  
Until I was adopted by  
A couple who made me welcome  
With whom I lived quite happily.

They had three children of their own  
Who readily accepted me?  
An orphan parentage unknown  
Addition to their family.

I had three sisters instantly  
And better still a mum and Dad.  
Who had especially chosen me  
to be their only little lad.

I vowed to make them proud of me  
I studied hard did well at school.  
Then on to university.  
I showed the world I was no fool.

I'm a successful businessman  
My Family is quite proud of me  
which only goes to show you can  
overcome successfully.

With the support of family  
the problems which you have to face.  
To become what you want to  
and be a winner in life's race.

My mum and dad mean more to me  
than accolade I may earn.

They fed and clothed and nurtured me  
now I support them in my turn

An orphan boy who they took in.  
They raised me as their only son  
with loving care and discipline  
I think I was the lucky one.

They say success is down to me  
That I worked to make my way  
but we agree to disagree  
I love them more than I can say.

4-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Have Become A Pragmatist For Friend Leslie

I have become a pragmatist

I've been betrayed by so called friends  
and people who I thought I knew.  
With no attempt to make amends.  
I sometimes wonder if it's true.  
Was I myself in part to blame  
for trusting far too readily  
that's not the way to win life's game.  
Now that it's too late I see  
I acted rather foolishly.  
I should have been more sceptical  
and checked them out more thoroughly  
at risk of seeming cynical.  
I am no longer so naïve  
I've learnt my lesson I believe.

16/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## I Have Decided: Finally.

My family donated me to mother church, a priest to be.  
Because no one consulted me, I had no chance to disagree.  
So in due course I was ordained and found I'd lost more than I gained  
The church had educated me. I'd won a double first degree  
My parents did what they thought best they acted in my interest.  
There was no way I could protest. Though I must say I'm not impressed with the  
way that things were done and recently I have begun.  
To realise resentfully my future was mapped out for me.  
I am expected to repress the normal feelings I possess.  
A problem which all priests address. I am a man no more no less.  
I am quite certain that I would not have chosen the priesthood.  
I have decided that I should quit the priesthood and for good  
The practice of celibacy seems quite unnatural to me.  
I am convinced a priest should be free to have a family.  
The church has made a grave mistake expecting every priest to take  
A vow which causes so much heart ache. I must resign: Make a clean break.  
To earn my living honestly in some profession where I'm free  
To wed and raise a family. Celibacy is not for me.

Monday, 26 April 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Have Grave Doubts

Long ago when the world was new  
It was a perfect paradise  
Which every living creature knew  
And none of them thought otherwise.

But then the Lord created man.  
Equipped him with a brain to use  
That's when the troubles all began  
Man decided to refuse

To do as he was bidden to  
Defied the lords authority  
He thought he was entitled to.  
As it turned out mistakenly.

Man was cast forth from paradise.  
Or so the bible stories say.  
A mixture of half truths and lies.  
The church is teaching still today.

We have free will so we choose  
What to accept or to reject  
Amongst the many varied views  
Promoted by each different sect.

I choose to disregard them all.  
Despite their claims to know the truth.  
The tale they tell of Adams fall  
I can't believe without more proof.

I think religions are designed  
to exercise social control.  
A fact I do not really mind.  
Which seems effective on the whole.

But when the founding figure dies  
His followers will fight to take his place.



His spoken word no longer applies.  
He is impossible to replace.

That's why we have so many sects  
Which all attempt to dominate.  
and show each other small respect.  
With no attempt to integrate.

The separate wisdom which they teach.  
Although they are quite similar.  
Nor do they practice what they preach.  
My words may sound familiar.

Because they have been said before.  
By men much wiser far than me.  
I am no fiery orator.  
Nor do I think I'd like to be.

I see no point in taking part  
In debates or arguments.  
Which have no base from which to start.  
Reviving ancient discontents.

What I believe is up to me.  
Though I admit I might be wrong  
It's my responsibility.  
I merely try to get along.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Have Returned.

I have returned to carry out,  
the task I had to leave undone.  
You will soon that Jacks about.  
I'm Jack the Rippers great grandson.

I was reborn to continue  
my campaign started long ago.  
Although you can't believe it's true.  
That show how little that you know.

I'll rid the streets of prostitutes  
who try to lead good men astray  
Reducing them to lustful beasts.  
These women are my lawful prey.

To prove that I am really Jack.  
I will leave my usual clue  
at the site of each attack.  
In the same way I used to do.

I'll take some little souvenir  
to add to my collection  
A kidney or perhaps an ear  
As I did in days long gone.

I will select them carefully  
The women who I've come to kill.  
I know police will hunt for me  
which adds a little to the thrill.

I slew my first victim today.  
In Whitechapel would you believe.  
You can rely that what I say  
is no more than I can achieve.

There is no doubt that fear will reign  
amongst the ladies of the night  
As I renew my old campaign.

I am still Jack I strike at night.

I am not just some copy cat  
who seeks to emulate my deeds  
You can be very sure of that.  
This is a warning all should heed.

My name is Jack and I am back.  
Despite modern technology  
I will be just as hard to track.  
If Lady Luck still favours me.

18/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Have The Right

Alas and alack: My lord is dead.  
Now who will protect me in his stead  
I must wed, I can't rule alone.

It seems to be traditionally.  
That no widow lady can be  
allowed freedom to reign alone.

Although I have proved competent.  
The powers that be are not content  
My ascent, they cannot condone.

They view it as a prime disgrace!  
A woman ought to know her place  
They can't face the fact. He is gone.

I am the ruling castellan  
I do not want another man  
Any man to usurp my throne.

I will defy their foolish laws  
because I have no other course.  
Use of force. I defend my own

My men swore loyalty to me  
although the lords may disagree.  
I am free. They serve me alone.

They respect my ability  
despite my femininity  
Quite happy that I rule alone.

Offended masculinity  
must accept the reality  
which for me. I rule, he is gone.

I am prepared to stand and fight  
with naked blades defend my right  
day or night to hold what I own.

(6-Jul-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Hear

When the trees sing what matters is knowing.  
That the trees are singing at all.  
their gentle music ever out flowing  
for those attuned to hear its call.  
Although all children hear and sing along,  
most adults have forgotten how  
to listen to the trees and hear their song  
They're far too busy to allow  
themselves to be distracted by the trees  
Their minds are fixed on other things  
and do not miss the melodies  
The gentle breeze amongst the branches sings  
It makes no difference at all  
The trees still sing as they have always done  
in summer, spring winter and fall.  
I listen for the music of the trees  
those sad but sometimes joyous harmonies.

10-Dec-08

[http;](#)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Hear And Reflect

A bell tolls sonorously  
one single chime. Then silence reigns  
It wakes me from my reverie.  
Conscious again of aches and pains.

I had lost temporarily  
in contemplation of the past  
That single knell reminding me  
Of the long years which quickly passed.

Before the years caught up with me  
For old age does not come alone  
It brings along infirmity.  
Which hitherto you have not known.

When you are young you do not know  
What future lies ahead of you  
but as you live and learn and grow  
You will become as others do.

Much more aware than what you were  
of how your body will re- act.  
To the stress and strain you bear.  
That you must think before you act.

Gone is the energy of youth  
You used to waste without a thought  
You slowly come to learn the truth  
That rude health can't be sold or bought.

As long as I can hear that chime  
which has disturbed my reverie  
I can be certain that this time  
The death knell does not ring for me.

Each day an opportunity  
To do things I can still do  
although slow and steadily.  
My body still allows me to.

Although I pay in aches and pains  
I do not think the price too high.  
My interest in life remains.  
I am too busy far, to die.

I know I will eventually  
but do not let it worry me  
It is the only certainty  
the bell will toll one day for me.

23-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# I Hesitate For Friend Konstantin

I walk in darkness seeking light.  
I search for truth to no avail  
I can't distinguish wrong from right.  
I know not if I can prevail  
against the problems assailing me.  
I cannot say with certainty  
if satisfaction can be found.  
The only thing I'm sure about.  
I have no choice I must go on.  
Despite my fears I have no doubt  
that I am not the only one.  
Who suffers such uncertainty  
yet still continues hopefully.

2-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Keep My Head For Sdi Mahtrow

I

I am a bard with tales to tell  
I know my trade I know it well.  
I am made welcome when I call  
at any manor house or hall.

I have sweet tales of courtly love  
which will the ladies spirits move  
and epic tales of battle lore  
to entertain the men of war

Plus jests and japes of every kind  
All carried in my well stocked mind.  
I travel round the countryside  
collecting news from far and wide.

I try my very best to be  
certain of my accuracy  
Although sometimes I stretch the truth  
some puissant lord's anger to soothe.

I pride my self on honesty  
although some critics disagree.  
All bards at times are forced to lie.  
There is a simple reason why.

I would much rather live than die  
and when my life's in jeopardy  
I lie as well as any bard  
to go on living my reward.

10-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Know

A busy woodlouse wends his way  
across the tiles of black and gray.  
A vast expanse beneath the sky  
I wonder where he goes and why.

A tiny creature harming none  
he journeys on his way alone in danger  
from the birds that fly.  
I wonder where he goes and why.

Wood lice have no defence at all  
except to curl up into a ball.  
He hurries on determinedly.  
I wonder where he goes and why.

Now he will travel on no more  
he has become the breakfast for  
a hungry blackbird passing by.  
I know where he's gone and why.

Revised sep 07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Know I Have A Copy Somewhere

Wherever you may choose to look  
You're guaranteed to find a book.  
Perhaps a murder mystery.  
Anthologies of poetry  
Reference books and picture books.  
Books on witchcraft and black magic  
Tomes on almost any topic.  
Some by authors long since dead.  
Books which try to look ahead.  
Books of every shape and size.  
As I have come to realise.  
Enough to start a library  
Though jumbled up haphazardly.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Know What Is Best For Me!

I did not think I'd live to see.  
Three quarters of a century.  
But I'm still here hale and hearty.  
I shouldn't be statistically.

The doctors make me furious  
and not a little curious.  
They say they what's best for us.  
To me it's very obvious

They have convenient memories.  
As they promote their theories  
of things they say will damage us.  
I find it frankly ludicrous

I started smoking when I was ten.  
Doctors advising way back then  
to anyone who would listen.  
Smoking did no harm to men.

But this is now and that was then.  
The modern breed of medicine men  
Have changed what they believe again  
Admitting they were mistaken.

If they were wrong back in the past  
And those beliefs are over cast.  
They may have got it wrong again  
I wonder why they can't explain.

Why I should believe their views.  
I find they are of little use.  
They change their minds too frequently  
I am entitled to refuse.

I disregard their theories.  
I choose to live the way I please.

I smoke and drink because I choose.  
A gamble I can win or lose.

When I reach my centenary  
I will review most probably.  
The latest views of medicine men  
I have no doubt they'll change again.

Thursday, 26 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## I Know Who I Am.

I slept and in my sleep I dreamt.  
I must abandon my attempt  
To achieve worldly success  
There is no one I need impress.  
With a display of luxuries.  
I only have myself to please.  
I do not care what people say  
I choose to live in my own way  
I see no reason to court fame.  
I'll never be a household name.  
Though some may find it curious  
I'd rather be anonymous.  
Than subject to publicity  
Like some well known celebrity.

Friday, 20 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Live For My Dreams.

She comes to me in dreams at night.  
And holds me as she used to do.  
But disappears by morning light  
So I am left to grieve anew..

There's no one left to comfort me  
My family are long since gone.  
I wait for nightfall eagerly  
Just for a while I'm not alone.

Each night before I sleep I pray  
My love will come to visit me.  
Although I'll face another day  
of loneliness and misery.

They say that passing time will heal.  
For some perhaps it may be true.  
But not for me because I feel  
the anguish still of losing you.

I know somewhere you wait for me.  
You can't return and won't go on.  
You know we have eternity.  
That I will follow where you've gone.

When death released you from your pain.  
And left your spirit free to fly.  
You promised me we'd meet again.  
Now all I do is wonder why.

Fate decided that we should be.  
Forced to go our separate ways  
Parted arbitrarily.  
Condemning me to lonely days.

She comes to me by night in dreams  
and holds me as she used to do  
When for a while at least it seems  
as if my dreams will soon come true.



I pray each night I will not wake.  
To be set free to rejoin you.  
A journey I will gladly make.  
There's nothing here for me to do.

Tuesday, 15 March 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Know I Think So I Must Be For Friend Michael

I think therefore I am; To me  
this does not seem at all correct.  
I am therefore I think; Would be  
much more accurate I suspect.  
I do not let it worry me.  
Though e was concerned  
I am content to merely be.  
That is one lesson I have learned.  
Why should I worry needlessly  
about the things I do not know.  
I have my own philosophy  
I just accept it must be so  
I can think, therefore I exist.  
That is the truth I must insist.

Monday, 17 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Love My Daughter: But

I know, I know the exact word  
I use it very frequently.  
Then suddenly, it's quite absurd.  
I cannot trust my memory.

I've always trusted it before  
and it has never let me down.  
But that's is not true anymore  
and forms a reason for my frown.

My daughter says it just might be  
because I'm getting on a bit.  
I cannot possibly agree.  
I'm aghast at the cheek of it.

I'm not old just eighty three.  
I do not doubt that I will be  
the first one of my family  
to reach my own centenary.

What does it matter I forget  
some little things occasionally  
I know what's getting me upset  
Her lack of sensitivity.

The word will come if I just wait  
That is a racing certainty  
But I do not appreciate  
a recalcitrant memory.

There must be something I can do,  
to stimulate my memory.  
I think I'll take up something new  
Some thing active probably.

I may be old but I'm still fit  
to think and act competently  
My daughter talks a load of bull  
I won't forgive her easily.

Thursday, 12 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Love You For My Lady Irene

February the fourteenth day  
is not the only day I say.  
To my beloved I love you  
I try show in every way  
on every day and any day  
my love for her is strong and true.  
One day a year just will not do  
because she is entitled to  
those little words I'm glad to say.  
In my own simple honest way.  
I say I love you and it's true  
it's something that I always do.  
Because I think she needs to know  
my love her for will always grow.

13-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I May Be Wrong

I'm sure I've passed this way before  
and certain that I will again  
I do not worry any more  
although some questions still remain.

What is my purpose in the plan.  
I do not know and none can say  
what is the value of a man?  
What role am I supposed to play?

I do believe I'm here to learn,  
gain valuable experience.  
As every soul must in its turn.  
It seems to me to make more sense.

Than being judged on one life span.  
A moment in eternity  
It's far beyond the scope of man  
to reach perfection speedily.

I'm sure I've walked this road before  
and certain that I will again.  
Obedient to the Karmic law  
which rules the fate of everyman.

I don't believe vague promises  
that learned priests all guarantee.  
Visions of their paradises,  
which simply don't make sense to me.

28-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Paid My Dues

I've loved and won and loved and lost  
and never stopped to count the cost.  
For love's a gamble you must take.  
You have no choice make no mistake.  
An age old question, ever new.  
Which sometime will be asked of you.  
Will you wager on happiness  
and bet your life upon success.  
Or are you too afraid to try  
and let your chances pass you by  
Then when you're old and grey and bent  
.How bitterly you will repent  
the opportunities you missed.  
You can't remember being kissed.

12-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Prescribe A Purgative A Rant

The body politic is ill  
in urgent need of medicine  
It seems that lack the will  
to exercise self discipline.

They claim to act within the rules.  
When they make dishonest claims.  
Which proves they are short sighted fools.  
Some say the system is to blame

But I for one do not agree  
I think each person has to use  
The same standards of honesty.  
The systems open to abuse,

which does not mean they have to cheat  
Although it's obvious some do  
The time has come for a complete  
review of rules; long overdue.

Who made the rules? The same M/Ps  
who benefit from laxity  
Who seem to do just as they please  
and have no fear of penalties

The body politic is sick  
and it grows sicker every day  
This is no time for rhetoric  
we have to act without delay.

Expose the loathsome parasites  
who now wax fat in secrecy  
and curb their greedy appetites.  
It is the only remedy

The public is entitled to  
demand an end to secrecy.  
Insist all claims both old and new  
be subject to close scrutiny.



10/05/2009 http;

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Rebel

The Norns who weave the tapestry  
which rules the fate of mortal men.  
Can make mistakes apparently  
and some time have to think again.

Though each one blames the other two  
and none will admit to their mistake  
They have to weave the threads anew.  
A lengthy process which can take

almost the life span of a man.  
But even Norns are governed by.  
The need to heed the master plan,  
they have no choice the rules apply

A single thread that's out of place  
can alter mankind's history.  
So they comply with little grace.  
What is to be must come to be.

Has man no choice but play the part?  
They've woven in their tapestry  
His path through life right from the start  
is fore ordained: no man is free.

The three weird sisters can foresee  
future events and bind them fast,  
As pictures in their tapestry.  
No mortal man can overcast.

The lasting spell the sisters weave.  
Although he thinks his will is free.  
It matters not what we believe  
and therein lies the mystery.

If we believe that this is true.  
We are but puppets on a string  
and there is little we can do.  
To change the slightest little thing.

But I rebel I don't believe  
and make my way as best I can  
Accomplish what I can achieve  
I am no puppet I'm a man.

22-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Refuse To Be A Clone.

From birth to death it seems to me.  
That we are never truly free.  
To be what we would like to be.  
We are expected to conform  
to what's accepted as the norm.  
Dictated by society.

WE go to school where we are taught.  
To memorise the things we ought.  
But no one spares a single thought.  
About what we would like to be.  
They do not care apparently.  
We can't escape too firmly caught.

Though some of us a very few.  
Rebel and we refuse to do  
What the system wants us to.  
But most accept the status quo.  
Because they aren't allowed to know.  
That they are entitled to pursue.

Their cherished dreams in their own way  
and no one has the right to say.  
That they cannot but they will pay.  
The price for their rebellion  
against the states opinion.  
But some. still do it anyway.

I'm happy to defy the state  
and take control of my own fate.  
Because I don't appreciate  
being told I must obey  
When I can see a better way  
than that dictated by the state.

Sunday,09 January 2011  
[http: "](http://www.PoemHunter.com)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I See

Some few have the ability  
to see what others cannot see.  
Is it a blessing or a curse?  
A process that they can't reverse.

Some few but they are very few  
are happy that they can preview.  
Future events and be forewarned,  
Although their prophecies are scorned

by those who are unwilling to  
expand their narrow point of view.  
Blithely ignore the evidence  
which tends to support prescience.

When things foretold prove to be true  
They cannot change their narrow view.  
Perhaps afraid that what seers see  
must happen: Inevitably.

But those who have the second sight  
do not claim they are always right  
The fleeting visions which they see.  
They may interpret wrongfully.

Nor do they claim they can foresee  
every eventuality  
They know too well the scenes they see  
may be long past or yet to be.

In due course most will decide  
to keep quiet; try to hide  
the fact that they sometimes see  
the future intermittently.

If you have this ability  
then you will surely understand.  
You won't see what you wish to see  
it is not under your command.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I See, Do You?

I see what all men see  
but I regard it with a poet's eye.  
Find beauty in the ordinary  
which other men will just pass by.

For there is beauty everywhere.  
The world is more than passing fair,  
especially to an artists eye  
who has the time to stand and stare.

So many look but cannot see.  
I find it extraordinary  
that other men pass beauty by.  
That is not how things ought to be.

The have the opportunity  
which they don't take although it's free.  
Perhaps they are afraid to try  
to understand the worlds beauty.

14-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# I Shant Be Long

The swamp lies still beneath the moon  
Cicadas whirr incessantly  
the bull frogs add bass to the tune.  
Natures night time symphony.

I walk the paths we used to walk.  
Together always hand in hand  
recalling how we used to talk.  
The children do not understand

my need to walk alone at night.  
Where I can feel your presence near  
It has become a sacred rite  
a ritual that I hold dear

..

Whilst I wait impatiently  
to join you where you wait for me.

28-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Should Have Known

Dined with the devil yesterday.  
A charming chap I have to say.  
He was quite debonair and gay  
and conversed in a cultured way.

He did his best to tempt me to  
do the things one shouldn't do.  
But as he offered nothing new  
to my own standards I held true.

I do not claim I'm innocent  
I have done things which I repent.  
A truth which is self evident  
and not a cause for discontent.

He smiled at me disarmingly  
and whispered to me charmingly.  
He was content to wait and see  
Sure I would fall eventually.

That he could wait there was no rush.  
I had to jump he could not push  
He wished me well, went on his way  
but stuck me with the bill to pay.

12-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Was Wrong: So What. Today's Idiocy

I say that it's impossible.  
You cannot eat soup with chop sticks  
Though it is highly probable.

Someone will try to prove he can.  
To demonstrate his cleverness  
and show he is a better man.

What will it prove should he succeed?  
That I'm mistaken in my view.  
I will be happy to concede  
. . .  
the victory to some buffoon.  
Who can eat soup using chop sticks.  
I still prefer to use a spoon.

I think soup should be eaten hot  
I do not like cold soup a lot.

20/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Will Not! !

I see no reason to conform  
to what's accepted as the norm.  
It's not mere eccentricity  
I see the world quite differently.  
I have a brain and I can choose  
what to accept what to refuse  
I am prepared to listen to  
other peoples point of view.  
The average man does not exist  
despite what experts may insist.  
Each one of us is quite unique  
.Remember this before you seek  
to conform to the common view  
There can be only one of YOU.

15-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Wish

From where I'm standing I can see  
the seagulls wheeling gracefully  
I'm well above the high tides reach.  
This is my favourite stretch of beach.

The waves which roll in from the sea  
in summer, do not threaten me  
I love to watch the seabirds fly  
and hear their raucous shrieking cry.

They circle, waiting patiently  
for tasty titbits which the sea  
will leave behind at turn of tide.  
Their needs will soon be satisfied

Then they will squabble noisily  
these flying bandits of the sea.  
The land is not their true domain.  
They'll quickly feed then fly again

The masters of the sky and sea.  
Present a spectacle for me.  
I sometimes wish that I could be  
a gull instead of being me.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Wonder Why

Veiled in mystery  
Men cannot foresee  
what will come to be.  
But still we try

We are not meant to see  
what must come to be  
inevitably  
But still we try

To see through the veil  
although bound to fail  
We can not prevail  
but still we try.

Curiosity,  
we can't satisfy.  
Is the reason why  
men have to try.

Bound by fates decree.  
We go on blindly  
until at last we see  
and then we die.

9-Feb-09

Ifor ap richard

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Wonder.

In Flanders Fields red poppies grow.  
But long dead warriors lie below.  
Their rotted bodies nourishing  
The scarlet poppies flourishing..

As if to draw attention to.  
The graves of men who never knew.  
That they would not see their homes more  
But here they lie for evermore.

In Flanders Fields lost heroes lie.  
In unmarked graves beneath the sky.  
Far from the which gave them birth  
They add their substance to the earth.

Which Belgian farmers cultivate.  
Selected randomly by fate.  
There can be few survivors left

But those of us who choose to go  
To Flanders where the poppies grow.  
All make the trip to show respect  
Numbers dwindling as you'd expect.

There's very few now left to go.  
To see the scarlet poppies glow  
The numbers grow less day by day.  
When they are called they must obey.

Rejoining those who went before.  
The men who fell in the Great War.  
I wonder will poppies still grow  
When there's no one left to go.

Monday, 25 June 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Work To Make My Dreams Come True

My working day draws to its close  
The light is leaching from the sky.  
The western sky shows tints of rose  
appealing to my artists eye

I rose this morning with the sun  
And broke my fast at break of day  
Then did the chores that must be done  
For soon I must be on my way.

I am not yet self sufficient  
Although one day I hope to be.  
For now I have to be content  
with working in a factory.

I am well paid for what I do  
I earn enough to pay my way  
and add some to my savings too  
The same old routine every day.

At half past four I cycle home  
Back to where I'd rather be  
My collie dog bids me welcome  
I loose his chain and set him free

My pot bellied stove may be old  
but it still works efficiently  
To me it worth its weight in gold  
I have no electricity

It heats my home and cooks my food  
Cost less than nothing to maintain  
All it requires is firewood  
And a good clean out now and again

I have my own sweet water well  
Although the pump is in the yard  
The water flows clear as a bell  
I do not need to pump too hard.



Whilst waiting for my meal to heat  
There some things I need to do  
Before my working day's complete  
I feed the goats and chickens too

Then I shall brew a pot of tea  
My stew will soon be heated through  
I sit relaxing comfortably  
There's nothing more I need to do.

Except to eat my meal and plan.  
Improvements I intend to do.  
I have no doubt at all I can  
In time make all my dreams come true.

I am a very patient man  
Dreams don't come true overnight.  
I knew this when my dream began  
It will take time to get it right.

I am quite sure one day I'll be  
Free from the need to earn my pay  
Escaping from the factory  
To live my life a different way.

Growing what I need to eat.  
and tending to my goats and hens.  
No longer needing to compete  
To me my dream makes perfect sense.

Although my friends think I am mad.  
To choose to live a simple life.  
I am quite sure I shall be glad  
To leave behind the cares and strife.

Which daily I'm subjected to  
Whilst working in a factory.  
Where I am told what I must do.  
It is less satisfactory.

Then living independently.

In my own house on my own land.  
Which one day soon I hope to be.  
My own domain which I command.

No one to tell me what to do.  
No one to say me yea or nay.  
I work to make my dreams come true  
and it draws nearer day by day.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Would If I Could

An old man sits on a public bench  
And eyes up every passing wench.  
Recalling sometimes wistfully  
What life was like at twenty three.  
When he was looking for romance  
and was prepared to take a chance.  
But now he is content to dream.  
No longer has to plot and scheme.  
His days of thrusting youth long gone  
Although the urges linger on  
He lacks the capability  
To perform adequately.  
He can't do what he used to do  
It takes some getting used to

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I Would If I Could

Philosophers considering  
the mysteries of the universe.  
May seem to be woolgathering  
or dozing off which would be worse.

But they are not: They're deep in thought  
Oblivious to reality  
Their contemplations of a sort  
which is akin to fantasy.

Their thoughts are on a higher plane  
I don't pretend to understand.  
Although they try they can't explain.  
So they dismiss me out of hand.

At least I work to earn my pay  
I cannot sit and think all day.

13/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ideal Candidate

The face of politics we see  
is not the truth. That lies below,  
corruption and chicanery  
exist but are not meant to show.  
If you can fake sincerity  
then you are just the man we want.  
Improve our popularity  
with your own brand of pious cant.  
You portray honesty so well  
the general public may accept.  
The half truths and the lies you tell.  
Your presentation is perfect.  
It comes to me as no surprise  
that politicians all tell lies.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Idle Thoughts

Chaos ruled the nothingness.  
Only potentiality  
existed in the timelessness  
The universe was yet to be.

We cannot know the primal cause  
which overcame the entropy.  
Forced it to take a different course.  
It must remain a mystery.

From nothing came reality  
A fully orchestrated plan  
Which could not happen possibly.  
So says the finite mind of man.

So we build up hypotheses  
and legends trying to explain  
Rejecting others theories  
Though there is nothing we can gain.

Arguments based on ignorance  
are bandied freely to and fro.  
If we found the truth by chance  
it's probable we would not know.

We know the universe exists.  
We can't deny the evidence  
and yet the legends still persist  
Though logically they make no sense.

Did God create the universe  
and if so who created God  
I do not wish to seem perverse  
but I confess I find it odd.

Why is that mankind pursues  
this useless quest obsessively.  
I think the questions too abstruse  
For us to view objectively.

I just accept the way things are  
Which seems the wisest course to me  
and hasn't troubled me so far  
But then perhaps I'm just lazy.

25/07/2009

http;

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## If You Dare

Although I'm fond of poetry.I find  
the modern free form style lacks appeal for me.  
I prefer disciplined formality  
because I think it clarifies my mind  
I chose my words, so my thoughts are well defined.  
I cannot claim impartiality  
nor dare I quote any authority.  
All poetry I think should be designed  
to serve some purpose which is clear to see.  
Some train of thought the poet wishes to share.  
Something he has seen in reality  
or high flown fantasy beyond compare.  
This is the art of writing poetry  
To prove that you can do it, you must dare.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Illogicality

In the beginning was the WORD.  
So we are told but not who spoke  
Which seems to me to be absurd.  
I m forced to treat it as a joke.

No one to speak no one to hear  
Which seems to be improbable  
and fails to satisfy I fear.  
I find it to be impossible

I would prefer a logical  
explanation, I can  
believe just might be true  
But fairy stories will not do.

I'm sceptical, I need proof.  
I can't accept on faith alone  
That what we're taught must be the truth.  
I think the truth remains unknown.

I can respect what you believe  
I only ask you do the same.  
Because I happen to perceive  
A different start to the game.

Who was it spoke from whence came he?  
Who created the creator.  
Was he in fact pure energy?  
that sprang from some stars molten core.

I only know I do not know  
and I refuse to speculate.  
About what happened long ago.  
I am content to indicate.

I don't believe, don't even try.  
I cite the lack of evidence.  
The theory seems to fly  
Into the face of common sense.

Although I do not claim to be  
anything but a simple man  
I must reject entirely  
The claims of those who say they can.

Teach the truth because they know.  
It must remain a mystery  
They have no evidence to show  
They have divine authority.

I'm sceptical and cynical.  
I have a brain that I can use.  
I am convinced it's logical  
to be determined to refuse

to accept what I was taught.  
By those who know no more than me.  
Although my teachers think I ought.  
I will rebel instinctively

Friday, 20 November 2009

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I'M Not A Company Man.

Ghazal format

Some men strive hard chasing success  
Whilst other men are content with less.  
It all depends I must suppose.  
On whom they're trying to impress.

I value self sufficiency  
And use my time efficiently.  
I choose to please myself.  
There is no reason I can see.

For me to use my energy  
Concentrating constantly.  
Pursuing riches I don't need.  
It simply makes no sense to me.

I understand that some will choose  
To store up wealth they cannot use,  
But that does not apply to me.  
Because I know I can refuse.

To work for sixteen hours a day  
I live my life a different way.  
The company does not own me.  
Though I work hard to earn my pay.

I spend time with my family.  
Which I regard importantly.  
There is much more to life than work.  
I can state quite confidently.

I am contented with my lot.  
I need no more than what I've got.  
That is what success means to me.  
My family first no matter what.

Wednesday, 26 September 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I'M Not The Man I Used To Be!

I'm not the man I used to be  
In fact I've changed considerably.  
Sixteen stone my fighting weight.  
I really don't appreciate.  
The fact I've lost a lot of weight  
Eleven stone is all I weigh.  
If I step on the scales today.  
The other five faded away  
I used to be six feet two  
It seems my height is shrinking too.  
I can't deny that this is true  
Six feet is the best that I can do.  
I do not let it worry me  
I think that very possibly.  
I am the way I'm meant to be.  
Although there's rather less of me.  
Much less than what there used to be.  
What's left still works efficiently.  
Although I tire easily.  
Old age is creeping up on me  
sneakily and stealthily.  
My aches and pains reminding me.  
I'm not the man I used to be

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# I'M Still A Man For M 'Lady Milica

I'm still a man though I grow old  
I am no longer brave and bold.  
I think before I chose to act.  
I have to face up to the fact.  
I have to do as I am told.  
I'm still a man

The aches and pains that trouble me  
all tend to sap my energy.  
I cannot do what I used to  
That's matterless for in my view  
I'm still a man,

Short Rondel format

15/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Immutability

Although things change they stay the same.  
What changes is our point of view  
beneath the sun theres nothing new  
Although things change they stay the same.

We only see part of the game.  
Circumstances limit our view  
we tend to see what we want to.  
Although things change they stay the same.

There is no need for praise or blame.  
From time to time we must review  
the way we see things: So we do,  
although things change they stay the same.

Although things change they stay the same.  
What changes is our point of view  
beneath the sun there's nothing new.  
Although things change they stay the same

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Impartial Judgement.

The muezzin from the minaret.  
Calls to the people every day.  
Rise from your sleep it's time to pray.  
Without his call they might forget.

All faithful followers obey.  
The rules laid down in Al Koran  
The word of God made plain for man.  
Which tells them how and when to pray.

Some foolish men are led astray  
By bigger fools who think they can  
Better interpret Al Koran  
To suit the needs of modern day.

Persuading young men to kill and maim  
With promises of paradise.  
The ignorant believe their lies.  
Convinced they're doing Allah's will.

What will they say on judgement day?  
They can't refute the evidence.  
What can they offer as defence?  
They chose to lead young men astray.

Though Allah is compassionate.  
There are some sins he won't forgive.  
These evil men will not survive.  
The lakes of burning fire await.

For those who chose to disobey.  
Allah's will deliberately.  
They can't evade the penalty.  
Which is imposed on judgement day.

Beware young men of listening to.  
False priests who try to twist the truth  
And take advantage of your youth.



To tell you what you ought to do.

Thou shall not kill is the first law.  
That honest priests will emphasise.  
There is no place in paradise.  
For those who pervert holy lore.

Allah will show compassion to.  
The ignorant on judgement day.  
But not to priests who lead astray.  
young men and teach them to.

Kill and maim in Allah's name.  
Although they are forbidden to  
You can be sure these words are true.  
Allah well knows who is to blame.

Monday,24 September 2012

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Impassive Resistance.

I've seen the power of the sea  
When it's attacking savagely.  
The basalt cliffs which bar its path.  
Which are contemptuous of its wrath.  
The basalt cliffs resist the sea.  
Though it attacks them ceaselessly  
As long as these proud cliffs still stand.  
The sea cannot invade the land.  
The cliffs are rooted solidly.  
A bulwark and a boundary.  
The angry waves are powerless  
against the might of this fortress  
Which has endured for centuries  
And still they stand triumphantly.

Saturday, 23 June 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Impenetrable

The bleak black basalt cliffs which form.  
A barrier to Atlantic storms  
Which sweep in from the open sea.  
Are not a place I'd choose to be  
When winter storms are at their height  
and batter them without respite.  
The basalt rocks are obdurate  
They stubbornly accept their fate  
Although the storms may rage and roar  
The cliffs have seen it all before.  
Wind driven waves have small effect.  
On basalt cliffs which still protect.  
Old Ireland from the angry sea.  
they do their duty faithfully.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Impossibility

I met an average man today.  
Average in every way  
He was not nor was he lean  
but in the middle in between.  
Hw was not tall he was not short  
but medium height I must report  
His hair was neither dark nor light.  
His mode of dress exactly right.  
A statisticians dream come true.  
The man that they all refer to.  
hen they compile the lists they prize  
at best half truths but mainly lies.  
Statistically he cant exist  
One sample not enough to list.

17-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Impossibility (Irenga)

Glorious sunset,  
the western sky ablaze with shades of red.  
Nature's artistry  
beyond a mans ability  
to emulate or imitate.

Nature's artistry  
beyond any mans ability  
to emulate or imitate.  
Although they still try.  
Perfection beyond their grasp.

Natures artistry  
beyond any mans ability  
to emulate or imitate.  
But driven by some inner need  
they are convinced they can succeed.

First stanza  
5 syllables  
10 syllables  
5 syllables  
8syllables.  
8syllables

Second stanza  
repeat last three lines of first stanza  
then  
5 syllables  
8 syllables.

Third stanza  
Repeat  
Last three lines of first stanza  
Then  
8 syllables  
syllables  
Japanese style poetry  
no obligation to rhyme.

(22/07/2007)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Improbale Dream

## For My Fellow Poets

A hundred years from now may be.  
Someone will read my poetry  
and wonder how I came to write  
my simple thoughts in black and white.  
Amused by my naiveté  
my complete lack of sophistry  
Perhaps in pity they will give,  
me credit as a primitive.  
Just as some critics do today.  
Poke fun at the old fashioned way  
in which past poets used to write.  
Immortal verse which can delight  
their readers of the present day.  
Despite what critics have to say.

15-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# In Command For All The Moms

When I was born I had no choice  
whether to protest or rejoice.  
I was evicted forcefully  
for no good reason I could see.  
I would have stayed permanently  
had it been left up to me.  
Wrapped in the comfort of the womb  
where up to now I was welcome.  
But Mother Nature obviously  
had other plans in mind for me.  
She makes the rules all must obey,  
that's how I saw the light of day.  
I quickly learnt as babies do  
Who's in control? it's me not you.

5-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# In Memoriam

In memoriam

Tribute to Alfred Lord Tennyson

Old Yew, which graspeth at the stones  
that name the underlying dead.  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head  
thy roots are wrapt around the bones.

Old Yew, which graspeth at the stones.  
Hale and heart still long after  
the aged men and withered crones.  
Have ceased their life of love and laughter.

That name the underlying dead.  
Fine samples of the mason's art  
in letters finely chisell'ed.  
The stones remain though souls depart

Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
the flesh consumed to feed the tree.  
Which lives long after they are dead.  
Still clothed each year in greenery.

Thy roots are wrapt around the bones  
An embrace closer than they knew  
when they were wracked by passions moans  
and no doubt longer lasting too.

4-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## In Pensive Mood

The dawn breaks grey and desolate.  
No song birds sing to greet the day  
I view the world disconsolate  
It seems that night is here to stay.  
But later on the sun will rise,  
the morning mists evaporate  
and change the world before my eyes.  
I only have to watch and wait  
As from the east the light will spread.  
The sun will rise triumphantly  
to take his station overhead.  
A sight I welcome heartily.

A blackbird sings. His orison  
informs the world that night is gone.

18-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# In Praise Of Older Women For M Lady Ernestine

There is beauty in old age  
which younger girls can't emulate  
As if the lady's reached the stage  
where she need not dissimulate

She's not afraid to let you see  
the lines that life's writ on her face.  
Each wrinkle was earned honourably  
each laughter line has earned its place

Cosmetics may conceivably  
appear to slow the passing years  
but only temporarily  
before you are reduced to tears

Youthful beauty soon fades away  
no matter how hard you may try  
by artifice to make it stay.  
In lucky ladies replaced by

A much longer lasting beauty  
which shows from somewhere deep inside  
without a trace of vanity  
Though grace and dignity abide.

Old ladies can be beautiful  
and often turn a young man's head.  
Although they are quite comfortable  
accepting compliments unsaid.

Admiring glances from young men  
who readily appreciate  
The beauty of older women  
is something youth can't imitate.

Young women lack maturity  
which older ladies can display.  
Their youthful insecurity  
somehow always gets in the way.

29-Jul-08

http

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# In The Fulness Of Time    Story Poem

The high priest cleansed the altar stone.  
Prepared it for the sacrifice,  
this task was his and his alone.  
No lesser person would suffice.

The voice of God spoke through his priest  
and no man dared to disobey  
from the greatest to the least.  
The high priest held the power to slay.

The sacrifice a comely youth  
was not coerced he volunteered.  
He had no doubt it was the truth  
that for his life all debts be cleared.

Then suddenly a blinding light.  
White fire consumed the altar stone,  
the high priest fled in mortal fright.  
The voice of "God" was but his own.

The Goddess made her wishes known.  
A demonstration of her power,  
she had destroyed the altar stone.  
No longer need her people cower

beneath the high priests cruel rule  
The could return to the old ways,  
he high priest was power mad fool.  
Who had perverted ways to praise

The Goddess for all that she supplied.  
To keep her children clothed and fed  
Her laws to everyone applied  
from their birth `til they were dead.

There would be no more sacrifice  
of pretty maid or comely youth.  
Their honest worship would suffice  
The Goddess re -proclaimed the truth.

That men should live in amity  
obey her laws and they would thrive.  
That they had strayed so foolishly.  
The Goddess could and would forgive.

Beware of self appointed priests.  
They do not, cannot speak for me.  
But treat them as you would wild beasts  
which threaten your security.

My yoke is not too hard to bear.  
Just listen to your inner voice  
and heed the quiet words you hear.  
Be glad my children and rejoice.

I watch and ward and will protect  
my children who obey my rules  
The disobedient can expect  
the punishment reserved for fools.

For they will surely come to grief.  
No false priest can usurp my place  
and propagate his false belief.  
I am the guardian of your race.

Though fierce invaders seize control.  
Forbidding you to worship me.  
They will never achieve their goal  
believers worship secretly.

In sacred groves and forest glades  
as I have always bid them to.  
The loyal youths and faithful maids  
to my commands will remain true.

Religions come, religions go  
as new religions take their place.  
But as my true believers know.  
Only the goddess rules by grace.

The old religion ever new

although sometimes its underground  
or camouflaged but in full view.  
In all religions I am found.

Still worshipped under different names.  
Regarded as a saint sometimes.  
Like children's silly party games  
I will endure through trying times.

My faithful daughters know its me  
but let the priests think otherwise.  
Their stiff necked pride won't let them see.  
What's happening before their eyes.

In time I'll take my rightful place  
be worshipped universally.  
Return men to a state of grace  
where everyone lives peacefully..

15-Apr-08

[Http: . /poeticpiers](http://poeticpiers)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## In The Lead

My pencil's charged with poetry.  
It can write verses fluidly  
and inscribe them on the sheet  
in rhyme and perfect metric feet.  
It's such a simple artefact  
but filled with magic that's a fact.  
A pristine page is quite enough  
to make my pencil do it's stuff.  
My pad, my pencil and my muse  
can't see a challenge and refuse  
A blank page they can't bear to see.  
That why I'm writing poetry  
I have a pad I have a pen  
which forces me to write again.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## In Two Minds

John William Henry Barthrop wrote.  
In iambic pentameter  
an amusing suicide note  
Stuck it on the water heater.  
Which he turned on but left unlit.  
Although his intent was to die.  
He put no thought in planning it.  
It was in fact a hopeless try.  
The fool forgot to feed the meter  
and very soon the gas ran out.  
Fate decides, you cannot cheat her.  
So he survives only to doubt  
if in fact he really meant it.  
He's still alive though discontented.

05/11/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# In Waiting For M' Lady Fay

There is no bright sunshine today  
it's overcast the skies are grey.  
A chill wind blows.

The harvest safely gathered in  
and stored away in box and bin.  
For no one knows.

How long it is until spring  
returns to renew everything  
Which lives and grows.

We will survive I am quite sure  
but until then we must endure  
The winter snows.

Now Mother Nature does her best,  
tries to ensure her children rest.  
Because she knows

With springs return life starts anew.  
Each living thing knows what to do  
to thrive and grow...

The seasons come, the seasons go.  
Since time began it has been so  
that's all we know.

11-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Inalienable Right.

All hail to ale, good honest ale  
the comforter when all else fails.  
The lack of ale makes stout hearts fail.  
Attempts to ban it doomed to fail.  
When things are looking at their worst.  
A man has need to quench his thirst  
Ale is what men think of first  
A man would truly be accursed.  
Should he attempt to interfere  
between a thirsty man and beer.  
There is no doubt its very clear.  
Without ale life would be too drear.  
It is a right for which I'd fight.  
Ripe nappy ale is my delight.

Saturday, 08 May 2010

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Incapability

The sunset's indescribable  
but being me I have to try  
to see if I am capable.  
Although I see no reason why.

I think this time I might succeed.  
I've tried so many times before  
to explain how the colours bleed  
into shades I have no name for.

I would love to share my view  
but lack the vocabulary.  
I cannot describe to you  
the transient beauty that I see.

No matter how hard I may try  
it's an impossibility.

18/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Incompetence Our Best Defence! !

I dreamt a dream wherein I dreamt,  
I dreamt a dream of deep content.  
But all the while I knew I dreamt.  
I tried to wake but my attempt.

My mind just treated with contempt.  
Am I the dreamer or the dream  
I can't be wholly confident.  
That it is not some experiment.

Conducted without my consent.  
To monitor the dreams I've dreamt  
to analyse my dreams content.  
By some arm of the government

Whose only purpose and intent  
Is sadly all too evident.  
Establishing a precedent.  
By which they hope they can prevent

expression of our discontent.  
They should not be too complacent.  
Because they are incompetent  
and grossly overconfident.

We'll find a way to circumvent  
their wish to be omnipotent.  
We have to win this argument  
and then provide due punishment.

For those found guilty of intent  
to use this foul experiment.  
Which demonstrates the full extent  
of methods used by government.

The things they do clandestinely  
Because they dare not openly.  
admit to seeking thought control.  
Because they know that heads would roll.

We have the right to privacy.  
There is no way that they should be.  
poking and prying in our mind  
just to see if they can find.

another way they can repress  
the freedoms that we should possess.  
The dream I dreamt may yet come true  
I can't be sure no more can you.

Sunday,02 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Incomprehensible For Friend Chandra

Some say there's only energy  
vibrating differentially.  
It's all illusion that we see.  
This idea really baffles me  
This point of view is nothing new  
the eastern mystics thought so too.  
If it is true then it would seem  
that everybody shares one dream.  
Which seems to me illogical.  
I find it rather comical  
Hilarious in the extreme.  
Some one or something has to dream.  
Without a dreamer there could be  
no dream; It follows logically.

Friday, 11 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Indefinable?

I can't define with certainty  
what is or is not poetry  
There are so many schools of thought  
but I recall what I was taught.

When I was young and still at school.  
That there was but one basic rule.  
Most everything you write is prose  
but poetry you must compose.

You choose your words selectively  
so that they say efficiently  
exactly what you want to say  
but in a smooth and flowing way.

In common with all forms of art  
sheer inborn talent plays its part.  
All artists need to learn the rules  
provided by the different schools

of thought which proliferate.  
Study past masters of your art  
so you learn to appreciate  
artists who are worlds apart.

All poets write in their own way.  
Free verse, free style or formally.  
Some styles will last some fade away.  
Why do you write primarily?

What is it that you wish to do?  
What is it that you wish to share?  
Your feelings or your point of view.  
Are you afraid or do you dare.

admit that you don't know it all.  
That other folks know more than you  
Pride always goes before fall  
I think you'll find that this is true



You can of course choose to refuse  
all helpful offers of advice  
and disregard all other peoples views.  
Though in the end you pay the price.

I can't define with certainty  
what is or is not poetry.  
Though I can say with confidence  
that poetry should make good sense.

3-Sep-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Indelible Guilt.

Indelible Guilt.

More scenes of devastation.  
The tides of war have left behind.  
A naked child wanders alone.  
She does not know the ground is mined.

She cries for aid but there is none  
There is nobody left to care.  
The tides of war have come and gone.  
Death and destruction everywhere.

The lucky ones are those who died.  
Though she survived: What chance has she  
A helpless infant cast aside.  
To starve to death most probably.

She may be killed by predators.  
Who see her as their lawful prey.  
Obeying Mother Nature's law  
Because they know no other way.

Kill or be killed the age old law  
Instinctively they all obey  
Each and every predator  
The hunter can become the prey.

But Man the greatest predator  
Brushes Nature's rules aside  
His greatest skill is making war  
His blood lust never satisfied.

What of the child? No one can say  
It must remain a mystery  
The memory haunts me still today  
When I look back regretfully.

The guilt I feel is permanent  
Does not abate with passing years.

Still flashbacks to that incident.  
Reduce me to impotent tears.

That is the price that soldiers pay.  
For answering their countries call.  
A guilt that will not fade away  
and makes no difference at all.

Though we recall the heroes fall.  
No one records the innocent  
The weakest ones go the wall  
By long established precedent.

It seems that we will never learn  
The lessons taught by history  
Each generation in its turn.  
Must learn experientially.

There are no winners in a war.  
The strong survive the weak must die.  
Mother Natures age old law  
When demand exceeds supply.

Sunday,18 December 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Independent View

I reject Christianity  
the teachings of Mohammed too  
I must confess I'm not a Jew  
I deny their authority  
I choose to take a different view.  
But I do not expect you  
to give up what you believe is true.  
I can accept quite easily.  
Others may hold different views  
which they believe in fervently.  
It's up to them But I refuse  
not to act independently  
I have free will so I can choose  
To take responsibility.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Inerasable

Inerasable

I wrote love letters in the sand.  
Incoming waves washed them away  
The fickle sea can't understand.  
That sometimes love is here to stay.

This is a price I gladly pay.  
I place myself at your command  
stay by your side and come what may  
We'll face the future hand in hand.

My love is wise makes no demands  
she is far wiser than the sea.  
Instinctively she understands  
I offer love and loyalty.

The words the sea has washed away  
I etched upon her heart today

10-Jun-07  
poetic piers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Inevitabilty Is My Philosophy.

Kushih style.

I drink plum wine for preference.  
The Moon my only company  
There is no one to take offense.  
If I should drink excessively.

My wife's been dead for many years.  
But in my dreams she comes to me  
and whispers wise words in my ears.  
Tells me to show my loyalty.

The Emperors new counsellors  
are too afraid to disagree.  
They have not learnt the emperor.  
Prefers truth to dishonesty.

The Emperor rewarded me  
With honourable retirement.  
And a small house beside the sea.  
Where I reside alone content..

As content as I could be.  
Without my wife, far from my friends.  
Though they are free to visit me.  
The few on whom I can depend.

To take the time to write to me.  
I know the distance is too great  
For them to visit easily.  
Old faithful servants of the state.

Time moves on and we grow old.  
The young ones lack experience.  
A lack which makes them overbold.  
They write to me in confidence.

About the errors which they see.

Young counsellors are prone to make.  
Although I lack authority.  
I know the actions I must take.

I must write to his majesty.  
Humbly request an audience.  
For many years he trusted me.  
This is no time for hesitance.

I take my brush and carefully.  
Select the words I want to use.  
The emperor knows my loyalty.  
I have no doubt that he will choose.

To recall me immediately  
Grant me a private audience.  
He does not doubt my honesty.  
And knows my long experience.

Will be what has prompted me.  
To dare approach the Emperor.  
With evidence that needs to be  
Examined ex officio

I may be worried needlessly.  
I think that he will understand  
There is a need for secrecy.  
He knows I am his to command.

A loyal servant in the past  
He needs to know my loyalty.  
Has not changed; remains steadfast.  
I fear for his security.

I do not seek to praise or blame.  
That is not my prerogative.  
I must inform him just the same.  
By any means I can contrive.

I see it as my duty to  
inform him of what I suspect.  
I'm certain he will listen to  
My views with some respect..

The emperor commanded me.  
To return to court post haste.  
Escorted by the cavalry.  
He thinks there is no time to waste.

He chose to see me face to face.  
An honour which I don't deserve.  
A signal mark of his good grace.  
He knows I only wish to serve.

He also knows me well enough.  
To be certain I will not lie.  
I am prepared to face his wrath.  
For my attempts to clarify.

Why I think some danger exists.  
He is the final arbiter.  
It is my duty to insist  
That there is something sinister.

Which is well hidden from his eyes.  
Deliberately by evil men.  
A threat he needs to exorcise.  
So he is in control again.

He listened to me air my fears.  
Although my evidence is weak.  
and takes due note of what he hears.  
I am allowed to freely speak.

He thanked me for my loyalty  
And said he will investigate  
The matter very thoroughly.



He sees no cause to hesitate.

The emperor dismisses me  
He decrees I am his guest  
Where can ensure my safety  
And I agree without protest.

The rumours which I heard proved true.  
Some of the guilty men confessed.  
Conspiracies are nothing new.  
And what they said led to the rest.

The young counsellors were replaced  
By older men who he could trust.  
Named and shamed they were disgraced.  
Sent into exile to adjust.

To life as common labourers.  
To earn their crust as best they may.  
The mercy shown by Emperors.  
Is well designed to change their way,

of longer wealthy men.  
They must endure the poverty.  
Nor will they get the chance again  
to take part in conspiracy.

The emperor was merciful.  
they could have all been put to death.  
Provide a public spectacle.  
Until the rope cut off their breath.

Showing them mercy seemed to be.  
The wisest course that he could take.  
They were punished suitably.  
They had to pay for their mistake.

Sentenced to life instead of death.  
A longer lasting punishment.  
Until they drew their final breath.  
Their banishment was permanent.

Their punishment had set me free.  
To regain my peace of mind  
In my small house by the sea.  
Where peace is never hard to find.

Although few people visit me.  
I find that I am quite content  
To concentrate on poetry.  
Sometimes to my astonishment.

As I become more competent.  
I write about the things I see.  
Almost as if fate had meant.  
Me to study fine poetry.

What fate decrees will come to be.  
No man alive escapes his fate.  
He will fulfil his destiny.  
In ways we can't anticipate.

Some will achieve authority.  
Because they are determined to.  
Whilst others bow subserviently.  
But fate decides what they will do.

Monday,02 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Inevitable

The setting sun as daylight fades,  
before the dark of night descends.  
Must paint the clouds in pastel shades  
almost as if to make amends.

Before the dark of night descends.  
Soft hues of various shades and grades,  
make valiant efforts to defend  
their last stronghold from darkness' raids.

Must paint the clouds in pastel shades  
in vain attempt which won't extend  
the closing of the day's parade.  
Today as all days has to end

Almost as if to make amends.  
The night winds softly serenade  
Mark the beginning of the end,  
the fall of night cannot be stayed.

(Retourne/29-Jun-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Inevitable Conclusion

Inevitable.

All who are born will surely die.  
Nobody can escape their fate  
Be they of high or low estate.

We may not know the reason why.  
Each one of us will have to wait.  
All who are born will surely die

This is a truth none can deny.  
We must accept that soon or late  
Our time will come Death will not wait.  
All who are born will surely die.

Chaucerian Rondel

21/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Inevitable For M 'Lady Mary Gordley

The rugged rocks although they try  
cannot prevent, merely delay.  
The flowing stream which will pass by  
and in so doing wear away.

The rocks which try to stem the flow  
and slowly grind them down to sand.  
This is the secret rivers know  
theirs is the task to change the land

Although the rugged rocks maintain.  
That they will keep their pride of place.  
The water moves them grain by grain  
until there's very little trace.

They may endure for centuries  
but water flows eternally.  
The rocks succumb eventually  
and leave the river flowing free.

Time also like a river flows  
and wears away the lives of men  
Though to what end and what purpose.  
Men question time and time again.

There are some things we may not know  
and that is why there's no reply.  
We only know it must be so  
that in due course all men must die.

22-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Inevitable Conclusion.

Grey figures moving in the mist  
that rolls across the battlefield  
Although long dead they still persist  
and stubbornly refuse to yield

The can't go back and won't move on  
perhaps convinced they're still alive.  
So they still wander woebegone  
they've given all they had to give.

They still have hope although in vain.  
That they will wake up from their dream  
and be set free to live again.  
To see once more the bright sun beam.

I wander with my pen in hand  
I try to record how I feel  
I do my best to understand.  
I hear somehow their mute appeal.

On holiday in Flanders fields  
I write my journal every day.  
Each battlefield I visit yields  
more ghostly figures in the grey

of swirling slowly fading mist.  
Evaporating in the sun  
I can do nothing to assist.  
But if I could I would have done.

Almost a century has passed  
since that great war to end all wars.  
Still in the mists sad ghosts are massed.  
But mankind has not changed his course.

He has evolved the means to kill  
in greater numbers than before.  
It seems that mankind lacks the will  
to live in peace. He prefers war.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Inevitable Defeat For Friend Leslie

The tempest rages spitefully  
as it has done all through the night.  
Determined to defeat the sea  
it gives no quarter or respite.

The rolling thunder loudly roars  
across the heavens ceaselessly  
Forked lightning flickers like a sword.  
A weapon wielded expertly

Which strikes the surface of the sea  
to small effect. The sea ignores  
this useless waste of energy.  
The raging storm cannot enforce

it's will. The mighty sea denies  
the storm the smallest victory.  
No matter how the tempest tries  
The storm will cease eventually.

The storm clouds slowly dissipate  
As silence stills the thunders roar.  
The sea resumes its peaceful state  
and all is as it was before.

The tempest tried to no avail  
to overcome its enemy.  
Its puny efforts doomed to fail  
against the everlasting sea.

29-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Inexplicable.

The night was cold but still and clear.  
As I patrolled the riverside.  
I felt a sudden twinge of fear.  
Quite suddenly I was terrified.

It was a strange experience.  
I saw no reason for my fear.  
It went against my common sense  
When I thought I saw appear.

Two figure from the distant past.  
A sailor and his light of love.  
Fear for the moment held me fast.  
Although I tried I could not move.

The sailor struck her on the head  
with some heavy implement.  
To make quite sure that she was dead.  
Another blow more violent.

Then he made off and left her there.  
He had done what he intended to.  
Whilst I was forced to stand and stare.  
There was nothing I could do,

When I could move I went to where.  
I had seen her body fall  
Her battered body was not there.  
There was no blood no sign at all.

When I regained my self control.  
Of course I double checked the scene.  
Then carried on with my patrol.  
Convinced myself that I had been.

Confused by some trick of the light.  
It's possible I might have been.  
But I won't forget that night

nor what I thought that I had seen.

The memory still bothered me.  
When I retired I found the time.  
To study local history.  
I found a record of the crime.

A woman's body had been found  
Beside the waters of the Tyne.  
Just left abandoned on the ground  
She died in eighteen twenty nine.

Was I transported back in time?  
On that cold evening long ago  
.Was I a witness to that foul crime?  
I cannot say I do not know.

Though I remember vividly.  
The murder scene I thought I saw.  
A trick of light most probably.  
Though I shall wonder evermore.

Tuesday,07 February 2012

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Infatuation

He gazes deep into her eyes.  
But what he sees is not the truth,  
the lady is well versed in lies  
and he is but a callow youth.  
She's played the game of love before  
but he poor fool is innocent  
Prepared to worship and adore.  
quite unaware of her intent.  
She will accept the gifts he buys  
and lead him on with promises.  
Just as she's done to other guys  
Then he will find to his surprise.  
His cash has gone and so has she  
A lesson learned expensively.

28-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Infidels Prayer.

It seems from mankind's history,  
that there is and will always be.  
Some new compelling reason why.  
Men are prepared to fight and die  
in pursuit of some abstract cause.  
They think they have the right to force  
on other men who disagree  
and will resist them violently.  
Religions come, religions go  
and every new one claims to know.  
Much better than the ones before  
and is prepared to go to war.  
On anyone who disagrees.  
God save me form religion please.

Sunday,31 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Infinite Peace For Friend Thad

The golden tones of a bronze gong  
still echo although silently.  
When first I heard that sacred song  
whose melody enraptured me.

His treble voice was crystal clear  
each note he sang hung in the air.  
I felt his presence drawing near.  
I longed to move but did not dare.

The treasure I had come to steal.  
Was now of little interest  
this sacred place was to reveal.  
My evil demons dispossessed.

The scales had fallen from my eyes.  
No longer ruled by lust and greed  
I saw that wisdom was the prize  
which would fulfil my every need.

One moment all was crystal clear  
I understood reality.  
Then I succumbed to abject fear  
betrayed by frail humanity.

I've searched the world but searched in vain.  
In pursuit of my endless quest.  
to find that sacred place again.  
Until I do I'll know no rest

I garner knowledge as I go  
and store it in my memory.  
I'm glad to share the things I know  
in fair exchange for what you teach me.

Perhaps one day my feet may find  
the pathway to that sanctuary.  
Where I can leave the world behind.  
Be purged of self and simply be.

I long to hear that great bronze gong.  
Which echoes to infinity  
and understand the sacred song.  
Which underpins reality.

Long years have passed my limbs grow weak  
but still I'm forced to journey on  
until I find the place I seek.  
Where everything blends into one.

23-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Initial Attraction

What lies beneath the surface smile?  
which you display to everyone?  
The mask you wear to be in style.  
What lies beneath is yours alone.

Does it indicate interest?  
What lies beneath the surface smile?  
And will I perhaps pass the test  
enjoy your company for a while.

Is it a sign of practiced guile?  
or simple act of self defence.  
What lies beneath the surface smile?  
Must I rely on my sixth sense?

My need to know grows more intense  
I am prepared to wait awhile  
to try and gain your confidence.  
What lies beneath the surface smile?

(poeticpiers/20/07/2007)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Initiate

Initiate

The time has come for me to seek  
the advice of my ancestors.  
To take to heart the words they speak  
which will reveal my future course.

I have my knife I have my bow  
and that is all I am allowed  
The time is now I have to go  
Until my totem is endowed.

I have to learn to recognise  
my totem by his qualities.  
Though he conceals them from mens eyes..  
True understanding is the prize.

A lot depends on what he sees.  
The part of him that dwells in me.  
Subjects me to deep scrutinies  
Which I must face I cannot flee..

I walk the wilderness alone  
I catch and kill the food I need  
and for each life I must atone.  
As I was taught this is my creed.

I do not fear the solitude  
Although I miss my family  
I have the correct attitude  
I know enough to wait and see.

The first night passes quietly  
I rise at dawn salute the sun.  
I watch and wait respectfully  
but wonder in my heart which one.

Which creature will decide to be  
the totem that I'm here to find.



The spirit creatures are quite free  
to read the thoughts I have in mind.

The second night I cannot sleep  
I pass the dark hours listening  
to the night predators who creep  
about my shelter foraging.

Again I rise up with the sun.  
Then suddenly I see a bear  
I have no doubt he is the one  
whos taken me into his care.

I look at him he looks at me  
He seems to be well satisfied  
and off he trundles clumsily.  
A totem I accept with pride.

The bear has freely chosen me.  
I had no say it was his choice  
I return home triumphantly  
and with my family rejoice.

I must give up my boyhood name.  
Now that I have become a man.  
The Shaman plays his sacred game  
The spirits tell him that he can.

Leave the choice of name to me.  
The elders of the tribe confer  
But they accept eventually.  
I choose the name of Little Bear.

I am a full fledged warrior now.  
No longer just a little boy  
I freely let the teardrops flow  
an outward sign of my great joy.

I am a man and take my place  
amongst the older wiser men.  
I passed the test without disgrace  
A test I need not take again.

In due course I will earn respect  
But I must act respectfully.  
Towards my elders who expect  
that I will listen carefully.

As I am taught the tribal lore  
they have stored in their memory.  
The things they could not teach before  
my totem bear had chosen me..

4-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Initiate 2008

Reveille sounds a trumpet call  
Rise from your beds reluctantly  
This wake up call applies to all.  
Strident with authority.

We do things militarily.  
You will now wash and shave your face  
You signed on voluntarily  
and now you have to earn your place.

A raw recruit's of little use  
still tainted by civilian ways  
A subject for stripeys abuse.  
Of sympathy there's little trace,

For drill instructors have no hearts.  
Their job to turn boys into men  
Reveille sounds and the day starts,  
Your protests must remain unspoken.

You'll be harassed from morn til night.  
Your only duty to obey.  
Until you learn to get it right  
and do things in the army way.

If you survive and make the grade.  
One of the few the very few  
to reach the passing out parade.  
Your parents will be proud of you

Though it was tough you had enough  
pride in yourself to stick it out.  
Showed you were made of sterner stuff  
than those who failed without a doubt.

You proved yourself to be a man  
So wear your uniform with pride,  
you earned the right. You know you can  
succeed although you were sorely tried.

You did what you set out to do  
achieved the goal you had in mind  
You toughed it out and saw it through.  
Now you can leave boot camp behind

In coming years you will recall.  
When you must face the enemy  
and see your fellow soldiers fall.  
Your boot camp days nostalgically.

25-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Initiation For Friend Thadd

I am an anthropologist.  
The tribe I'm studying insist  
they are prepared to accept me  
into their closed community.

But first I must be purified.  
So I am stripped to my bare hide.  
Then thrust into the steaming heat  
of the sweat lodge and made to eat.

Some buttons from a cactus plant  
The shaman wails a plaintive chant.  
I soon grow used to nudity  
It seems somehow to set me free.

From the mind set that I know  
how easily I can let go.  
I seem to know instinctively  
I'm subject to authority

Some higher power judging me  
to see if I am fit to be.  
Entrusted with their sacred lore  
Which will change me for evermore.

I see strange visions in the steam  
Am I awake or do I dream  
I am entranced by what I see  
and I embrace it eagerly.

I'm not the man I used to be.  
Therefore it follows logically  
that I will see things differently  
perhaps with renewed clarity.

It seems that I have passed the test  
The shaman tells me I must rest.  
I fall into a dreamless sleep  
which lets new knowledge slowly seep

deep into my subconscious mind  
my old beliefs are left behind.  
Old knowledge lost, new knowledge gained  
It can't be easily explained.

So that is why I do not try.  
I know I could not satisfy  
your raging curiosity.  
I am oath bound to secrecy.

I'm still an anthropologist  
but those deep feelings still persist  
I gained from my experience  
although I have no evidence

to show that I have really changed.  
My thinking process re-arranged  
I know I m connected to  
all living things and so are you.

The difference being you don't know  
because you did not undergo  
initiation as I did  
until you do some things are hid.

10-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Inner Vision For C.R, Clark

All things bright aren't beautiful.  
Sometimes the light can blind your eyes,  
so you miss something wonderful  
A sight you would be sure to prize.  
We sometimes see things blurrily  
and that enhances their appeal  
A hint of surreality  
Which makes your fantasies seem real.  
Your vision is not limited  
to what you see with earthly eyes.  
Imagination flies ahead.  
Investigating alien skies.  
So dim the lights my friend and dream  
Then fantasy can reign supreme.

7-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Insanity Rules

Slip loose the moorings of your mind.  
Freely embrace insanity  
it's freedom of a different kind  
from mere eccentricity.  
Once you have been certified  
they don't expect normality  
Your basic needs will be supplied  
accommodation is rent free.  
No need to rise unless you choose.  
You have no need to earn your keep.  
No knotty problems to confuse  
your mind, which might disturb your sleep..  
So why not choose to be insane.  
You will lose less than you can gain.

01/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Inside A Broken Mind

I'm trapped inside a broken mind.  
Where I am deaf and dumb and blind.  
Sometimes I know that I am me  
at other times absorbed completely.

I lose touch with reality.  
I'm someone else no longer me.  
Chaotic thoughts go whirling past  
but thankfully it does not last

In moments of lucidity  
I know that soon I will break free  
I will regain my sanity.  
A hope I cling to stubbornly.

I'll find a way to gain control  
and make my wilful thoughts obey.  
Reintegrate and become whole,  
desperately I seek the way.

I break loose from this night mare scene  
and realise that it has been.  
A dreadful dream which held me fast  
but now I am awake at last.

I make myself a soothing drink  
and for a while I sit and think.  
The details fade I grow less tense.  
My conscious mind in self defence.

Wipes clean my short term memory  
of anything which seems to be.  
Part of the dream that frightened me.  
From which I struggled to break free.

It was a weird experience  
which even now makes little sense.  
Only vague memories remain  
of what its like to be insane.

11-Sep-08 http;

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Inside Information For M 'Lady Chitra

Some can detect malevolence  
which masquerades as innocence.  
They see at once through the pretence  
alerted by their inner sense.  
Some take new friends at face value  
an all too common thing to do.  
Accepting that their words are true.  
Something which they may later rue.  
The warning signs are there to see  
you pick them up subconsciously.  
So you should listen carefully  
and trust your instincts completely.  
Before you finally decide  
to accept them as bona fide.

25-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Insolvent For My Friend Aldo

The silver leaves of aspen trees  
which shimmer in the playful breeze.  
Each separate leaf reflecting light  
like newly minted coinage bright.  
Quite soon will be a memory  
as autumn winds strip every tree  
until no single leaf is left  
Their branches naked and bereft.  
Though they still shiver in the breeze.  
The naked branches do not please  
the eye the way they used to do.  
I long again to see the view  
of silver laden aspen trees.  
which dip and curtsy in the breeze..

28-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Insomniacs Complaint

I take a pill to help me sleep.  
I take another when I wake  
To me the cost is rather steep  
I got addicted by mistake.  
Although I had tries counting sheep  
It didn't work I lay awake.  
I take a pill to help me sleep  
I take another when I wake.  
From the first my sleep was deep  
I found it difficult to wake.  
Due to the pill I chose to take.  
I still do though it's not cheap  
I take a pill to help me sleep.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Inspiration For Grand Daughter Chitra

The agony and ecstasy  
of love inspires poetry  
Which otherwise would not exist.  
I am quite sure it would be missed.

Though I can only speak for me  
I find romantic poetry  
can pass the time so pleasantly.  
Arousing instant sympathy.

For those who love but love in vain.  
Who choose to share with me their pain  
and those who win their hearts desire.  
Set forth their joy in words of fire.

I read as if I'm in a trance.  
Vicariously enjoy romance.  
experience at second hand.  
Love stories I can understand.

Although they don't apply to me  
I read them sympathetically.  
In love you either win or lose.  
It seems to me you cannot choose.

The agony and ecstasy  
of love inspires poetry.  
It has been so through history  
Will always be so probably.

2-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Inspiration, Motivation, Satisfaction

Your wants and needs are not the same.  
You needs you cannot do without.  
Your wants are quite a different game.  
Things that you choose to dream about.  
Long cherished dreams can motivate  
you to make that extra effort  
and when you win appreciate.  
It was much easier than you thought.  
Some people are content to dream  
others will make their dreams come true.  
All part and parcel of life's scheme.  
Dreamers just dream and doers do..  
Though some of us combine the two  
We dream at first and then we do.

Saturday,21 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Insult Or Compliment?

Thou art the merest popinjay.  
A beardless boy not yet a man,  
go to thou fool and go thy way.  
Go quickly whilst thou still can.  
Should my good husband take offence  
then he would surely challenge thee.  
I would not speak in thy defence  
for thy pretensions annoy me.  
I'm old enough to be thy dam  
I don't indulge in dalliance,  
Methinks thy bravo is all sham.  
Get hence, whilst thou still hath the chance.

The youth withdrew a chastened child.  
When he had gone the lady smiled.

24-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Intellectual Property

.

The copyright belongs to me.  
Which I can prove quite easily  
If you attempt to plagiarise.  
You might well find to your surprise.  
I will not hesitate to sue.  
So think again before you do.  
You will not get away scott free.  
You cannot steal my property.  
Such theft incurs a penalty  
The Law provides a remedy  
for those who claim dishonestly  
that they have written it not me.  
Are you prepared to pay the price  
or wise enough to heed advice.

30/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Interconnectedness.

The internet can't be controlled  
by any form of government  
Because it's gained too strong a hold.  
Which came about by accident.

Nobody can control the flow  
Although some governments still try  
Of information to and fro  
There is one simple reason why.

The common man has access to  
What governments try to conceal  
A system that's completely new  
Now people can safely reveal

The secrets of the powers that be.  
The things we aren't supposed to know  
they can post anonymously  
There's nothing governments can do.

At last the people have a voice  
no government can suppress  
The powers that be have little choice  
and in the future even less.

The internet is here to stay.  
It's up to us we must adjust.  
WE can't go back to yesterday  
A world of mutual mistrust.

One thing we must appreciate.  
Though information's flowing free  
It isn't always accurate  
We have to choose selectively.

What we accept what we reject  
and draw our own conclusion.  
I have good reason to suspect  
more not less confusion.

The internet may prove to be  
Either a blessing or a curse.  
Though I believe quite honestly.  
The internet won't make things worse

Than when governments could decide  
What people were allowed to know  
To preserve the nations pride  
They lied alike to friend and foe.

The internet has set us free  
to find a different better way.  
Though we will have to wait and see  
What kind of price we have to pay.

Tuesday, 22 February 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Interdependence For My Lady Irene

I go where my lady goes.  
Because I need her I suppose  
I need her more than she needs me.  
Though doubtless she would not agree.  
Where she is you will find me  
because that's where I want to be.  
We have achieved togetherness  
Our partnerships a great success  
For I need her and she needs me  
for us it works efficiently  
A mutual dependency which binds  
us but still leaves us free.  
To act as independently  
as we feel any need to be.

4-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Interfering Entities For Joe Poewhit

I cannot explain how I feel  
when disconnected from the net.  
Isolation lacks appeal  
I am frustrated and upset.

I try rebooting my P.C.  
May be it's just a simple glitch.  
My empty screen still smirks at me  
my anger grows to fever pitch.

I try again without success  
The gremlins have it in for me,  
delight in blocking my access.  
I try and try persistently.

At last again I am in touch  
with friends of mine both far and near.  
I have escaped the Gremlins clutch  
although I know they are still here.

I think they live in my P.C.  
or just perhaps in cyberspace.  
They interfere maliciously  
and they prove very hard to trace.

I wonder what they did before  
computers came upon the scene.  
Will they evolve for evermore  
I think perhaps they might have been.

The source of all the fairy tales  
That we are read at mothers knee  
and when at last that magic fails.  
They have to find some place to be.

Maybe they have a right to live  
as sapient forms of energy.  
Should I take pity and forgive  
the spiteful tricks they play on me.

It seems that I have little choice  
I must accept that they exist.  
Although sometimes I raise my voice  
imploing that they will desist.

From picking on me frequently.  
I rather think they understand  
and for a while I'm trouble free.  
I must request I can't command.

For gremlins rule in cyberspace  
it is their normal habitat.  
They live at a much faster pace  
than what we do and they can chat

at speeds we cannot comprehend  
quite free to roam the internet.  
Producing results they don't intend.  
Which leave us angry and upset.

When we cannot communicate.  
They block us inadvertently  
because they don't appreciate  
just how annoying they can be.

This might be idle fantasy  
but there again it might be true.  
I find that it amuses me  
when I have nothing else to do.

When disconnected from the net.  
Whilst I must wait impatiently  
I will no longer fume and fret  
but use the time productively

5-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Interlude Narrative Verse For M Lady Ernestine

The silent cello waits in vain.  
Her owner can no longer play,  
her twisted joints in so much pain  
Arthritis has now won the day.

Those hands which once caressed the strings  
are gnarled and twisted dreadfully  
Though in her mind the cello sings,  
its silent in reality.

The music stored within its soul  
longs for release impatiently.  
Its destiny to play a role  
assisting some child prodigy.

The owner cannot bear to part  
with her treasured instrument.  
She holds a dream deep in her heart.  
Some one will come who's one intent

to learn to play the cello well.  
Prepared to suffer for their art,  
beglamoured by the subtle spell  
this cherished cello can impart.

Her children show no interest,  
no musical ability.  
Perhaps, she thinks it's for the best  
The cello waits impatiently.

One day her grandchild comes to call  
A pretty child who's not yet five.  
She exhibits no fear at all  
her fingers bring the strings alive.

The cello knows this is the one.  
The child it has been waiting for.  
and grandma knows she has passed on.  
The love she felt so long before.

Before she learnt to play a note.  
She knew it was her destiny  
that music was the antidote  
to soothe her sensitivity..

The chills is lost in wonderment  
and strokes the cello lovingly.  
This could not be an accident.  
It was her grandma's legacy.

She seemed to know instinctively  
Just as her grandmother had done  
That music was her destiny.  
The cello knew that it had won

In course of time the girl surpassed  
The skill her grandma had possessed.  
It was the spell the cello cast  
She always said that made her best.

When grandma died she died content  
Her well loved cello sang again.  
Now her grand daughter's instrument  
Their patient wait was not in vain..

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Interpretation Is Everything

.

I wonder if the words I write.  
Convey the message I intend  
or must my messages depend  
on how you read: What you perceive,  
perhaps I'm failing to achieve  
what I attempt and lose a friend.  
Although I edit and amend  
the thoughts and ideas I conceive.  
The words I choose sometimes confuse  
and lead my readership astray.  
Excuses are of little use  
it seem that when I try to say.  
Something contrary to your views  
You close your mind and turn away

22-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Interpretations For M Lady Marcy

We are confused by our odd dreams  
when nothing is quite as it seems.  
Though dreams may be our minds at play.  
Sometimes they can show us the way.

High light the pitfalls and the snares  
we might fall into unawares.  
The dreaming mind can see ahead  
along the future path we tread.

But dreams use symbols to convey  
their message in a concealed way.  
If we can learn to recognise  
what every symbol signifies.

Then we have solved the mystery  
and can walk on confidently.  
Quite sure we can avoid the traps  
Which lie in wait for us perhaps.

But first we have to learn to read  
the symbols if we would succeed.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Into The Unknown

We are condemned at birth to die.  
This the fate of everyman  
and no amount of wealth can buy  
an added hour to your span

Though some die young by accident.  
And others reach a ripe old age.  
By well established precedent,  
each one of us must leave the stage.

For everyone the curtain falls  
when we have performed our part  
There is no time for curtain calls  
our time is up and we depart.

What happens next a mystery.  
Which man has yet to penetrate.  
Death is the only certainty.  
A fact we must accept as true.

Some people see death as the end  
and that we simply cease to be.  
Yet others think that we ascend  
towards the light triumphantly.

The churches promise paradise.  
A reward for the faithful few.  
But I believe a man who's wise  
will be prepared to listen to.

The many different points of view  
which priest of all the creeds express.  
Each one convinced his words are true.  
As for myself I must confess.

I do not think we're meant to know.  
I can accept that easily.  
We have to wait until we go  
to solve the final mystery.

Though some of you may disagree  
and see me as a stubborn fool.  
In truth you know no more than me.  
but parrot what you learnt at school.

8-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Invalidate.

The truth is like democracy  
An ideal we aspire to  
But it seems we can't agree.  
Nor are we ever likely to.

What's true for me is not for you  
What you believe I can't accept.  
We hold opposing points of view.  
Each one deserving of respect.

We tend to see democracy.  
As rule by the majority.  
Subjected to close scrutiny  
It proves to be a fallacy.

Someone must wield authority.  
Though sadly there are very few.  
Who have the capability  
and even fewer willing to.

Assume responsibility.  
So we make do with second best.  
But is that true democracy.  
I have to say I'm not impressed.

By Ideals which I don't believe.  
That we cannot possibly achieve.  
One truth and true democracy.  
As long as men think differently.

To tell the truth I find it odd  
That men who claim to speak for God.  
Can hold so many different views  
Infinite in variety.

The being who created me  
Saw fit to set me free.  
No priest has the authority  
To take away my liberty.

Wednesday, 30 May 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Invisible Handicap.

My ears don't work efficiently  
But nature always compensates  
It is with confidence I state  
I can still read quite easily  
The test card to the bottom line.  
When my optician tests my eyes  
His verdict comes as no surprise.  
He tells me that my eyes are fine  
My eyes can supplement my ears.  
I lip read automatically  
Because I know that I can see  
A great deal better than I hear  
As long as I can see clearly.  
My deafness will not hamper me.

Tuesday, 17 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Involuntary Reaction

Twilight ere the moon has risen.  
The magic hour twixt night and day.  
Frees night creatures from their prison.  
Releases them to play or prey.  
Sometimes the shadows coalesce  
and assume solidity.  
Which may frighten or impress.  
They come and go mysteriously.  
We can't be sure that what we see  
are harmless shadows out to play.  
They could be conceivably.  
Night predators hunting for prey.  
Though we may pretend otherwise  
We pray for Mother Moon to rise.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Involuntary Suicide?

The sound of silence echoing.  
Beneath a sky of cloudless blue.  
You find the silence threatening.  
I know I would if I were you.  
Hough you can run you cannot hide  
You must have known I'd hunt for you.  
Your only choice is suicide.  
To kill yourself before I do  
My daughter's dead but you still live  
You killed my child and then you fled.  
I can't forget I won't forgive.  
My only aim to see you dead.  
Now you are dead I'm satisfied.  
Involuntary suicide?

Sunday, 19 August 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Irrelevant

The history we learn at school.  
Is mostly untrue as a rule.  
A rather biased point of view.  
Recorded by the victors who,  
in an attempt to justify  
their actions are prepared to lie.  
The losers cannot air their views  
and so we have no chance to choose.  
Which version is more accurate.  
Which gives me confidence to state.  
The rubbish taught as history,  
should not be taken seriously  
Not only probably untrue  
it is distinctly boring too.

26-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Is It Worth It?

The serpent slithered silently  
across the silken counterpane  
His victim slumbered peacefully  
the serpent struck but struck in vain.

She did not sleep for she was dead  
The serpent's sting superfluous  
Her stainless soul already fled  
To regions much more glorious.

The crime he thought he could conceal.  
Would backfire in her husbands face.  
The Post mortem would soon reveal  
of serpents venom not a trace.

But would expose how she had died  
The test for toxins positive  
No matter how her husband lied  
all his attempts were negative.

He was found guilty by his peers  
The sentence was he should be hung.  
All his bravado disappears.  
He should have held his lying tongue.

He should have called the doctor in.  
Said he suspected suicide  
considered then a mortal sin.  
And hoped he would be satisfied.

Instead he tried to set the scene  
To lay the blame upon a snake.  
but there was no snake to be seen.  
This proved to be his big mistake.

The snake should have been on display  
As evidence to back his claim  
Its absence gave his scheme away  
and thus it was he lost the game.

Be sure your sins will come to light  
no matter how you plot and plan.  
It seems that fate takes great delight  
in pointing out a guilty man..

There is a moral to this tale  
I hope it is not lost on you  
attempts to shift the blame will fail.  
Because fate will make sure they do.

29-May-08

Http; blog

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Is This The Year The World Will End?

The Mayans knew a thing or two.  
They forecast that the world would end  
In two thousand and ten plus two.  
I do not think we can depend

On their prediction coming true..  
There have been prophecies before  
Predicting that the end was due,  
I do not there will be more.

I do not claim to prophecies  
I have no faith in those who do.  
My world will end the day I die.  
I think the same applies to you.

I could be wrong quite possibly  
It may be true the Mayans knew.  
Enough to state with certainty.  
That their prediction would come true.

The Mayans were astronomers  
They left behind a legacy  
In the form of calendars  
What they believed would come to be.

Is this the year of destiny?  
We have no choice but wait and see.  
I think that very probably.  
We'll carry on regardlessly.

It just another prophecy.  
Though based on erudition.  
The Mayans thought mistakenly.  
Would herald the destruction.

Of everything and everyone.  
We hope that it will prove to be  
another failed prediction.  
Like every other prophecy.

What fate decrees will come to be.  
The world is bound to end some day.  
But when remains a mystery.  
No man alive can solve today.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## It Could Be For C.P Sharma

We search for truth but would we know  
if our quest met with success  
Perhaps truth changes as we grow.  
We can't be sure so we must guess.

Maybe there is no absolute  
unchanging truth that's permanent.  
So we adopt beliefs to suit  
whatever seems convenient

That's fits in with what we think we know.  
Because we fail to recognise  
What we've been taught my not be so.  
Though in due course we realise.

The quest fir truth which we pursue  
would seem to be man's destiny.  
Its something we were born to do.  
To search for truth continually

Although it seems illogical  
I offer you this theory  
The truth is something personal.  
My truth only applies to me.

Your truth is only true for you.  
It's just another theory  
I have no way to prove it true.  
although it could be possibly.

26/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## It Could Be True For M' Lady Ernestine

Anselm the abbot avidly believed in bibliography.  
He loved learning passionately and filled the abbey library  
with scrolls and books of sacred lore and had scribes by the score.  
Who had the task of copying and reproducing everything.  
Anselm decreed each monk must learn to read and write each in their turn  
Although some monks were not impressed they had to learn at his behest.  
Anselm the abbot's word was law and soon the Abbey boasted more monks who  
were truly literate and able to communicate.  
knowledge acquired painfully to other brothers easily.  
Anselm had inadvertently created very probably  
The very first religious school where love of learning was the rule  
And so the abbey came to be more of a school than monastery  
Anselm had realised his dream and risen high in the esteem  
not only of the monarchy but of the church authority  
The king decreed Anselm should be rewarded for his industry.  
So he created Kings College where monks could pass on their knowledge.  
And that's how Oxford came to be in time a university  
Where students came from far and wide to study by the riverside  
A little bit of history not noted for its accuracy  
I have no doubt you will agree it could well solve the mystery.

16-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# It Could Happen To You.

He walks alone, she walks alone.  
Each to the other one unknown.  
She dreams of love, he dreams of love.  
It seems at last the fates approve.

They met quite accidentally.  
The time was right apparently  
He smiles, she smiles and then they talk  
and they agree to share their walk

She hopes that he, he hopes that she  
enjoy each others company.  
It seems they did for both agree  
to walk together frequently.

He was alone, she was alone.  
But now their loneliness has gone.  
She has a friend, he has a friend.  
It may well be that in the end

They'll realise that it was meant.  
Their meeting was no accident  
But fate had planned it from the start  
They were not meant to be apart.

And who are they to disagree.  
What fate decrees must come to be.  
She is content, he is content.  
Each thinks the other heaven sent.

As well they might fate has the right  
to interfere in love affairs.  
Their future now is looking bright.  
Fate brings together matching pairs.

Though he was shy and she was shy  
Fate had decided they should be  
a one can deny  
that fate had matched them perfectly

He's not alone, she's not alone  
Their friendship slowly ripening  
into what they have never known.  
As love insists on blossoming.

A daily walk for exercise.  
They say is very good for you.  
It may well be fate has a surprise  
in might find someone too.

Friday,04 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# It Is Written

Men contemplate infinity.  
Which should inspire humility  
in arrogant humanity.

Though it does not, or so it seems  
but serves to inspire madcap schemes  
Which might fulfil men's wilder dreams.

We have the capability  
to reach beyond ability.  
A mild form of insanity?

It may seem so but it is not  
We're not content with what we've got.  
We're striving to improve our lot

For dreams precede reality.  
We search the realms of fantasy  
for how we think life ought to be.

We do as we were programmed to,  
we have no choice we have to do  
and some of us though very few.

Will realise the universe  
will one day go into reverse..  
Although it seems to us perverse.

All things that start must also end.  
There is no way we can pretend  
it is not so nor yet defend.

Our claim we have the right to be.  
We contemplate infinity  
But most are blind and cannot see.

I think perhaps it's just as well  
we don't believe the stars foretell  
The tolling of the final bell.

Which has to come eventually  
for nothing lasts eternally.  
That is the only certainty.

When this game ends another starts  
The curtain falls the cast departs  
to be recast for other parts.

Into a singularity  
containing all that is to be.  
Until the big bang sets it free.

20-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# It Is Your Choice.

.

I think it is ridiculous  
What politicians promise us.  
When they are on the campaign trail  
and hope their party will prevail

They seem to think we are naïve  
enough to readily believe  
All of the promises they make  
which once elected they will break.

We know that politicians lie  
we also know the reason why  
They are afraid that they will lose.  
I we were really free to choose

A system which truly fair  
to everybody everywhere.  
The present system guarantees  
a government which will not please.

The bulk of the electorate.  
We have no choice but to demand.  
This is no time to hesitate  
We need to make them understand.

The time has come to make a stand.  
Insist on change long overdue.  
They're not elected to command  
But do the job they're paid to do.

Perhaps this time our votes will show  
we will no longer tolerate  
The antiquated Status Quo  
unsuited to a modern state.

It is your choice it's up to you  
to use your vote or to abstain

To take a chance on something new  
Or settle for the same again.

Tuesday, 27 April 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## It Makes No Sense.

A dog goes mad and is destroyed  
A danger to society.  
Why do we strive to avoid  
the use of the death penalty.

Why do we pay to keep alive  
a madman that we cannot cure.  
It seems unjust he should survive  
His victims didn't that's for sure

There is no cure for his disease  
No chance at all he will be freed,  
no way that he can earn release  
He should be put down humanely

Why should he live in luxury?  
with all mod cons provided free.

Saturday, 05 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# It Might Be You For M Lady Tara

A silver snake the river ran  
deep and slow beneath the moon  
It knew as only rivers can  
the time was coming very soon.

When some lone traveller must pay  
the dues it was entitled to.  
Some reveller who's on his way  
after he's had a drink or two.

The river chooses carefully  
the one who'll be the sacrifice.  
The victim will die quietly  
his ordeal over in a trice.

Each year the river takes its toll  
a man or woman who's full grown.  
Releases their immortal soul  
from all the sorrows they have known.

The locals know that this is true  
and treat the legend with respect.  
They know that when the fee falls due  
the quiet river will select.

Somebody who will foot the bill.  
Somebody who does not expect  
this quiet water way to kill.  
Though with their death they will protect

other travellers who cross.  
The river is quite satisfied  
with one who did not get across.  
This sacrifice has mollified

the ancient hoary river horse  
The Kelpie who controls the flow  
of this deep river in its course.  
But modern men don't want to know.



Attribute deaths to accident  
investigate to find a cause  
for every single incident.  
They disregard the River Horse.

Mere superstition so they say  
and disbelieve the old wives tales.  
But still the Kelpie has his way  
one death per year he never fails.

Nobody see, nobody hears  
there are no witnesses at all.  
When the River horse appears  
as he collects his yearly toll.

It has been so since days of yore  
the records show with clarity.  
One death per year and never more.  
The river does not change its fee.

So should you choose to holiday  
in Scotland you had best beware  
The river valley of the Tay.  
Unless of course you do not care

to listen to the tale I tell  
and just dismiss it out of hand.  
I speak of that which I know well  
but I advise I can't command.

You have the choice do as you will  
take heed or not just as you choose.  
You don't believe that rivers kill  
so bet your life its your to lose.

I am local bred and born  
and I have seen my threescore years.  
You may regard my tale with scorn  
until the river horse appears.

You will believe than far too late

that Kelpies can and do exist  
That's why the legends still persist.

24 Aug 06

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# It Might Come Back Into Fashion

Why do we hoard things we don't use?  
Why is that we always choose  
to take the easy way.  
Turn a blind eye.  
We will decide another day  
what to keep, what to throw away  
Although there's no reason why  
we should refuse  
We're well aware what we should try  
to clear some space before we buy.  
That gorgeous pair of shoes  
We should say nay.  
We know quite well we should refuse  
but bargains we can always use.

Thursday, 19 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# It Might Come Back Into Fashion For All Long Suffering Husbands

Why do we hoard things we don't use?  
Why is that we always choose  
to take the easy way.  
Turn a blind eye.  
We will decide another day  
what to keep, what to throw away  
Although there's no reason why  
we should refuse  
We're well aware what we should try  
to clear some space before we buy.  
That gorgeous pair of shoes  
We should say nay.  
We know quite well we should refuse  
but bargains we can always use.

Thursday, 19 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# It Must Be You

Rising in the still air  
A plume of smoke denotes  
that there is someone there.  
But Who?

My secret hideaway  
to keep the world at bay.  
A peaceful place to stay.  
Did you

consult your scrying bowl  
to find my hidey hole?  
You cannot own my soul  
can you?

You already have my heart.  
Captured by your woman's art.  
I knew that from the start.  
But You

have to play hard to get.  
I am not sure even yet.  
Which leaves my life upset.  
If You

could love some one like me,  
If not then set me free.  
cancel your sorcery  
I rue

But I cannot forget  
the day we first met.  
A matter for regret.  
If you.

don't feel the way I do.  
It may be that you do  
if so it's time I knew.

Do you.

They say dreams can come true  
although they seldom do.  
My hope rises anew.  
It must be you.

12-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# It Was Not My Fault.

I do not think fate deserves blame  
For choices which we freely made.  
There are no fixed rules in life's game  
We have to learn from each mistake.

Sometimes we win sometimes we lose.  
The choice we make may prove correct  
The course of action which we choose.  
May bring success. though I suspect

That when we lose we choose to blame  
A cruel fate because we fail.  
But we take credit just the same  
when we do not wail.

Instead we boast of our prowess.  
We do not credit kindly fate.  
With guiding us towards success.  
Though it might be appropriate.

Instead we are very quick to blame  
Fate for the times we don't succeed  
She does not treat us all the same.  
At least on that we are agreed.

Thursday, 23 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# It's Not Fair

I am the worm that never sleeps.  
My given name is jealousy.  
I live within the twisted deeps  
of human minds: Wait patiently.

I won't attack you openly  
for that would lead to my defeat  
I nurture envy secretly.  
I know how hard you must compete

For the success you hope to gain  
and when it's rudely snatched away  
I will exacerbate your pain  
and make you think a different way.

Why should they have what I cannot.  
There is no reason I can see  
Injustice makes your blood run hot  
and you are wracked with jealousy

I am the worm who slumbers not  
residing in the hearts of men  
who are unhappy with their lot.  
The wakeful worm has won again.

(29-Jun-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## It's Not Unusual.

She smiles at him seductively  
And he reacts instinctively.  
Mother Nature still employs.  
Her oldest most successful ploys.

Ensuring that the race survives  
By any means that she contrives.  
Hormones raging in their veins.  
Make certain that she wins again.

Though neither of them understand  
They still obey nature's commands.  
Because they have been programmed to  
And there is nothing they can do.

But carry out Dame Natures plan.  
It has been so since time began.  
Her winsome smile invites him to  
Do what he's supposed to do.

Mother Nature makes the rules.  
Hormones are her favourite tools  
A tried and tested formula  
Which hasn't let her down so far.

Wednesday, 01 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## It's Up To You For M Lady Flora

The mist that crept in from the sea.  
Advancing inexorably,  
enveloped first the sandy beach.  
Then well beyond the high tides reach

Invaded streets and avenues  
the thoroughfares that people use.  
To go about their business.  
A wet and cold unpleasantness.

Which nobody had seen before  
at least along that friendly shore.  
Exuding sheer hostility  
as if the demons of the sea.

Deciding that humanity.  
had forfeited their right to be.  
Had gathered there with one intent  
to prove the sea omniscient.

The villagers were sore afraid  
some cursed and swore while others prayed.  
Though neither made much difference.  
Against such mist there's no defence.

The village disappeared from sight.  
Hid by a mist as black as night.  
When morning broke there was no one.  
No body left to greet the sun.

Now to this day the village stands  
although nobody understands.  
What happened on that dreadful night  
when the sea fret absorbed the light.

No one survived to tell the tale.  
Enough to make the bravest quail.  
Perhaps you think I'm telling lies  
But you will find to your surprise.

If you should choose to visit me  
from my front window you can see.  
The evidence that what say  
A village empty to this day.

Nobody dares to move into  
the empty village and renew  
a single house in which to live.  
Because of legends kept alive.

By older folks who can recall  
the night the demons came to call.  
If you should wish to you could buy  
the whole village and you could try.

To sell the houses one by one  
if you're convinced it can be done.  
I think your work would be in vain  
What happened once could come again.

To local folks it is taboo  
and there is nothing you can do.  
but try to sell to foreigners  
Who do not know about the curse.

I own the site and I would sell  
quite cheaply and I'd wish you well  
If you're prepared to take the chance  
There's been a change of circumstance.

For there are profits to be made.  
Maybe the mist will not invade  
maybe the tales I tell aren't true  
what you believe is up to you.

I am too old to change my ways  
and I prefer to end my days  
believing as I've always done.  
This village should left alone.

24-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Journeys End

The stream meanders to and fro.  
Here where the cattle come to drink  
the yellow cowslips gaily grow.

The weeping willows stooping low  
adorn the banks on either side.  
The stream continues in its flow.

Past meadows where the cattle graze  
and fields where corn is ripening  
but here and there red poppies blaze.

The stream now to a river grown  
now deep and wide; it gathers strength  
Its purpose to itself unknown.

Past cottages which stand alone.  
Small villages and market towns  
and bridges built of weathered stone.

It has become a thoroughfare  
which slices through the city's heart  
With rush and bustle everywhere.

The docks and quays and factories  
confine the river in its course.  
There is no grass there are no trees.

The river flows on turgidly  
until at last it gains release  
and flows into the open sea.

But in the distance still the stream  
meanders gently to and fro  
Where cowslips nod and lovers dream.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Judas Kisses For M Lady Helen Unknown

## Judas Kisses

The purple shadows far below  
the silver moon. Play hide and seek  
they quickly come, as quickly go.  
Transient and impermanent  
like fleeting kisses on the cheek  
Kisses bestowed with false intent.  
By so called friends who will betray  
your confidence without a thought.  
your cherished secrets give away  
uncaring of the harm they've wrought.  
A cause to them for merriment.  
Kisses bestowed with false intent  
a cause to them for merriment.

9-Apr-08

Cornish sonnet

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Junior Houseman For Friend Thad

Can't find a pulse the young doc said.  
I think that means that you are dead.  
This goes against all common sense.  
I blame his inexperience

I had to strongly remonstrate,  
which he did not appreciate.  
You have no pulse you must be dead.  
That's what my old professor said.

A nursing sister standing by  
just shook her head and heaved a sigh.  
I sent the young fool on his way.  
That's why I am still here today.

I had no pulse in my false arm  
I saw no reason for alarm.  
I know that in my other wrist  
I have a pulse that can't be missed.

3-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Just A Dreamer

I know what others do not know.  
I see what others do not see  
I know exactly where to go  
to enter worlds of fantasy.  
I'm just a dreamer I confess.  
Something I would much rather be  
Than striving always for success.  
I don't care what you think of me.  
The dreams you dream depend upon  
becoming a celebrity.  
When your dreams fail, you're still unknown  
I'll still be dreaming happily..  
I value my ability  
to create worlds of fantasy.

12-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Just Deserts

I've killed before and will again.  
I kill for justice not for gain

So many criminals go free  
because of their ability.

To hire a lawyer who will try  
To make the truth appear a lie

So they escape just punishment.  
Although it is self evident

That crafty legal argument  
based on some ancient precedent

The merest technicality  
persuades the judge to set them free

I'm not constrained by petty rules  
and those that are I see as fools

I pursue justice ceaselessly  
and do my duty faithfully

And those I deem deserve to die.  
The punishment that I apply.

Is merely justice long delayed  
I play the part that I have played.

That of the executioner  
Or murderer if you prefer.

For many years without remorse  
And I will carry on of course.

I've killed before and will again  
As long as criminals obtain.

Immunity they don't deserve  
a fact I frequently observe.

In courts of law. Guilty men go free.  
Blind justice can depend on me.

To disregard such foolishness  
I am completely pitiless.

Though self appointed I redress  
injustice with some small success.

I operate in secrecy  
It is a prime necessity.

You do not need to know my name  
I have no wish for worldly fame.

I take my duties seriously.  
and that's reward enough for me.

I rectify the courts mistakes  
a little thought is all it takes.

Each guilty man the courts set free.  
I'll execute eventually.

But I must make it crystal clear  
that innocents have naught to fear.

I only punish guilty men  
before they can offend again.

Prevention is better than cure  
I see no reason to endure.

Acquittals earned by lawyer's lies.  
I think a higher law applies.

If you transgress then you must pay.

There's nothing more I need to say. cpiers  
13/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Just In Case

The death knell sounds sonorously.  
The mourners dressed decorously  
have come to say their last farewell.  
Invited by the tolling bell.

Some come to pay their last respects.  
Nobody mentions his defects.  
An unspoken conspiracy.  
A custom universally.

observed by all the human race.  
A funeral is not the place  
to criticise the newly dead.  
Perhaps because we live in dread.

That vengeful ghosts will take offence.  
We choose to lie in self defence.

19/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Just Look For M' Lady Ernestine

The Daffodils in massed array  
their yellow trumpets on display  
are flaunting beauty shamelessly  
. They see no need for modesty.  
Their growing season all too brief.  
'Till time the ever present thief.  
Robs them of their vitality  
a crime of opportunity.  
The early springtime beauty show  
of yellow blooms which freely grow  
along the verge of every road.  
Natural beauty a la mode.  
Some pass them by unseeingly.  
For them I have no sympathy.

2-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Just Perhaps

Beneath the earth in caverns deep.  
The Dragons lie in silent sleep,  
where they await the trumpet blast.  
That tells them it is time at last  
to emerge from their hidey holes.  
Majestically assume their roles  
as guardians of the land and sea  
Take up their final destiny.

The bugle horn which must be blown  
is hidden in a place unknown.  
It will be found by accident  
by a young boy innocent,  
unstained as yet by lust and greed  
He'll blow the horn and will succeed  
in doing what he was born to do  
call forth the Dragons to renew.

The golden age of peace on earth  
where sorrow is replaced by mirth.  
Where tolerance is seen instead  
of bigotry that's now wide spread.  
and mankind lives in brotherhood  
Simply because they know they should

The watchful Dragons mediate.  
Ensure that men negotiate.  
Will not allow belligerence  
they know it makes so little sense.  
In time we will come to understand.  
We must obey this firm command.  
2-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Just Perhaps For M Lady Ernestine

Beneath the earth in caverns deep.  
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We must obey this firm command.

2-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Just Rambling Or Mike Prunicki

The Roman Roads from A to B.  
Straight as a die uphill and down  
the perfect route for infantry.  
Which they deployed from town to town.

Though practical, lacked interest  
The hidden ways the natives used  
presumably they found the best  
to avoid the Roman abuse.

The conquerors who sought to rule  
could not subdue the savage tribes.  
Their Emperor another fool  
subsequent history describes.

Who bit off more than he could chew  
and in the end had to retreat  
As foreign armies often do  
before their conquest is complete.

The Roman Roads a legacy  
a tribute to their building skills.  
They left behind reluctantly  
returning to the seven hills.

I still prefer the winding ways  
connecting quiet country towns.  
To roads than run straight always  
ignoring all the ups and downs.

The modern roads and motorways  
though suited to our modern haste.  
For them I have no word of praise  
Because I have the time to waste.

I travel on my own two feet  
I take my time enjoy the view.  
There is no dead line I must meet.  
I do not envy those who do



.22-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Just Reward.

A calm exterior can conceal  
The passions which exist below,  
most human beings seldom show.  
The depth and strength of what they feel

Which can lead to catastrophe.  
When feelings exceed self control  
somebody has to pay the toll.  
When men react explosively

By anger driven we lash out.  
Repressed resentment breaking free  
both verbally and physically  
at anyone who is about.

Beware the man who quietly  
appears prepared to tolerate  
your it's too late  
you learn he won't indefinitely.

Just what a quiet man can do  
if he's provoked sufficiently  
he can react and violently.  
His target one day may be you.

You've had your fun at his expense.  
Exceeded your authority.  
You cannot claim you are guilt free.  
When he strikes back in self defence.

He broke your nose and blacked your eyes  
A punishment long overdue  
I'm backing him and sacking you.  
Which should not come as a surprise.

There is no place in my employ  
for those who won't obey my rules  
I have no time for Knaves or fools

who use their talents to destroy.

So clear your quietly  
You asked for all that you received  
Your tale of woe was not believed  
Although you thought that it would be.

You acted most improperly  
I have no choice but fire you  
and that is what I choose to do.  
For misuse of authority.

14-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Justice For All Storypoem

The bards of old their stories told.  
In rhyming verse they had writ,  
to entertain the young and old.  
Sometimes they stretched the truth a bit.

To please their current lordly host  
They would extol his bravery  
and of his prowess loudly boast.  
Although their words lacked verity.

They spread the news from far and near.  
Tailored to suit their audience.  
Some news which they were glad to hear.  
The bards received in recompense.

The recognition and respect  
accorded to them for their skill.  
A place to sleep as you'd expect  
and food and drink enough to fill.

Always treated as a welcome guest  
in manor house or lordly hall  
They could fulfil their host's requests  
with stories suitable for all.

Love stories for the ladies ears  
and tales of war to suit the men  
Old tales for those advanced in years  
which could recall their youth again.

The bards were guardians of the lore  
which was passed down from bard to bard.  
The masters of bryhonic law  
Which they had studied long and hard.

It took them one and twenty years  
to earn the title of a bard.  
Long years of travel sweat and tears.  
Authority was their reward.

All men were subject to the law  
from kitchen churl to lordly knight  
All disputes then were brought before  
a bard to judge as was their right.

He listened to the evidence  
then made his judgement openly  
Applied the law with common sense  
but always judged impartially.

But that was then unlike today.  
When every man obeyed the law.  
But sadly we have gone astray  
There is no justice any more.

The laws today are not applied  
to rich and poor men equally.  
All thoughts of justice cast  
aside in our corrupt society.

A guilty man can go Scott free  
when clever lawyers twist the laws  
and find some technicality.  
For which they are well paid of course.

There are no bryhon bards today  
and poets get but scant respect  
But still we try to show the way  
We must protest poetically.

The conscience of society  
that has to be our modern role.  
To outline with our poetry  
Justice for all should be our goal.

2-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Justifiable? ?

All men can gain the mark of Cain  
If they're provoked sufficiently.  
Fury overcasts reasons reign  
and he strikes out impulsively.  
He kills almost by accident  
There is no malice aforethought..  
Does this still merit punishment?  
Perhaps but of a different sort.  
Unlike those men who kill for gain.  
Sheer anger renders them insane.  
I am quite sure most men could be  
afflicted by insanity.  
Protecting child hood innocence  
from paedophiles. Needs no defence.

14-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Karma

To sleep, perchance to dream and wake no more  
I know I have to stay but long to go  
and leave behind me all my cares and woe  
Back to where I have often been before.  
A place of rest in which I can restore  
my weary spirit easily I know.  
In soft green meadows where the waters flow  
and work out what the future holds in store.

I must return I've lesson yet to learn  
I am sure that death is not the end  
but just another step along the way  
Towards perfection for which I yearn.  
Each wrongful action which I can't defend  
I know that I must suffer in my turn.

31-May-08

, /poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Keeping Faith For M Lady Naizz

Keeping Faith.

I am benighted and afraid.  
Darkness descended rapidly.  
As if the gods themselves forbade  
me to complete successfully.  
The pilgrimage to which I'm sworn  
to save my soul from jeopardy  
I'll watch and pray until the morn  
And then continue on my way  
Though demons whisper in the night  
and challenge all that I believe  
My faith sustains me in the fight.  
At first light I will surely leave.  
I will defeat the enemy  
and reach my goal triumphantly.

22/04/2009

[http: /](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Keeping Up Appearances Forjtellison

Why do we feel the need to ask?  
Just who we are so frequently  
Why is that we wear a mask  
to hide our true identity?

Why do we try so hard to be  
somebody other than we are  
Adopt a personality  
in the same way we choose a car.

Who are we trying to impress?  
Why do we feel the need to hide  
behind a façade of success.  
It does not alter what's inside.

Although we try we're doomed to fail  
because we can't sustain the lie  
Our efforts are to no avail.  
Yet still we feel compelled to try.

2-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Killers All?

Now bugle boy what do you blow  
Your trumpet pressed to your dead lips  
I sound recall to let them know  
this is the end of their hardships

They came as boys but died like men  
From factories farms and mean back streets  
They will not see their homes again  
The brave young men whom death defeats.

They answered to their country's call  
And donned their Khaki battle dress  
And shipped to France where they would fall  
by thousands in the wilderness.

Created by the shot and shell  
turning the battlefield to mud.  
Which drowned young soldiers where they fell  
and drenched the earth with their hearts blood.

Now poppies blow in Flanders fields'  
The soil enriched by dead men bones  
which has increased the harvest yields.  
The poppies act as their headstones.

So many died and were not found  
their fate unknown, No man could say  
Their bodies melded with the ground  
but we remember still to day.

The slaughter and the sacrifice  
The useless waste of human lives.  
They were prepared to pay the price.  
Though a small band of them survives.

Each passing year their numbers fall  
Old age more sure than shot and shell.  
Soon there will be none at all  
who endured that living hell.

The war to end all wars they said  
You will be home by Christmas tide  
Instead of that most would be dead.  
Involuntary suicide.

We honour those who bravely died  
a generation of young men.  
The best of breed on either side.  
But still we go to war again.

The world has never been at peace  
since the war to end all wars.  
I don't believe that wars will cease  
as long as there are warriors.

Who think they can enforce their will  
on other men by force of arms.  
It seems that killing is a skill  
Which can seduce men with its charms.

16-May-08

./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Kindly Interference

She lived alone because she chose,  
she had no time for fickle men.  
She had been hurt I must suppose  
and was afraid to try again.

He lived alone but not by choice.  
His secret dreams he would not voice  
because he too had been betrayed  
by a cold hearted selfish jade

They both had friends loyal and true.  
Who secretly conspired to  
attempt to make them change their mind.  
Although the fates had been unkind.

And they succeeded very well  
though none of them will ever tell  
the happy couple what they did.  
Some things are meant to remain hid.

11-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Kings Culverwell

There is a tale which locals tell,  
that long ago Kings Culverwell  
lay close beside the briny sea.  
A haven of serenity,

Until there came a mighty storm  
much fiercer than the winter norm.  
The villagers were terrified  
much too afraid to look outside.

It seemed as if their end had come.  
When thunder rolling like a drum  
was barely heard above the gale.  
The stoutest hearts began to fail.

When dawn broke and daylight arrived.  
No one was missing all survived,  
their world had changed there was no sea.  
Just stinking mud where it should be.

No view now of the rolling sea  
the scene had changed dramatically.  
The sea had withdrawn from their door  
for fifteen miles or maybe more.

They were left stranded high and dry  
and no one knew the reason why.  
Some blamed the storm but others said  
the sea had shifted in its bed.

The world had changed and so must they  
and live their lives a different way.  
At first they found it very strange  
but they adapted to the change.

They're farmers now not fishermen, .  
No one alive remembers when  
their village stood beside the sea.  
To them its ancient history

Here's little evidence to show  
their tales are true but locals know  
a ruined harbour wall still stands  
incongruous amidst farm lands.

Whose stones erosion by the sea  
confirming their veracity.  
Though it may seem far fetched to you.  
That does not mean it isn't true.

4-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Kismet 2009

A man cannot escape his fate.  
He must fulfil his destiny.  
A peasant or a potentate  
what is decreed will come to be.

His future is decided by  
the three weird sisters who still weave.  
Their multi coloured tapestry.  
It matter not what you believe.

Each thread that represents a man.  
Their nimble fingers intertwine.  
They do not work to any plan  
Completely random in design.

For they are blind and cannot see  
the chaos they have caused to be.  
They too are ruled by destiny.  
they cannot change: No more can we.

15/06/2009

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Knit One Slip One

Marie Antoinette's great mistake,  
she told the peasants to eat cake  
The final straw destined to break  
the camels back, for pity's sake  
Revolting peasants lost their cool  
The foolish queen soon lost her head  
Republicans began to rule  
She was a fool she should have fled.  
The Sun King thought he was in charge  
but in due course regretted it  
When he met Madame La Farge  
whose greatest pleasure was to knit.  
Whilst watching executions  
without undue exertions.

(15-Oct-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Who's There For M 'Ladyernestine

The poltergeist, mischievous sprite  
who taps and knocks to cause alarm  
and can move things about by night.  
A nuisance but does little harm.

It is to be found most commonly  
up to his scalliwaggery.  
Where one approaching puberty  
creates him quite unconsciously.

He's not a separate entity  
but an extension of the mind.  
Which can act independently  
in some way as yet undefined.

Or so psychiatrists believe  
and who can prove their words untrue  
Their explanations don't achieve  
an end to what is troubling you.

A poltergeist a noisy ghost  
does little harm to anyone  
. His mostly unsuspecting host  
often a girl sometimes a boy.

A child who quite unconsciously  
expresses feelings they can't show  
with openness and honesty.  
When they mature the ghost will go.

There are some things you can't explain  
no matter how hard you may try.  
The experts need to think again  
if they're to solve this mystery.

But they maintain as experts do  
that their opinions are correct.  
Although sometimes this may be true.  
Some times it is not I suspect.

For Poltergeists obey no rules  
Although the experts think they do  
Just self opinionated fools  
who know less than they think they do.

14-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Know Who You Are?

Do you know who you are? Do you?  
perhaps you only think you do.  
Can you accept that just maybe  
you could have faults you cannot see.  
Are you afraid that you might be  
far different from the way you see  
yourself? The darker parts of you.  
you do not put on public view.  
We all have something which we hide.  
Some deep dark secret locked inside.  
We all have traits we would disown.  
If it were possible to do.  
You must accept they're parts of you.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Krystallnacht 1938

I fear the sound of booted feet.  
They inspire painful memories  
though fragmented and incomplete  
I can recall so vividly

The sound of breaking glass and boots.  
I was too young to understand  
the screaming jeers and gleeful hoots.  
As storm troopers took full command

and attacked Jewish properties.  
Without restraint from anyone  
protestors beaten to their knees.  
All semblance of the law had gone.

November nineteen thirty eight  
The Nazis had proscribed the Jews  
the ninth a night of spite and hate.  
Who lost all that they had to lose..

My parents sent me to the States  
a privilege for which they had to pay  
with everything they had. It grates  
upon me still that I survived.

because of their self sacrifice.  
The guilt I feel still eats away  
because they paid the final price.  
I know I am alive today.

Because some cousins took me in  
and raised me as American.  
Although I was but distant kin  
Though I would rather not, I can

recall that night so long ago.  
The cries of men in agony  
how much is true I do not know.  
In dreams I see so vividly

The dreadful scenes I did not see  
deeply etched in memory.  
A turning point in history.  
affecting my whole world and me.

I was a child of only eight  
The Nazis killed my family  
Though I was saved I had to wait  
Til we defeated Germany.

To know for certain they were dead  
along with many millions more.  
The sound of boots fills me with dread.  
I'm glad I can't remember more.

Now I have children of my own  
a fit old man of seventy.  
I wonder If I could have shown  
their courage which would send me free.

To strangers in a far off land  
where they decided I would be  
safer. I think I can understand  
their only thought was to save me.

I wonder where it all began  
I see no reason for it still.  
Mans inhumanity to man  
and don't suppose I ever will.

30-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# La Cucaracha For Lady Phoenix Rain

.  
I have a cockroach for a friend.  
I may just start a whole new trend  
But when you're pent in the death cell  
it makes it difficult to tell.  
My friendly cockroach visits me.  
He's not afraid to let me see  
he wants the leavings on my plate  
Though he's polite prepared to wait.  
I have no other friends who care  
my leavings I will gladly share.  
And when they strap me in the Chair.  
I know my cockroach will be there  
He will be waiting faithfully  
to have his last free meal on me.

8-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lack Of Oversight A Rant

The quality of mercy is not strained.  
Today it seems to be more underused.  
Charity appeals have us all confused.  
The urge to contribute is now constrained  
We can't be sure that anything is gained  
We are afraid donations have been misused  
Our generosity has been abused  
Although we ask no one has explained.

Exactly where the money raised has gone.  
Administration costs are far too high.  
The doubts I have will linger on  
Until somebody can explain why.  
and what the money has been spent upon.  
No one accepts responsibility.

Sunday, 28 February 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lacking Grace For Miss Callie

Thoughtless parents frequently  
choose names for children that will be  
A source of much embarrassment.

Although it's unintentional.  
A name that's unconventional  
can often be an unwise choice.

Though it appeals to both of you.  
I'm sure it's most unlikely to  
appeal to the recipient.

It opens them to ridicule.  
From the first day they go to school  
and follows them throughout their life.

So think again before you choose  
A name that will invite abuse.  
Why make them suffer needlessly.

It isn't hard find something plain  
and save your child a lot of pain  
That's caused by cruel mockery.

A simple name will well suffice.  
Why should your children pay the price  
for your insensitivity.

Fifi Mariposa may sound well  
Though you discarded Trixibelle.  
You wanted something different

When she is old enough to choose  
you can be sure she'll change her name.  
To something much more suitable.

Some names have stood the test of time  
The one you chose a heinous crime.



For which you deserve punishment.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Ladies Choice For M'Lady Tara

A lady always knows that she's  
Superior to any man  
although she may not seem to be.  
A lady's well aware she can.  
Without the use of undue force  
put any upstart in his place.  
Her better breeding wins of course  
she squelches him with supreme grace.  
Shi is not rude nor is she crude.  
he merely treats him with disdain.  
Until the fools forced to conclude  
he lacks the nerve to try again.  
A lady will decide when she  
is ready to be more friendly

26-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lady In Waiting.2011

I live alone, my family  
and all my friends are long since gone.  
There's no one left who cares for me.  
Others have problems of their own.  
I've had my share of happiness  
and known the depths of misery.  
My life now seems to matter less.  
So I am waiting patiently.  
For death to come and set me free.  
Each night I pray I will not wake..  
I think that death's forgotten me  
just overlooked me by mistake.  
I'd welcome death quite happily  
but even deaths abandoned me.

Friday,18 February 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lament In A Flat

A novice practicing scales  
upon a battered violin  
A raucous sound which never fails  
to make my sick headaches begin.  
I live above a music school  
The rent was all I could afford.  
I thought I'd scored, I was a fool  
Although at least I'm never bored  
I hear unwilling pupils play  
strange sounds I cannot classify  
as being music in any way.  
Although I'm sure some pupils try.  
I thank the lord the lord they close at eight  
for silence I appreciate.

16-Sep-08

blog

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lament Of A Filing Clerk.

Another day draws to its close.  
A boring day like yesterday.  
Much like tomorrow I suppose.  
Each and every day the same.

I go to work from nine to five  
The boredom starts when I arrive.  
I hardly know that I'm alive  
Each and every day the same

Though I' well paid for what I do  
I would like to try something new.  
A day dream which will not come true  
.Each and every day the same.

I'd like to change but dare not try.  
I'll be nobody `til I die.

26/02/2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Last Laugh For M 'Lady Helen

A tiny weather beaten man.  
A gnome who had no fixed abode,  
he spends his life upon the road.  
He wanders freely because he can.

Legally he does not exist.  
Nobody knows his pedigree  
his parentage or family.  
His past is hidden in the mist.

Familiar to everyone  
except to blind officialdom.  
No man can bid him go or come.  
He does as he has always done.

He travels round the countryside  
.Content to forage for his food,  
he sees no reason why he should  
by other peoples rules be tied.

He would work hard to earn a meal.  
Always ready to lend a hand  
to country folk who understand  
Though he's a tramp he does not steal.

He'd take a rabbit or a hare  
without a qualm for they were free  
or roosting pheasant from a tree  
and tickle trout without a care.

He dines as well as any king  
Dame Nature supplies all his needs,  
some nourishment he gains from weeds.  
He knew the worth of everything.

Which walked or crawled or swam or flew.  
Knows where and when to find wild fruit,  
herbs and tasty fungi to suit  
his taste with which to flavour stew.

A small man self sufficient  
in every way a man can be  
He lived his life completely free  
of any cause for discontent.

He was found dead one winters day.  
Became a burden on the state  
I'm certain he'd appreciate  
that at the last the state must pay.

24-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Last Man For Friend

I am alone, last of my race  
The reign of man is nearly done  
I wonder who will take our place.  
I am the last and only one.

WE had our chance but failed the test.  
Our foolish pride ensured we would  
Because we thought that we knew best  
instead of living as we should.

We chose instead belligerence  
and Might is Right became our creed.  
Despite the mounting evidence  
that we wrong we paid no heed.

We flouted Mother Nature's rules  
Took much more than our rightful share  
A race of self destructive fools  
for others rights we did not care.

It had to come it was bound to.  
She'd reached the end of her patience  
and knew exactly what to do.  
So she unleashed a pestilence.

Against which man had no defence.  
The doctors failed although they tried  
they simply lacked the competence.  
Each passing day more people died.

I am alone last of my race  
and I too soon must leave the stage.  
I wonder who will take our place  
to usher in a brand new age.

23-May-08

[http:](http://www.PoemHunter.com)



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Last Request

I want no marble monument  
erected in my memory  
I'm sure that I would lie content  
beneath the branches of a tree.  
Ignore established precedent  
when it is time to bury me.  
Remember all the hours we spent  
living and loving happily.  
Pay me the supreme compliment.  
Let my body nourish a tree.  
Creating something permanent  
a thing of natural beauty.  
I can trust you above the rest  
to carry out my last request.

Monday, 26 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Last Request.

Paralysis progressively  
attacks my system stealthily.  
There's no hope of recovery  
from the disease affecting me  
I must consider carefully  
the choices which are left to me  
I can decide to linger on  
although I know all hope is gone.  
There is no cure nor will there be  
OR choose to die with dignity.  
I see no point in lingering  
just to prolong my suffering.  
Will you assist my suicide  
I don't expect you to decide  
immediately. If you help me.  
You lay yourself wide open to  
harsh penalties. Which may land you  
before a court to justify  
the reasons that you helped me die.  
You are my friend I can depend  
on you to help me make an end.  
Despite the risks which you incur  
I know quite well you will defer  
your decision till you are sure  
There is not and cannot be a cure.  
Then you will honour my request  
Because you think it's for best.

08/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lasting Peace

They laid creeping barrage down  
in preparation for the push.  
It was a pearler Mrs Brown  
and turned the battleground to mush.

The effing noise was deafening  
and then the silence even worse.  
I saw the sergeant beckoning  
my fervent prayer became a curse.

The first lieutenant leas us though  
over the top into the mud  
We had no choice we had to go  
. Though why I've never understood.

We couldn't charge we had to trudge  
There seemed to be no solid ground  
the effing world was full of sludge  
and if you fell you would be drowned.

We over ran a German trench  
much like the one we left behind.  
It had the same familiar stench  
and like our own badly designed.

How I survived I do not know  
But I got home still in one piece  
I still feel guilty sometimes though  
And seldom sleep the night in peace.

Remember then the fighting men,  
The men like simple Sammy Brown.  
Who lived to see his home again  
unlike his mates who were mown down.

Though Sammy lived to ninety three  
he never could forget the past.  
He lies In Highgate cemetery  
his epitaph reads Peace at last.

10-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Late Evening Stroll For Friend Bob

Night falls swiftly and silently.  
Across the quiet countryside.  
The new moon shows through fitfully.  
Although the dark clouds try to hide.  
This slender crescent from our view.  
They succeed only partially.  
Soft silver beams keep breaking through  
providing light so I can see.  
Quite well enough to find my way.  
The darkness does not frighten me  
though I prefer the light of day  
But still stroll contentedly  
by paths familiar to me.  
Which lead me home eventually.

14/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Learning New Skills: Something A Little Different

I smell the rancid stench of fear.  
Although you sense that I am near.  
You give no credibility  
to anything which you can't see.

You don't believe in ghosts as such  
And yet you're conscious of my touch.  
But you refuse to listen to  
the inner voice that's telling you

There are some things you can't explain.  
Some hidden aspect of your brain.  
Which knows a great deal more than you  
are prepared to believe is true.

You are aware your terrified  
of something but you can't decide.  
If it is fact or fantasy.  
Should you fight or should you flee.

I can't do what I used to do.  
All I can do is frighten you  
I cannot harm you physically.  
That pleasure is forbidden me.

I feed upon the scent of fear  
To satisfy my appetite.  
Before I died I used to kill  
And if I could I would still kill.

But I cannot I'm just a ghost  
one of the great unnumbered host.  
Who have to pay the penalty  
for who and what they used to be.

A never ending punishment  
For those who can't or won't repent.  
As long as I can frighten you  
I will continue making do.

A lesser thrill I must confess  
But it feeds me none the less.  
The taste of terror exquisite  
It titillates my appetite

for cruelty. I am still proud to be  
operating sadistically.  
Inflicting mental cruelty.  
A student of psychology.

Although you sense that I am near  
You cannot understand your fear.  
There's very little you can do.  
I am more powerful than you.

Though disembodied I exist  
as tenuous as morning mist.  
And while I do your fears persist.  
You need to find an exorcist.

30/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Least Said Soonest Mended

Least said soonest mended

I am condemned to wonder why  
I cannot make an apt reply.  
When someone has insulted me.  
I find I can quite easily

but only when it is too late  
Why can't I just retaliate?  
when someone has insulted me.  
At the time immediately.

Perhaps I'm taken by surprise  
perhaps because I am too wise.  
When someone has insulted me  
to take the insult seriously.

Though I must say in self defence  
I am not quick to take offence  
when some one has insulted me  
I hold on to my dignity.

I will not be an easy mark  
to be hurt by some chance remark.  
Perhaps they weren't insulting me  
but merely meant to disagree

I simply smile and let it go  
I do not really want to know.  
If they were insulting me.  
It hasn't worked as they can see.

20-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Least Said Soonest Mended.

Least said soonest mended.

In the anger of the moment.  
We react instinctively  
Harsh words spill out by accident  
Which we regret immediately.

Anger looses inhibitions  
We do not think before we speak.

The spoken word can't be unsaid  
However much we may regret.  
Although our anger's long since fled  
Those we offend do not forget.

Anger loosens inhibitions.  
We do not think before we speak.

Old friends become new enemies.  
Misunderstandings on both sides  
Exchanging apologies  
may help but bitterness abides.

Anger loosens inhibitions  
We do not think before we speak.

Reacting to a perceived slight.  
Something we are prone to do.  
We forget to be polite.  
It's unfortunate but it's true.

Thursday, 13 October 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Left Bereft

I face the future fearfully  
it's time to say my last farewell.  
The grey sky weeps in sympathy.  
My joy in life is gone from me.  
I lack the words with which to tell  
I face the future fearfully.  
Fell death chooses impartially  
I hear the tolling funeral bell.  
The grey sky weeps in sympathy.  
My friends bow heads respectfully.  
My bitter tears already fell  
I face the future fearfully.  
I am sunk deep in misery  
an unexpected blow which fell.  
The grey sky weeps in sympathy.  
Life holds no value now for me,  
without my love a lonely hell.  
I face the future fearfully  
The grey sky weeps in sympathy.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Legacy.

Legacy

Ghosts from the past, our ancestors.  
Though long since dead are part of us.  
WE must accept this truth of course.  
Our forbears weren't all glorious.  
If you research your family tree  
You'll be surprised by what you find.  
Most forbears were quite ordinary.  
But some of them have left behind.  
Abilities and qualities.  
Which are passed down through their offspring  
in varying quantities.  
You can be sure of just one thing.  
Today we are the latest batch  
of evolutions mix and match.

Wednesday, 29 December 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Legendary Profitabilty.

A quiet space a secret place.  
A rocky cave in the cliff face.  
Which somehow makes you feel welcome.  
A hermit once made this his home.

A healer and an herbalist.  
The legends say he did exist.  
It's said he never charged a fee  
But gave his services for free.

To the poorest folks of his day.  
But those who were rich enough to pay  
Had to pay accordingly  
For medicine the poor got free.

He was regarded with respect.  
Exactly as you would expect.  
His treatments worked effectively.  
Because he knew the properties.

Of every herb both root and leaf.  
And which to use to bring relief.  
From common ailments of the day  
His nostrums drove the pain away.

Although his fame spread far and wide.  
He was determined to abide.  
In the haven he had chosen  
Far apart from other men.

As a hermit ought to do  
And to his principles be true.  
None knows his true identity  
Lost in the mists of history.

The cave can still be seen today  
And tourists come from far away.  
Perhaps from curiosity  
although there's not a lot to see.

The tourists are prepared to spend.  
That's why the local all pretend.  
That they believe the legends true  
Because it suits their pockets to.

Sell souvenirs to visitors  
at an inflated price of course.  
You might well think I'm cynical  
The locals are quite typical.

If there's a profit to be made  
Encouraging the tourist trade.  
You can be sure they will supply  
whatever tourists want to buy.

The legends may or may not be  
Well rooted in reality.  
What does it matter anyway  
As long as it can be made to pay.

Thursday,02 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Life Goes On

This is an anniversary.  
She certainly won't celebrate.  
But can't expunge the memory  
Of the day she lost her mate...

One minute laughing happily.  
The next he laid dead at her feet.  
An unexpected tragedy.  
His heart had simply ceased to beat.

He'd had a massive heart attack  
Which must have killed him instantly.  
There was no way to bring him back.  
He was dead irrevocably.

Support from friends and family.  
Enabled her to carry on.  
But no amount of sympathy  
can change the fact that he has gone...

The dreams they shared can never be.  
For now, she has to dream alone.  
She has to face reality.  
And face the future on her own/

The second anniversary  
Of the sad day her partner died.  
Although she's smiling publically.  
She is still grieving deep inside.

The passing years may numb the pain  
And set her free eventually.  
Allowing her to dream again  
Although it happens gradually.

She's not too old to start anew  
to find someone with whom to share.  
A new dream which could come true.  
If she is brave enough to dare.

But in her heart there'll always be.  
A private place she cannot share  
That's sacred to the memory  
Of her lover gone elsewhere.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Life Goes On

.

A lightning blasted tree still stands.  
It bears no hint of greenery  
but Mother Nature understands.  
The tree provides a haven  
for lesser creatures in her care.  
A place to nest a place to rest  
small creatures living everywhere.  
Wherever they find suits them best.  
The tree though dead still sustains life  
as its substance rots away.  
A sanctuary free from strife  
the tree providing still today.  
Although it's dead the blasted tree  
still serves a purpose faithfully.

17-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Life Is For Living Forfriend Thad.

I'm musing on mortality.  
Which seems entirely apposite.  
I think at my age I should be.  
I can see clearly with hindsight.

As I recall the distant past.  
Three quarters of a century.  
The long years all too quickly passed.  
Experience that made me, me.

I know that one day I will die.  
I cannot know when that will be.  
So until then I can but try  
to use my time productively.

I read and write, I paint and draw  
and I maintain my interest  
in everything I've done before  
and tackle new projects with zest.

Although I was born long ago  
I don't admit to being old.  
Because I'm wise enough to know.  
I should not put my life on hold.

Take to my armchair, watch TV  
As others may expect me too.  
Sit back and just wait patiently  
for death. Something I will not do.

Until the day I die I'll try  
to live as I have always done.  
I will think optimistically  
and find each day some time for fun.

Saturday,03 April 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Life Review. Fot J.T, Ellison

When you grow old as you must do  
and you look backward to review.  
The way that life has treated you  
Where you have been, what you've achieved.  
The blessings given and received.  
a great deal more than you believed.  
I think you find you are impressed  
You know you've always done your best  
and you have earned the right to rest.  
No longer part of the rat race  
You live your life at your own pace.  
Perhaps you can accept with grace  
When you conclude your life review.  
You've done what you were meant to do.

05/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Light And Movement

The sky is blue bright sunshine shows  
the changing colours of the trees.  
Which ripple in the playful breeze  
A changing tapestry that glows  
with autumn colours which compose,  
contrasts and subtle harmonies  
An artist palette sure to please  
the eye of anyone who knows.  
That they are free to look their fill  
on Mother Natures artistry.  
A still life which is never still  
but always moving fluidly.  
Obedient to the artists will  
eschewing mediocrity.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Limited Choice

All politicians preen and pose.  
They promise forthright honesty.  
We aren't the fools that they suppose  
because we very clearly see.

That all the promises they make.  
Examined closely make no sense,  
they all repeat the same mistake.  
Assume the public has no sense.

Your vote is all they want from you  
For that they lie with practised ease.  
And once elected they will do  
very little which will please.

The general public as a whole.  
For once aboard the gravy train  
They have achieved their only goal  
and treat the voters with disdain.

So think before you cast your vote  
scrutinise them carefully.  
Don't be afraid to rock the boat  
and rouse yourselves from apathy.

The voting system is unfair  
and does not represent the views  
of every voter everywhere.  
We are denied the right to choose.

The form of government we need.  
That's why the country's in a mess.  
Enslaved by some out dated creed  
which renders many votes worthless.

The systems rotten to the core  
relies on public apathy.  
We get what we deserve no more.  
It's sad but true apparently.

It needs a drastic overhaul  
there is no sign that it will get.  
Your vote is worth nothing at all  
That is the only certain bet.

10-May-08

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lingering Legends

The course of human history.  
A complicated tapestry.  
Composed of interwoven strands.  
The work of three blind sisters hands.

Each strand recording some event.  
Almost as if by accident.  
I have no doubt that they will be.  
Still recorded accurately.

The strands are closely intertwined.  
Which makes it difficult to find.  
A single strand you can purse.  
You hope in time will lead you to.

Some one you can identify  
Which other sources verify.  
Some one well know to history  
No longer wrapped in mystery/

But now exposed to public view.  
So we can prove their legend true.  
It seems to me won't succeed.  
Until the day we learn to read.

The never ending tapestry.  
.The sisters weave industriously.  
Which they have done since time began.  
With total disregard for man.

We try and try without success.  
Our efforts doomed to be fruitless.  
The three blind sister can ensure.  
Their secrets will remain secure.

Perhaps that's how its meant to  
We have to face reality.  
If we had been supposed to know



We'd have succeeded long ago

The sisters weave their tapestry.  
Recording human history  
But they make sure we can't unwind.  
The strands deliberately entwined.

Monday, 18 June 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lingering Torment

She is bewildered and afraid  
no longer sure of anything  
Remembering mistakes she's made.  
She finds that she is confusing  
the present with the distant past.  
Two different realities  
but neither of them seems to last  
life is full of mysteries.

There is a man who comes to call.  
He seems to know her very well.  
She can't remember him at all  
Although his features ring a bell  
She sometimes wonders where she is  
but loses soon her train of thought.  
How sad to see it come to this.  
She can't survive without support

She does not know, she does not care.  
She is perpetually bemused,  
her mind is now beyond repair  
She is contentedly confused.  
Though we who love her suffer more  
to see her reduced to this state  
Not Compos Mentis anymore.  
With saddened hearts we can but wait.

For death the final arbiter  
to pardon her and set her free  
I am quite sure she would prefer,  
if she could say competently  
Not to be here but be elsewhere,  
a better place where she could be  
with those who have preceded her  
Once more a soul at liberty.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lip Service

The ladies of the Women's Guild.  
well armoured in their tweeds and pearls.  
Are sure that they will feel fulfilled  
by doing good for wayward girls.  
Although their vaunted charity  
is mainly theoretical.  
These pillars of society  
are totally impractical.  
They won't consider taking in  
young girl who has gone astray.  
To free her from a life of sin.  
Oh dear me no the ladies say.  
Although they have our sympathy.  
We keep our own homes trouble free.  
1-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Little Has Changed

In days of yore she would have been  
condemned by neighbours as a witch  
Their lack of caring was obscene.  
They would have "Swum "her in some ditch.  
If she survived she was guilty  
If she did not quite innocent  
They showed her little charity  
a facts that's all too evident  
In modern times it's different.  
We merely have her put away  
in some old peoples home: Content  
she is no longer in our way  
Once out of sight she's out of mind.  
Solution of a different kind

(15-Oct-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Little Things Fo M Lady Mary Gordley

It is the little things which impress.  
Small gestures of your tenderness.  
A fleeting touch, a gentle kiss,  
these are the things I would miss.  
If they were suddenly to cease.

Not the rich treasures you display  
to celebrate some special day.  
The small things I appreciate  
shows of affection from my mate.  
These are the things which really please.

I do not yearn for diamond rings  
or other useless pretty things.  
I am as happy as can be  
because you show your love for me  
in little ways consistently.

I know your love for me is true  
it shows in everything you do.  
I feel your love surrounding me  
providing the security.  
A woman needs to feel at peace.

The love light shining in your eyes  
is to me a greater prize.  
Than anything that you could buy  
to show your love. So do not try  
All that I need your love supplies.

24-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Live And Let Live

A long abandoned grave yard lies  
outside the city boundary.  
It has become a paradise,  
A well established sanctuary.

Unwanted pets turned out to roam  
by cruel owners who don't care.  
Are welcome here to make a home  
amongst their wilder brethren there.

beside the graves in disrepair  
or in the brambles overgrown.  
They are quite sure to find a lair,  
some place that they can call their own.

Although the predators still prey  
They're only acting naturally  
by following Dame Natures way.  
They co exist quite happily.

Eat or be eaten is the law.  
You will not get a second chance  
for nature's red in tooth and claw.  
The price of life is vigilance.

At least they live free from fear  
of mans unthinking cruelty  
Few humans ever venture near  
this abandoned cemetery.

13-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Living In The Latter Days.

The end came unexpectedly.  
Time stopped, then went into reverse  
Which took effect immediately.  
As if the lifting of a curse.

At first it was not obvious  
What the effects would come to be.  
But scientists were curious.  
Recoding changes they could see.

Grey hair and wrinkles disappeared  
People grew younger day by day.  
There seemed to be nothing to fear  
From time running the other way.

The universe began to shrink.  
Instead of growing constantly.  
Which gave us time to stop and think.  
What the end result would be.

Rewinding millions of years.  
Was bound to be a slow process.  
But it seems nobody dares  
To make an educated guess.

How long before the universe  
Becomes a singularity  
Now time has gone into reverse.  
No one can say with certainty.

How long before we reach zero.  
The point at which it all began.  
Perhaps its best we do not know  
the final outcome of the plan.

The universe will cease to be  
At least the universe we knew  
Pausing momentarily  
Before the cycle starts again.

A mere potentiality  
Existing independently  
Which may or may not come to be  
A new form of reality.

Saturday, 31 December 2011

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Living The Dream For My Lady Irene

I wandered slowly in my dream beside a placid flowing stream.  
I pondered as I walked along. Was something missing something wrong?  
I realised I was alone. I had no love to call my own.  
The sun no longer shone for me I was enwrapped in misery.

The stream still sang upon its way. Above me now the skies were grey.  
It seemed I was condemned to be alone, unloved, solitary.  
But then you came into my dream a perfect dream within a dream.  
I knew I had not yet met you but something told me I would do.

I slipped into a deeper sleep but made a promise I would keep.  
I swore I'd search the world for you. I knew that you were searching too.  
Sometimes in sleep your mind is free to see your future fate clearly.  
I knew that you would be my wife and we would share a happy life.

That we would meet a certainty, a self fulfilling prophecy.  
It happened soon as I recall. We didn't have to wait at all.  
You knew you had been recognised. I gazed in wonder hypnotised.  
You whispered softly dreams come true and I replied of course they do.

I was your dream as you were possible by some divine intervention which let us  
see our future indisputably.  
I was quite sure that I loved you. You had no doubt you loved me too.  
Dreams can precede reality so we got wed. Predictably.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Long Forgotten For Friend David Threadgold

Who dares?  
Disturb my peace  
after so many years.

My sleep  
was undisturbed.  
Who is it dares to peep.

This grave  
is mine alone.  
It is all that I have.

To show  
who I once was.  
What do you seek to know?

My bones.  
Are all that's left  
here beneath these stones.

Which mark  
my resting place  
Here in the quiet dark.

Begone  
you have no right  
in truth to look upon.

Remains  
mouldering here  
What do you hope to gain.

Leave me  
in peace and go.  
Your curiosity

Is no  
concern of mine.  
Why should you seek to know.

Why I  
am buried here.  
Dry bones will not reply.

My curse  
will fall on you.  
Things go from bad to worse.

Swiftly  
flee from this place.  
Where you're not meant to be.

I lay  
hidden from sight  
for years until today.

Why do  
you disturb me.  
There is no reason to.

Leave me  
to sleep in peace  
here where I ought to be.

Alone  
Contentedly  
hidden away unknown

.14-Sep-08  
[http;](#)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Long Overdue

The time has come to reinstate.  
The Goddess to her rightful place  
As ruler of the human race.  
This is no time to hesitate.

The human race has gone astray.  
The world is ruled by greed today.  
It is quite obvious we need  
A guide who can show us the way.

Selinas waiting patiently.  
She knows the time will come again  
When she is worshipped by all men  
As long ago she used to be.

The faithful few will continue  
To hope and pray their dreams come true.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Longevity But At What Price?

He was a man of many parts  
Though some were not original.  
In fact he had, had three hearts  
The latest one mechanical.

Both of his kidneys were replaced.  
By organs bought for a fat fee  
to surgeons who to their disgrace.  
Opted to act illegally.

The donors paid a modest sum  
which lifted them from poverty.  
Though he was pleased with the outcome.  
Convinced that he had the right to be,

only concerned with his own health  
and quite prepared to spend his wealth.  
On prolongation of his life  
A practice fast becoming rife.

Potential donors everywhere  
Who are prepared to risk their lives  
So that the rich can purchase care  
Which will ensure that they survive

Which is denied to poorer men.  
Who have to live in poverty  
gross injustice once again.  
But money talks very loudly.

In every language seemingly  
The rich will live while poor men die.  
I do not think there'll ever be  
equality and I know why.

The human race is immature  
we don't believe in equal shares.

Until we change human nature  
It seems the poor will have to bear

The burden of the rich mans greed.  
He offers the poor man cash in hand  
to sell the organs which they need.  
Too ignorant to understand.

The risks to which they are exposed  
Because they get no after care.  
The side effects undiagnosed  
the damage done beyond repair.

The rich pay to increase their span.  
Admit no liability  
for welfare of the poorer man  
who is exploited easily.

Though in the end they will still die  
despite the money they have spent  
You cannot buy immortality.  
Nature brooks no argument..

Wednesday,02 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Looking Back, Nostalgically

The dreaming spires of Oxford lie  
beneath an ever changing sky  
A place where students aspire to  
the earning of a sporting blue.

Or concentrate their energy  
towards a double first degree  
Some will succeed and make their mark.  
To others just a youthful lark

An honoured university  
which has been here for centuries  
The town and gown oft disagree  
they co exist uneasily

The students come from far and wide  
to study by this riverside.  
They stay here temporarily.  
Then they must move on hopefully.

They leave the dreaming spires behind  
as they strike out and try to find.  
Some way to make their dreams come true  
Some will succeed the elite few

.  
On leaving university  
you have to face reality.  
The dreaming spires reluctantly  
must be consigned to memory.

There is so much they need to learn.  
As everybody must in turn,  
success does not come easily.  
Degrees provide no guarantee.

Now is the time when you must show  
How much or little that you know.  
Demonstrate your ability  
and your adaptability..

Convince employers that you can  
Do just as well as any man.  
Although you lack experience  
you have expressed a preference

by choosing them to apply to.  
You like the kind of work they do.  
If you survive the interview  
and they decide to employ you.

Your years at university  
As you will very quickly see  
have not prepared you to compete.  
Your dancing to a different beat.

You have signed on to the Rat race.  
The city is a different place  
From Oxford and its dreaming spires  
where scholars pursue their desires.

All that counts here is success  
you have work hard to progress.  
Life here is lived by different rules  
the city has no time for fools.

You must produce results it seems  
If you want to fulfil your dreams.  
Although in truth you'd rather be  
back at your university.

The dreaming spires of Oxford lie  
beneath an ever changing sky.  
They do not change, no reason to.  
Unlike the students who must do.

16-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Losers Lament

Now is the winter of my discontent.  
My debtors cannot pay me what they owe  
If I had known the facts that I now know  
I would not have lent the cash they have spent  
They say they do not know just where it went  
A poor excuse that is no use to me  
I am not taken in so easily  
To me it's very clearly evident.  
Though they may have borrowed with good intent  
Circumstances have changed in such a way.  
That now they cannot pay the interest.  
Because of some failed experiment.  
I find it most unfair they can't repay.  
The capital which I chose to invest.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Lost Legion For Friend Thad

The earth beneath the desert sun is baked to shades of brown and dun.  
A sea of sand which ceaselessly moves with wind uneasily.  
The land marks here are far and few but known by those belonging to the nomad  
bands who freely roam this sea of sand and call it home.  
A people fierce and proud and free who guard their secrets ruthlessly.  
Intruders are not welcome here; invaders simply disappear.  
Their fate is very seldom known, the desert can protect its own  
Whole Roman legions were erased their resting place cannot be traced.  
The desert knows but will not speak some bones are found by those who seek  
to solve the ancient mysteries. Perhaps rewrite the histories.  
To validate their theories of how an army disappears.  
without a clues as to their fate. A subject open to debate.

The desert sands move constantly, sometimes revealing teasingly  
bleached bones and weapons on the sand which scholars strive to understand.  
Does it matter anyway? Why do we seek to know today  
what happened to the lost legion. Although the legend lingers on.  
The desert will not satisfy our burning curiosity  
The desert knows but will not share the scholars find this hard to bear.  
The desert lands conceal with ease volumes of untold histories.  
Which earnest scholars yearn to read, perhaps one day they will succeed.  
But until then the burning sun will bake the earth to brown and dun  
Maintaining its long secrecy in brooding silent dignity.

30-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lost Treasures

Her jewel box is full of dreams  
It is to her or so it seems  
as Grandmas aged fingers play  
with jewels of a bygone day.

Some are of gold and precious stones  
but they are not her favourite ones  
It is the lesser ones that free  
the floodgates of her memory.

A crystal pendant will recall  
the night she went to her first ball  
Sweet seventeen and innocent.  
The crystal pendant her present.

from father who insists that she  
his little princess has to be.  
The fairest flower of them all  
who graced the debutantes ball.

The cheaper trinkets stimulate  
vignettes which are more intimate  
Fond memories she never shared  
perhaps because she never dared.

She sits absorbed in reverie  
as she remembers vividly  
The golden memories of her youth.  
Although in fact to tell the truth.

Her short term memory is gone  
but distant memories linger on.  
Her body insists she must rest  
she quickly loses interest.

How sad it is for us to see  
the woman that she used to be  
become as helpless as a child.  
A truth to which we're reconciled.

I pray each day for her release  
Alzheimers is dread disease  
I am quite sure she'd rather be  
dead than devoid of dignity.

20-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Love Duet Story Poem For M Lady Helen

Above the sighing of the sea  
a silver voice ensorcelled me.  
She sang of other days and times  
of coral sands and warmer climes.

The sweetness of the melody  
combined with tales of tragedy.  
Held me entranced I could not go.  
It was imperative I know

who sang alone upon the shore  
where I had often strolled before.  
Tonight beneath the silver moon.  
I felt my inner self attune.

I raised my voice a baritone  
So she would know she's not alone.  
Our voices joined harmoniously.  
I think she's been aware of me.

before I sang a single note.  
She sat upon an upturned boat.  
Moonlight outlined her silhouette.  
We sang together a duet.

I walked across the drying sand  
to where she sat and took her hand.  
I could not speak no more could she  
but we established empathy.

We sat in silence side by side  
and watched the slowly ebbing tide.  
WE seemed to have no need for words  
but thoughts between us flew like birds.

She was an exile just like me  
her homeland far across the sea.  
She had been born in Port of Spain  
and longed to see her home again.

She could remember vividly  
the beauty of the scenery  
. I told her I remembered too.  
The white sands and the sea of blue.

Two strangers met beside the sea.  
We felt that it was meant to be,  
no longer strangers but firm friends  
As if the fates would make amends.

Our friendship deepened day by day.  
Dan Cupid always gets his way.  
I asked if she would marry me  
she was quite happy to agree.

The dream we shared was to go home  
where would find a warm welcome.  
We both worked hard and put away  
what cash we could against the day

We'd bid farewell to these cold shores  
and make our way back home of course  
. And that is how we came to be  
the owners of a hostelry.

In San Fernando Trinidad.  
Where bright sunshine makes our hearts glad.  
A place where foreign tourists stay  
on their sun seekers holiday.

WE have a daughter and a son  
and soon there'll be another one.  
I bless the night I heard her sing.  
Which was the start of everything.

We both still sing to entertain  
our paying guests and we explain  
How strangers met by accident  
or perhaps divine intent.

Each time we sin a love duet  
about that night when first we met.  
Our voices blend I harmony  
our love is clear for all to see.

Although we have fond memories  
of that cold country overseas.  
We know where we would rather be.  
Right here in our own home country.

21-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Love Will Find A Way

I'd known false love and been betrayed.  
I built a wall around my heart.  
I learned to trust another maid  
and with her help made a new start.

I built a wall around my heart.  
A wall she breached so easily  
and with her help made a new start  
Because I knew that she loved me.

A wall she breached so easily.  
A wall I thought that I could trust,  
Because I knew that she loved me  
I let crumble into dust

A wall I thought that I could trust  
which would protect my wounded heart.  
True love can overcome distrust  
because it is a thing apart.

I found I need not be afraid  
time had healed my broken heart  
I learned to trust another maid  
and with her help made a new start.

5-Aug-07  
pantoum

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Loves Lament

Loves Lament.

The dragon sings his mating song  
and voices his sad loneliness.  
To be alone he feels is wrong  
he seeks a mate a dragoness.

He sings it from the mountain peaks.  
A song of love and tenderness  
He lets the world know that he seeks  
to find a mate a dragoness.

But female dragons are so rare  
his hopes of happiness are few.  
His lament fills the upper air  
there's nothing else that he can do.

He sings his love song every night  
when day is done and twilight falls.  
He hopes one day that he just might  
receive an answer to his calls.

He sings his plaintive melody  
resounding clearly everywhere  
and always listens carefully.  
He's sure that there must be somewhere.

A dragoness who's lonely too.  
One fine night he hears a voice  
an answer that's long overdue.  
His heart aflame he must rejoice.

A dragoness has heard his call  
and from afar she quickly flew  
. She lands upon his eyrie wall.  
says" I am Flame but who are you"

He bows to her and he replies  
" My name is Star I live alone.

Your coming took me by surprise  
The greatest gift that I have known"

She says that she too seeks a mate.  
His love call lifted her despair.  
Perchance it's time to celebrate.  
She thinks they'll make a lovely pair.

He then proposes formally  
for Dragons are a polite race  
and she accepts him readily  
and couches her reply in grace.

But still each night the dragon sings  
of how he loves his dragoness.  
Enfolds her safely in his wings  
and treats her with great tenderness.

You may not think my tale is true.  
For fools say dragons don't exist  
I can assure you that they do.  
That's why the legends still persist.

Although they may be far and few.  
If you are lucky you may see  
a pair of dragons: If you do  
then just enjoy it quietly.

There is no need to brag and boast.  
you will be labelled as insane.  
But you are luckier than most  
to see the dragons fly again.

Oct 05

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Lying Fallow

All natures know it's for the best.  
Except for man who lacks the sense  
to realise it's time for rest.  
Man views the winter as a test,  
a hurdle barrier or fence.  
All nature knows it's for the best.  
Although unwelcome as a guest  
Conceited man makes no pretence  
to realise it's time for rest  
He raises his voice in protest  
he's far too quick to take offence.  
All nature knows it's for the best.  
He longs for spring becomes obsessed.  
Wild creatures have the confidence  
to realise it's time for rest.  
Nature regards man as a jest,  
and doubts his mental competence.  
All nature knows it's for the best  
to realise its time for rest.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Machine Made Elegance.

My father wrote in copperplate.  
His beautiful calligraphy  
I daren't attempt to emulate  
A task that's well beyond me

Each letter was formed perfectly.  
His grammar perfect and his prose.  
Time was not a luxury.  
Which was a factor I suppose..

My handwritings illegible.  
To any one, sometimes to me.  
I tend to hastily scribble  
my thoughts down as they come to me.

But my P.C has changed my style  
I can print out with clarity.  
My poetry in a short while.  
A blessing it has proved to be.

I was never taught to write  
At least not write properly.  
But I can print to my delight  
and that is good enough for me.

The old ways change and we move on.  
Although not always for the best.  
Perhaps its sad that time has gone.  
Now copper plate is by request.

Computers make it easy to  
present hand written poetry.  
In any font as we all do.  
Which certainly impresses me.

15/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Maiden Aunt For Friend Bob

She smiled her constipated smile.  
A spinster of a certain age  
as she condemned the modern style.  
Moustache bristling with righteous rage.

It isn't right her constant cry.  
The freedom the young have today  
Their attitude I must decry  
we weren't allowed to act that way.

I was taught virginity  
was some thing ladies should retain  
and not surrender easily.  
Once lost something you can't regain.

A girl should wait until she's wed  
Before allowing liberties.  
I repeat what my mother said  
Young ladies must act properly.

What makes me mad is I missed out  
Nobody ever fancied me  
Except the butcher's boy a lout  
of lower social class than me.

So I retained my maiden hood  
more accident than good intent.  
I would have lost it if I could  
if I had found a likely gent..

I must confess I'm envious  
a touch of green eyed jealousy  
What makes me frankly furious  
I lacked the opportunity

.  
I think I would have given in.  
In fact I bloody sure I would  
If I had, had the chance to sin  
instead of acting like a prude.

2-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Maintaining Standards.

To make the grade in Biggleswade.  
Teatime is taken seriously.  
The cake you serve must be home made  
and rather plain not too fancy.

Of course the table must be laid  
with your best china on display  
A snow white cloth the finest made.  
Things must be done the proper way.

The good ladies of Biggleswade.  
Intent on keeping standards high,  
will try their hardest to persuade  
new ladies that they must not buy

Rich fresh cream cakes to serve for tea.  
They must maintain tradition.  
I'm not convinced too easily  
and so I wait' til they have gone.

My man and I prefer our tea.  
Strong hot and sweet from half pint pots.  
We eat while watching the TV.  
We think they are a stuffy lot.

But we are not from Biggleswade  
and we do things a different way.  
More casual not stiff and staid.  
More suited to the world today.

We don't fit in, in Biggleswade,  
we do not like formality  
we never will I am afraid.  
But we don't care we'd rather be

allowed to live the way we choose.  
And not by rules we must obey.  
So quite politely we refuse  
and send the ladies on their way.



The leading ladies of the town.  
The great and good of Biggleswade.  
I am quite sure have marked us down  
Unsuitable to make the grade.

Sunday, 13 June 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Make Yourself At Home For Friend Thad

I keep stored in my library  
a treasury of poetry.  
These riches I'm prepared to share  
with anyone who visits there.

They're sure to find something to please  
somewhere in my anthologies.  
They'll find great poets from the past.  
Whose golden words were writ to last.

Philosophy and high romance  
or choose at a random take a chance.  
They'll find more formal verse than free  
but I think I can guarantee.

Theres something there to suit your taste  
just take your time no need for haste.  
If your inspired and wish to write  
the desk is placed to catch the light.

The only rule you must obey  
is do not take my books away.  
Through hard experience I have learned  
that borrowed books are not returned.

If you should choose to visit me  
you'll find me in my library.  
That's where I spend most of my time  
composing metred verse in rhyme.

22-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Making The Effort For M Lady Ernestine

My get up and go has got up and gone  
tired of waiting it's gone on alone.  
I am content to just and wait.  
It'll come back with tales to relate.

Of where it's been and what it's seen  
Its only aim to turn me green  
with jealousy and stimulate  
my interest before too late.

Rouse me from my lethargy  
There is so much to do and see.  
But I prefer to hibernate  
Although I do appreciate.

The effort it's prepared to make  
I really do make no mistake.  
I must cast off this lazy mood  
I am sure that it would do me good.

I need some retail therapy.  
There's nothing really wrong with me  
A little shopping will not cure.  
I have responded to the lure.

I'll wash my face and comb my hair  
A quick car ride will take me there.  
The metro centre beckons me  
I can afford a spending spree.

If not today then tomorrow.  
Although I may have to borrow  
more energy from somewhere.  
I will get up and go. So there.

Tuesday, 10 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Making The Effort.

My get up and go has got up and gone  
tired of waiting it's gone on alone.  
I am content to just and wait.  
It'll come back with tales to relate.

Of where it's been and what it's seen  
Its only aim to turn me green  
with jealousy and stimulate  
my interest before too late.

Rouse me from my lethargy  
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Although I may have to borrow  
more energy from somewhere.  
I will get up and go. So there.

Tuesday, 10 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mal De Mall

I wandered as a poet does  
around a crowded superstore.  
I was excited by the buzz  
of people buying more and more.  
Much more than what they need to buy  
to celebrate the holiday.  
I felt confused and wondered why.  
So much would just be thrown away.  
We at too much we drink too much  
in general overindulge  
Are we then so far out of touch  
we disregard the fact we bulge  
in places where should not do  
from an aesthetic point of view.

1-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Malapropisms

I love the antics of semantics.  
Although sometimes I'm driven frantic  
by words used inappropriately.  
A sight I all too often see.

When people try to demonstrate  
their vocabulary is first rate.  
Like Mrs Malaprop confused.  
They do not know the words they've used

merely display their ignorance.  
A most unhappy circumstance  
Their efforts to impress must fail  
Misusing words to no avail.

Better stick to words you know,  
plain simple words which surely show.  
You can express your point of view  
in terms appropriate to you.

A single word serves just as well  
as any polysyllable.  
It seems to me it's plain to see  
simplicity aids clarity.

7-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Marry In Haste, Repent At Leisure.

Begone wan ghost what wantest thou.  
Why dost thou haunt me constantly  
I owe no duty now to thee  
I did whilst thou didst live but now  
There is no law that doth allow  
a long dead wife to harass me.  
When kindly death hath set me free.  
I suffered thy tongue long enow.

Thou wert a shrew with bitter tongue.  
Thou didst not hesitate to use  
to make my life a misery.  
The choice I made when I was young  
led to a lifetime of abuse.  
God knows I am well rid of thee.

Sunday,07 February 2010.  
blog

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mary Harriet

An empty room, an empty chair.  
Recall to me the occupant  
although she is no longer there.  
In my minds eyes I see my aunt.  
The family historian.  
She knew much more than she would tell.  
Knew when to speak when to abstain.  
She kept the family secrets well.  
I used to love to visit her  
and listen to the tales she told  
of her young days and how thing were  
. In those far distant days of old.  
Now she is gone, she was the last  
who knew the secrets of the past.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Master Work

The cello weeps a melody,  
the woodwinds deeply sympathise  
The violin a threnody  
adds to the sobbing harmony.  
A woman's voice rich contralto  
takes up the theme. A tale of woe  
a male sings basso profundo.  
The music peaks in crescendo  
then descends, diminuendo.  
The audience is moved to tears.  
Stunned silence reigns because they know  
such magic quickly disappears.  
The curtain falls and they are left  
Sad, grief stricken and bereft.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Matching Pair Dual Vilanelle

Upon this man I've cast my spell.  
He is forever bound to me  
I know he loves me I can tell.

He knows he loves me, loves me well  
he also knows that I am free.  
Upon this man I've cast my spell.

I have a dream as all men do.  
A dream which keeps despair at bay  
I live in hopes it will come true.

My dream is old yet ever new  
I can review it every day.  
I have a dream as all men do

My heart beat rings out like a bell  
which he must hear assuredly  
I know he loves me I can tell.

Perhaps in time he will dispel  
the fears which haunt him constantly.  
Upon this man I've cast my spell.

I have but one dream I pursue  
to while the lonely hours away  
I have a dream as all men do

Then with three words my fears he'll quell.  
Then I will wed him willingly.  
I know he loves me I can tell

Why is it that a maid can't tell  
the man she loves so openly  
Upon this man I've cast my spell  
I know he loves me I can tell.

A dream is better shared by two  
but you don't even look my way

I live in hope it will come true.

I know I am in love with you  
and yet I am afraid to say.  
I have a dream as all men do  
I live in hope it will come true

(3-Jun-07/Poeticpiers aka ivor)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Matchless Partnership For M Lady Chitra

I have a friend who can pretend.  
She's just a piece of jewellery  
A ploy she uses to defend  
herself from closer scrutiny.  
A member of the dragon race  
although she is a miniature  
my lapel is her favourite place  
where she is certain she's secure  
When I am sitting on my own  
she loves to light my smoke for me.  
But only when we are alone  
and she is sure no one can see.  
Communicating mentally  
we get along quite happily.

18-Aug-08

[http: /](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Maternal Musings.

Be not afraid there's nought to fear.  
The night is not thine enemy  
So sleep my babe sleep peacefully.  
Thou knowest well that I am near.

Thou are the prize which I long sought.  
A joy I thought denied to me  
so I will guard the faithfully  
against all harm of any sort.

If thou shouldst stir I come to thee,  
a cry will bring me to thy side.  
The love I bear and cannot hide  
I'm proud to display openly.

I can forget my childless years  
Now thou art here to comfort me.  
I submit to thy tyrannies  
thou rulest me with smiles and tears.

Though all too quickly thou wilt grow.  
Become a boy and then a man.  
I must enjoy thee whilst I can.  
Although I pray the years pass slow.

At least for now thou needest me  
thou art dependent on my care.  
A burden which I gladly bear.  
I am a mother finally.

Thy sire is prouder far than I  
accepts all credit as his due.  
Asmost new fathers tend to do.  
Thou art the apple of his eye.

Thy coming was so long delayed.  
We thought that we might never see  
a babe to grace our nursery  
Thou art the child for which we prayed

.  
Be not afraid sleep peacefully.  
In thy cradle warm and dry  
and I will sing a lullaby.  
Watch over thee adoringly.

24-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Maturely Considered Opinion

.

Approaching his centenary.  
The old man did not seem to be  
at all concerned apparently.  
About the fact that he was old.  
Still a player in life's game  
He took each day just as it came  
and treated every day the same.  
He did not feel that he was old.  
Though he had reached a ripe old age  
Much greater than the average  
He did not see that he should rage  
against the fact that he was old  
He saw no reason to complain  
he'd rather not be young again.

07/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# May I Have The Pleasure For M Lady Ernestine

Come let us dance the night away.  
Content to hold and to be held close,  
what need have we for words to say?  
What beating hearts articulate  
conjoined in perfect harmony  
and smiling eyes reiterate.  
An all embracing empathy.  
Two pairs of gaily dancing feet  
are syncopated by the beat  
into a union that's complete.  
Two hearts which beat in unison  
which with the rhythm keep in time.  
Their only wish the band plays on.  
To hold and be held is sublime.

9-Apr-08

Saraband Sonnet

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Maybe!

Maybe.

Perhaps our dreams are prophecies,  
in which we see what is to be.  
Though we don't take them seriously  
and disregard them completely.  
It may be sad but it is true  
There are a few a very few.  
Who do believe and they achieve.

A great deal more than most can do.  
Because they're willing to pursue  
their dream until they make it true.  
This simple truth I share with you.  
If you are willing to accept  
the plans your sleeping mind projects  
If you believe you can achieve.

Whatever goal you're aiming for.  
Things that you have not done before.  
Dreamers can accomplish more  
Because they're willing to explore  
the different possibilities.  
Within their capabilities  
They can achieve all they conceive.

I don't expect you to agree  
that every dream's a prophecy.  
But to consider carefully.  
It's possible that they might be.  
You have free choice it's up to you  
to believe what you want to.  
I've no intention to deceive.

I only want to share with you.  
What I believe to be quite true.  
You can do all you want to do.  
That you can be successful too.  
And make your dreams reality

instead of being fantasy.  
All you need is to believe.

Tuesday, 10 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Meditating Meditation For M Lady Ernestine

Ignore the fleeting thoughts which pass  
across the surface of your mind  
Reflections in a looking glass  
which leave nothing solid behind.

They briefly show then fade away  
Like shooting stars across the sky.  
Of no importance any way.  
Not worth the time it takes to try.

To understand what they might mean.  
If they're important they will slow  
their pace so that they can be seen  
as something which you need to know.

Command your mind to concentrate  
and pay attention to one thought.  
Be single minded contemplate.  
Is this the truth which you have sought.

Reducing the complexity  
of half formed thoughts which multiply  
to simple singularity.  
Grows easier each time you try.

If you achieve an empty mind  
completely undistracted by,  
Stray random thoughts of any kind.  
Experience epiphany.

For one brief moment understand.  
We are all small parts of just one whole.  
Then you will know you can't command  
the forward movement of your soul.

The quest you are engaged upon  
is something which we all must do.  
Accept this fact and carry on  
How long it takes is up to you.

03/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Meditation. For Sonny Rainshine

The shifting blues of soft twilight, precursor to the fall of night.  
From palest blue to indigo the colours waver come and go  
.No earthly artist though they try can possibly identify  
the boundaries between the hues which swirl and blend just as they choose.  
Before they're overtaken by darkness of night that rules the sky  
Until the Moons serenity appears on high for all to see.

Here in the quiet countryside I meditate each eventide  
Upon the qualities of light which alter with the fall of night.  
Though it grows dark I still can see my eyes can work efficiently adjusting to the  
changing light though colours fade to black and white. An interlude a passing  
phase which flees before the silver rays  
the newly risen moon supplies. Colours return delight our eyes

Though there's a subtle difference the colours now are less intense  
than those seen by the light of day. As if they're altered in some way  
Although I'm forced to recognise this may be due to tired eyes  
I'm half convinced against my will that moonlight can and does instil  
some new dimension to how we g some new delicacy  
to our perception of the light. Perhaps we achieve clearer sight.

28-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Meditations After Li Po For M Lady Helen

I

I follow in the footsteps  
of old poets of the past.  
As geese fly south in autumn.  
Instinct is my only guide.  
My attempts to emulate,  
may not bear such worthy fruit.  
I can only do my best

II

The trees discard all their leaves  
and face winter nakedly.  
I ask myself why this should be  
but I receive no reply.  
Winter winds pass freely through  
the leafless twigs and branches.  
Dead leaves return to the earth.

III

The trees stand as sentinels  
coated with white bitter frost  
Bowing in submission  
to the power of the wind.  
Better to bend than to break,  
the trees know instinctively  
the wind dies as spring returns.

IV

Only when the time is right  
the geese will return once more.  
The trees will put forth new leaves,  
flowers spring up underfoot  
The spring sunshine will inspire  
Poets to take up their brush  
and ink: To write poetry.

21-Oct-07



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mental Arithmetic

Twice two is four twice four is eight.  
I do not need to calculate.  
I learnt my tables long ago.  
I need not think because I know.  
The check out girls rely on tills  
because they do not have the skills  
Which I was taught in junior school.  
They've always been a useful tool.  
Without the till they would be lost  
they cannot calculate the cost  
of groceries I want to buy.  
I think I know the reason why.  
They don't learn tables any more  
and consequently can't keep score.

Friday, 16 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Merciful Release?

&lt;/&gt;Merciful Release.

The mist descended suddenly.  
Totally unexpectedly.  
I could not see to find my way  
So I decided I should stay  
Just where I was. It seemed to be.  
The wisest choice

I'm not so certain that it was  
I think perhaps that is because.  
The clammy fog embraces me  
And whispers to me quietly  
You have no choice.

If I decide to let you go  
I am quite certain you will know.  
Not to brave the moors alone  
These moors are mine all that I own  
and I rejoice.

I have the power to heal or kill  
I always had and always will.  
These moors are worthy of respect  
It is mission to protect.  
It whispered sotto voice.

I will remember till I die.  
There is no reason I should lie  
The day the mist enveloped me  
and whispered to me quietly  
I hear that voice.

In nightmares to this very day.  
Although it let me go my way.  
I still retain the memory  
Of the lesson taught to me.

The moors own voice.

Although it spoke so quietly  
Is etched deep in my memory  
I can't forget although I try  
And to this day I wonder why.  
It made the choice

To set me free as suddenly  
as the mist had captured me.  
I don't suppose I'll ever know  
Why it chose to let me go  
I had no choice.

The moors have little time for fools  
They can and will enforce their rules  
I'm forced to take it seriously  
Or pay the price

Tuesday, 15 November 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mere Spectator For Jt Ellison

Clouds of gunmetal grey amass  
above the distant mountains peaks.  
Loudly the voice of thunder speaks.  
But I fear not this too will pass.

I watch the lightning bolts which soar.  
Long streaks of incandescent blue.  
Which pierce the storm clouds through and through.  
Though I have seen it all before.

I am held captive by the sight.  
I cannot tear my eyes away  
I have to watch the interplay  
of storm clouds lashed by spears of light.

I know the storm clouds will release  
their burden of much needed rain  
and then the skies will clear again.  
I am content I feel at peace.

The rainfall will refresh the streams.  
And they in turn increase the flow  
of rivers running deep and slow.  
Towards the sea where in my dreams.

I see the sun evaporate  
raise water vapour to the skies.  
The winds which blow will dissipate  
the clouds which slowly rise.

And start the cycle once again.  
All part of nature's perfect plan  
to irrigate the world of man.  
There is no loss there is no gain.

The rain falls on the mountain sides.  
Restarts its journey to the sea  
It can move slow or speedily.  
The ancient cycle still abides.

It was before the birth of man  
and will be when man is no more  
My role that of a spectator.  
I contemplate because I can

and realise I `m powerless.  
of no real significance.  
I do not rate a second glance.  
I am not part of the process.

The water cycles constantly  
The way it was designed to do  
There is no reason to review  
a system working perfectly.

05/08/2009

[http:](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mighty Mouse

A predator, the pygmy shrew?  
It seems unlikely but it's true.  
To satisfy its appetite  
this tiny scrap of dynamite  
will tackle creatures twice its size.  
They're dead before they realise.  
This little creature has to eat  
twice its own body weight of meat.  
On each and every single day.  
the pygmy shrew's no easy prey.  
Some larger creatures find to their cost.  
Make the attempt and find they've lost.  
The pygmy shrew's ferocity  
means that he wins inevitably.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mind Control.

Mind control  
Pantoum form

She dreamt a dream within a dream.  
A lucid dream she could control  
She chose the pace she chose the theme  
In order to achieve her goal.

A lucid dream she could control.  
Every detail was designed,  
to blend together seamlessly.  
Such was the power of her mind.

To blend together seamlessly.  
A demonstration of her skill.  
She succeeded effortlessly.  
She exercised her sovereign will.

A demonstration of her skill.  
Which she had earned by studying  
She exercised her sovereign will  
By her control of everything.

She chose the pace she chose the theme  
She dreamt a dream within a dream.

Tuesday, 30 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Minding Our Own Business

The universal warrior.  
The ordinary fighting man  
existing since the world began  
A doer not a worrier.

He does as he is ordered to.  
Its not his place to question why  
The many ordered by the few.  
His duty is to do or die.

The politicians and the brass  
issue commands which he obeys  
Its always been this way alas  
and will be `til we change our ways.

Why should they send young men to fight  
and die in some far distant land.  
To try and prove that might is right.  
Why can't our leaders understand.

Each country is entitled to  
govern their land in their own way  
There's very little we can do  
We cannot force them to obey.

However much we disagree,  
we have no right we can't dictate.  
they must accept democracy.  
Each is an independent state.

Our leaders ought to concentrate  
on problems in our own countries  
Address them now they cannot wait  
Re stabilise economies.

It's not our place to interfere  
on other countries home affairs  
Past history makes this quite clear.  
We have our problems they have theirs.

The evidence is plain to see  
.Each country gets the government  
they will accept eventually  
By trial and experiment.

Although we think our way the best  
it will not do for everyone.  
So in our own best interest  
We must learn to leave things alone.

Democracy is not perfect  
Although we may pretend it is.  
It is the best we can expect  
although it's rather hit or miss.

It is the best we can devise  
as long as human nature rules.  
We lack the knowledge to be wise.  
We are a race of clever fools.

27-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Minor Sins For M Lady Lorraine

The shadow of an echo falls  
upon deaf ears which listen not.  
They fail to hear the distant calls  
of memories they thought forgot.  
The sinful acts they have repressed  
and buried deep in memory.  
Are in their disturbed sleep expressed.  
Rise to remind them forcefully.  
The night mares we perforce must ride  
are merely our self punishment  
We cannot from our conscience hide.  
We must acknowledge and repent  
those things we did unthinkingly  
before we can sleep peacefully.

14-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Misapprehension

A blue eyed blonde but rather dim.  
Or so he thought  
But she still made a fool of him.  
Just for the sport

He thought he would have his way  
then leave her flat  
but she saw things a different way.  
I fancy that

she led him a merry dance.  
She knew his game,  
right from the start he had no chance.  
But all the same

The lesson was long overdue  
he had to know.  
That he was not entitled to  
just take and go.

She had met men like him before  
and knew full well  
He wanted to add to his score  
so he could tell.

His friends about his new conquest.  
But she declined  
and told him he was just a pest.  
Then she consigned

him swiftly to the garbage heap  
where he belonged  
and she would lose no beauty sleep.  
Though he felt wronged.

Philanderers should make a note  
to change their ways.  
or surely they will miss the boat.  
Alone always.

the maiden knew instinctively  
she could not trust.  
She spotted you immediately.  
So go you must.

With your desire unsatisfied.  
The lady's wise  
she sees quite clearly that you lied.  
To your surprise.

23-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Miseable Existence.

Miserable existence.

I don't admit to being old.  
Nor will I put my life on hold.  
As others think I ought to do.  
I have a different point of view.

There's so much that I want to do.  
Each day I can find something new.  
Something I have not done before.  
It's not a case of either or.

Let oher people vegetate  
If they're prepared to sit and wait  
in their arm chair and watch TV  
Until they're switched off finally.  
When death decides to swing his scythe  
and end their travesty of life.

Saturday,04 September 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Misperception?

Misperception.

The silence of the night; profound.  
Is broken by a dismal sound.  
The tolling of a single bell.  
The sad, sad sound of the death knell.  
Another soul has broken free  
From this sad world of misery.  
Now journeying towards the light  
Rejoicing in the power of flight.  
But we who have been left behind  
to seek what solace we can find.  
Weep bitter tears which may relieve  
The pain of loss but I believe.  
We should not weep but celebrate.  
The dear departed's change of state.

Thursday, 22 December 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Misplaced Confidence For M Lady

Although dreams can come true; they seldom do.  
We are convinced this rule does not apply  
to us. We will be treated differently.  
Such is our egocentric point of view  
So we believe the dreams which we pursue  
could well come true. We see no reason why  
we should not succeed if we really try.  
We fervently believe we deserve to.

The old adage" Hope springs eternally  
Does not accord with our experience  
but we can disregard this easily"  
although it goes against all common sense.  
Dreams are not known for logicity.  
So in our dreams we still place confidence.

10-Nov-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Misplaced Trust

&lt;/&gt;Symmetrical verse

Misplaced trust

.  
I lost my way  
Was led astray  
By those I thought I could believe  
But were not what they seemed to be  
Because I was young and naïve  
I trusted them too easily  
Their confidence was all pretence.  
I should have used my common sense.  
Gone my own way  
Without delay.  
But I did not I thought they knew  
Which way to go  
which wasn't true.

Saturday,29 October 2011

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Misplaced Trust Symmetrical Verse.

&lt;/&gt;Symmetrical verse

Misplaced trust

.  
I lost my way  
Was led astray  
By those I thought I could believe  
But were not what they seemed to be  
Because I was young and naïve  
I trusted them too easily  
Their confidence was all pretence.  
I should have used my common sense.  
Gone my own way  
Without delay.  
But I did not I thought they knew  
Which way to go which wasn't true.  
They lied to me  
As liars do.

Saturday,29 October 2011

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Modern Art

I'm not sure how I should start  
To write a poem on modern art.  
It leaves me in a quandary  
It holds no real appeal for me.  
I don't dismiss it out hand  
I really try to understand.  
What modern artists try to do.  
I know it's different for you.  
It is quite true I realise  
I'm not equipped to criticise  
I prefer to feast my eyes  
On something I can recognise.  
Modern art just baffles me  
I don't know what it's meant to be.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Monetary Aberration.

A brief encounter innocent  
Of any forethought or intent  
We touched almost by accident  
and yet I must confess it meant.  
A sudden pang of discontent  
Which quickly came and quickly went.  
A moment that devil sent  
To tempt me was his sole intent.  
It was a failed experiment.  
My love for you is permanent.  
It would be to my detriment  
to give my assent or consent.  
To any plot he could invent.  
I hold all cheats beneath contempt.

Monday, 29 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Money Talks

The village streets are dark and cold.  
Most stay at home and watch T.V  
Its not the place it used be  
when coal was king in days of old.

When miners earned a princely wage.  
The village pubs were thriving then,  
those days will never come again.  
Commuting now is all the rage.

The many pubs are all closed down  
the shops have dwindled to a few.  
There is so little we can do  
We have shop in the next town.

But they are building everywhere.  
New houses thrown up in a flash  
For other folk who have the cash  
The planners do not seem to care.

This valley is a beauty spot  
where tacky houses spoil the view.  
An old complaint forever new  
I can complain. Why should I not.

I'm not against making progress.,  
Sometimes a change is for the best  
when it is made at our request.  
It seems our choice grows ever less.

The speculators buy the land.  
Pull down the pubs which they replace  
with houses tightly packed in place.  
The only thing they understand.

is how much profit they can make.  
Their balance sheets must always show  
how they can make their money grow.  
They are in charge make no mistake..

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Monkey Business

Behold the agile chimpanzee  
swing easily from tree to tree  
He sees no reason he should be  
related in any way to me  
I am quite sure the Chimpanzee  
would deny vociferously  
That men spring from his family tree.  
Regard it as stupidity.  
A claim which has to be denied.  
Which touches on his family pride  
the chimpanzees are satisfied  
that followers of Darwin lied  
Despite the similarities  
men aren't as wise as chimpanzees.

28-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Monochromatricks For M'Lady Tara

When winter comes the forest trees  
all do a colourful striptease  
Discarding their leaves one by one  
until the very last is gone  
but even so they're beautiful  
although not so colourful.  
A tracery of black on white  
silhouettes against the light  
grey white of the wintery sky  
But pleasing to an artists eye  
I like the sheer simplicity  
I can attempt successfully  
to paint though I'm an amateur.  
In monochrome as I prefer

.  
19/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Monumental Mystery

A column built of rough hewn stone.  
By whom or why remains unknown.  
Half hidden by dense foliage.  
A relic from a by gone age.  
What it was for nobody knows  
It served some purpose I suppose.  
An enigma a mystery  
A sacred site quite possibly.  
But still it stands amongst the trees.  
As it has stood for centuries.  
I don't suppose we'll ever know  
Why it was built so long ago.  
Before recorded history.  
Though built to last indefinitely.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Moon Dancer 2009

Beneath the moon alone I dance  
to music only I can hear  
Though other folk may look askance  
and turn away to hide their fear.

They fear me ` cos I don't conform  
to any rule they recognise.  
The say I'm mad when I perform  
my shuffling dance beneath the skies

I may be mad but I am free,  
more free than they will ever be.  
For what they see as sanity  
a subtle form of slavery.

They must conform to some set norm.  
They are afraid of liberty.  
Their life a role which they perform  
albeit most reluctantly.

Until the pressure got to me  
I used to be a college grad.  
A nervous breakdown set me free.  
Insanity is not too bad.

I dance alone beneath the moon  
to music no one else can hear.  
I caper to a lilting tune  
My dancing drives away my fear.

Sometimes I can talk lucidly  
and demonstrate intelligence  
But all too soon the clarity  
fades into incoherence.

I do no harm to anyone.  
I represent no threat at all  
But peoples fears still linger on  
which they conceal behind a wall.

Pretending they're indifferent  
They do not try to understand  
the reason I am different  
They just dismiss me out of hand.

I am obsessed compelled to dance  
to every moonlight rhapsody.  
Recovery, there's little chance.  
Please show a little sympathy.

It could be you instead of me.  
That's forced to dance beneath the moon  
to some compelling melody.  
Believe me it could happen soon.

You are compelled to seek success.  
The stresses grow too hard to bear  
and all your efforts to impress  
dissipate into thin air.

Then you will learn to be like me  
Free from all the stress and strain  
escape into insanity  
Because you overstrained your brain..

04/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Moonlight And Poses

Sweet words can lead a girl astray.  
Accept the fact that men will lie  
You know full well the reason why.  
Some men believe that if they try  
a naïve girl might just give way  
Sweet words can lead a girl astray  
To men love is game they play  
and so they lie to get their way.  
Sweet words can lead a girl astray.

Any mature woman knows  
that men are driven by their lust  
and their sweet words you cannot trust.  
The question which she has to pose  
Is this a man who I can trust?  
Any mature woman knows  
There is no reason to adjust  
what she believes unless she must.  
Any mature woman knows

There comes a time she cant resist.  
She knows she's acting foolishly  
but they surrender easily.  
Because their libidos insist  
they explore sexuality  
There comes a time they can't resist.  
Deceptive moon light may assist  
surrender of the chastity.  
We should excuse them readily.  
There comes a time they can't resist.

They blame the moonlight and the man  
deny responsibility  
for their sexuality  
Because they are quite sure they can  
expect at least some sympathy.  
They blame the moonlight and the man.  
Perhaps I'm judging unfairly  
but that is how it seems to me.

They blame the moonlight and the man.

It takes a woman and a man  
a mutual complicity.  
So neither one can be guilt free.  
It has been so since time began  
throughout recorded history.  
It takes a woman and a man.  
Theres little probability  
that things will change foreseeably.  
It takes a woman and a man.

Triolet quartet

23/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Moonlight Magic For Friend Konstantin

Moonlight magic

cherry blossoms pink and white.  
springtime beauty show.  
satisfies my appetite..

a beautiful sight.  
softly the breezes blow  
thus creating tricks of light.

at night the moonlight  
adds to my delight  
the blossoms seem to glow.

it is my birthright  
I can come and go.  
I choose to visit by night.

to enjoy the sight.  
wander to and fro  
in ecstasies of delight.

night: my favourite  
why, because I know  
the cherry blossoms pink and white  
will be bathed in silver light.

Tankanelle a form devised by Board Flak

Parameters

The first stanza 7/5/7 syllables  
The next four stanzas 5/5/7 syllables  
The final stanza is 5/5/7/7

The opening line is repeated as the first line of the closing couplet

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Moonlight Mysteries. For M'Lady Tara

Moonlight.

Deceives our eyes  
creates moving shadows  
which seem to come and go at will.

Be still.

Time ebbs and flows,  
in time the sun will rise  
To banish shadows of the night.

By night

Our eyes tell lies  
because the shadows flow  
fluidly. They are never still.

Some will

spring a surprise.  
As dawn is drawing close  
they disappear and all is still.

Until

the next moonrise.  
Recreating the shadows  
Cast by the ruler of the night.

Tuesday, 15 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Moonlit Melody.

The night wind carries from afar  
The soft sweet strains of a guitar.  
Although the tune's familiar  
I cannot bring its name to mind

The soft notes carried on the breeze  
recall forgotten memories  
Gently reminding me.  
That fate was not always kind.

I've had my share of happiness  
I've known both failure and success.  
They seem to balance more or less  
So I am blessed with peace of mind

I sit and listen quietly  
the distant music soothing me  
into a state of reverie.  
In which I find I am resigned

To being old and on my own  
a feeling which has slowly grown  
Since my love died. left me alone  
She had to go left me behind.

I know I will rejoin her soon  
beyond the mountains of the moon.  
When death grants me the final boon.  
I'm certain that I shall not mind

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Moonshine

Amidst the hills clandestine stills  
are still producing liquid gold.  
Utilising ancient skills  
passed down from forebears; known of old.

Forded from their homelands unjustly  
deprived of all they had by laws  
Enforced by English kings decree  
The clansmen had no other course.

But emigrate and seek freedom  
in distant lands across the sea  
Where they hoped to find a welcome.  
It seems they did and readily

Resumed the way of life they knew  
cherished traditions from the past  
They proved they were willing to  
adapt to change as the years passed

Becoming model citizens.  
Accepting their new ome lands laws.  
Retaining some independence  
as any Scotsman would of course.

Inherited ability  
ensured they're were able to.  
Distil their own kind of whisky.  
Something that they will always do.

Though law abiding generally.  
They're adamant the will not pay  
the government any duty  
on what they make it's not their way

Rebellion is in their blood  
inherited genetically.  
They would not change it if they could

They won't surrender easily

And that is why we hide our stills  
in places that are known only to us.  
An ongoing battle of wills  
between the government and us.

11-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Moral Cowardice.

.

Should I regret or just forget.  
The things I've done or left undone  
Accumulative unpaid debt.  
Part of the web the fates have spun.  
The three weird sisters spin the thread  
and weave into tapestry  
Each thread is chosen carefully.  
Though blind the sisters see ahead.  
The future fate of everyone.  
No one escapes what they decree.  
What is to will come to be  
All that you did or left undone.  
So I pretend it's predestined  
and just dismiss it from my mind.

Saturday, 10 April 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Moral Obligation?

Quintilla format.

His lover was in constant pain.  
She could no longer bear the strain.  
So he decided it was best  
To grant her unspoken request.  
Although it was against the law.

What right has anyone to say.  
She has to suffer in this way.  
When it's not necessary.  
He has the means to set her free.  
Why should she suffer anymore.

She smiled at him because she knew.  
That what she wanted, he would do.  
He was absolutely sure.  
There was no prospect of a cure.  
And chose to disregard the law.

He is no fool and recognises  
That some will choose to criticise.  
As they are entitled to.  
He did what he thought he must do.  
The time has come to change he law.

The right to die with dignity  
When life has lost its quality.  
Though it's forbidden by the state.  
Is open to renewed debate.  
With arguments against and for.

The state will try to prove that he.  
Should be deprived of liberty.  
Although he had no ill intent  
He still merits some punishment.  
He placed his love above the law.

Prepared to face the consequence.  
Because he used his common sense.  
And saved her from sheer agony.  
His conscience bid him set her free.  
Obedient to a higher law.

Tuesday, 25 September 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# More Than Equal Story Poem For M'Lady Lucianne

The Moated Grange beside the lake  
stands empty now and desolate.  
The Marchioness burnt at the stake  
long years ago a gruesome fate.

She ruled the countryside by fear  
for she possessed the evil eye.  
The locals do not venture near.  
No man is brave enough to buy.

Developers have thought to try  
Prospect of profits uppermost.  
But they withdraw I wonder why  
perhaps they fear her angry ghost

The grange is left to slow decay.  
The Ivy on its grey stone walls  
grows thicker every passing day  
and will until the last stone falls.

Few men in living memory  
have dared defy the curse she placed.  
Upon her house and property.  
A curse that cannot be erased.

By prating priest or exorcists  
The witches will defies them still.  
Years come and go but she persists  
No exorcist can match her skill

She was defiant unto death  
there was no way she would repent.  
Pronounced her curse with her last breath  
and swore it would be permanent.

Though long slow centuries have passed  
her dying words have proven true.  
A foolish legend from the past?  
The local folk swear that it's true.

Was the Marchioness a witch?  
There's only tainted evidence  
or just an overbearing bitch.  
Who went too far and caused offence?

No man shall own that which was mine.  
Thus swore the dying Marchioness.  
She was most careful to define  
the male sex in her bitterness.

I am a rebel like she was  
and I defy men's domination.  
So she might favour me because  
I am prepared to take men on..

When she defied the church and state  
she placed her life in jeopardy.  
I mean to purchase her estate.  
I rather think she will let me.

She knows I am a woman who  
is certain she will understand.  
If I succeed; her curse will too  
No man will ever own her land.

12-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Morning Always Comes Too Soon

The morning always comes too soon,  
when you are locked in loves embrace  
You much prefer the gentle moon  
to the suns bright shining face.  
Which brings an end to your delight  
When you are locked in loves embrace.  
You can't compare the soft dark night  
to the suns bright shining face.  
You can't compare the soft dark night  
with the birth of a new day.  
Which brings an end to your delight  
but can't command the night to stay.  
With the birth of a new day  
you have to rise reluctantly.  
When you are locked in loves embrace.  
The morning always comes too soon.

4-May-08

Pantoum

blog my

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Morning Call For Frien Marvin

The morning sun explosively.  
Soars aloft from beneath the sea  
as though afraid he might be late.  
So full of joy he cannot wait  
to tell the world its time to rise  
and rub the sleep from out their eyes.  
Then stretch their stiffened joints and yawn.  
The night has flown so greet the morn  
Dependent on their attitude  
some men express their gratitude.  
While others bitterly complain  
because it's time to work again  
Which makes no difference to the sun.  
He travels on his duty done.

23-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Morning Hymn

Gladly do I greet the dawn  
a new day born for me to see.  
The dawn chorus fills my ears.  
Banishes all fears: I'm free  
to raise my hymn of praise.  
To the sun's rays. I ought to  
in gratitude for the sight  
of morning light. So I do.

Awdl gwneidd form

07/11/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Morning Ritual.

Cywydd deuai'r Fyrion.

I greet the dawn.  
A day new born.  
My hymn of praise  
I gladly raise.  
As I should do  
and so should you.  
We know it's true  
that praise is due  
An attitude  
of gratitude.  
Would be seemly  
But we are free  
To choose to sing  
or do nothing.  
It may well be  
that unlike me.  
You do not pray  
to greet the day  
That is your choice  
But I rejoice  
to see daylight  
banish the night.  
That's why I raise  
my hymn of praise.

Tuesday, 02 February 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Most Unfair For M Lady Ernestine

The Duchess danced delightfully.  
The Duke was cursed with two left feet.  
Whilst she was dancing gracefully  
the Duke would simply drink and eat.  
She kept her figure trim with ease  
She defied the advancing years  
The Duke quite frankly was obese  
oblivious to disgusted stares.  
The Duchess died at sixty one  
why this should be a mystery  
The fat old Duke just carried on  
still going strong at ninety three.  
I think this simply goes to show.  
When your time's up you have to go.

30-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mother Knows

The odour of an apple pie.  
Fresh baked and set aside to cool.  
Would tempt a stronger soul than I  
to discard sense and play the fool.  
Beneath that crisp and golden crust  
there lie stewed apples rich and sweet.  
Arousing a small boy's greedy lust.  
My mother is nobody's fool  
she knew just what I had in mind  
and well before I broke the rule,  
She took a switch to my behind.  
It was my turn I had to learn  
though mother's kind she can be stern.

4-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Mother Love.

Allthrough the night I vigil kept  
My precious child was gravely ill  
I told my rosary and wept  
to see him lie so pale and still  
The dreaded crisis came and went.  
My babe is sleeping peacefully  
I am exhausted but content  
My first born child is still with me.  
He will grow up to be a man.  
Something which was in jeopardy.  
Which makes me a happy woman  
I offer my thanks gratefully.  
My child pulled through against the odds  
Which has renewed my faith in God.

14/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mother Nature Knows

The sedge along the riverside.  
Provides a perfect place to hide  
For creatures which we rarely see.  
Small animals which need to be.  
Hid from the eyes of predators.  
Who hunt along the water course.

Feathered hunters high in the sky  
follow the river as they fly  
In their eternal hunt for prey.  
Ready to stoop without delay.  
Given the opportunity  
On some potential meal they see..

Small creatures seeking sustenance.  
Who are prepared to take a chance.  
To forage for the food they need  
Far from the safety of the weeds  
where they are hidden from the view.  
Of predators who must feed too.

Though most will die some will survive.  
Enough to keep the breed alive.  
Ma Nature plans well in advance  
for each and every circumstance.  
She will maintain the status quo.  
Which was established long ago.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Moving Pictures

The slowly burning logs inspire.  
Half forgotten memories.  
Moving pictures in the fire.  
Recalling scenes from the past with ease.  
Other times and other places  
Recollections from long ago  
Of the friends I used to know.  
Where are they now? I cannot say  
Our paths diverged and we lost touch.  
The glowing coals make my thoughts stray  
and I remember far too much.  
The things I did or did not do.  
As I recall the past anew.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Much Ado About Something Or Other

An absence is hard to define  
A nameless shape without a form,  
an emptiness left by design  
A task nobody can perform.  
Using words which are meaningless  
just strung together as a string  
Poetic words which would impress  
if only they meant anything.  
Without a message to convey  
they merely occupy some space.  
To put it in a different way  
the kind of words one should erase.  
I think I may have lost the plot  
because these word don't mean a lot.

16-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Much Needed

The night draws near now day is done.  
Blue shadows lengthen on the ground,  
the traffic noise is almost gone.  
The ticking clock the only sound.

The children safe and snug in bed.  
I have some precious time alone,  
I try to read but drift instead  
into a small world of my own.

Where I am young and innocent  
without responsibility.  
There I can please myself content  
I need consider only me.

I wake up with a sudden start  
adjusting to reality  
Adopt again my real life part,  
and say goodbye to fantasy.

Quite soon my husband will be home  
and ready for his evening meal.  
He will expect a warm welcome.  
No fantasy now this is real.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Musical Magic A Logarhyme

The ancient harper starts to play.  
All background noises fade away.  
We sit spell bound

We are transported to the past.  
Times iron rule is overcast  
by his sweet sounds.

The present ceases to exist.  
The silver notes will long persist  
to be profound.

The ancient harper cannot see.  
His eyes don't work effectively  
He can't look round.

But we can see and we can hear.  
We're privileged to be here.  
Applause resounds.

The harper starts to play again  
A soft and gentle sweet refrain.  
I am dumbfound.

As are the whole audience  
The music holds us in suspense.  
We are held bound

By the spell the harper weaves  
and will be til the harper leaves.  
We're still spell bound.

Saturday,21 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Musing On Mortality

Musing on mortality.

Though we all start on equal terms  
Your life experience will affirm.  
All finish up as food for worms.

Some will win whilst others lose  
We have no choice we can't refuse  
All finish up as food for worms.

Although we strive to stay alive  
By any means we can contrive.  
All finish up as food for worms

Some settle for cremation  
An act of desperation.  
All finish up as food for worms

Although the ashes are broadcast  
They mingle with the soil at last.  
All finish up as food for worms

That is the way it's meant to be.  
There is no doubt eventually.  
All finish up as food for worms

The only true equality  
Is found within the cemetery  
ALL FINISH UP AS FOOD FOR WORMS.  
SUNDAY,11 DECEMBER 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Mutual Antipathy.

Mutual antipathy

monotetra

I cannot say with certainty  
that I am right though I might be.  
You have the right to disagree.  
I will consider carefully  
the reasons that you offer me.  
As to why you can't agree.  
I think that very possibly  
there's little possibility  
That you will ever agree with me  
You can't admit that I might be  
correct. Because you dislike me.  
You are not thinking logically  
I cannot claim with honesty  
that I am quite prejudice free.  
I don't like you, you don't like me.  
At least on that we can agree.

Sunday,01 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Mutual Respect Fo M Lady Tara

My grandma knew a thing or two  
about the herbs that freely grew  
From which she brewed her remedies  
that served to cure a cough or wheeze.  
She always said for each disease.  
There was herb which would bring ease.  
The local village doctor knew  
that she knew more than he claimed to  
. Before the N.H.S. became  
the major player in the game.  
They cured the ills of every man,  
the wise old doctor and My Gran  
Each held the other in respect  
a partnership both could accept.

26-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Mutual Respect For Friend Chandra.

Does God exist or does he not.  
We cannot prove it either way.  
Though arguments wax strong and hot.  
What does it matter anyway.

If you have faith and you believe  
Perhaps that makes it true for you  
If I lack faith and can't perceive  
things in the same way that you do.

That does not mean that you are right  
nor does it mean that I am wrong.  
Although our views are opposite  
It's possible to get along.

We can agree to disagree.  
There's no need for disharmony.

Sunday, 24 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My Conscience Is Clear.

She seemed wide eyed and innocent.  
The answer to a young mans dreams.  
They seemed to meet by accident.  
But things aren't always as they seem.

She planned their meeting carefully.  
Paid great attention to detail.  
She was as sure as she could be.  
There was no way her plan could fail.

She was quite certain she could count  
On access to his bank account.  
At least to use his credit card.  
To earn herself a nice reward.

He too was certain of success.  
He knew that he was penniless  
And planned to take her for a ride.  
Instead of making her his bride.

Two con artists head to head.  
There's little more that can be said.  
There was no chance they could foresee.  
their plans would fail: Inevitably..

She looked wide eyed and innocent.  
He seemed to be a gentleman.  
Though both were overconfident.  
they couldn't fail. Fate had other plans.

Although they were prepared to cheat.  
To demonstrate their competence  
But did not know the must compete  
to win the others confidence.

She was convinced she had him fooled.  
He was quite certain he would win.  
But fate stepped in and overruled.



Their well laid plans to their chagrin.

They both left town quite suddenly.  
And left their unpaid bills behind.  
Along with sundry property.  
Which by default I claimed as mine.

I made a profit from their sale.  
Which more than covered my expense.  
For me to win they had to fail.  
A matter of expedience..

I lost much less than what I gained.  
Enjoyed the whole experience.  
Which keeps my close friends entertained.  
I feel no need for penitence.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My Country Lied

I lack the urge but have the skill.  
My country taught me how to kill.  
I had no choice could not refuse  
nobody asked me for my views.

They said my country needed  
to subjugate the enemy.  
I was still young, green and naïve.  
That I was sure I should believe

that what they told me must be true.  
That it was something I should do.  
But I discovered in due course  
we were fighting to enforce

on those with just cause for dissent.  
A very unjust settlement,  
the promises my country made  
and did not keep. We now forbade

their self determination.  
The right of every nation,  
it was battle we must lose.  
The people have the right to choose.

To be an independent state  
no longer seen as second rate.  
Which they achieved eventually  
they were not just a colony.

On looking back it seems to me  
my country lied apparently.  
An abuse of authority  
I will not forget easily.

I lack the urge but have the skill.  
My country taught me how to kill.  
Though I can say with confidence  
I'd only kill in self defence.

23-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My First P.M. (Autopsy) For M Lady Dee Daffodil

I felt no apprehension  
I was quite frankly curious  
prepared to pay attention.  
Which made my colleague furious.

Because he had expected me  
to turn pale green, perhaps pass out.  
Instead of which I strained to see.  
Surprising him I have no doubt.

To ascertain the cause of death,  
we had to solve that mystery.  
I didn't even hold my breath,  
the process interested me.

I watched spell bound as in a trance  
the work of the pathologist  
. A man who left nothing to chance  
as he worked through his own check list

Each organ was removed and weighed  
examined carefully to see  
what changes disease may have made.  
His findings noted carefully.

In speech upon a Dictaphone,  
speaking conversationally  
I was surprised how time had flown  
as I watched fascinatedly.

I asked him what the verdict was  
and how the man had come to die.  
He said that he could find no cause  
that he could clearly identify

A heart attack I'll certify  
to satisfy officialdom.  
It is the truth most probably.  
He went because his time had come.

I can remember vividly  
I was surprised by what he said.  
He spoke with great authority.  
We can be certain he is dead.

I can find nothing untoward  
which might suggest some sort of crime.  
The man has gone to his reward.  
He simply had run out of time.

18-Jun-08

Http: cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My Preference

Modern proponents of free form.  
Do not accept that poetry  
has certain rules and must conform.  
Or it becomes mere anarchy.

Anything goes just will not do.  
It's either poetry or prose.  
One must give credit where it's due  
They both have merit I suppose.

Prose poetry cannot exist.  
An oxymoron obviously  
but modern writers will insist  
that what they write is poetry.

They aren't content to call it prose  
well written and quite beautiful.  
Care taken with the words they chose  
describing something wonderful.

Although so many writers try.  
There's very few achieve their aim.  
They do not stop to wonder why  
But simply write more of the same.

Make no attempt to learn the rules  
Meter and rhyme a mystery  
they lack the simple basic tools  
You need for writing poetry.

A poem is a message to  
transmit your ideas and your thoughts.  
So other folks can share them too.  
If you can write them as you ought.

Simplicity and clarity  
are prerequisites for our art.  
The finest kinds of poetry  
are written from the poets heart.

Mere strings of words in random lines  
are neither prose nor poetry.  
Each of us knows what he defines  
as being his idea of poesy.

I rest my case I make no plea  
I merely state my preference.  
Applicable only to me  
I do not wish to cause offence.

6-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My Privilege

A small girl dances unselfconsciously.  
Quite unaware she has an audience  
Dancing to music only she can sense  
She's so engrossed she does not notice me  
I think that I am fortunate to see  
A dance that has no trace of false pretence.  
She dances naturally with confidence  
A sight which enraptures me completely.

How sad it is to know that she will grow.  
and sadly lose her childish innocence.  
No more to dance so unselfconsciously.  
By hard experience she will come to know  
That she must wear a mask in self defence  
and never ever show what lies below.

13-Sep-08

ce/poetic piers

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# My Question For M Lady Fay

There is a question I must pose  
In the vain hope that someone knows  
Who's willing to enlighten me.

Before my birth where would I be  
This question always puzzles me  
and when I die where do I go.

I have asked priests who hesitate  
to answer me, they vacillate.  
Because in truth they do not know.

They quote their Holy Book to me  
But I have looked and cannot see.  
The answer that I seek to find.

Why is it that they pretend to know  
from whence I came and where I go.  
And yet they will not answer me.

My question is a simple one  
I make it clear to everyone.  
But no one seems to understand.

The truth is what I seek to know  
From whence I came where do I go.  
Will somebody please answer me.

20-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My Secret Place For Friend Thad

This lonely reed surrounded pool.  
Far from the noise of other men.  
Is always serene, cool and green.  
The haunt of grebe and water hen.

I found it quite by accident.  
Somehow it seemed to call to me,  
as if it knew I'd be content  
to sit beside it quietly.

And it is true I'm happy here.  
I can find peace to meditate.  
Nobody comes to interfere  
and I achieve an altered state

of consciousness in which I go  
beyond the little word I know  
I recognise no boundary  
and for a little while I'm free.

Although I temporarily  
escape the laws of gravity  
I must return reluctantly  
to the world of reality.

This reed fringed pool has proved to be.  
A place where I can instantly  
attain perfect serenity.  
Free from the worlds insanity.

2-Dec-08  
c piers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My Time For M Lady Ann Beard

Hoar frost on trees can imitate  
the snow white blossoms of the spring.  
On this I choose to meditate  
to clear my mind of everything.  
The whirling thoughts which madly dance  
and try to hold my interest.  
Cannot disturb my quiet trance  
they cease to spin and fall to rest  
My mind is clear as a deep pool  
reflecting nothing but the sky.  
The placid depths are clear and cool.  
I'm only conscious I am I.  
This is my time to simply be  
If only temporarily.

2-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My Time Is Short.

My time is short I'm growing old.  
The years pass by so speedily  
Each day is worth much more than gold.  
I greet each morning thankfully.

But time moves on remorselessly  
.Although my memories enfold  
My youthful days effortlessly.  
My time is short I'm growing old.

Long ago when young and bold  
I faced the future fearlessly  
Perceptions changed as I grew old.  
The years pass by so speedily.

I made my way successfully  
And I grew rich as I grew old.  
But life experience has taught me  
Each day is worth much more than gold.

Time - cannot be bought or sold.  
Time must onward steadily.  
As the passing years unfold  
I greet each morning thankfully

I've learned the only certainty.  
Applying to both young and old  
Both must accept reality.  
My future can now be foretold.

My time is short Monday,16 April 2012

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My time is shortMonday,16 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# My View

I view the world in wonderment  
the daily miracles I see.  
Don't come about by accident  
at least that's how its seems to me.  
Considering the evidence  
it would appear there is a plan  
much greater than the mind of man  
The truth is nobody knows for sure.  
You're free to choose what you accept  
Childhood beliefs may long endure.  
Some you believe and some reject  
What I propose is tolerance  
give all beliefs an equal chance.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## My View 07

I view the world in wonderment  
the daily miracles I see.  
Don't come about by accident  
at least that's how its seems to me.  
Considering the evidence  
it would appear there is a plan  
much greater than the mind of man  
The truth is nobody knows for sure.  
You're free to choose what you accept  
Childhood beliefs may long endure.  
Some you believe and some reject  
What I propose is tolerance  
give all beliefs an equal chance.

1-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Naani For Subarraman N.V.

War will persist  
as long as men exist.  
Men have the will and skill to kill.  
They always had and always will.

Peace apparently  
an impossibility.  
Men expect hostility  
Universally.

Why should this be?  
It seems to me  
we were meant to live peacefully.  
In perfect amity.

6-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Naked And Unashamed.

We dance sky clad beneath the moon.  
The Goddess' wishes to fulfil.  
In gratitude for every boon  
The goddess grants us as she will.

We celebrate fertility.  
As did our forbears long ago.  
Restoring the vitality  
the earth requires. This we know

because the Goddess tells us so  
She taught them as she teaches us  
the Rituals that we need to know  
Our dance is not lascivious

We circle always deosil.  
The same direction as the sun  
as we obey the goddess' will  
We mean no harm to anyone.

To cause no hurt; this is our law  
All witches must strive to obey.  
The basis of our sacred lore  
for those who worship her today.

Though we must worship secretly  
and hide ourselves from public view.  
Perhaps one day we will be free  
To worship as we wish to do

Monday,02 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Natural Artistry

Natural artistry

The onion domes against the sky  
by morning light blush rosily.  
Before the sun has risen high.  
Resplendent in his majesty.

He paints the domes with gleaming gold.  
Without finesse but lavishly.  
His whole approach is overbold.  
I prefer delicacy..

The pastel shades that I could see  
before the blazing sun applied  
his crude form of artistry  
and hid the beauty from my eyes.

With coats of gold he misapplied,  
that he believes mistakenly.  
Will be pleasing to the eyes  
of the vast majority.

Who only value opulence.  
I could be wrong he may be right.  
But I prefer the evidence  
which is provided by my eyes.

Te golden glow the sun supplies  
to onion domes is transient.  
Although pleasing to most men's eyes,  
an artists eyes are different.

I keep my vigil faithfully  
though I confess impatiently.  
Tomorrow morning I shall see.  
The onion domes bathed in beauty.

Before the sun can brutalise  
with crass insensitivity.

The pastel colours dawn applies  
to onion domes against the skies.

Thursday, 27 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Natural Progression For M'Lady Catrina

Natural Progression.

A amidst the green a flash of red  
and here and there a golden tone  
The summertime has swiftly sped.  
Now Autumn comes to reign alone.  
Her reign is short but beautiful  
The trees adopt their party dress  
the brilliant colours wonderful.  
Well calculated to impress.  
Soon wintry gales will strip the trees  
denude them of their finery.  
Until this happens they will please  
students of nature's artistry.  
And then revert to black and white  
to some photographers delight.

21/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Natural Selection For Friend Thad

I am a male an alpha plus.  
My only purpose is to breed,  
to sow the seeds of genius.  
So that my offspring will succeed.

I am the leader of the pack.  
No one is fit to take my place.  
I have the wisdom which they lack.  
I am the wolf who sets the pace.

We work together as a team  
but I direct the strategy  
I have the wit to plan and scheme  
The other wolves defer to me.

That is the way it has to be  
As long as I am best I'll lead.  
Some day some pup will challenge me  
and hopefully he will succeed..

I am a male an alpha plus  
but even alpha males grow old.  
In nature it was ever thus  
The leadership goes to the bold.

I'm not the wolf I used to be.  
I've had my time now I must leave.  
The pack goes on triumphantly  
just as it should do I believe..

To lead the pack a privilege  
that's only open to a few.  
Who have the strength and the knowledge  
to rule the pack as they must do.

A pack that lacks strong leadership  
will very quickly succumb to  
lack of direction and hardship.  
A leader must know what to do.

But also know he must give way.  
To new leader in due course  
He's played the part he had to play  
a law that nature will enforce.

Only the best is fit to lead  
life is a struggle to survive.  
Though a strong leader will succeed  
ensuring that his pack will live.

Though leaders come and leaders go.  
The pack remains an entity  
Since time began it has been so  
and will for ever seemingly.

11/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Naturally For M Lady Marci

At midnight still the roses bloom  
Their colours pale beneath the moon  
Scenting the air with rich perfume  
while nightingales sing their sweet tune.  
When all good folk are fast asleep  
as slowly past the night hours creep.  
Hidden by darkness lovers dare  
enjoy their latest love affair  
They snatch a stolen hour or two  
in some well hidden rendezvous  
Forbidden love they can't declare  
Makes their life easier to bear  
The rose does what comes naturally  
so do the lovers actually.

14-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Naturally Superior

An ancient Cypress tree still stands  
Beside a ruined monument.  
Outlasts the works of human hands.  
Nothing man made is permanent.

The tree is self sufficient.  
It needs no other maintenance.  
Apart from the nourishment.  
The soil provides and rains enhance.

The builders of the monument.  
Erected by them to impress  
Are long since dead that's evident.  
Outlasted by this grand Cypress.

The ancient tree's content to be.  
Just what it is a simple tree.

Saturday,03 March 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Nature Cure For Friend Thad

I lay upon the short cropped grass  
beneath the shade of an oak tree  
and watched the clouds which slowly passed  
across the sky towards the sea.  
I wondered idly should I stroll  
towards the cliffs above the sea.  
Where I could watch the breakers roll.  
the waves in motion ceaselessly.  
The lazy buzzing of the bees  
Persuaded me that I should stay,  
just where I was and take my ease.  
Tomorrow was another day.  
An afternoon of indolence.  
Stress therapy without expense.

31-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Nature Has The Final Say For Yoonos Peerbocus

They tried a cordon sanitaire  
in an attempt to stop the spread.  
The virulence was every where  
the lucky ones already dead.

From whence it came nobody knew  
but its effect were obvious.  
Its early symptoms like the flu  
becoming quickly serious.

The victims were in constant pain  
their lungs were filled with bloody pus.  
They tried to treat but all in vain  
its spread was fast and furious.

The first case was in Singapore  
a German girl on holiday  
but all too quickly there were more  
the numbers rising every day.

Mutated flu or something new.  
The virus had immunity  
to every drug the doctors knew  
spread here and there sporadically.

All movements in and out were banned  
by the world health authority  
The experts could not understand  
the cause of this calamity.

As usual they were too late  
too many tourists had passed through  
the airports of this island state  
and where they the germs went too.

It spread to every continent,  
Girdled he world at lightning speed.  
Precautions proved incompetent

there was no way they could succeed.

Man had been warned: Chose to ignore  
Though Nature made her warnings plain.  
She did as she has done before  
Restored the balance once again.

Reduced the numbers ruthlessly.  
The fittest would survive to breed.  
Though they would struggle painfully.  
I have no doubt they will succeed.

Civilisations come and go  
but nature has the final say.  
She knows how far to let them grow.  
Disaster can strike any day.

The time has come it must be said  
Too many mouths too little food  
the human race has over bred.  
The future is not looking good.

25-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Neater Meter For Mr Earley

Neater meter?

I have to write a sonnet in free verse.  
I must stick to Iambic pentameter.  
A meter that I do not often use.  
Pentameter is my more usual style.  
A Sapphic meter would be so much worse.  
I am more comfortable with the latter.  
I find that some odd metres can confuse  
a simple rhymester like me for a while.  
I'm quite convinced that pentameter  
makes my presentations appear neater.  
It may be that you think I am obtuse  
and that my simple verses make you smile.  
You are entitled to your point of view.  
Naturally I won't agree with you!

11-Apr-08

Free verse sonnet

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Necessity.

Sometimes love dies of sheer neglect.  
Love's not always as we expect.  
Because we are less than perfect.  
Love sometimes dies.

Love can survive eternally.  
Although some choose to disagree.  
But I believe the truth to be  
Love can survive.

Love is a gift it can't be bought.  
Love brings the happiness we sought.  
Love offers absolute support  
Love is a gift.

We fall in love because we must.  
In time we learn we can adjust  
Progressing into love from lust  
We fall in love.

We all seek love, instinctively.  
Without love we could never be.  
Capable of living happily  
We all seek love.

Friday, 31 August 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Needs Must

When the skylarks rise up singing.  
Their morning hymn to greet the day  
Praise songs set the welkin ringing.  
Because they know no other way  
To show their heart felt gratitude.  
A very different attitude  
from men who rise reluctantly  
And curse their waking bitterly.  
They see no reason they should sing  
They are convinced the day will bring.  
Back breaking work to earn their bread.  
When they would rather stay in bed.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Needs Must

I am awoken by a need  
My bladder signals urgently  
you must make haste there's need for speed  
No sleep until you empty me.  
I rise from bed reluctantly  
as fast as aged joints permit.  
Go to the bathroom where I pee.  
Then when I have accomplished it  
go back to bed and try to sleep.  
I usually manage easily  
I see no need for counting sheep  
Quite soon I'm sleeping peacefully  
I am quite old and I expect  
its something which I must accept.

24-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Never Again For Friend Thad

A beer makes a new man of you  
and then the new man wants one too  
He takes the opportunity  
to sink his beer down thirstily.  
By then its time for number three  
and you are sinking happily  
into the state where you've lost count.  
You can consume any amount  
or so you think but you cannot.  
Your thought process has gone to pot.  
You've had too much and you will rue.  
Much more than is good for you.  
Tomorrow morning you will pay.  
Hangovers can last all day.

29-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# New Every Morning For M'Lady Ann Beard

The Blackbird leads the dawn chorus.  
His feathered cousins harmonise.  
Their morning music glorious.  
As if the song birds realise.  
The opalescent light of dawn  
provides them with the perfect cue.  
To greet the new day newly born  
as they are well equipped to do.  
Each songster adding something to  
the melodies that intertwine.  
A ritual forever new  
as they instinctively combine  
into a choral symphony  
Their every note blends perfectly.

Friday, 29 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# New Rules For M Lady Tara

Pretty kimonos.  
Now replaced by western dress.  
Progress: I suppose,  
function before prettiness  
Old traditions  
are discarded carelessly.  
Modern notions  
displace the old courtesy  
No one show respect.  
Me first is the constant cry  
A price we must pay.  
Following the western way.  
In our striving for success.  
No time now for politeness.

A choka sonnet

Saturday,16 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## New Take On Blake For My Friend Amy

Little lamb who made thee?  
Made thee tender, tasty and sweet,  
made thee very good to eat.  
A little lamb well pleaseth me  
with new potatoes mint and peas.  
It satisfies my appetite,  
there is no better way to please.  
A hungry man who has the right  
to have his hunger satisfied  
When he's been hard at work all day.  
With tender meat thou hast supplied,  
which has been cooked his favourite way.

I do not know my little lamb  
but I am glad.I truly am.

18-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# New Year Thoughts For All My Friends On Poemhunter

Why face the future fearfully?  
That attitude is negative.  
When only positivity  
improves your chances to survive.  
There is no certain sure defence  
against what fate may have in store  
Why should you doubt your competence.  
You've never doubted it before.  
You must go forward hopefully  
and be prepared for anything  
you have to do confidently.  
It's not allowed to do nothing.  
You must press on with head held high.  
To those who try goes victory.

Thursday, 31 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Next Time I'll Know Better For M Lady Lucianne

I hear a tapping at my door.  
It's trick and treaters I expect.  
I have some candy treats in store  
which they will happily accept.

I slip the latch so easily  
but it appears there's no one there  
I look and listen carefully.  
I find the silence hard to bear.

I close the door return inside  
I feel a presence I can't see.  
Although there is no place to hide  
I gaze about uneasily.

The tales they tell could they be true.  
At Halloween the veils grow thin  
and homeless spirits can pass through.  
I feel my head begin to spin.

When I come to the sun is bright  
but I'm not who I used to be.  
Some homeless spirit won the fight  
and is pretending to be me.

I'll have to wait another year  
before I am myself again.  
A long and lonely wait I fear  
before my body I regain.

I only hope that it is true  
they must give up their tenancy.  
When the next Halloween falls due  
I'll have to wait impatiently.

Beware of answering your door  
especially on All Hallows Eve.  
Fate may have a surprise in store  
for those of you who don't believe.

That this night spirits come and go  
and each one seeking for a place  
another chance although they know  
they'll have to wear another's face.

Far better to pretend your out  
on no account answer the door.  
You will be safe without a  
now you've been warned You know the score.

31-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Nice Try

I am a Christian gentleman.  
I would like to, if you agree  
to fall in with my little plan  
to get to know you Biblically.  
She was well read; she slapped his face.  
She knew exactly what he meant  
and put him firmly in his place.  
She made her anger evident  
She was quite pleased though secretly,  
that he found her desirable  
but did not want to let him see  
that she might be persuadable.  
His chat up line original  
its chance of success minimal.

21-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Night Owl For Friend Colin

The sky a layer cake of hues  
from darkest greys to palest blues.  
The sun has set and daylight fades.  
The birds have sung their serenades.  
All noise is hushed as darkness falls.  
The shadows vanish from the walls.  
As curtains drawn against the night  
deprive them of the yellow light  
that's cast from windows far and wide  
Confining shadows to outside  
The living rooms kept warm and bright  
perhaps because men fear the night.  
But I do not I am content  
the darkness is my element.

28-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Night Thoughts Pour M'sieur Savin

Night thoughts

The night is still I sit alone  
with just my thoughts for company  
I marvel how the years have flown  
and view the past regretfully.

On looking back I clearly see.  
Decision which I made in haste  
were often taken foolishly.  
Mistakes which left a bitter taste.

Caused hurt to others needlessly  
There is no way to transfer blame  
It's my responsibility.  
I was a novice at life's game.

Is all I offer in defence  
Like all young men I knew it all,  
which does not lessen my offence.  
My conscience insists I recall.

The things I did which I should not  
and things I didn't do I should.  
The minor sins I had forgot.  
I sit alone in pensive mood.

I am a man no more no less  
Not wholly bad or wholly good  
A subtle blend of both I guess.  
A sudden change of attitude.

I realise I'm not unique,  
that every body has regrets.  
I find the peace of mind I seek.  
My conscience mollified quiets.

The pearly light of early dawn  
dispels the darkness easily.



I start the day with hope reborn  
forget the night hour's misery.

I cannot claim to be perfect  
Freely acknowledge I am not  
nobody is. I must accept  
I thought I was when I was not.

27-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Night Visions

I do not fear the dark, my eyes  
adjust so that I can see.  
The beauties which would otherwise  
be hidden by the night from me.

To walk abroad alone by night  
seems only natural to me  
Quite different from brighter light  
the sun provides consistently.

It is a different world by night  
the garish colours of the day.  
Have been replaced by black and white  
as beautiful in their own way.

As anything you see by day  
The muted colours softening  
harsh outlines in a subtle way  
Moving shadows intertwining.

Produce in me serenity  
A mood the quietness inspires  
I stroll enwrapped in reverie  
as often as my heart desires

I can look back nostalgically  
recalling how things used to be  
or look ahead and try to see  
what the future holds for me.

I see the darkness as a friend  
For me it holds no mystery  
I know for sure I can depend  
upon the quiet night to be.

A time when I can meditate  
and view my world quite differently.  
Which will let me appreciate  
all of the beauty which I see.

Although some people fear the night  
and find the silence frightening.  
To walk by night is my delight  
I find the quietness soothing.

11-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Nightfall For M'Lady Ernestine

The evening sky in shades of grey.  
Light grey, dark, grey, all tinged with gold  
Denotes the ending of the day.  
I watch entranced as I behold  
the darkness falling gradually.  
The blue transmutes to indigo,  
the last remnants of day light flee.  
Reluctantly but they must go.  
The stars come slowly into view.  
The constellations wheel and turn,  
forever old, forever new  
and catch your eye each in their turn.  
If I but wait the moon will rise.  
Each night provides some new surprise.

18-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Nightly Routine

The wind has dropped the air is still  
With just a hint of autumn chill.  
A scent of dampness fills the air.  
My little dog and I don't care.  
It is the highlight of his day  
And he enjoys it come what may.  
Rain hail or snow he has to go.  
Although I think he seems to know.  
My joints are stiff I can't walk far  
We stick to our familiar  
Short stroll about the neighbourhood  
I'd take him further if I could.  
My aching joints preventing me.  
Restricting my mobility.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Nightwatch For My Lady Irene

When silence fills the bowl of night.  
My lady slumbers peacefully,  
to lie beside her is my right.  
A source to me of sheer delight.

My lady slumbers peacefully.  
She is aware that I am near  
safeguarding her security.  
She knows she can rely on me

To lie beside her is my right  
a privilege I had to earn.  
I am rewarded by the sight  
this night and every other night.

A source to me of sheer delight.  
My lady dreams her dreams in peace  
When silence fills the bowl of night  
I watch and ward her by moonlight.

9-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Chance!

.  
Though gifted with great eloquence.  
The candidate lacks common sense  
He phrased his speech in such a way,  
that few in any chose to stay.  
His words though chosen carefully  
would never get him elected.  
They didn't understand a word he said.  
He might as well have stayed in bed.  
We did not know what he stood for  
and saw him as a crashing bore.  
A patronising upper class snob  
who'd never had a proper job.  
Which spoilt his opportunity  
to be elected an MP

Wednesday, 08 September 2010

[http: /](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Change

In days of yore men preened and posed like peacocks to impress  
the haute monde with their quality: Put on a brave display,  
although often a hollow sham. Which only served to say.  
Fine feathers do not make the man, although they may express.  
His vapid personality and general uselessness  
Today image is everything, it is the modern way.  
We kow tow to celebrities, a silly game we play  
We have not learnt lessons from history. That image matters less  
Than well proven ability and sterling honesty.  
We let ourselves be taken in by what spin doctors say.  
We are too ready to accept as truth, the clever lies  
Which at first glance appear to be completely bias free.  
Well designed publicity by those who earn high pay.  
by portraying as honest men: Thieving rogues in disguise.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# No Change For My Lady Irene

I'll come to you at eventide  
We'll sit together side by side  
and I will whisper I love you  
Just as I always used to do.

We'll watch the sun sink in the west,  
This is the time we love the best  
.You'll tell me that you love me too  
just as you always used to do.

Though times have changed our love has not.  
We are contented with our lot.  
You still love me I still love you  
Just as always swore to do.

Our young ones from the nest have flown  
and once again we are alone  
Each day our love vows we renew  
just as we promised that we'd do.

We are aware that we've been blessed.  
Together facing every test  
that fickle fate can throw at you.  
Just as we always intend to do.

23/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Empty Pews For M 'Lady Yvonne

There are no empty pews tonight.  
The worshippers are packed in tight,  
the vicar's surplice gleaming white.  
Be because we're on T.V: That's right.  
These pillars of society  
put on a show of piety.  
A symbol of propriety  
Because tonight we're on T.V.  
The congregation usually  
consist of only two or three.  
Who come each Sunday faithfully.  
But this Sunday we're on T.V  
The ultimate hypocrisy  
T.V Christianity.

6-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Escape

Death conquers all: None can defy  
his clarion call all must obey.  
He names the time the place the day  
the very minute that we die.  
A simple fact we can't deny  
nor yet in any way delay.  
Death conquers all.

Although we feel compelled to try.  
Each one of us in our own way,  
some rave and rant whilst others pray.  
It matters not all men must die  
Death conquers all.

Rondeau Prime

(10-Jun-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Free Passage

The long grey furrows of the sea  
which switch and change incessantly  
Conceal the graves of fishermen  
who trusted her, once too often.

The sea is not trustworthy  
her mood can change so easily.  
She is a kind and cruel bitch.  
The trouble is you don't know which

side of her she's going to show  
Something that you can never know.  
Until one day she will decide  
her needs can't go unsatisfied.

This is the day she turns on you  
and there is nothing you can do.  
You are the chosen sacrifice  
and only your death will suffice.

Each year the sea demands her toll  
and she will take it forcibly.  
She will select some simple soul  
and drown him quite remorselessly.

The sea, the sea, the cruel sea.  
She fascinates all sailormen  
who travel on her hopefully  
She sometimes brings them home again.

7-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Proof

What I remember can't be true  
and yet to me it seems to be.  
I can remember living through  
another life lived previously.

Perhaps I'm wrong and they are real  
is it a possibility?  
I must confess it has appeal  
I ponder on it endlessly.

If it were true it would explain  
to some extent the mystery.  
Are we reborn to live again?  
successive lives, serially.

I can't accept as many do  
We will be judged on one life span  
Although this is the Christian view  
because I'm not a Christian.

The eastern mystics all suggest  
That we must pay for all we do  
In every life we face a test  
there is some task that we must do.

I am inclined towards that view  
It seems to make good sense to me.  
Much more than paradise would do  
be bored for all eternity.

I do not know but can accept  
that such a law would simplify.  
What everybody can expect  
will happen when they come to die.

Heaven, hell and purgatory  
would all be relegated to  
the status of a fairy story.  
But I can't prove my dreams are true.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Recidivists

No recidivists

When clever Dr Guillotine  
perfected his humane machine  
for executing criminals.

It was accepted straight away  
as being a much better way  
of executing criminals

The state made no apology  
for using this technology  
for executing criminals.

The product of a brilliant brain  
He was convinced it caused less pain  
when executing criminals.

The guillotine's not used today  
It was a most effective way  
of executing criminals.

Though not regarded as P.C  
I think it proved effectively  
that executing criminals

Ensured they did not re-offend  
Results on which we can depend  
by executing criminals.

You may see this as cruelty  
Some states do not as you can see.  
They still execute criminals.

10-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Remorse      Story Poem

No remorse

Beneath the waves my lover lies.  
They search for her without success.  
I see suspicion in their eyes  
They do not know but some still guess

I loved her well and faithfully.  
I thought she was the perfect wife.  
Behind my back she betrayed me.  
I had the right to take her life.

Or would have had long years ago  
The price of infidelity  
was to be slain and justly so.  
Though today's laws do not agree.

I could not kill her openly.  
Though she had earned the punishment.  
I had to plan it carefully  
and see no reason to repent.

My conscience does not bother me.  
I still sleep peacefully at nights.  
She feeds the fish beneath the sea.  
I wish them hearty appetites.

I have no doubt that in due course  
the tides will wash her bones ashore.  
I do believe I had just cause.  
She won't betray me any more

D.N.A may identify  
to whom the naked bones belong  
but never how she came to die  
Nor will they prove that it was wrong.

It could have been an accident.  
Or a guilt induced suicide.



The only thing that I resent  
That I had no choice but to hide

The punishment she well deserved.  
Instead of acting openly  
I think that justice has been served.  
Though no one knows the truth but me.

My lover lies beneath the waves  
I visit her quite frequently  
as other people visit graves  
I walk the shore beside the sea.

22-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Resting Place

&lt;/No resting place.

Experimental form.

I ring my bell.  
So you can tell.  
I am a leper easily  
As I am bound to do by law.  
Although I can wander freely.  
I am not welcome any more  
You want me gone  
So I move on.  
There is no resting place for me  
nor do I think there'll ever be.  
Until I die  
Eventually.

Saturday,29 October 2011

&gt;

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Surrender

Sometimes I wake with a glad smile.  
At other times reluctantly  
and long to linger for a while  
right where I am so comfortably.  
But duty calls and I must rise  
I wash and shave habitually.  
Then realise to my surprise,  
I face the day quite happily,  
I get on with my daily chores.  
Whilst I still have the energy  
I'm bound to flag in time of course.  
Advancing age the enemy.  
My body tells me I must rest  
a quick nap will renew my zest.

7-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Thanks! !

There is no way I'd like to be  
somebody else: I quite like me.  
I'll never be a household name  
but I am happy just the same.

Content to be ordinary  
by no means a celebrity.  
I have no wish to seek great fame  
to me that is a foolish game.

I know my limits and accept.  
I have no reason to expect,  
that Lady Luck will smile on me  
There is no reason I can see.

Why she should, although she could  
or so I've always understood  
The lady's known for her caprice.  
Although she does not always please

the person who she singles out.  
Although entertains no doubt  
I only hope she won't choose me  
I'm happy to be ordinary.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# No Twilight Falls

I can hear my true love calling.  
Although she's dead and gone from me.  
Only when the twilights falling  
I can hear her voice so clearly.  
At sundown when the light is failing  
I hear her sweet voice once again.  
Only when the twilight's falling.  
Can I surrender to the pain.  
My lonely tears are soon slow crawling  
I hide myself so none can see  
Only when the twilight's falling.  
To lose your love's a tragedy.  
Some day I'll answer to her calls  
and go to where no twilight falls.

18-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Nocturnal Artistry For M Lady Ann Beard

Nocturnal artistry

The frost adds glitter to the grass.  
Which stands erect like silver spears.  
Transient beauty which will pass.  
The suns rays make them disappear.  
Lacy designs on window glass.  
More delicate than human art  
We'd like to keep them but alas.  
WE must accept they will depart.  
When morning breaks the sun will rise  
Undo the efforts of Jack Frost  
which we expect it's no surprise.  
Though we bemoan the beauty lost.  
Tonight Jack Frost will paint again  
his patterns on each window pane.

Sunday, 13 December 2009

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Nocturnal Changes Form 'Lady Wennie

At fall of night the desert lies  
silent. Waiting for the moon to rise  
Which will reveal the muted tones  
of rolling dunes and time worn stones.  
This is the time small creatures stir  
and seek the food which they prefer.  
No longer need to hide away  
from the blazing heat of the day.  
They have to forage carefully  
others are hunting hopefully  
.Try to avoid the predators  
prepared to kill without remorse  
The desert lifeless through the day  
by night becomes a place to prey.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Nocturne For M'Lady Lucianne

A rosy glow which fades to grey,  
as dusk writes finis to the day  
The grey deepens to indigo,  
the one by one the bright stars show.  
Bright sequins on the cloak of night.  
My heart rejoices at the sight.  
To me the night is Feminine,  
the stars just serve to underline  
the fact a lady needs to dress  
in such a way that she'll impress.  
I am impressed as you can see  
I'm inspired to write poetry  
in praise of Diana who will rise  
to be the mistress of the skies.

26-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# None Too Soon

The moon is shining through the mist  
upon the bench where we first kissed.  
So long ago, so long ago  
I know you know how much you're missed.

I must return from time to time  
recalling happiness sublime.  
So long ago, so long ago  
Although we hadn't got a dime.

Whilst you were here I was content  
to make you happy my intent.  
So long a go, so long ago.  
My heart went with you when you went.

I know you did not choose to go  
and leave me in this world of woe  
So long ago, so long ago.  
Your early death a hammer blow.

My turn will come I pray quite soon  
I tell my secret to the moon  
But she well knows, yes she well knows  
My death will come as a great boon.

On wings of love I will soar high  
towards the brightness in the sky  
and none too soon yes none too soon  
We'll be together you and I.

9-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Nostalgic Mood For M Lady Ernestine

No moon tonight, no stars in view.  
The darkness rules triumphantly  
There's nothing left for us to do  
but ignite the gas, create light.

The striking match, the hiss of gas  
The mantle starts to glow blue white.  
We let the after image pass  
and we regain the power of sight.

The mantel mirror throws the light  
that's caught and held by polished brass  
and china plates of blue and white  
and by the china cabinets glass.

Familiar things come into view.  
Although we see them every day.  
By the soft glow we see anew  
as though they've changed some subtle way.

The curtains which hold back the night  
adopt somehow a richer hue.  
Though worn and faded by sunlight.  
By soft gaslight look almost new.

Progress insisted that we change  
and they installed electricity.  
The old familiar things look strange  
The light falls simultaneously.

There's no reflections to and fro  
in the way there used to be.  
I much preferred the softer glow  
that I recall from memory.

I can't go back although I would  
given the opportunity.  
Perhaps I'm in nostalgic mood  
forgetting things conveniently.

The ever present smell of gas  
and fumes that coated everything.  
Obscured the twinkle of the brass.  
which needed daily polishing.

I must admit reluctantly  
though I adored the softer glow.  
I'm used to electricity  
outmoded fashions have to go.

14-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Nostalgic Recollections For M Lady Tara

The garden still beneath the moon, the silence echoes with a tune.  
The tune we danced to, the night we met. A melody that lingers yet.  
We fell in love two crazy fools, for others not for us the rules.  
Our raging hormones were to were both losers in the game.  
that nature plays to procreate. We understood but far too late.

What we felt was transient, a short lived lustful incident.  
We parted then as we both knew. It was the only thing to do.  
We saw it as a passing phase and so we went our separate ways.  
Made no attempt to keep in touch. I thought of you but not too much.

I wonder do you think of me and if you do is it kindly.  
The way that I remember you. I like to think perhaps you do.  
Long years have passed and I grow old. I am no longer brash and bold  
I think you will have mellowed too. A happy life my wish for you

30-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Not Always True!

Loud cries of protest.  
New baby greets the real world.  
Most reluctantly.

Though very welcome.  
He would much rather be back.  
Where he used to be.

Safe and warm inside  
His own private paradise.  
That's why he complains.

He soon gains control  
Master of his universe  
Beloved tyrant.

He will have to learn.  
That his will is not the law.  
As we all had to.

Only one small part.  
Of a loving family.  
If he is lucky.

Tuesday, 31 July 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Not Even A Knight Bannarette.

Not even a knight bannerette.

Today some wannabees long to be  
part of the aristocracy.  
So they research their family tree  
in search of noble ancestry.  
They're quite prepared to spend their brass  
to prove that they are upper class.  
I'm sad to say that most; alas  
Find ancestors they'd rather pass  
Although they hope they rarely find.  
The noble blood they have in mind.  
But plenty of the common kind.  
The family legend's undermined.  
Eventually they realise.  
The family legend's based on lies.

Monday, 16 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Not For Your Eyes

Although it seems impossible.  
I think it highly probable,  
man will invent the technology  
that will enable him to be  
master of both time and space,  
so we can see events take place.  
That happened centuries ago  
The things we really want to know.  
We could solve all the mystery  
surrounding Christianity.  
Are all the Bible stories true?  
and if they're not what do we do?  
I am quite sure the Vatican  
would do its very best to ban  
any historical research  
which might well undermine the church.  
As usual the authorities  
would tell us only what they please.  
The powers that be would still decide  
what to reveal and what to hide.  
In the same way they've always done.  
The truth is not for everyone.

9-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Not Guilty For Greenwolfe

Are ignorance and innocence  
but two sides of one argument,  
If I should sin without intent.  
What need have I for penitence?  
If sin's an alien concept  
something that is not known to me.  
Your point of view that I'm guilty  
I see no reason to accept.  
If I do what comes naturally.  
Obeying Mother Nature's laws  
and I indulge in intercourse.  
What blame can then attach to me.  
They say that ignorance is bliss  
I cannot disagree with this

16-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Not My Concern      Tissue Warning

The night was dark and damp and cold.  
The match girl's matches still unsold.  
The passers by ignored her pleas  
what she was selling failed to please.

An orphan child without a home.  
By circumstances forced to roam  
She earns enough to pay her way  
but not today, but not today.

Ill clad in rags and frozen through  
her tiny hands and feet are blue.  
The freezing rain turns into snow  
The match girl has nowhere to go.

Without money, she cannot buy  
a night in somewhere warm and dry.  
She tries in vain to sell her wares  
Without success, nobody cares.

The falling snow was getting deep  
and still she had no place to sleep.  
Although she tried in vain to find  
some shelter from the freezing wind.

This was the night the match girl died.  
They found her frozen stiff beside  
the local convents well barred door.  
The little Sisters of the Poor.

Had not been very sisterly.  
Ignored the orphans misery  
because they did not choose to see.  
Now kindly death has set her free.

No longer needs the charity  
which they denied so easily  
by pious women who profess  
to proffer aid to the helpless.

I do not claim to be guilt free  
but I make no pretence to be  
a Little sister of the poor  
and let a child freeze at my door.

I am quite sure they will  
deny any responsibility  
and call her death an accident.  
They could nothing to prevent.

I should not judge but feel I must  
express my feelings of disgust  
That this child was allowed to die  
for lack of Christian charity.

Although this happened long ago  
There's very little changed I know.  
We're still prepared to pass them by  
and care not if they live or die.

We can pretend they don't exist  
an attitude which will persist  
As long as we don't choose to see  
They're our responsibility.

12-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Not Proven

They tell me I will go to hell.  
Condemned for all eternity.  
I don't believe the tales they tell.  
The being who created me  
gave me a brain which I can use  
to choose which pathway I should take  
what I accept or I refuse.  
The choice is mine alone to make  
No man can tell me what to do  
to save my soul: They do not know  
what they believe may not be true.  
They have no proof which they can show.  
to convince me that they are correct...  
They think I'm foolish I expect.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Nothing New Under The Sun

The sunlight shimmers on the sea.  
Its light reflects from white wave crests  
The waves which roll in endlessly  
engaged upon their ceaseless quest.  
Twice every day the tide comes in.  
Twice every day the tide flows out.  
It fights a battle it can't win  
That is the truth without a doubt.  
The sea and land each have their place.  
Although the boundaries can change  
and very often leave no trace.  
Except to make the shore look strange  
Not quite the way it used to be  
for it is changing constantly.

14/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# November

November month of fog and mists.  
The early mornings have a bite  
the silver grass by Jack Frost kissed  
in the dark hours of the night.  
The sun reluctant slow to rise  
His winter rays no longer warm  
that frost persists is no surprise.  
This is the calm before the storm.  
Winter advances openly  
no power can withstand its might  
What has to be will come to be  
A winter world of black and white.  
Though advent justifies a feast  
the winter cares not in the least.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Now Is The Hour 08

Now is the hour.08

When choosing a new president.  
Some things you aren't allowed to know.  
By long established precedent,  
the candidates will only show

What they believe will convince you  
they have no past sins to conceal.  
Although it's patently untrue  
as their opponents will reveal.

No politician's innocent  
although they all profess to be.  
The question are they competent  
is the important one for me

Some vote from party loyalty  
and some to voice their discontent.  
Still others ruled by apathy  
by default choose the president.

The president can only serve  
if the majority agree.  
The get the man that you deserve  
So when you vote choose carefully.

So put your prejudice aside  
discount your partly loyalty  
This is your chance you must decide  
what is the best for your country.

26-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Now Is The Hour For Friend y

The oak tree sees slow centuries.  
they pass like days beneath his gaze  
An ever changing tapestry  
of mankind's little victories.  
He watches kingdoms rise and fall  
but they affect him not at all  
He stands firm rooted in his place.  
A member of a nobler race,  
the earth provides his sustenance.  
He need not battle to  
his power and authority  
He stands aloof in majesty

Observes the progress mankind makes.  
Their many errors and mistakes.  
They do not seem to understand  
no man can dominate the land.  
For Mother Nature frames the laws  
and has the power to enforce  
by use of fire, flood and drought.  
Her wishes will be carried out.  
Short sightedly men will rebel  
and seem to flourish for a spell.  
Though nature has the final say  
and wipes the works of man away.

Almost as if they'd never been  
and clothes again the land with green.  
She leaves sufficient evidence  
to demonstrate that man's pretence.  
That he can dominate must fail.  
Great efforts made to no avail  
by mighty empires in the past  
Which were by nature overcast.  
the ruins which they left behind.  
Were left for modern man to find  
He finds them but pays little heed  
convinced by pride he can succeed.

Natures patience will run out  
of that there's very little doubt  
The warning signs are clear to see.  
Unless we listen carefully  
and choose to change our wasteful ways  
Then Mother Nature will erase  
all the wonders man has wrought.  
Destroy them all without a thought  
She will retain some stock to breed  
but just enough to meet her need.  
She's done it more than once before  
but is prepared to try once more.

21-May-08

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Now The Day Is Over.

Now the day is over.  
Night is drawing nigh  
Shadows of the evening  
Creep across the sky.

Tribute to

Sabine Baring Gold 1865

Now the day is over.  
The blue twilight falls.  
I see shadows hover  
Hiding garden walls.

Night is drawing nigh.  
The bustle of the day.  
Fades as the minutes fly.  
I find time to pray.

Shadows of the evening.  
Congregate en mass.  
Soothing and relieving.  
All my worries pass.

Creep across the sky.  
Where they go I do not know.  
Nor the reason why.  
Gladly I let them go.

Wednesday, 13 June 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Now You Know For Mlady Ann Beard

Without a light no shadow can  
display itself before your eyes.  
Although the light be pale and wan  
it can a shadow realise.

The shadows dance upon the wall.  
When tapers flicker in the breeze.  
They mean and do no harm at all.  
But douse the flame and shadows cease.

Fear not the dark without a light.  
You only need to kindle flame,  
then shadows dance for your delight.  
The shadows to the light source came.

Beware the man with no shadow  
and no reflection in the glass.  
These are the signs by which you know  
your worst nightmare has come to pass.

You have become a vampire's prey.  
You don't believe such tales are true,  
that vampires walk the earth today.  
A single bite will convince you.

26-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Nude Model

I gaze upon her nakedness.  
regard it with an artist's eye.  
A woman nature chose to bless  
with beauty which would satisfy  
Criteria which men devise  
in their attempts to classify.  
What is most pleasing to their eyes.  
With flying colours easily.  
I see her as a work of art  
a subtle blend of lines and curves  
and changing flesh tones which impart  
A beauty which appeals to me  
both as an artist and a man  
I must portray as best I can.

30-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Nunc Dimmitus For Friend Chandra

The deep notes of the organ sound,  
The choirboys look slyly round  
to see what mischief they can find.  
They look like angels but I find.

They're really demons in disguise  
a choirmaster must be wise.  
They seem to have endless supplies  
of mischief hid behind their eyes.

But I forgive them when they sing.  
The treble voices echoing  
high in the roofspace where they bring  
pleasure to all those listening.

I love and hate them equally.  
But now and then I can still see.  
They're not so different from me,  
When I recall I used to be

a naughty little choirboy.  
Full of tricks meant to annoy.  
The mischief all small boys enjoy.  
This knowledge which I now employ.

To keep my choirboys in line  
Ensuring that they sound divine.  
They do respond to discipline  
just as I did when I was nine.

Each one posses a fine voice  
sufficient reason to rejoice  
I don't regret I made the choice  
to teach cathedral choirboys.

06/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Obedient To Natures Laws

Obedient to nature's laws.

The last remaining berries glow  
On frosted branches white as snow.  
A meagre source of sustenance.  
Which gives small birds a fighting chance.

Of surviving until the spring.  
Returns to renew everything.  
The few who manage to survive.  
The hardy ones will live and thrive.

Compete for mates with whom to breed  
Spring will provide their every need  
They will build nest and raise their brood.  
Instinctively they know they should.

The last remaining berries fed  
The hardest the rest are dead.

Saturday, 21 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Obesity Is Not For Me Today's Idiocy

I must confess that I grow less  
now that I've given up fast food.  
I did not do it to impress  
I had to prove to me I could.

I was in fact a complete mess.  
My appetite out of control.  
Macdonalds ruled my life I guess  
fast food became my only goal.

Until one day I chanced to see,  
reflected in a window pane.  
A big fat slob and it was me.  
This made me resolve to abstain.

Although MacDonalds tempted me.  
I only had myself to blame.  
I had surrendered easily.  
But now I understood their game.

As I grew fat so they grew rich.  
They did not give a fig for me  
So I decided I would switch  
and start to eat more healthily.

Now I am slim and loving it  
I am the weight I ought to be  
Still tempted sometimes I admit.  
But I walk past triumphantly.

23-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Object Lesson

Nobody cares, nobody dares.  
Show sympathy to such as me.  
I'm just a bum, an unwelcome  
reminder that you too may com.

to know the depths of misery.  
Although you do not want to see,  
avert your eyes as you pass by.  
You can ignore my plaintive cry.

I too was rich and would not see  
that bums deserved some sympathy.  
But fate stepped in and fate taught me.  
Disaster can strike suddenly.

Reducing men to penury.  
From great success to poverty.  
Remember this it could be you  
here begging for a buck or two.

Just pocket change you can well spare  
Can make my life easier to bear  
I'm still a man who needs to eat  
although I'm living on the street.

You can pass by disdainfully  
I learnt my lesson painfully  
and so in time my friend could you  
in the same way that I had to.

I would much rather earn my way  
But fate took all I had away.  
She sprang it on me by surprise  
perhaps in order to chastise.

me for my inability.  
To show a little charity.  
to those who had much less than me  
I suffered enforced bankruptcy.



I'm not the bum you choose to see.  
Today you can look down on me  
in the same way I chose to do.  
when I was as blind as you.

14-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Observations.

## Observations

I think that I may never see.  
A hippo in a kimono.  
I rather think that it would be  
a rarity in Tokyo.

Nor do I expect to see  
gorillas wearing pink tutus.  
Because it seems apparently.  
They're not what a great ape would choose

But I have seen humans dressed  
just as inappropriately.  
In their attempts to look their best.  
But sadly they fail miserably.

I think perhaps you will agree.  
That some have flair and some do not  
There are some things I'd like to see  
but many more I'd rather not.

Aging mutton dressed as lamb.  
Is something I see frequently.  
Some women do not give a damn  
What others think it's plain to see.

You can't hold back much less erase.  
The signs that living leaves behind  
The lines and wrinkles on your face.  
I do not mean to be unkind.

Why is it that you can't accept  
The fact that you are growing old.  
And creams and lotions won't protect  
Despite the lies that you are told.

By advertisements that promise to  
make you look younger than you are.

You know quite well they are not true.  
Cosmetics only go so far.

Accept your lines and wrinkles show  
You have attained maturity  
and you are wise enough to know.  
How to dress appropriately.

04/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Obsession For M Lady Allison

An artist doesn't have much choice.  
He's driven to pursue his dream  
by a compulsive inner voice.  
His dedication is extreme.  
Whatever form his talent takes.  
He strives to make his work perfect  
Regretting bitterly mistakes.  
His muse refuses to accept  
that he has done the best he could.  
She says the best is yet to be.  
He listens to her as he should  
he has no choice but to agree.  
His inner voice will drive him on  
in pursuit of perfection.

5-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Obstacles Are Challenges

The road I choose the path I take.  
No different from the road I spurn  
But what if I choose by mistake  
a path from which I can't return.

Sometimes our footsteps we retrace  
when thorns and briars bar our way.  
To try again another day.  
Why should we fear a loss of face?  
There's nothing lost by the delay.

We merely bow to circumstance.  
We're wise enough to recognise  
it is a hopeless enterprise  
.In time we'll get another chance.  
In winter when the brushwood dies.

We will return to satisfy  
our burning curiosity.  
Explore these byways thoroughly.  
On foot and with the naked eye.  
No need to act too hastily.

For what we seek we do not know.  
An urge which cannot be defined  
springs from our deep subconscious mind.  
We are compelled we have to go.  
Complete the task we self assigned.

20/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# October Day

The bright white clouds against the blue  
are moving slowly, passing through.  
Their shadows cast upon the ground  
move slowly too without a sound.  
The winter sunshine's slanted rays.  
Join in the game and seem to chase  
the shadows which the clouds have cast  
Shining brightly when they've passed.  
The sky is clear unbroken blue.  
It feels a little warmer too.  
A little sunshine does I find  
lift up my spirits change my mind  
about the way I view the day  
I do not like it when it's grey.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Odd Man Out

Because I dare to stand alone  
they look at me suspiciously  
It is as if they've never known  
they could act independently.  
They strive their hardest to conform  
Afraid of acting differently  
The closer they are to the norm  
the happier they seem to be.  
What is it drives me to rebel  
insist on being different.  
There is no sure way to tell  
perhaps I'm just an accident  
My individuality  
Is all I have to prove I'm me.

(11-Jun-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Oddity For Friend Thad

He suffers from a rare condition  
advanced and chronic erudition  
There was no end to what he knew  
and every day learnt something new.

He learnt at a prodigious rate  
it seemed almost impossible  
and never did he hesitate  
or seem to be uncomfortable.

Consultants came from far and wide  
to study this phenomenon  
and went away dissatisfied.  
He just ignored them, carried on.

He could converse in ancient Greek  
write poetry in Arabic.  
In all the world he was unique.  
A savant or a lunatic?

Assembled experts disagree  
on whether it's a malady.  
Requiring treatment urgently  
or should they simply wait and see.

Though none have the ability  
to treat or even diagnose.  
But still they wrangle bitterly  
They can't admit that no one knows.

They all dispersed and went their ways.  
He never noticed they had gone  
he has enough to fill his days.  
He much prefers to be alone

to think deep thoughts he cannot share  
because nobody could debate.  
Although he finds this hard to bear  
he's used to being isolate.



26-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ode To Equality

Although the ecstasies we feel  
consist of simple things combined  
into a mixture which may reveal.  
Defences can be undermined  
without our knowledge and consent.  
By chance met opportunity  
which we conveniently forget.  
When faced with this predicament  
we proceed with impunity  
and give as much as what we get

The guilty feelings we conceal.  
We try our best to reassign  
but don't succeed they are too real  
and force our minds to redefine.  
What was our purpose and intent?  
Did we just act instinctively  
and spring the trap already set.  
Because we were too confident  
we acted irresponsibly  
which leaves worried and upset.

Can it be true? Can it be real?  
that what we shared though by consent.  
The pleasures which we chose to steal  
are something which we should regret  
We both bear guilt to some extent  
surrendering too easily  
to lusts we would we could forget.  
It seems to be quite evident  
agreement was reached mutually.  
All obligations have been met.

17-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Of Course Sweetheart For M Lady Tara

She rules the roost behind the scenes.  
Although her husband wears the jeans.  
She lets him show he is the boss  
but there are lines he dare not cross.

For all his manly macho show  
she knows it's only bravado.  
More importantly so does he  
which he accepts apparently.

He knows quite well who's in control  
but still he plays his public role.  
She treats him deferentially  
whilst there's an audience to see.

Like any man who's seen the light.  
He knows that she is always right.  
Her slightest wish is his command  
which isn't hard to understand.

He's not the tough guy he appears  
She has been training him for years.  
He knows: She knows, he knows she knows  
His public image is a pose.

1-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Of Unsound Mind: Financially

Danced in the rain in manic glee.  
He had discarded misery,  
embraced instead insanity.  
He is from money worries free

If he'd been rich then it would be  
seen as mere eccentricity.  
Because he's poor. Officially  
he must be locked away. You see.

Part of the great conspiracy  
Poor men are not supposed to be  
allowed to plead insanity.  
They have to act responsibly

and pay their debts with interest.  
That's why the money men invest  
One mad man can infect the rest  
and put the system to the test.

The bankers act dishonestly  
but camouflage it craftily  
and poor men aren't allowed to see  
They have been screwed right royally.

3-Jun-08

[Http: ./poeticpiers](http://poeticpiers)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ogdenashical To Amuse

I am a duck billed platypus  
I very seldom make a fuss.  
Though you will find if you tread on me  
I can react most peevishly  
Because you've made me furious.

Wallace Wart hog was not willing  
unless he got the top billing.  
Although he thought he was the best  
he was much worse than all the rest  
and never earned a single shilling.

Adalbert the alligator  
had a sister but he ate her  
Which was not the thing to do  
but Adalbert had downed a few  
He was chastised by his pater.

Anthony the armadillo  
was a very funny fellow.  
his only hobby telling jokes  
which were not funny to most folks  
and they rudely told him so

A donkey mated with a horse  
accidentally of course.  
The stallion was a love lorn fool  
Mixing breeds made me a mule  
To be an ass would be much worse.

Fish can swim and birds can fly.  
Although I sometimes wonder.  
Flying fish can leave the sea  
take to the air quite easily.  
Fish are not supposed to fly

Chimpanzees live in the trees  
which they navigate with ease.  
Searching for their favourite food

In a way no human could.  
Sadly they can be very crude.

The killer whale is bound to fail  
although he tries to no avail  
but he continues stubbornly  
he is convinced that one day he  
will be a banjo playing whale.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Oh Calamity For M' Lady Tara

I hear the sleepy twitterings  
of small birds stirring at first light.  
Insistently my alarm rings  
and puts all chance of sleep to flight.

I rise and wash and shave and dress.  
without a single conscious thought.  
My mind rejecting wakefulness, .  
A routine battle which is fought

each morning when I first arise  
in the early hours of the dawn.  
I knuckle my unseeing eyes  
and curse the day that I was born.

The smell of coffee permeates  
into my still somnolent brain  
The rich aroma stimulates  
and brings me back to life again.

I realise to my dismay  
that I have made a grave mistake.  
Today is not a working day  
but sadly now I'm wide awake.

23-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Oh Nicholas

Oh Nicholas

Oh Nicholas don't be so ridiculous.  
Cos I don't like it in the daytime.  
The time and place for me to choose  
you know quite well that I'll refuse.

Although you're champing at the bit  
I tell you I'll have none of it.  
Before the evening shadows fall  
you have no chance, no chance at all.

He persists but she won't yield,  
his rising anger ill concealed.  
She's adamant that she won't play  
and sends him firmly on his way.

Should he return at eventide  
She'll demonstrate her other side,  
she welcome him with open arms  
and grant him access to her charms.

Although she thinks she's in command  
eventually she'll understand.  
This is the end of this romance  
which never really stood a chance.

They're simply incompatible.  
A fact that's inescapable  
When he is in the mood she's not  
and when she is he'd rather not.

They do not seem to realise  
that lovers have to compromise  
I can assure you this true  
it's something couples learn to do.

If you're prepared to show you care



it does not matter when or where  
The evening or the afternoon  
as long as you can keep in tune.

If you cannot its best to part  
you have no chance right from the start  
But those who can will surely find  
love pays the clock but little mind.

3-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Oh Say. Can You See? For Friend Thad

Oh say can you see

At night, when I should be sleeping.  
From my window slyly peeping  
I can see the fairies dance.  
I'm not afraid to take a chance  
that the fairies might see me.  
Because I know they are friendly.

They have no reason to fear me.  
They do not mind that I can see.  
Why should they mind they know quite well  
there is nobody I can tell  
Who would believe that I had seen  
the fairies dancing on the green.

I know that grownups cannot see  
what children see so easily  
Though adults do not seem to mind  
they do not know that they are blind.  
Their childish innocence once lost  
can't be replaced at any cost.

So they dismiss as fantasy  
the fairies they no longer see.  
But in their blindness they insist  
that fairy folk do not exist  
All children in their wisdom know.  
Grown ups are wrong it isn't so.

Most adults are convinced they're right  
but some few have retained their sight.  
They see the world as children see,  
Accepting as reality.  
the evidence of their own eyes  
and you will too if you are wise.

11/04/2009

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Old Age Is A Frame Of Mind

I saw my only son today  
and noted to my great dismay  
his hair is now completely grey.  
I think that this must be Natures way  
of pointing out I'm older too.  
A fact with which I can't argue.  
That does not mean I should not do  
the things that I'm still able to.  
I lack the youthful energy  
I used to squander wastefully  
But what I have I use wisely.  
I am not old; refuse to be.  
The passing years I just ignore  
don't even count them anymore.

30-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Old Artefacts Reveal New Facts

This used to be a dwelling place  
For members of the human race  
Two thousand years or so ago.  
The passing years have changed it though.

Today the archeologists  
Seek to penetrate the mists.  
There's very little they can see  
Which will support their theory.

The evidence lies underground  
Buried; waiting to be found  
By those equipped to recognise  
a broken pot can be a prize.

Which might well prove they were correct  
If they can find as they expect  
Sufficient evidence to show  
that humans dwelt here long ago.

If they are luck they will find  
Amongst detritus left behind  
Artefacts discarded by  
The folks who used to occupy.

The houses that there used to be  
Which formed a small community.  
They are completely confident  
.This was a stone age settlement.

The tools they found all made of stone  
Except for needles made of bone.  
No signs of metal to be found  
Their reasoning seems to be sound.

I think that they have proved their case.  
And added to their knowledge base.  
I watch the time team on TV  
And I am privileged to see.

The work of experts in the field  
as they persuade the earth yield  
the evidence for which they seek.  
Each site they work on is unique.

Each find adds something to the store  
Sometimes they find a great deal more.  
Than what they can expect to find  
They have to keep an open mind.

Sometimes great treasures can be found  
Long buried in a funeral mound.  
But mostly much more mundane things  
a coin or two, brooches and rings.

Each find recorded carefully  
Examined scientifically  
The use of modern technology  
can date the finds more accurately.

Than what they could do in the past  
Some times the findings overcast.  
Theories long held to be true  
replacing them with something new.

I find the programme satisfies  
My avid curiosity.  
When can watch before my eyes  
unfolding of a mystery.

[Http: ce/poeticpiers](http://ce/poeticpiers)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Old Fashioned Courtesy For M'Lady Tara

The hearth is the heart of the home.  
Or used to be before T.V  
The glowing coals bid you welcome  
on winter nights especially.

Though now the idiots lantern rules  
and it is given pride of place  
An entertainment fit for fools  
who sit and watch without a trace,

a glimmer of intelligence.  
They live their lives vicariously  
an unreal world of false pretence.  
Hypnotised by what they see.

Although I watch occasionally  
I can find better things to do.  
Than voluntary slavery.  
I have my hobbies to pursue.

I tend to watch the latest news,  
Sometimes a movie if I choose  
perhaps a documentary  
I'm in control not the T.V/

If you should choose to visit me  
So I can greet you properly  
I switch it off without a thought  
as any polite person ought.

16-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Old Fool

In my nocturnal wanderings  
I would with thee my sweet abide  
and cosset thee with pandering  
To show the love I cannot hide  
Of late thou dost not welcome me  
As in the past thou wert wont to do  
There is no reason I can see  
my faithful heart belongs to you  
I fear some youth usurps my place.  
Now thou hast picked my pockets clean.  
Though some may say thou lackest grace.  
I will remember what has been.  
I can forgive but not forget  
The lesson thou hast taught me yet

8-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Olfactory Satisfaction

The Honeysuckle and the Rose.  
Perfume my garden differently.  
There also my Sweet William grows.  
Night scented stock abundantly.  
Providing pleasure for my nose.  
As well as beauty I can see.  
I'm satisfied with flowers I chose.  
I can enjoy them peacefully.  
When day is done I meditate  
Upon the pleasure which they bring.  
Their scents combining to create.  
A perfect sense of well being.  
Natures aromatherapy.  
Appears to work effectively.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# On Death

John Keats.

Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream?  
and scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by.  
The transient pleasures as a vision seem  
and yet we think the greatest pain's to die.

Glosa a tribute

Can death be sleep when life is but a dream.  
The final dreamless sleep which grants us rest  
.Or better yet part of some greater scheme  
which guarantees we all find release.

From misery which seems always to increase  
and scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by  
on flying feet as if they're loath to cease  
their swift progress momentarily.

They pass as swiftly as a stray sunbeam  
which penetrates through cloudy skies of gray.  
The transient pleasures as a vision seem  
a sign of hope that quickly fades away.

Why is that we suffer constantly  
It may well be death sets us free to fly  
towards the light where we are meant to be  
.And yet we think the greatest pain's to die.

7-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# On The Tip Of Your Tongue.

You know, you know but can't explain  
Just how or why you came to gain.  
The facts stored in your memory.

Odd facts stored subconsciously.  
For no good reason seemingly.  
Stored away haphazardly.

Though ev'ry fact our mind has stored.  
It had some reason to record.  
A nugget added to the hoard.

A vast accumulation  
Of useless information.  
We very seldom call upon.

But when we do it's sad but true  
We find that we cannot renew.  
The direct link that leads us to.

The word or phrase we want to find.  
Amongst those hidden in our mind.  
The system is not well designed.

We can't recover what we've stored.  
Our efforts totally ignored.  
Our mind decides it can't afford.

To grant unlimited access.  
Although it leaves us free to guess. The reason for such day, 12 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Answer

The empty churches of today.  
What do they truly signify?  
that people choose to stay away  
because the churches can't supply.

The leadership that people need.  
It seems that they have lost their way.  
Not one is willing to concede  
that theirs is not the only way.

Hypocrisy and bigotry  
It seems have won the upper hand.  
Humility and chastity  
dismissed completely out of hand.

The priest competing eagerly  
to rise up in their hierarchy.  
Amongst themselves they can't agree  
a state of total anarchy.

New sects spring up on every side  
as people grow dissatisfied.  
When what they're taught does not ring true.  
They know precisely what to do.

They make their choice and stay away  
and by this action they convey.  
That things are not as they should be  
and that is why pews stay empty.

6-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Chapter

One chapter in the book of life  
draws to its close; the body dies.  
And some will find to their surprise  
That their beliefs were based on lies.

False explanations which were rife  
Proliferating like spring weeds  
in an attempt to meet the needs  
of all the different warring creeds

Leading to schisms and to strife  
As each instead only they  
knew the full truth. So they could say  
that their way was the only way.

For man to gain eternal life.  
Though they thought they were correct  
and taught adherents to accept  
That after death they could expect.

Depending, how they'd led their life.  
Their due reward or punishment  
The lessons taught with good intent  
were held to be sufficient.

Although they all believed they knew.  
The truth was known to very few  
and only those who held the view.  
A single lifetime would not do.

For each immortal soul to learn  
the needed lessons each in turn  
Which would enable them to earn  
sufficient merit to return.

From whence they came the final goal  
To combine with the oversoul.  
Released from any earthly role  
just one part of a perfect whole.

1-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Day For Michael

The Jetsam cast upon the shore.  
The ebbing tide has left behind  
I wonder where it's been before.  
I search to see what I can find.  
Some small but worthwhile souvenir  
which will repay the hours I've spent  
in combing beaches far and near.  
Some treasure lost by accident.  
One day I hope to strike it rich  
and find gold coins amongst the sand.  
But Lady Luck can be a bitch,  
she doesn't seem to understand.  
That gold's no use beneath the sea  
but I'd accept it gratefully.

9-May-08

? poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Day Perhaps I'll Understand Tissues Warning

They say there is no Santa Claus  
the bigger kids. It's just your dad  
I don't believe their lies of course  
Although sometimes it makes me sad

I haven't got a dad you see.  
He died a long, long time ago  
There's just my mum my sis and me  
That's why I'm certain that I know.

There has to be a Santa Claus.  
On Christmas morning there will be.  
Some presents for each of us  
in piles beneath the Christmas tree.

I only six but I know this.  
That Santa works all through the night  
making sure he does not miss.  
A chance to bring a child delight.

One day I hope to catch the sight  
of Santa Claus all dressed in red.  
But mummy makes me go to bed  
and she will watch for him instead.

She leaves mince pies and ginger wine.  
Then she settles down to wait.  
My sister goes to bed at nine.  
Mum falls asleep and wakes too late.

He's been and gone, so have the pies  
While mother slept, kind Santa crept  
into the house and ate the pies.  
He left our presents while we slept.

At least that's what my mother says.  
If I should ask why she cries  
On this the happiest of days.  
Because I miss him she replies.



I'm not quite sure I understand  
the reason for my mummy's tears  
Santa has gone back to Lapland  
where he has lived for years and years.

I think my older sister knows  
A secret that she will not tell  
She's not allowed to suppose.  
Because she sometimes cries as well.

But I'm a boy and boys don't cry  
But when they cry it makes me sad  
Although I really don't know why.  
I never really knew my Dad.

Tuesday, 01 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

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Tuesday, 01 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Fine Day: Perhaps For J T Ellison

The sea lies millpond calm and still, obedient to the Goddess' will.  
She has decreed it must be so and thus the ocean far below.  
Represses its own urgent needs and to the Goddess' will accedes.  
Its gleaming surface satin smooth. It has no choice to tell the truth  
The mistress of both sea and no good reason to say why.  
She chose serenity tonight; she rules the sea and has the right  
to give instructions to sea which must obey immediately.  
Sometimes she lets the breakers roar as they approach the rocky shore.  
The daily tides which ebb and flow, she will allow to come and go.  
Although there is no urgency she knows of their necessity  
The high tide will sweep clean the beach and leave behind its furthest reach.  
A tide line marked by oddities which have been carried on the seas  
From here and there and everywhere. Jetsam which can be foul or fair.  
Beachcombers will explore to see what treasures they can take for free.  
Though they prefer the aftermath of some fierce storm that shows the wrath of  
the ocean in angry mood. Because they have long understood.  
The treasures which they hope to find, an angry sea will leave behind.  
A tranquil night produces less of valuables that will impress.  
The early birds who comb the beach above the high tides which can reach much  
further when theres been a storm and far exceed their usual norm.  
Tomorrow morning they will find the sea has not left much behind.  
But they will still search carefully because they think that there might be  
some treasure they have missed before. When they have searched the sandy  
shore  
Beach combers are a hopeful breed, they know one day they will succeed.  
Grow rich beyond their wildest dreams their heads are full of madcap schemes  
of what they'll do as wealthy men but keep on searching until then.  
It has been known before today that some beachcombers came away  
with golden doubloons by the score which they discovered on the shore.  
I do not claim this can't be true. I think such finds are rare and few.  
I have researched the evidence and find that most is sheer nonsense.  
But local legends long endure although no one can say for sure.  
That any treasure ship was wrecked along this coast but I suspect.  
That it makes little difference, dreamers aren't known for common sense.

8-Jan-09

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Man

Deserted now: The village stands.  
The plague has taken everyone  
But still the work of human hands  
preserved in every stick and stone.

The bodies long returned to dust.  
No living soul now dare come near  
Their fear still holds in check their lust  
though there is nothing left to fear.

The plague died when the people died.  
There was no one to pass it on  
Natures laws cannot be denied.  
The pestilence is long since gone

In time they will re occupy  
the empty village and renew  
its heart and will supply  
the busy life that once it knew.

But until then the houses wait  
for men to overcome their fear.  
In time men will appreciate  
that they will be most welcome here.

All that it takes is one brave man  
to move in and claim for his own.  
A house to share with his woman.  
Others will follow when they're shown.

That it is safe to settle here.  
Although the houses need repair  
and that there is nothing left to fear.  
It only needs one man to dare.

21-Aug-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One More Statistic

A random act of violence,  
An unpremeditated blow  
which devastates two families.  
A difference only of degrees  
Because a drunkard took offence  
against someone he did not know.  
Another of life's tragedies  
The victim gone beyond recall  
and his assailant locked away  
for years behind a prison wall.  
That is the price he has to pay.  
More victims added to the toll  
that's yearly claimed by alcohol.

27-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One More Time For M'Lady Ernestine

I yearn to see the dragons fly.  
Just one more time before I die  
As I did so long ago.  
Around Mount Kilimanjaro

I slept beneath the moonlit sky  
and often saw the dragons fly.  
It was a privilege to see  
the dragons dancing gracefully

But I fell ill and had to go  
back to the city far below.  
Where the doctors treating me  
convinced me it was fantasy.

Induced by fever of the brain.  
When I was fully fit again  
a crisis in the family.  
Meant that I was no longer free

To indulge my wanderlust  
I had no choice but to adjust  
to the rules of society.  
I am sure where I'd rather be.

In Africa where I could see  
The silver dragons flying free.  
I know I have not long to live  
But what I have I'd gladly give.

To see the dragons one last time  
To see them circle swoop and climb  
Around mount Kilimanjaro  
As I did so long ago.

Wednesday, 15 September 2010  
, /poeticpiers



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Of A Kind

My D.N.A's in disarray  
Genetically I am quite mad,  
I just found out the other day  
I never had a proper dad.

They hatched me on a petri dish.  
From bits of that and bits of this  
and kept it warm to incubate  
How I turned out was left to fate

I finished up a vertebrate  
but I will never find a mate.  
In all the world I am unique  
I shall not live to be antique.

I'm six feet tall and three feet broad  
and I blow bubbles when I'm bored.  
From both my ears I swear it's true  
Now that is something you can't do.

My greatest hero's Frankenstein  
who was the first to recombine  
Assorted parts into a whole  
that could compose a barcarole.

The promised me before I die  
go to that great Lab in the sky  
They'll do their best to raise a clone  
so I wont feel quite so alone.

There is one snag, their plan will fail  
for any clone would be a male.  
I won't be happy I am not gay  
a male won't chase my blues away.

I think I'd rather be alone  
when all is said and all is done  
I have no wish to procreate  
a family without a mate.

For single parents life is hard  
a lot of work with small reward  
I'll concentrate on breeding fish  
I WILL NOT wed a petri dish.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Of The Crowd

Beware of mediocrities.  
They suffer from a strange disease.  
They're terrified some one may see  
That they are not as ordinary.  
as they would really like to be.  
Though you may see them differently.  
They do not know that they're unique.  
Just blending in is what they seek.  
They have no personality  
and they don't really want to be  
singled out- In any way  
earnestly each day they pray.  
Oh Lord don't make me different  
I'm nobody but I'm content.

13-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Of Those Days

Although I try I cannot hide,  
the fact that I'm dissatisfied  
with everyone and everything  
Despite the fact that I have tried.

Why it is that life is so unfair.  
It sometimes drives me to despair  
of everyone and everything  
I could give up but I don't dare.

For everyone depends on me  
to provide their security  
Yes everyone and everything.  
Is this the way that things should be

I suppose I'm entitled to  
take a very jaundiced view  
of everyone and everything.  
When I am feeling sad and blue.

Quite suddenly my blues are gone.  
I know I can depend upon  
every one and everything.  
No longer feeling woebegone..

I know without a shred of doubt  
I've little to complain about  
That everyone and everything  
are all prepared to help me out.

I snap back to reality.  
The world does not depend on me  
not everything and every one  
is my responsibility.

I realise that my black mood  
has coloured my whole attitude.  
to everything and everyone  
Because I was not feeling good

8-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## One Step At A Time 08

The road is long and tortuous.  
My pace is slow and ponderous  
I see no reason to make haste.  
Mistaken paths must be retraced.

I concentrate on moving on  
until the last daylight is gone  
Then in the darkness take my rest  
preparing for tomorrows test.

My destination is unknown  
the path is often overgrown  
I pick my way as best I can  
because I am a stubborn man.

I only know I seek the truth  
and have done since my early youth.  
One day too soon my quest will end.  
Then I shall know the truth my friend.

15-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# One Step At A Time.

I see no reason to be coy.  
I was a baby long ago  
and after that a little boy.  
When all I had to do was grow.

I quickly grew to be a youth.  
Certain that I knew everything.  
But passing years taught me the truth.  
I could be sure of just one thing.

The more I learnt the less I knew.  
There was so much I did not know  
and I had other tasks to do.  
Things to see places to go.

We may not know what lies ahead,  
such knowledge is forbidden us.  
So we are forced to guess instead.  
Perpetually curious.

I realised as I grew old.  
That I must die eventually.  
Leave my old body stiff and cold  
And then at last I would be free.

Just how I knew I cannot say  
but I believe it to be true  
I grow more certain every day.  
Although I KNOW no more than you.

I find it very comforting  
to think that when this body dies.  
At last I will know everything  
with nothing hidden from my eyes.

Until I am reborn again.  
Bereft of all my memories.  
Knowing no more than other men  
I learn again by slow degrees.



Bodies may die but I go on.  
Blessed with immortality  
Forgetting past lives which are gone  
until I am what I should be.

A small part of the oversoul  
Returned at last from whence I came.  
A process I cannot control  
but I must go through just the same.

When all are safely gathered in  
and thus complete the oversoul  
A new creation can begin.  
Perfection is the final goal

.Tuesday,05 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## One True Fact    Story Poem

From whence he came nobody knew.  
Out of the mists he came alone  
A frightened child in ragged clothes  
How he survived remains unknown

He cannot or will not tell  
from where he came or who he is.  
Found wandering in a freezing hell  
few places are as bleak as this.

Snow clad the rugged mountains rise  
Far, far above the plains below.  
A barren place of rock and snow  
scoured by the bitter winds which blow.

I have to say with certainty.  
No human beings could live here.  
But I am wrong apparently  
this child appearing makes that clear.

We were all taken by surprise  
to see this urchin wandering  
Yet there he was before our eyes  
In need of help and shivering.

His urgent need must override  
the object of our mission  
Unanimously we decide  
this alters our position.

We have no choice we have to try  
to save the life of this small child.  
It's not our place to wonder why  
he came to be here in the wild.

We radio H.Q. for aid  
explain the situation.  
There are arrangements to be made  
for this small boys reception.

We keep him warm and give him food  
Descend the mountain carefully  
H.Q had fully understood  
and had prepared accordingly.

When we arrived he was flown to  
the nearest modern hospital.  
Where they would do all they  
could do to save his life if possible.

We done our best could do no more  
but wait and pray impatiently.  
Sit by the wireless waiting for  
some news of his recovery.

News came he was responding well  
but still he could or would not speak.  
there was no way that we could tell.  
Why he was wandering on the peak.

It must remain a mystery  
a subject we will long debate.  
Though we discuss it endlessly.  
At least we can appreciate.

The boy will live that is enough  
and make a full recovery  
Although we'll never know the truth  
of how and why he came to be.

Alone amidst the ice and snow  
abandoned on a mountain peak.  
Where human beings rarely go  
The boy is dumb he cannot speak.

His story he can never tell  
Despite our curiosity  
Perhaps in time if all goes well  
we will resolve the mystery.

We must return try to complete

research we set out to do.  
Though warring theories will compete  
for ever more as theories do.

No one can say with certainty  
Though experts may pontificate  
upon this strange anomaly.  
I do not care to speculate.

What does it matter anyway  
The boy is safe and that will do.  
No longer wandering astray  
That fact I know at least is true.

05/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Ongoing Process.

Three quarters of a century.  
Recorded in my memory.  
Experience that made me, me.  
A complete life times history.

Of all I've heard and all I've seen.  
Recorded in my memory.  
What I have done and where I've been.  
A complete life times history.

I can look forward eagerly.  
A quarter of a century.  
To reaching my centenary.  
Recorded automatically.

And stored within my memory.  
Accessible only to me.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Only A Thought Away For M'Lady Tara

The moonlight casts across the lake. A gleaming path which dreamers take  
which leads them to or so it seems a magic land of fulfilled dreams  
A different reality where they are granted instantly  
The powers which they need to be utterly and completely free  
To travel at the speed of thought to see the silver dragons sport  
their changing colours as they fly in graceful dance across the sky  
Or watch the mermaids as they play amidst the surf at break of day.  
Though every wish is satisfied eventually they must decide  
To leave the realms of fantasy, returning to reality.  
The hum drum world of every day, resume the roles they have to play  
but they return refreshed renewed. More positive in attitude  
than those sad soul who dare not take the silver path across the lake  
But choose instead to lie awake regretting every past mistake.  
Because they lack the courage to, do what wiser dreamers do.  
So take your courage in both hands forget this world and its demands  
Just set your troubled spirits free to roam the lands of fantasy.  
It does not take too long to learn and once you've been you will return.  
You are quite free to come and go between the worlds you'll come to know.  
The boring world of every day or fantasy when you wish to play.

10-Aug-08

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Only Me

The stork was misdirected when  
I was born; I should have been  
one of the titled gentlemen  
with wealth approaching the obscene.

The foolish bird delivered me.  
By malice or by accident  
into the sort of family  
not known to the establishment.

Although my instincts are refined  
befitting an aristocrat.  
When I grew up I was to find  
my father was no plutocrat.

So I was forced to earn my crust  
like any other working man.  
No wide estates were held in trust.  
That wretched bird fouled up the plan.

I should have been a titled man  
a scion of nobility.  
But one must do the best one can  
although ones born to poverty

The only title I can claim  
is that I am a gentleman.  
I'll never be a household name.  
Though I am proud to say I can

do anything a duke can do.  
Except sit in the House of Lords.  
I do not think I would want to  
be bound to follow their accords.

An independent gentleman  
is what I am content to be.  
Although the stork messed up the plan  
I must accept I'm only me.

(5-Nov-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Onward Ever Onward.

I must pursue my endless quest.  
My destination is unknown  
Although the path is overgrown  
I have no choice I must go on.

I'm not allowed to stop and rest  
I have to journey on alone.  
I have no choice I must go on  
although the path is overgrown.

It's up to me to do my best  
until my journeying is done.  
Although the path is overgrown  
I have no choice I must go on..

Perhaps in time I'll pass the test  
Show I could do it on my own.  
I have no choice I must go on  
Although the path is overgrown.

Each man must pursue his own quest  
It's something he must do alone.  
Although the path is overgrown  
There is no choice you must go on.

Mirrored refrain created by Stephanie Rypnyk

Sunday, 17 January 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Open Invitation For M 'Lady Lucianne

Just loose your hold and come with me.  
Explore the worlds of fantasy,  
strange places only dreamers see  
There is no charge it is quite free.

Decide where you would like to be  
and we will travel rapidly.  
Borne on the wings of poetry.

There is nothing for you to fear  
reality won't disappear.

You can't escape so easily.

29-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Open To Review. For a

Although they all believed they knew.  
The truth was known to very few  
and mostly those who held the view.  
A single life time would not do.

For each immortal soul to learn  
the lessons needed each in turn.  
Which would enable it to earn  
the merit needed to return.

From whence it came; the final goal.  
To combine with the oversoul  
and free from any earthly role.  
Just one small part of a perfect whole.

Though I believe that this is true.  
It's only my considered view.  
One which is open to review.  
Because I know no more than you.

Although different creeds still argue.  
Their way and only theirs is true  
I think they take a narrow view.  
Exactly as they're taught to do.

The different creeds meet different needs  
and on the whole most do succeed.  
We ought to judge them by their deeds  
and not the tenets of their creed.

Saturday, 14 November 200

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Opposing Skills.

A brilliant man a polymath  
but nonetheless a psychopath  
Who thought he had the right to kill.

His reign of terror just begun  
He killed his victims just for fun.  
To exercise his sovereign will.

He terrorised the city streets  
with his all too frequent repeats.  
He seemed to need the added thrill.

Of being caught quite possibly.  
and so he was eventually.  
Or he would have been killing still.

He saw his hobby as an art.  
Something that would set him apart.  
And he was right it did until

he chose a victim to attack  
A victim who could fight back.  
a lady who possessed great skill

She was a martial arts expert  
Though she intended him great hurt  
She made quite certain not to kill.

He spends his life in a wheel chair  
Complaining that is was unfair.  
He had a quota to fulfil.

Although he is strictly confined  
in a cell specially designed  
Definitely not run of the mill.

To hold this twisted genius  
aware that he's still dangerous.  
His one ambition is to kill.

The heroine that broke his back.  
He lives and relives that attack  
I have no doubt he always will.

I don't think he has realised  
the fact that he is paralysed  
He cannot walk and never will.

Poetic justice some might say  
to keep him safely locked away.  
Who calls the tune must pay the bill.

Tuesday, 08 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Opposing Views.

Opposing views.

Alone outlined against the skies.  
An ancient druid proudly stands  
Or so it seems to human eyes.  
Upright erect with outstretched hands.  
As if appealing for Gods aid  
Against the Roman conquerors  
Who have decided to invade  
and stamp the old ways out by force.  
But only when the sun is high  
At other times it's just a tree.  
A trick of light deceives the eye.  
Although the locals disagree.  
They disregard the experts view.  
For they still hold the legend true.

Friday, 12 November 2010

[Http: cpiers](http://cpiers)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Optomist 08

Optimist 08

Although it's not a certainty.  
There is a possibility  
that I will reach a century  
and then I will quite probably  
Review my choices thoroughly.  
Should I give in graciously  
or dismiss death contemptuously.  
The only thing that worries me.  
A problem which I can foresee.  
Will I retain my faculty?  
still contribute coherently.  
Will still know that I am me?  
I do not think I'd like to be  
a burden to my family.  
I think I'd better wait and see  
and not decide impulsively  
I still have years ahead of me..  
I have to think positively.

26-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Oriental Selection

Bare winter branches  
beneath the moon wreathed in mist.  
Seem to bloom again.  
Echoes of memories foresee  
future in the past.

In the soft moonlight  
blossoms from the cherry tree  
Scattered on the ground.  
purpose served, hey leave the stage  
Autumn will grant them honour.

Sharp edged shadows cast  
by the brilliant winter moon  
on the earth below.  
Poetry written on the snow  
only lovers understand

The wind stirs the reeds  
making music by moonlight.  
Plaintive melodies  
the wind needs no audience.  
the moon listens silently.

The moon my lantern  
the scent of blossom lingers  
The moon lights my way  
I walk beside the water  
yesterday is gone.

Sun sets, moon rises  
constant repetition  
She follows her lord

Night without moonlight  
restless spirits walk abroad  
seeking solace.

Moonlight soothes my soul



as I meditate alone.  
Trees whisper to me.

A pond holds the moon  
why should the mind of man do less  
achieving stillness

Gently moonlight falls  
like silver rain silently  
lotus blossom sing.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Orthodigital    Todays Lunacy

My new dentures are digital  
because I have the wherewithal  
to buy the latest gadgetry.  
I love modern technology.

They play pop music as I eat.  
No other dentures can compete,  
can receive the latest news  
from any channel which I choose.

I need not change the batteries  
they can recharge themselves with ease.  
The movement of my lower jaw  
creates the current which they store.

I think that I can claim to be.  
The first to have such dentistry.  
They are my only claim to fame  
have become a household name.

The only man whose dentures do  
a great deal more than simply chew.  
It seems my dentures have made me  
into a real celebrity.

16-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Our Lady For M Lady Ann Beard

The eastern sky is rosy red.  
The sun has risen from his bed  
The moon knows that it's time to go  
We do not need her silver glow.

The Sun will reign throughout the day.  
In Majesty he makes his way  
across the sky from east to west.  
An honoured and a welcome guest.

The Sun commands mankind's respect  
Authority we must accept.  
Without the sun the world would be  
devoid of life permanently.

The silver moon reflects by night  
a gentler version of his light.  
We recognise the difference  
and treat the moon with reverence.

Though we respect and fear the sun.  
It is the gentle moon which won  
The reverence which men display  
towards the Goddess still today.

03/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Out Of Your Rut! !

Sometimes a change of circumstance  
which seems to be a tragedy.  
Turns out to be a second chance  
to take you where you ought to be.

Your firm decides it must downsize,  
your job amongst the first to go.  
Although you're taken by surprise.  
You know you set your sights too low

You have no choice but to review  
the reasons that you chose to stay  
In a job which offered you  
nothing but boredom day by day.

Redundancy may prove to be  
to your advantage in the end.  
You must examine thoroughly  
the options which you have my friend

Accept responsibility  
Decide just what you want to do  
and then go on triumphantly  
You can make all your dreams come true.

14/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Outpost Of Empire For Friend Thad

It's clear that archaeology.  
Can tell us of the history  
of long forgotten Roman forts.  
From evidence of many sorts.  
Broken shards of Samian Ware.  
Which turn up almost everywhere  
can tell within a year or two  
the date when they were brought here new.  
Foundation walls that still remain  
when deciphered make it plain.  
That this was a most important site.  
Our findings greeted with delight.  
Vinovia a Roman fort  
is much, much older than was thought.

13-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Outstandingly Average.

Outstandingly average.

I'm extraordinarily  
ordinary. My only claim  
to fame is my normality  
I'll never be a household name.  
Nor do I think I'd want to be.  
A bit player in life's game  
I do not court publicity  
I ask for neither praise nor blame.  
I'll settle for obscurity.  
I have no goal for which I aim.  
I am content to simply  
be a spectator of life's game.  
Express my views in poetry  
To no effect quite probably.

Wednesday, 13 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Over The Hills For M'Lady Ernestine

Over the hills.

Beyond the distant hills there lies.  
A wonderland a paradise.  
Not often seen by mortal eyes.  
Alternative reality  
which only dreamers ever see.  
Imagination is the key.

That's needed to unlock the door  
and let your restless spirit soar  
on high to where it can explore.  
Beyond the range of normal sigh  
to scenes which guarantee delight  
and satisfy your appetite.

For things that may or may not be.  
Indulge your taste for fantasy  
Imagine what you want to see  
Beyond the hills you can pretend  
that you have found the rainbows end  
You'll find your day dreams can transcend.

All of the normal boundaries.  
You can imagine what you please.  
No limit to your fantasies.  
Nobody can dispute the view  
which you accept as being true.  
Your dreams belong only to you.

Though other folks have different dreams.  
Of crystal pools and flowing streams.  
Each to their own or so it seems.  
Beyond the distant hills there lies  
a wonderland a paradise.  
That's only seen by dreamer's eyes.

Tuesday, 10 August 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Overly Suspicious

I live alone because I must.  
I have forgotten how to trust.  
I've been betrayed too frequently  
By people who were close to me.  
I think perhaps I was naïve  
And far too ready to believe  
The tales my so called friends told me.  
I did not doubt their honesty.  
I know now that I should have done.  
So now I don't trust anyone.  
Save members of my family  
and even those not completely.  
I live alone because I must  
I have forgotten how to trust.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Paadise Regained Story Poem

My deafness is hysterical.  
Psychosomatic so they say  
They may well be right old pal.  
I had to find some legal way.

to escape her whining voice  
She's Catholic and won't divorce  
That leaves me very little choice  
for I abhor the use of force.

She nags and moans from morn till night  
Her venom never satisfied.  
No single thing I do is right.  
I have considered suicide

She thinks the doctor's on her side  
and he will find a cure for me.  
That leaves me only homicide  
but I must plan it carefully.

It must look like an accident  
when I am nowhere near the scene.  
so that I seem quite innocent.  
Some public place I can be seen.

Or better still my therapist.  
His evidence impeccable,  
he will adamantly insist.  
That I could not be culpable.

The deed is done the bitch is dead.  
My method I will not reveal.  
So I am free no longer wed  
I can't express the joy I feel.

My therapist will clearly state  
that I was with him when she died  
and that he suspects suicide.  
Because of her tense mental state.

His word of course the court respects.  
He is an expert after all.  
I'm free and clear no one suspects  
I engineered her fatal fall.

Her voice is stilled she can't complain.  
She died swiftly and painlessly.  
The quack was right I did regain  
my hearing rather suddenly.

He claims all credit for success  
ascribes it to his therapy  
and as he was my star witness.  
What can I do except agree?

I have not changed my attitude  
though I can hear as well as you  
I still enjoy the quietude.  
Which I quite often choose to do.

9-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Paid In Full For Friend Leslie

Like a feathered arrow flying.  
Straight and true but silently  
Speeds the message of your dying  
a missile you won't hear or see.

When you chose to slay my tribesmen.  
Slaughter squaws and little children  
striking in the dead of night.  
My people had no chance to fight.

You thought no one had survived  
unaware one warrior lived.  
From my totem seeking guidance  
I chose to meditate by chance.

In the forest secretly  
I kept my vigil faithfully.  
Alerted by he dying cries  
of people dying by surprise.

Cut down by killers as they slept.  
I had no choice but to accept.  
My totem had protected me  
because my totem could foresee.

The secret plans of wicked men  
Who had killed and would again.  
Great Manitou had chosen me  
to hunt them down relentlessly

Their punishment my sole intent  
I knew I would not rest content.  
Until the last of them had died  
My spirit wails unsatisfied..

when the last of them has paid  
the price for the part he played.  
in murdering my family.  
My quest will end successfully

When my arrow pierces you  
a punishment long overdue.  
I will give praise to Manitou  
as any warrior ought to do.

20/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Pale Phantoms For M'Lady Ernestine

Variant sonnet

Bare branches bear snow blossoms now.  
Like forlorn ghosts of summers past.  
A vain attempt that cannot last.  
To counterfeit the summer show

Of roses that there used to be  
in gay profusion blooming there  
In gorgeous hues beyond compare.  
In the rose garden's scented air.

Winters attempts at artistry  
can create an austere beauty.

Appealing to an artists eye  
in black and white simplicity  
.Enhancing our ability  
to see beauty we can't deny.

Tuesday, 07 December 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Pandemic

The symptoms strike so suddenly  
A headache and a runny nose.  
Not serious apparently  
you have no reason to suppose.

That you have contracted something new  
that you will die in agony.  
A mutant strain of common flu  
an ever changing enemy.

A virus which we can't contain  
because it spreads so easily  
An ancient plague has struck again  
Invariably fatally

There's no escape nowhere to run.  
Out breaks occur spontaneously  
We're doing all that can be done.  
At home and internationally.

Although some victims do survive  
we do not know the reason why  
What keeps the lucky few alive.  
We have no choice we have to try.

To find a cure for this disease  
Which some see as a punishment  
inflicted by a god displeased  
and others as an accident..

We've seen it happen once before  
The death toll from the Spanish flu  
killed more than died in the Great War.  
Nature produces something new.

When mankind's numbers grow too high.  
She knows the world can not sustain  
too many people some must die  
to reach a balance once again.

She does not flinch or hesitate  
She knows exactly what to do  
she has to act before too late.  
So she creates a mutant flu.

Mans tendency to overbreed  
Means Mother Nature will decide  
there are too many mouths to feed.  
The time has come to override.

The wishes of humanity  
Reduce their numbers savagely  
A task she does efficiently  
although perhaps reluctantly.

What seems to be wanton cruelty  
can be a blessing in disguise.  
There's every possibility  
The race of man will realise.

The time has come to exercise  
his free will much more sensibly.  
and that in truth the answer lies  
in acting more responsibly.

The earths resources are finite  
we have to change our wasteful ways.  
Or else give in without a fight  
and see the end of mankinds days.

26/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Par For The Course

When I was young and hormones raged  
throughout my system like a flood  
To keep my libido assuaged  
I bedded every girl I could.

With little thought of consequence.  
I place the blame on Mother Nature  
she robbed me of my innocence.  
when I grew older more mature.

I realised my ignorance  
My past behaviour I foreswore  
I would no longer seek each chance  
to add another to my score.

The time has come to find a mate.  
Someone to cherish and protect.  
'Til then I would be celibate  
and treat all ladies with respect.

Hot blooded youth will have its way  
but men must act responsibly.  
Forget the games they used to play  
and start to take life seriously.

9-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Paradise Lost For M 'Lady Tara

This used to be a woodland place  
when I was young long years ago  
but now there's very little trace  
no trees at all. You'd never know

this used to be a woodland place.  
New bungalows in row on row  
their window panes all screened by lace.  
Replace the trees which were laid low.

This used to be a woodland place  
where any upset child could go  
if they were troubled, in disgrace.  
An ideal spot for lying low.

This used to be a woodland place  
but that was many years ago  
How sad that passing years erase  
the secret havens children know.

30-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Paradise Refused For Friend Jtearly

I dreamt I was in paradise  
Where every thing was beautiful  
Nothing here displeased my eyes.  
I thought at first how wonderful.

But I grew bored and longed to see  
something which lacked perfection  
This paradise did not suit me.  
I voiced my consternation

I needed contrasts to compare  
The constant beauty soon grew stale.  
I did not want to remain there  
I was afraid that I would fail.

Lose my ability to choose  
What kind of beauty I preferred  
I made my mind up to refuse  
The sad boredom heaven offered.

Your paradise would be my hell  
Total perfection's not for me  
I must have ugliness as well  
a difference that I can see.

When I awoke I was relieved  
to see my world just as it is.  
And not the paradise conceived  
by others as a state of bliss.

13-Sep-08  
blog

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Parting Shot For Jb Earley

Snowflakes dance like butterflies  
before my disbelieving eyes.  
I was prepared to sing springs song  
But it appears that I was wrong.  
King Winter has not fled the scene,  
despite the new shoots showing green.  
But merely waiting in the wings  
to find a chance to upset things.  
This has to be his final try  
he can't rely on his ally.  
The wind will change soon as it should  
to a soft breeze to suit the mood  
of spring who will repaint anew  
The world that winter hid from view.

21-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Party Time For M 'Lady Lucianne

The first signs of impending spring  
are crocus flowers rioting  
Along the verges daffodils  
contemptuous of night time chills  
Continue steadily to grow  
in preparation for the show  
The flower show that's held each year  
As one by one new blooms appear.  
Each has its short time in the sun  
to set their seed and then begone.  
A yearly exhibition  
provided free for everyone  
Now spring is here let's celebrate.

9-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Passive Resistance.

Beneath the sky, the restless sea  
Was lapping at the shingle shore.  
As it had often done before.  
The shingle resists stubbornly.  
It won't surrender easily.  
And when tide ebbs will restore  
The pebbles from its endless store.  
Kept in reserve permanently.  
The shingle beach lies passively  
The sea is forced to come and go.  
Although it act aggressively  
When the tide is in full flow.  
It will retreat reluctantly  
When tidal energy runs low.

Wednesday, 29 February 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Passivity-Phooey

The time has come for you to die!  
I have your name in my black book.  
Or so death said and my reply  
you'd better have another look.

You eyesight's poor you cannot see  
I think you've made a grave mistake  
This is not number thirty three  
Look for yourself for goodness sake.

You may be right about my sight  
My visual acuity  
is much poorer in the dim light  
I fear its fading rapidly.

Perhaps I ought to book a test  
a visit to Vision Express.  
I've heard it said they are the best  
But I am vain I must confess.

Maybe horn rims add gravitas  
I must maintain my dignity.  
I made no comment let it pass  
My glasses are to help me see.

I bid death a polite farewell  
and wished him well in his eye test  
the white lie I was forced to tell  
was in my own best interest.

I am too busy yet to die.  
One day he will catch up with me.  
This lesson I will not forget.  
You can fool death quite readily.

He's very old and not too bright,  
has trouble with his memory  
on top of that his failing sight  
Makes fooling him very easy.

Now should death chance to call again  
I am quite certain I will lie  
to make quite sure that I can gain.  
a few more years before I die..

I will not go without a fight  
There's so much more I want to do.  
I will decide the time is right  
when I should die: When I want to.

28-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Past And Present.

The truth is written in the rocks.  
The Fossil Record does not lie.  
Although it's true it sometimes shocks.  
We must accept new rules apply.  
The facts we once believed were true  
are proven false by further proof  
that's been unearthed. Something new  
which takes us closer to the truth.  
The truth is what we seek to find.  
Try to take an unbiased view.  
Attempt to keep an open mind  
It's something that we have to do.  
There are still answers to be found  
by accident deep underground.

Tuesday, 11 May 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Past Participant For M Lady Ernestine

Though it may seem I am obsessed.  
The truth is that I am possessed  
by an old writer long since dead.  
Who now resides inside my head  
He'll have no truck with modern verse  
and thinks that free form is perverse.  
That's something with which I agree,  
perhaps that's why he's chosen me  
To be his slave, his to command  
he doesn't seem to understand  
He is a most unwelcome guest  
at best I see him as a pest.  
He may be Shakespeare as he says  
but I write poetry not plays.

8-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Patience

Each stalactite and stalagmite  
is growing slowly dropp by drop.  
Invisibly to human sight.  
A process which will never stop.  
When they meet eventually  
They will form a column of stone  
at which we gaze wonderingly.  
Throughout long ages it has grown.  
The wonders nature can produce  
are greater than the works of man  
Which in their pride mankind must choose  
to understand as best they can.  
The secrets Mother Nature knows  
producing stone that slowly grows.

11-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Pax Draconis

In days of old when dragons flew  
amongst the clouds for all to see  
They did not hide no reason to.  
Men viewed them most respectfully.

They did no harm but culled the herds  
of beasts too numerous to count.  
No voice of protest to be heard,  
the race of men of small account.

But men bred most prolifically.  
Always their population grew.  
The dragons lacked fertility  
their numbers dwindled to a few.

Then man decided in his pride  
to prove human supremacy.  
It would be best if Dragons died.  
The last few dragons forced to flee.

These Dragons hid themselves  
away from man's insensate cruelty  
but swore that one day man would pay.  
Rebuilt their numbers secretly.

The Dragons now are numerous.  
Though disbelieved by modern man,  
odd sightings seen as spurious.  
Prepare themselves to rule again.

The U.F.O.s that some men see.  
Not aliens from outer space  
but Dragons flying fast and free.  
New champions of the dragon race.

When they decide the time is right  
they will erase the human race.  
Take the revenge they feel is right  
and once more take their rightful place.

As rulers of the earth and sky.  
Mans handiwork will rot away.  
With no man left to wonder why.  
This was the price they had to pay.

The earth will be a place of peace  
without mankind's belligerence.  
At last the endless wars will cease.  
The dragon race have much more sense.

Though creatures will still kill to eat  
As Mother Nature meant them to.  
On equal terms they will compete.  
When all the Dragons dreams come true.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Pay Attention!

We see but all too frequently  
Pay little heed to what we see.  
We also hear selectively  
We function automatically.  
Although aware subconsciously  
of everything we hear or see  
Which poses threats to our safety  
We can react instantaneously.  
Prepare to act defensively  
Responding instinctively  
To any thing that seems to be  
a threat to our security  
Our conscious mind assumes control  
With safety as its only goal.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Pay Back Time.

Perchance to sleep and not to dream  
I would I could but I can not.  
Dreams in a never ending stream  
Fate hath decreed to be my lot.  
My conscience won't let me forget  
That I have acted selfishly  
In doing things I now regret.  
Sends evil dreams to punish me.  
I long to sleep but do not dare  
I know not what dreams lie in wait  
My punishment is hard to bear.  
But my regrets came far too late.  
Now at long last I've come to know  
You must reap what you chose to sow.

Wednesday, 07 March 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Peaceful Rebellion

Brainwashed, conditioned to obey  
Harsh rules laid down by foolish men.  
Who tell you it's the only way  
while you are young and still children.

They have no answer when you ask,  
but brush your questions aside  
and sternly take you to task.  
What is it that they have to hide.

Do they believe the things they teach?  
I am quite sure there are a few  
But most don't practice what they preach  
Whilst still insisting that you do.

I will not do as they expect.  
I will rebel and choose my way.  
I think it foolish to accept  
as true the things they say.

I think it wise to scrutinise  
The myths and legends we are taught.  
Attempt to sift the truth from lies  
From every source and every sort.

(14-Aug-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Peak Experience (Adult Content)

When we are cuddled close in bed.  
We know, although no word is said.  
This is the place now is the time  
to reach for ecstasy sublime.

I feel my flaccid member rise  
as though he's come to realise.  
Quite near a warm wet welcome waits  
the kind that he appreciates.

By now my lady's well aware  
she too can feel her passions stir  
She takes my hand and guides it to  
the place where she would like me to

caress her with my fingertips  
I softly stroke the outer lips  
until my finger slips inside  
and gentle pressure is applied.

To stimulate her pleasure zone  
and she begins to softly moan.  
I feel her muscles start to tense.  
This is real no false pretence.

Now when her juices start to flow  
the time has come for me to show,  
I claim entry to paradise.  
I place myself between her thighs.

Then I inser myself inside.  
Our passions must be satisfied.  
We conjoin and reciprocate  
and we attain a rhythmic rate.

Until at last we reach the peak.  
Achieve the ecstasy we seek.  
I am content and so is she  
exactly as we ought to be.

We fall asleep with limbs entwined  
our love renewed and underlined.  
We may be old but know for sure  
how to give and receive pleasure.

A life time of experience  
makes making love much more intense.  
The ultimate togetherness.  
the love we mutually express

17-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Pecadillo Fo Friend Thad

My Guardian Angel is a prude  
she has a pious attitude.  
I have a little devil too  
who tries to persuade me to do.  
The naughty things which are more fun.  
But when all is said and done  
it's up to me I have free will.  
And in the end I'll foot the bill.  
If I should choose to go astray  
I know there'll be a price to pay.  
But some sins are well worth the price  
a small foretaste of paradise.  
You know what I'm referring to.  
I am quite certain that you do.

28-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Peccavi For Friend Bob

A sword suspended by a thread, precariously above my head  
A sin committed long ago I did not want the world to know.  
My conscience nagged incessantly I dreaded the discovery  
of what I had done as a child. Sufficient cause to be reviled.  
By anyone who came to know the secrets that I hid below  
my air of seeming innocence. How I've regretted my offence.

What I had done nobody knew nor were they ever likely to.  
I did not wish to cause alarm nor did I wish the slightest harm.  
To anyone I was a fool to think it would be rather cool.  
To super glue the ladies loo which left a lady sticking to  
The toilet seat to her distress. I was too frightened to confess.

I realised eventually that only I could forgive me  
I still regret my foolishness. A childish prank no more no less.  
The time has come for my reprieve I am forgiven I believe  
My punishment draws to its ugh in fact still no one knows.  
Who superglued the ladys is no way that they could do.  
I have repented of my sin but secretly suppress a grin.  
When I recall the memory which all my life has haunted me

26/04/2009

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Peccavi Mea Maxima Culpa For Friend Jt Ellison

The song I came to sing not  
be sung today or any day  
by me. The words I have forgot.  
Temptations led my mind to stray  
too far from my appointed task.  
I cannot sing for you today  
nor can answer what you ask  
I am ashamed and look away  
because I know I'm in the wrong.  
I have failed, failed utterly  
and you may never hear the song  
I beg forgiveness abjectly.  
Some other singer may one day  
sing what I should have sung today.

1-Jul-08

This was written for a challenge on another site  
"The song I came to sing today" is taken from a poem  
by Rabindranath Tagore  
and had to be included in the poem you wrote

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Penalty Clause.

The quality of mercy is unknown.  
To terrorists who maim and kill  
and claim they're doing Allah's will.  
They have agendas of their own.

Young men who have been led astray.  
By evil men who pose as priests.  
So many in the world today  
Who have less conscience than brute beasts.

Though Allah is all merciful.  
There are some sins he won't forgive.  
Though corrupt priests grow powerful.  
Through plots and plans which they contrive.

The burning lakes of fire await  
For those who lead young men astray.  
They thoroughly deserve their fate.  
There has to be a reckoning day.

It was their choice to disobey.  
The message that the prophet brought.  
As sure as night must follow day.  
They will be punished as they ought.

The quality of mercy is unknown  
To terrorist who maim and kill.  
They are defying Allah's will.  
The blame is theirs and theirs alone.

Wednesday,07 March 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Penitent For Friend Konstantin

A gentleman in every way.  
A relic from a bygone day.  
His clothes well cut but out of date,  
in his own time a fashion plate.

He's not as he appears to be.  
He is a ghost apparently.  
Always appears at half past three  
then disappears mysteriously.

Though who he was nobody knows.  
A gentleman judged by his clothes,  
we only know he comes and goes.  
Because he has to I suppose.

A visitor from long ago  
Though why he comes we may not know.  
Perhaps he comes to demonstrate  
that once he was a fashion plate.

Maybe condemned for too much pride  
a fatal flaw he could not hide.  
He must display at half past three  
until he learns humility

.18-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## People Power. A Rant.

The people's voice so long suppressed.  
Has now been forcibly expressed  
Egyptians want democracy.  
The world is waiting now to see  
if their demands meet with success.

The winds of change are blowing free.  
So tyrants sleep uneasily  
They fear to hear the people's voice  
but really they have little choice.  
If people choose democracy.

They can no longer rule by force.  
Its time to take a different course.  
The people have the power to  
discard the old bring in the new.  
By just resisting passively.

I have no doubt that some will die  
As the dictators vainly try.  
To cling to power at any cost  
a battle that's already lost.  
The people will sweep them away.

The western world must wait and  
see what happens next uneasily.  
We have no right to interfere  
although we have good cause to fear.  
The power games that people play.

The world is changing rapidly.  
Because of new technology.  
Information is exchanged,  
the internet has rearranged.  
What people are allowed to say.

They have the opportunity  
to state their views quite openly  
For and against the government.



Although it seems that discontent  
is the major force in play..

The peoples will is paramount  
They will demand a close account.  
From those they give authority  
to take control and over see.  
the changes that they need today..

Perhaps we too need to review.  
A process which is over due  
Our concept of democracy  
at least our foreign policy..  
We do not have the right to say.

What other countries ought to do  
Because they are entitled to.  
Do whatever they think best  
to pacify the deep unrest.  
the people have the final say.

If they decide to give assent  
to a form of government.  
Which may not be democracy  
but suits the vast majority.  
We have no reason for dissent.

We may quite well learn something new  
That makes us take a different view.  
Of the systems now in place.  
By which we choose our government.  
Which do not work as they were meant..

The powers that be may disagree.  
Because they do not want to see.  
The fault and flaws that now exist.  
Although they preach democracy  
They breach the rules in secrecy.

Although they may control the press  
and the media more or less.  
They can't control the internet.

If they are wise they'll recognise  
That people can see through their lies.

Sunday, 13 February 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Perceptions.

Extinguishing the candle flame.  
Initiates my nightly game.  
My room's subject to subtle change  
as questing moonbeams re-arrange.  
The shadows which were left behind.  
So everything is now outlined  
in silvery reflections.  
Altering my perceptions.  
Highlighting things that generally  
I overlook, just do not see.  
Recalling distant memories  
of half forgotten fantasies  
Which gently lull me off to sleep  
So much more fun than counting sheep.

Sunday, 31 October 2010  
ce, com/poeticpiers.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Perchance To Dream For Friend Thad

I dreamt or maybe dreamt I dreamt.  
A lucid dream I could control,  
in which I thought I would attempt  
to contact my immortal soul.

I moved up to a higher plane.  
Which I accomplished easily.  
I thought perhaps that I could gain.  
Some knowledge relevant to me.

I met myself and face to face  
we could converse quite naturally.  
Discussed the trials I must face  
This seemed quite logical to me.

Was it a dream? I can't be sure  
I only know it seemed to be.  
Somehow it served to reassure  
me that all is as it ought to be.

Was it a dream or possibly  
an altered state of consciousness.  
A different reality  
It could be either one I guess.

What does it matter anyway.  
A dream may have reality  
which we perceive a different way.  
When viewed imaginatively.

Imagination is the key  
which opens portals we can pass  
in spirit form so easily  
But must return too soon alas.

I dreamt or maybe dreamt I dreamt  
a lucid dream I could control.  
Perchance I failed in my attempt.  
Not ready yet to be made whole.

29-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Perdita For M Lady Ann

She walks the shore beside the sea,  
seen indistinctly in the mist  
a maiden who died tragically.  
The local legends will insist.  
It's said she died by her own hand  
By a faithless lover betrayed  
and is condemned to walk the strand  
until released by judgement day.  
Though I have proved beyond all doubt  
she is no ghost. A trick of light,  
the good folk who live hereabout  
are still convinced that they are right.  
The have no time for scientists  
they KNOW who wanders in the mists.

2-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Perfect Ending To The Day

I leave the pinewoods sombre shade  
And make my way towards the shore.  
Where I can watch the daylight fade.  
As I have often done before.

I work all day amidst the trees  
Where I can seldom see the sky.  
I yearn to smell the ocean breeze  
and watch the seagulls wheel and fly.

There is a spot that's known to few.  
Above the sea and facing west.  
Which offers an unbroken view  
to watch the Sun go to his rest.

It is a privilege to see.  
The western sky blush fiery red  
As the Sun sinks beneath the sea.  
There's nowhere I would be instead.

Than sitting high above the sea  
To watch the sun set peacefully.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Perfect Justice

The boy donned his explosive vest  
He had been brainwashed by the best  
He was convinced by suicide  
he'd be a martyr. Cause for pride

to all is friends and family  
Too ignorant to question why.  
His teacher was apparently  
quite content to let others die.

When he himself was not prepared.  
His life too precious to be spared  
Though advocating suicide.  
These evil men are satisfied.

Persuading naïve boys to die.  
Although they are aware they lie.  
The boys mere weapons for their use  
The ultimate of child abuse.

Fortunately this boy was saved  
the mechanism misbehaved  
The bomb refused to detonate  
A martyr's death was not his fate.

The boy had been prepared to die  
But now began to question why.  
Allah refused his sacrifice.  
Denied the promised paradise

Now honest clerics must explain  
and re-interpret once again  
The lessons which had been mistaught.  
By priests who knowingly distort.

The laws laid down the in the Koran  
to be observed by every man  
which wicked men choose to defy.  
Though they will answer when the die.



To Allah the compassionate  
The burning lakes of fire wait  
Though they repent it is too late  
Their wickedness has sealed their fate.

The foolish boys they led astray  
sure to be judged a different way.  
By Allah the all merciful  
The ways of god are wonderful.

26/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Perfect Love For My Lady Irene

Dan Cupid and St Valentine  
Would seem to a be clueless pair  
and quite unable to define.  
What constitutes a love divine.

An old Greek god who's lost his way.  
A celibate without a clue.  
Love does not need a special day  
I know much better than they do.

Why I love you and you love me.  
I see no need for fairy tales.  
That's why I tell you constantly  
My love for you will never fail..

It's not because you do not know  
My actions serve to underline  
that I love you. But even so  
I must repeat that you are mine

and I am yours eternally.  
Three little words are all I need  
Although I say them frequently  
because my love we are agreed.

No day must pass without we tell  
each words we love to hear.  
Although we both know very well  
For perfect love casts out all fear.

All that I need you can provide  
You hold my heart in your small hand  
My love for you I cannot hide  
Your slightest wish is my command.

My only purpose is to serve.  
You are the centre of my life  
you give me more than I deserve.  
No man could have a better wife.

We did not need St Valentine  
nor yet Dan cupid and his bow.  
I knew you were meant to be mine  
My guardian angel told me so.

7-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Perfection For M Lady Allison

White chrysanthemum.  
symbol of purity.  
Perfect medium  
chosen very carefully  
by a man who knows  
elegant simplicity.  
His selection shows  
his perspicacity.  
The flower he chose  
becomes the epitome  
of his skill for all to see.  
None can disagree  
Artistry and modesty  
On display apparently.

Choka sonnet  
2-May-08

, /poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Personal Column

I seek a maid to marry me.  
A homely maid who's dutiful  
a girl who can smile pleasantly.  
Above a maid who's beautiful.

For pretty girls think they can rule.  
An equal partner's what I need  
and not an empty headed fool  
who's just another mouth to feed.

I am not handsome it is true  
But I work hard and I'm well paid  
I earn sufficient to keep two  
I am a master of my trade.

If this advert appeals to you.  
Apply at once do not delay  
But only homely girls will do  
all pretty girls should stay away.

18-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Personal Peculiarity

I find that diamonds are like ice.  
Cold, hard and colourless.  
But only diamonds will suffice  
when you are trying to impress.

I much prefer the warmer tones  
Which can be found inherently  
in other coloured precious stones.  
A trait peculiar to me.

I am quite sure I'm not alone  
associating falsity.  
With this much overrated stone,  
which I concede reluctantly.

Can be a good time girl's best friend.  
A price men are prepared to pay.  
Something on which she can depend  
when she is old and bent and gray.

Their glitter and their brilliance  
are mere reflections of the light.  
Suited to pomp and circumstance.  
I choose to exercise my right.

I don't like diamonds not at all  
Perhaps I show my prejudice  
although I have the wherewithal  
I won't buy them at any price.

7-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Personal Preference

Prudence acted prudently.  
She valued her virginity,  
Unlike her fellow student Pearl  
who chose to be a party girl.

Prudence was prepared to wait  
until she changed her single state  
She much preferred matrimony  
Although her friend did not agree.

Pearl was convinced life should be fun  
Had no regrets for what she'd done  
In fact believed her way of life  
would make her a much better wife.

When she was ready to get wed.  
At least when asked that's what she said.  
Which one was right I do not know  
that's something only time will show.

Prudence chose to remain chaste.  
Pearl thought celibacy a waste.  
Both could be right quite possibly  
What right have I to disagree.

12/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Perverted Progress Story Poem Which Became A Rant

The bards are dead and none recall  
the glory days, when every hall.  
Would echo to their epic tales  
and hear the news they would regale

The ancient bards were men of law  
They were welcomed at every door.  
A peasant's cot or chieftains hall  
it made no difference at all.

They were accorded great respect  
as arbiters as you'd expect.  
These minstrels wise in Brehon Law  
and holders of the magic lore.

All men were treated equally  
and their decisions seen to be  
delivered so impartially.  
The way that justice ought to be.

No man could buy their loyalty  
They were all that they claimed to be.  
Men of prodigious memory  
who could judge - impartially.

The rights and wrongs of any cause  
and had the power to enforce.  
Such was the power of Brehon law  
which ruled the land in days of yore.

But time moves on and all things change  
invaders come and re arrange.  
The world to suit their foreign ways.  
The bards refused to sing their praise.

So they were hunted down and killed  
This left a gap which would be filled  
by lawyers of a different sort.  
Corrupt men who could be bought.



By those who had the greatest wealth  
Well versed in lies deceit and stealth  
Although professing probity.  
Behind the scenes where none could see.

These lawyers aided thievery  
and favoured those of high degree.  
Against the poor but honest men  
who had their lands and goods taken.

To fill the coffers of the rich  
whose greed consumed them like an itch.  
Unsatisfied they craved for more  
and so perverted every law.

Judgement was now a mockery  
which could be purchased for a fee.  
A price the poor man could not raise  
and thus he always lost his case.

Things are much the same today  
unless you can afford to pay.  
Outrageous fees which lawyers ask  
You face an impossible task.

You won't get justice you'll get law.  
That's what you pay your lawyer for.  
To find some loophole you can use  
so that you need not pay your dues.

Avoiding any punishment  
however evil your intent  
He'll find some technicality  
which he'll invoke to set you free.

The golden days when laws applied  
to all men equally were set aside.  
So justice wears a blindfold now  
that's fastened tightly round her brow.

The lawyers dare not let her see.

How they have made a mockery.  
Twisting the meaning of the law  
and making use of every flaw.

and every legal argument  
to thwart the laws avowed intent.  
To protect the innocent.  
Another failed experiment.

We have to find a better way  
which does not favour those who pay.  
As it was in days of yore  
when no man was above the law.

Then justice was not bought or sold  
the bards had small regard for gold.  
They were renowned for honesty  
dispensing justice without fee.

Supported by all honest men  
we shall not see their like again.  
Until the people indicate  
they will no longer tolerate.

This rank injustice any more.  
Demand we overhaul the law.  
Rewrite them so they will apply  
to everybody equally.

Justice must be seen to be done  
to anyone and everyone.  
Impartially as it should be  
and truly independently.

But Alas the bards are dead  
and we have chaos in their stead.  
Today the world is ruled by greed.  
Me first, me first the only creed.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Philosophical Argument

Man has a brain which comprehends  
the idea of infinity.

Although his point of view depends  
on which school of philosophy  
has taught him to think logically.

Investigating every clue  
relevant to this mystery.

Exactly as he was taught to.

Although in his experience.

that which begins must also end.

It seems to counter common sense

and he is prepared to defend,

his point of view vehemently.

To other scholars endlessly.

High lighting the futility

of studying infinity.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Piercing The Veils Of Mystery.

Piercing the veils of mystery.

Some understand instinctively.  
What must remain a mystery  
To the vast majority  
Of ignorant humanity.  
Most just accept the Status Quo  
Because they do not want to know.  
Although a few an elite few  
Will learn things that they never knew  
By dint of hard experience  
They have to learn in self defence  
Although their progress may be slow.  
They can't forget once that they know  
How to interpret what they see  
Piercing the veils of mystery.

Sunday,04 December 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Pigeon Holes For M Lady Anna Russel

Don't put me in a pigeonhole  
It is the last thing you should do.  
You do not understand my role.  
Take note of what I'm telling you.

There is nobody quite like me  
I am unique I stand alone  
I can act independently.  
I'm like no one you have known

You are entitled to your view  
but I'm afraid that's limited  
You know less than you think you do.  
But be my guest and go ahead.

Believe what you want to believe  
convince yourself you are correct.  
It is yourself that you deceive.  
That you will change I don't expect.

You see the world in black and white,  
you have a neat and tidy mind  
This does not mean that you are right.  
Some things just cannot be defined.

Forget your pigeon holes my friend  
each human being is unique  
Though unlike you I don't pretend.  
It is the real you that I seek.

I have no time for pigeon holes  
I want to see behind the mask  
we wear to play to play our public roles.  
Maybe that is too much to ask.

1-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Pioneer. Storypoem

John Willy was a collier lad  
and life for him was not too bad  
Until the day that he took bad  
and could no longer dig for coal.  
He had to fill his time somehow.  
He found life boring on the dole.

He had left school soon as he could  
because it was then understood.  
Lads followed Dads just they should.  
John Willy was a clever lad  
so he returned to studying.  
He seized the chance he never had.

John Will chose to study law,  
that no pit lad had done before.  
He finished with the highest score.  
He was awarded his degree  
and worked for a solicitor.  
For several years successfully.

He became well known to the courts  
and took on cases of all sorts  
and never sold his client short.  
He very rarely lost a case.  
His success was phenomenal.  
For pit lads are a hardy race.

The time had come to specialise  
and he had come to realise  
That men who suffer injuries  
Should sue for compensation  
and make employers pay the cost.  
This caused great consternation.

Amongst the greedy coal owners  
Prone to cutting corners  
and exploiting their coalminers.  
They were content to let men die

Because they chose to penny pinch.  
John Willy thought he'd show them why.

His client had an injured spine  
a family man of twenty nine  
Who had been injured down the mine.  
John Willy proved successfully  
Poor safety practice was the cause.  
The mine owner was found guilty.

The judge decreed that he must pay  
compensation. Paving the way,  
for health and safety laws today.  
Employers know they must obey  
rules laid down by government.  
Because John Willy led the way.

15/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Planning Stage For Friend Konstantin

This garden is not as it should be. It's sad to see  
neglected now and over grown. It was once known  
To house a rather special stone which stood alone.  
Which is not where it used to be as you can see.  
This garden suffers from neglect but I expect.  
It can be made beautiful once more, we can restore  
it to how it was to before. To be once more  
A quiet pace to meditate, its not too late.  
Despite its neglected state I cannot wait  
to start the transformation. It must be done.  
I'm happy to anticipate though I must wait.  
Before I can contemplate the finished state  
of my own haven in the sun. Not yet begun

Baroque sonnet

Alexandrine meter

6 metric feet or 12 syllables per line

Rhyme pattern

abba

cddc

eef

ggf

11/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Please Yourself

I think that ladies should ignore  
The dictates of the fashion trade  
The doubtful claims of haute couture  
by so called experts often made.

A wise lady will choose her clothes  
to show her assets at their best.  
Not as the expert all suppose  
to look exactly like the rest.

Dress to suit your face and figure  
There is no need to buy in haste  
clothes which make your rivals snigger.  
Have faith in your own good taste.

Women come in many shades  
different shapes and different sizes.  
Mature matrons and slim young maids.  
Every one that some man prizes.

A well dressed woman who stands out.  
Knows full well what she's about.  
She won't let the experts tell her  
how to dress to please her feller.

Some women have good fashion sense  
but many lack the confidence  
to tell the experts to get lost.  
They can dress well at half the cost.

Fashion labels may sell clothes  
but only silly girls suppose.  
Only the latest style will do.  
When obviously it is not true.

Suit yourself in the way you dress.  
Choose the clothes that will suit you  
If you do you will impress  
in the way you ought to do.

Let all the fashion gurus prate  
But don't believe a word they say.  
You know that you will look great  
when you dress in your own way

Fashions come and fashions go.  
You know when you're looking good  
What do the so called experts know? .  
Ignore them as you know you should.

8-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Poemtree

A mighty oak tree offers shade  
to all who choose to rest, freely.  
It's far from any forest glade.  
Standing alone in majesty.

Travellers who have rested here  
have fastened to this mighty tree.  
A notice board on which appear  
examples of their poetry.

Some were written hastily  
others prepared in advance  
Some laminated properly  
which can be read at first glance.

Weather worn, unreadable  
the early ones which set the pace  
although they are illegible  
are still left carefully in place.

This is no place for graffiti  
but poems written to express  
their gratitude towards the tree.  
A record of their thankfulness

Who built the board? Nobody knows  
nor does it matter seemingly.  
Mean while this fine selection grows.  
The oak is now a poemtree.

2-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Poetic Justic Story Poem For Doc Wilde

She had prepared a special dish  
a bowl of marinated fish.  
And left it for me with a note  
This is an exact direct quote.

“ I do hope you enjoy your meal  
it’s meant to show you how I feel.  
I did not find it to my taste  
but would not let it go to waste

I fed it to her favourite cat  
I’m very glad now I did that.  
The cat wolfed it all down greedily  
and then expired speedily.

Her wicked plan had gone awry  
Her intention was that I should die  
She loved that cat much more than me  
I should have died unpleasantly

Now she no longer lives with me  
she’s in the penitentiary.  
She will be there for quite some time.  
Attempted murder is a crime.

I sued and obtained a divorce  
.I got the property of course,  
the house and everything she owned  
Such wickedness can’t be condoned.

I’m free not only that but rich.  
She was a spoilt but wealthy bitch.  
Her plan backfired drastically  
For which I give thanks gratefully

I live alone quite happily  
The other guys all envy me  
they have to pay alimony

but I got rid of her scott free.

14-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Poetpower

Poetpower

Poets are a necessity  
as every thinking person knows.  
The conscience of society.  
Who else but poets dare to pose.  
Hard questions to the powers that be  
which they could answer if they chose.  
Instead of imposed secrecy.  
Which gives us reason to suppose.

That they have something to conceal.  
So we suspect dishonesty.  
Our probing questions will reveal  
it's mainly inefficiency.  
Which does not alter how we feel.  
If the admitted openly  
The problems which they now conceal  
We'd listen sympathetically.

Instead of treating us like fools.  
Who have no right or need to know  
They hide behind their book of rules  
try to maintain the status quo  
We poets use our words as tools  
to prove to them it isn't so  
for public tolerance soon cools.  
A truth they do not seem to know.

01/05/2009

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Poetry In Motion For Friend Thad

A connoisseur of derrieres.  
I've studied ladies rears for years.  
I love to watch the liquid flow  
of haunches moving to and fro  
When clad in well cut denim jeans,  
they can enhance the dullest scenes  
But better still I must confess  
beneath a simple cotton dress.  
I am convinced the ladies know  
that many men enjoy the view  
and do their very best to show  
they don't object but pretend to.  
I find that Gluteus Maximi  
Are very easy on the eye.

14-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Politically Incorrect, So What For M'Lady Ernestine

When interviewing candidates  
Because you're trying to be fair.  
You sometimes over compensate.  
Although completely unaware.

You are discriminating for.  
What you're against instinctively.  
Your methods have proved right before  
You aren't obliged to be P.C.

That you should feel you ought to be  
completely free of all bias  
To me is sheer stupidity.  
Just pause a while and it will pass.

The candidates well qualified  
So let your prejudice decide  
Do as you've always done before  
and choose the furthest from the door.

What does it matter how you choose.  
It is entirely up to you  
how you conduct your interviews.  
You can do what you want to do.

Your methods may not be PC.  
But they have stood the test of time.  
By choosing almost randomly  
You are not guilty of a crime.

That you are prejudiced is true  
A simple fact you can't deny.  
But by selecting as you do  
You'll get it right quite possibly.

31/10/2009



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Polysyllabic Complexity

Polysyllabic complexity

Polysyllabic words afford me great hilarity  
Especially used improperly  
By those who seize the opportunity  
to demonstrate pretentiously.  
Their vast store of vocabulary.  
It fills me with malicious glee  
to see them comprehensively  
confusing similarities  
between words so easily  
Relinquishing simplicity  
in favour of complexity.  
Because they're hoping to impress  
us with their cleverness  
Instead display their foolishness.  
Because of their proclivity  
for using words which do not mean  
quite what they think they do.  
Instead of saying what they mean  
precisely and with clarity  
.In words that everybody knows  
The can't resist the urge to pose  
I'm sure we all know someone who  
will use five words where one would do.  
I'll draw this ramble to a close  
Or you might think I'm one of those  
Who talks the way that posers do  
Perhaps you're right it could be true.

13-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Poser For M' Lady Tara

Thou art no more than a buffoon.  
A witless simpering poltroon.  
Thy bravery but surface show  
concealing cowardice below.  
Thy bullying and braggart ways,  
will earn thee precious little praise  
From maids who value honesty.  
A virtue that's unknown to you.  
Despite the richness of thy dress  
thou failest always to impress.  
For manners make the man not clothes.  
Thou art a fool shouldst thou suppose.  
That honest maids would favour thee.  
They would treat thee disdainfully.

9-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Posers And A Poseur

Posers and a poseur

The " Princess" came from peasant stock  
Which some would find to be a shock.  
Her title was a fantasy  
which was accepted readily.

By those who fawn on Royalty  
The cream of high society,  
who swallowed her flamboyant lies.  
The may be rich but they're not wise.

Her bold charade she could achieve  
because they wanted to believe  
They could hobnob with Royalty.  
Just fools behaving foolishly

The took her as their protégée.  
Which suited her admirably,  
she took society by storm.  
A rebel who would not conform.

I won't reveal the lady's name.  
She is a winner in life's game.  
Her secrets known to just a few  
They will not tell, they dare not do.

It would reveal stupidity  
they do not want the world to see.  
Which goes to show that you can do  
almost anything you dare to.

The "Princess "wins the posers lose  
and all because they do not choose.  
To let the world know honestly  
that they were fooled so easily.

3-Oct-08

b;

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Posers Pay.

They say the camera never lies.  
But you may find to your surprise,  
not only that they can but do.  
Glamour shots are seldom true.  
They have been air brushed probably  
to change the image that you see  
and alter the reality  
to cater to sheer vanity.  
If you're prepared to pay his fee.  
I'm sure the snapper will agree  
To airbrush out each small defect  
Which makes you look less than perfect.  
Of course the camera does not lie  
it just fulfils your fantasy.

Tuesday, 15 June 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Positivity

When overcome by black despair you can't find beauty anywhere.  
There is no point in finding fault; it is past time to call a halt.  
I find that when I'm feeling blue. It helps to change my point of view. Why it that  
the world seems grey, nothing is has changed since yesterday.

To find the answer look inside to where you're inmost thoughts abide.  
It's not a choice, it is a must there's something which you must adjust.  
When that's corrected you will see the world with greater clarity  
There is still beauty to be found you merely have to look around.

It is entirely up to you to reassess your point of view  
Accentuate the positive and disregard the negative.  
By keeping to the middle way and treating every single day.  
As a new challenge to be met your miseries you can forget.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Possessed For Doc Wilde

If I should stray too far inland.  
I'm stricken by anxiety  
for reasons I don't understand  
I must stay close beside the sea.

I am quite free to walk the shore  
and leave my imprints in the sand.  
But forbidden to explore  
the secrets of the hinterland.

I see laid out in front of me.  
A patchwork quilt of different hues  
To which I could walk easily  
although I try my feet refuse.

They simply will not carry me  
My minds command they disobey  
I cannot cross the boundary.  
It seems I am condemned to stay.

Close to the sea whose jealousy  
is such she will not let me go.  
She is afraid that I might be  
tempted by the winds that blow

across the uplands easily.  
To venture so far I forget.  
that I belong to her, the sea.  
She hems me in without regret.

Held prisoner against my will  
I dream of one day breaking loose  
to see what lies beyond the hill  
Where I would go if free to choose.

I do not think the sea loves me  
although I am fond of the sea  
I would prefer to be set free  
to enjoy them both equally



1-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Possibility For

The universe appears to be  
expanding outwards constantly  
At speeds exceeding that of light.

Its origin a mystery.  
But throughout mankind's history  
We have observed the stars at night.

Though early men with naked eye  
recorded movements in the sky.  
Which had the power to excite

their naïve curiosity  
They were convinced that there must be.  
Some reason why the stars shone bright.

But different men thought differently.  
It seemed that there would never be  
consensus as to who was right.

But now with new technology  
We have gained the ability  
To study stars far out of sight.

The use of radio telescopes  
can raise and sometimes dash our hopes.  
They are in use by day and night.

We still can't solve the mystery,  
are we alone or might there be  
Races hidden from our sight.

In other distant galaxies  
Too far away for us to see.  
It seems entirely apposite.

That like the early men we try  
to read the message in the sky.  
Perhaps one day we'll get it right.

Saturday,01 May 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Potsherds

Collectors of antiquities.  
Renowned for eccentricities  
are very often to be found  
hanging round some battle ground

Dug up by archaeologists.  
For whom they are apologists,  
they are ready to accept.  
Some archaeologists' concept,

his latest greatest theory  
of what some artefact might be.  
Although in truth they do not know.  
They will insist it must be so.

Professional experts every one  
who are convinced that they are right.  
They make deductions based upon  
false premises to my delight.

They either can't or won't admit  
that their opinions might be wrong.  
They are convinced and that is it  
The rest of us should go along.

With what they say no argument.  
What can we know which they do not.  
They're sometimes right by accident  
but just as often they are not.

The Piltdown man a clever hoax  
fooled all the experts for decades.  
Yet still some of these learned folks  
do not believe mistakes are made.

I often watch with interest  
the TV documentaries.  
Which put their ideas to the test  
and prove they're only theories.

3-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Power Failure

Tonight I write by candle light  
I am forced to by circumstance  
Although the light is not too bright  
I find that it gives me a chance.  
To compare my life style today  
with what I recall from my youth.  
Reluctantly I have to say  
If I should tell the honest truth  
The simple life of yesteryear  
may be a pleasant memory.  
I much prefer my life today.  
I need a brighter light to see  
Advancing years have dimmed my sight  
I dote upon electric light.

21-Nov-08

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Power To The People For M 'Lady Ernestine

In single file the pylons stride  
across the open countryside.  
They bear their burden easily  
providing electricity.  
Those thin black lines against the sky  
may not be easy on the eye  
But we have grown accustomed to  
man made intrusions on the view.  
Demand for power overrides  
the views of the opposing sides  
The pylons are unfortunately  
an absolute necessity  
Which we accept reluctantly  
we all need electricity.

26/04/2009

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Practice Makes Perfect

A bronze gong sounds and resonates.  
The echoes slowly die away.  
The ancient monk still meditates.  
As he does every single day.  
He falls into a trance like state.  
Which he achieves with practised skill  
The sound waves cannot penetrate.  
His consciousness against his will.  
The ancient monk sits tranquilly  
.Detached from our reality.  
He is content to simply be.  
Enjoying the tranquillity.  
Of being free from illusion  
Earned by meditation.

Wednesday, 25 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Practice V Theory For The Grandmas

A mother croons soft lullabies  
but still her fretful baby cries  
He has been fed and topped and tailed.  
But everything she tries has failed.

He will not sleep although he should  
It is as if he understood  
his mother lacks experience  
and cannot tell the difference.

Between distress and cussedness  
Her baby's trying to impress  
on mother that he will not do.  
As his mother wants him to.

But Grandma's made of sterner stuff.  
She knows her daughter's had enough.  
She bids her daughter go and rest  
and she will show that she knows best.

She gently rocks him to and fro  
he has no choice he has to go  
. and soon he's sleeping peacefully.  
Another little victory

for grandmama's old fashioned ways.  
which she has had since younger days.  
When she too lacked experience  
but was not short of common sense

His mother heeds the experts view.  
But grandmas know a thing or two  
The child care experts of today  
are mainly childless any way.

They may be college qualified  
but haven't had their patience tried.  
By a babes refusal to  
do what the books say he should do.

12-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Predestined? For My Lady Irene

Her eyes are like unto the sea  
their colour changing constantly  
Their beauty has ensorcelled me.  
Try as I might I can't break free.

The lady is quite innocent  
I must absolve her from intent  
I met her gaze by accident.  
But the effect is permanent.

I was not searching for romance  
but captivated by her glance,  
I was resolved to take a chance  
to change my future circumstance.

Was I a fool to entertain  
the faintest hope that I might gain,  
the lady's heart or live in pain  
and still a bachelor remain

The burning question had to be.  
What did the lady think of me?  
and could she possibly agree  
to dare to share her life with me.

Although we think we have free will.  
Mother Nature has the skill  
to create plans we must fulfil.  
So we obey or foot the bill.

Regretting that we did not do  
what Mother Nature meant us to.  
It seem the lady felt this too.  
An old, old tale forever new.

04/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Preview

I am conscious and aware.  
How can this be?  
I see my body lying there  
but I am free.

I see before, behind and up and down  
Quite easily  
I have more freedom than I've known.  
Triumphantly.

I can ascend towards the light  
which I can see.  
Is it my choice have I the right  
to disagree?

I still have tasks I wish to do.  
I make my plea.  
Quite suddenly I'm back into  
my own body.

Somebody whisper quietly.  
"He's coming round.  
My eyes open reluctantly  
and I am bound

Again within the boundaries  
I used to know  
It is not time for my release  
I cannot go.

Now death will hold no fears for me  
because I know  
Death is a friend who sets you free  
from earthly woe.

11-Aug-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Preview For New Friend Amy

I had an imaginary friend.  
Although she seemed quite real to me.  
Someone on whom I could depend  
always and absolutely.

As I grew up and made real friends  
She faded out quite gradually  
I must suppose as childhood ends  
so does our youthful fantasy

I kept her picture in mind.  
Albeit quite unconsciously  
When in due course I tried to find  
the ideal girl to marry me.

I found my child hood friend again.  
No longer imaginary,  
and I began to wonder then  
if she too had imagined me.

Perhaps we were allowed to see  
When in our childish innocence  
what in the future was to be.  
It seemed to us to make good sense.

We wed and raised a family  
I still love her and she loves me.  
We live together happily.  
And on this subject we agree.

It was intended we should wed  
as we would do eventually.  
We were allowed to see ahead  
as children do with clarity.

Before they're taught it cannot be  
by adults who have forgotten how  
very clearly younger children see.  
Because they only see the now..

The future is a mystery  
that adults cannot penetrate.  
Though children can quite easily  
Perceive what is to be their future fate.

At least we two believe it's true  
Though other folk may disagree  
What you believe is up to you  
We may be wrong quite possibly.

14-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Pride

My lady likes but does not need  
to deck herself with jewellery.  
I do not argue I concede  
that she is wiser far than me.  
Her gew gaws complement her clothes  
attracting envious glances  
from other ladies. I suppose  
that in some manner this enhances.  
The pride I feel escorting her  
when we have donned our finery  
When we are dining out somewhere.  
Quite how she does it baffles me.  
I only know I'm filled with pride  
to have my lady by my side.

12-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Prima Ballerina For M Lady Ernestine

I was enchanted by her grace.  
The way she moved so fluidly.  
A member of the human race?  
It seemed to me she could not be.  
Yet there she was before my eyes.  
A ballerina in her prime,  
who has the power to hypnotise  
To look away would be a crime.  
This was her farewell performance.  
She seemed to defy gravity.  
I'll never have another chance.  
It was as if she danced for me.  
It was the same for everyone.  
She danced for them and them alone.

7-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Prime Necessity

A house without books is a desert place  
unfit for human habitation.  
Sufficient cause for lamentation  
a residence which lacks all claims to grace.

Though circumstances may force me to face  
involuntary deprivation  
Without the slightest hesitation  
I would set to and fill the wasted space.

With simple wooden shelves which would display  
My books neatly arranged in ordered rows  
Makes them easier to find I suppose  
I wonder how long they will stay that way

Verse written by master poets long since gone  
Whose words live on as they were meant to do.  
A lasting legacy of great value  
not just to scholars but to every one.

Literature is not a luxury.  
To me it is a prime necessity.

31/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Prithe Sweet Maid Say Yea For M Lady Ernestine

Prithee sweet maid; say yes

I bespeak thee with courtesy  
Although as yet thou knowest not.  
My background and my family.

Thy beauty hath ensorcelled me.  
Sometimes strict rules must be forgot  
I mean thee no discourtesy.

Thou art the maid I have long sought.  
I pray thou wilt consider me.  
Well suited to be thy consort.

If thou lookest on me kindly  
I will seek out thy sire and plead  
his permission to pay thee court.

I am of noble blood like thee  
and not unhandsome I believe.  
A bachelor completely free.

This future I can offer thee.  
Mistress of thine own estate.  
Now with bated breath I wait.

Expectantly for thy reply  
Should it be yea I will rejoice  
Should it be nay I can't deny.

I have no choice but to accept  
Thou dost not look on me kindly  
I'm not entitled to expect.

That thou art free to answer me  
Here and now immediately  
T'would be most ungentlemanly

To press my suit so forcibly.

Consult thee with thy closest kin  
to see if they look favourably

on me and on my ancestry.  
I will withdraw and leave you to  
forgive my lack of courtesy..

The beauty so ensorcelled me  
I hardly know that which I do.  
I hope that thou forgivest me.

I sinned against thy modesty.  
But offer in mine own defence.  
Enraptured by thy purity.

My heart overruled my head  
And bid me I must speak with thee.  
lest some other gain thee instead..

I did not mean to cause offence  
Although I know I broke the rules  
I bow my head in penitence.

Thou hast the right to bid me go  
and nevermore to trouble thee.  
By thy shy smile I think I know.

Thou dost not find me to be rude  
and will forgive my frowardness.  
For which I owe thee gratitude.

I must go now, wait patiently.  
Thou wilt be guided by thy kin  
Until thou chooseth to answer me.

30/06/2009  
Http: cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Procrastination: The Thief Of Time For M Lady Catrina

The clock ticks inexorably  
Each second moves the minute  
hand forward infinitesimally.  
Or so I'm led to understand.  
But I afraid I cant agree.  
Sometimes if I should look away  
The hands move forward rapidly  
Much quicker than the normal way.  
What happens to the time that's passed?  
I can't retrieve in any way.  
The present has become the past.  
I've lost a portion of my day.  
I wonder if you've noticed too  
The sneaky tricks which clocks can do.

18/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Productive Chaos For M Lady Tara

Ideas are swarming in my brain.  
Each demanding to be heard  
insisting time and time again  
it is their turn.It's quite absurd.

If they would learn to stand in line  
instead of jostling for a place  
Then everything would work out fine.  
But as it is I cannot trace

which are the ones I should pursue.  
Immortalise in flowing verse  
and give to each attention due.  
My situation could be worse

perhaps it's unfair to complain  
because I have a fertile mind  
Far better than a tidy brain  
where inspirations hard to find.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Progress?

Whatever one man can invent  
to benefit his fellow men.  
Some other man without consent  
will twist its purpose if he can..

A simple too for men to use  
in pursuit of their sustenance.  
Is always open to abuse  
dependent on the circumstance.

A digging stick becomes a spear  
a way to kill the enemy.  
Men have made progress it is clear  
improving their ability.

To kill more men efficiently  
Mass killing now is common place.  
Man is mans worst enemy  
that is the truth we have to face

Eventually the human race will  
disappear and leave no trace.  
Unless we change our attitude.  
it is most fitting that we should.

Another failed experiment  
an error Mother Nature made.  
She made us too belligerent  
to live in peace I am afraid.

11-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Promises Unkept For Friend Chad

The back streets of the city hide  
a multitude of untold tales  
The mean streets where the stench abides  
of rancid dreams left to decay.

Far different from the countryside  
the green hills and the pleasant vales.  
Where simple country folk reside.  
Fresh dreams emerging every day.

The city street may well decide  
which man succeeds and which man fails.  
The ebbing flowing surging tides  
of little men who have no say.

The city fathers try to hide  
(but their efforts are bound to fail.)  
the city's seamy underside.  
Where petty criminals hold sway.

Some folks escape by suicide  
and others fill the city's jail.  
There's poverty on every side.  
It seems the problems here to stay.

Here ideologies collide  
But more is said than's ever done.  
The city has no cause for pride.  
We've little choice but wait and pray.

The city fathers say they've tried  
but I beg leave to doubt their word.  
I'm totally unsatisfied  
There's jam tomorrow none today.

17/08/2009



ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Proof Positive For Friend Thad

I gaze into my crystal ball  
I concentrate to still my mind.  
At first I see nothing at all  
I know not what I seek to find.

I only know I have received  
a summons which I must obey.  
In this I cannot be deceived  
my farsight then comes into play.

I see strange ships I recognise  
as Vikings making for the shore.  
They hope to take us by surprise  
as they have often done before.

But not this time we are forewarned  
My chieftain placed his trust in me.  
The little man the warrior scorned  
will prove to them that he can see.

Despite the darkness of the night,  
the movements of the enemy  
Although he is too weak to fight  
he can ensure their victory.

The chieftain rouses his war band.  
Each warrior prepared to fight  
the fierce intruders on their land.  
Who will be dead by morning light.

They are intent on plundering  
as they have always done before  
But they will die wondering  
just how we knew they'd come ashore.

To make quite sure they can't retreat  
The chieftain sends some handpicked men  
who will set fire to their fleet.  
These Vikings will not see again

The rocky sides of home fjords  
Their longships laden down with loot  
They will have died beneath our swords.  
The boot is on the other foot.

They came to loot but died instead  
thanks to my ability  
to foresee things that lie ahead.  
We celebrate the victory.

Quiescent now my crystal ball  
reflecting only candle light.  
The warriors have no doubt at all  
that I am gifted with true sight.  
8-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Proof Positive 2011

Proof positive 2011

This tree is where no tree should be.  
It clings to life precariously.  
From whence it came nobody knows.  
All that we know is that it grows.  
Although it's stunted gnarled and bent.  
It has survived that's evident.

Perchance it's where it should not be.  
It does not matter to the tree.  
This is the only place it knows  
and so it very slowly grows.  
Defying rules conceived by men  
It forces them to think again.

Although the experts all agree.  
It's an impossibility  
The tree discounts the experts view  
A seed took root and simply grew.  
That's all seeds know how to do.  
Its mere existence proves it's true.

Tuesday, 27 December 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Prophecy For M Lady Lucianne

The moon is blue to suit my mood. I'm missing you I knew I would.  
My love for you is deep and true but there is little I can do.  
I cannot make you want to stay. So I will send you on your way.  
I'll paste a smile upon my face and hope that it will stay in place  
until you disappear from view. You have a dream you must pursue.  
Whilst I must wait and hope and pray, you will return to me one day.  
Perhaps in time you'll come to know there was no need for you to go.  
When you have slaked your wanderlust and found nobody you can trust.  
Maybe your thoughts will turn to me; I'll still be waiting patiently.  
I am quite certain you will come back to where you're always welcome.  
By then my love you're sure to know. I loved enough to let you go.  
What had the world to offer you? No one could love you like I do  
Now you are home you will remain I will not let you go again.  
You had your dream and I had mine. Your dream is dead you must share mine.  
Together we'll find happiness I know we will it's not a guess.

27-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Proud Pagan

Sky clad we dance the circle round.  
Sing hymns of praise to Mother Moon.  
The sacred grove was filled with sound  
as we gave thanks for good fortune.

We harm no one, this is our law  
but rather helped all whom we could.  
We are well versed in herbal lore.  
because Goddess ruled that we should,

The Christians came and tried by force  
to make us change our allegiance  
With dire penalties of course  
if we refused obedience.

We quickly learnt how to deceive  
the foreign priests, seem to obey.  
But secretly we still believe  
and worship in the age old way.

The Christians may rule the land  
but can't command our loyalty.  
We know they do not understand.  
They will not change us easily.

The old religion did not die  
although the Christians thought it would.  
The Goddess' symbol in the sky  
made certain that it never could..

So we still worshipped secretly  
Still sky clad danced beneath the moon.  
Pretending Christianity  
but dancing to an older tune.

Although this happened long ago  
The goddess rules us still today.  
Deep in their hearts the faithful know.  
The old way is a better way.

Today we worship openly  
as we have every right to do.  
Protected constitutionally  
we need not hide from public view.

We face no persecution  
except from fundamentalists.  
Bigots of all religions,  
who show that hatred still persists.

We do our best to do no harm  
to anyone in any way.  
Though some still view us with alarm  
This is still true I'm sad to say.

I am a pagan proud to be.  
A family tradition  
I try to follow faithfully  
the laws of my religion.

14-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Psychometrist

He has this strange ability.  
Can tell an objects history,  
it seems that he can tune into  
each object and he can review  
Who has owned it in the past  
Although it is inanimate  
it holds impressions which can last.  
It has a story to relate  
but only to a sensitive.  
Who listens to his inner voice  
a man who is prepared to give  
it full credence and rejoice.  
He knows but knows not how he knows  
A talent that with practice grows.

11-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Public Servant

Public servant

I have no choice it must be done  
before my only chance is gone.  
I have him clearly in my sights  
and I am well within my rights.

He is armed, prepared to kill.  
I have no doubt at all he will.  
He is a threat to everyone.  
I have no choice it must be done.

Although I would rather not  
I must squeeze off the fatal shot.  
I chose to shoot him through the head  
make certain sure that he is dead.

Before he can shoot anyone  
The choice is mine and mine alone.  
I kill the man reluctantly  
but that is how it has to be

I swore to serve and to protect.  
The public and they all expect.  
Me to carry out my duty  
As best I can efficiently.

The man is dead the threat is gone  
And normal life can carry on.  
Nobody spares a thought for me  
They do not care apparently.

05/04/2009

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Pulling Myself Together For M'Lady Ann Beard

In dreams I can communicate  
with disparate parts of me.  
I'm learning to appreciate.  
The frightening complexity

Of the different parts of me.  
Which I must balance constantly  
A task I must face every day  
so they combine to make me, me..

I am a father and a son.  
I am a brother and a friend.  
The endless list goes on and on.  
It seems as though it has no end.

Somehow I manage to control  
at least the parts on public view.  
The scattered parts which make the whole  
But still conceal a thing or two.

The parts of me I need to change.  
I'm sure I can do given time.  
Some parts of me are weird and strange.  
Like creatures from an earlier time.

The Id tries to assert its will.  
The ego sure to disagree.  
The super ego bids them both be still.  
I just accept they're part of me.

When other people look at me.  
I wonder if they wonder too  
If they can see reality.  
I am not certain that I do.

Wednesday,02 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Pure Prejudice

A prude regards all nudes as rude  
unchanging in their attitude.  
Which they perceive as rectitude.  
A sign of their ineptitude  
They cannot see as pulchritude  
the naturalness of being nude.  
The will allow no latitude,  
just being bare to them is lewd.  
It must be sad to be a prude.  
Because they have misunderstood  
that being nude need not be rude  
It need be neither lewd nor crude  
Reluctantly I must conclude  
that once a prude always a prude.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Pure Rationalisation For Friend Thad

A fly has been annoying me.  
Persistently and constantly.  
My conscience bids me not to kill.  
But damn it all I think I will.

That fly will bother me no more.  
I killed with a single blow.

I had endured it patiently.  
At least an hour maybe more  
It pestered me insistently  
I had to even up the score

That fly will bother me no more.  
I slew that fly intentionally.

It left me with no other course.  
Perhaps in time I'll feel remorse.  
Though at the moment I feel pleased  
That wretched fly is now deceased.

That fly will bother me no more  
though I'm afraid my conscience will.

Sometimes we sin because we choose  
although we know we should refuse  
and listen to our inner voice.  
That bloody fly gave me no choice.

That fly will bother me no more  
I killed it quite deliberately.

I know I sinned and must atone  
The fly would not leave me alone.  
The fly not I caused the offence.  
I think my argument makes sense.

The fly will bother me no more  
Its death was more than justified.

21/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Purely For Fun

Osbert the owl a wise old bird.  
Considered history absurd.  
He much preferred geography  
and who was I to disagree  
He knew quite well which he preferred.

A Golden Eagle discontent  
discovered quite by accident  
That lady eagles were prepared  
if they could find a bird who dared  
To spare time to experiment

A family of harvest mice.  
Decided that it would be nice  
To leave the fields and live indoors  
which was great mistake of course.  
A cat controlled that paradise.

Peter the parrot happily  
would use foul language constantly  
He did not know what his words meant  
and thus he sinned without intent  
So we forgave him readily.

Swiftly runs the female cheetah  
its extremely hard to beat her  
When she pursues a currant bun  
I's something which she does for fun.  
Because all cheetahs are meat eaters.

17/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Puzzled For Leslie Alexis

The peacock parades exquisitely.  
Displays the glory of his tail,  
the hens ignore him easily.  
This bold display was bound to fail  
The peacock has misjudged his time.  
The hens aren't ready to be wooed.  
Although he thinks he is sublime  
it's not the time for hens to brood.  
He's young and inexperienced.  
As yet he does not understand,  
his tiny brain still hasn't sensed.  
The hens not he are in command.  
The females don't appreciate  
his urgency he'll have to wait.

20-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Q.E.D.07

What use is life if we do not  
find time to contemplate our lot  
Why are we here where do we go  
there is so much we do not know.

Is there a purpose we should seek?  
If there is not our outlooks bleak  
Were we created by intent  
or are we just an accident.

Philosophers cannot agree  
and learned priest pretend to be.  
The only ones who know the way  
and if we follow we won't stray.

Now I believe there is a god  
and those who don't I find quite odd.  
If God gave each man free will  
why is it that men seek to kill.

All other men who choose to pray  
to their own god in their own way  
Your God and my God are the same  
we merely use a different name

What difference does a title make  
not much at all for pity's sake.  
I will respect your point of view  
Perhaps you can respect mine too.

Either one God omnipotent.  
or just some cosmic accident.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Qualified By Experience For M 'Lady Tara

The university of life  
does not award fancy degrees.  
Nor does it charge tuition fees.

Enrols you automatically  
at birth involuntarily.  
Provides the opportunity.

To learn by hard experience.  
The lessons that you need to know.  
The trials you must undergo.

The challenges you have to face.  
Determine if you pass or fail.  
What matters is that you prevail.

Pursue your dreams relentlessly.  
Success or failure's up to you  
You will receive what you are due.

No more no less than what you've earned.  
With life experience as your guide  
you face the future qualified.

To over come the obstacles  
which are imposed by circumstance.  
At least you have a fighting chance.

Paper degrees don't guarantee  
that you can face adversity.  
And win hands down defiantly.

Unlike life's university.  
Which teaches you what you can do  
to overcome what troubles you.

06/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Quality Not Quantity For My Lady Irene

When I was young and in my prime  
I could make love at any time  
But now I `m growing old and weak  
I only manage twice a week.

My lady's not as old as me  
but she accepts quite readily  
My thrusting days of youth are gone  
although the urge still lingers on.

She knows I do the best I can  
like any other loving man.  
She says it's quite sufficient  
that she is happy and content

and so am I to tell the truth.  
I lack the energy of youth.  
To me a source of manly pride  
to know my Lady's satisfied.

My lady's always telling me  
There is no reason she can see  
to doubt my capability.  
Whilst she is smiling wickedly.

3-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Quality Tells For M Lady Ernestine

Though poorly dressed she's clean and neat.  
She has a smile for everyone  
She doesn't live on easy street  
but looks as though she might have done.  
At some time in her hidden past  
.She still retains her dignity  
and holds to values which will last  
Faces the world confidently  
She has known wealth and poverty  
and sees them both for what they are.  
Impermanent, temporary  
Which she will not allow to mar.  
Her inborn sense of her own worth  
A lady still but down to earth.

14-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Que Sera, Sera

Que Sera, Sera

A New Year lies ahead of us. I must admit I'm curious.  
to see if experts prophecies will turn out to be theories.  
Which passing time will not sustain and leave the experts to explain.  
Just how and why they got it wrong I'm sure they'll sing the same old song.  
We're only men what we express is just an educated guess.  
You have to place it in context. They do not know what will come next.  
No more than any other ough they all profess they can  
interpret the faint signs they see and can predict with accuracy.  
What events will come to be but get it wrong consistently  
That's why I listen cynically and mostly unbelievably.  
When experts choose to air their views, I find their words of little use.  
I much prefer to wait and see: What fate decrees will come to be..

1-Jan-09

I wish you all a happy and peaceful 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Que Sera, Sera For M Lady Ann Beard

Sometimes I see beyond the veil  
As through a frosted window pane.  
I try my best to no avail.  
The vision fades, won't come again.  
I can't control it purposively  
that is beyond my meagre skill.  
Although I see what is to be.  
I cannot choose to see at will.  
Sometimes I know but dare not say.  
Someone is facing tragedy,  
I hold my tongues as is my way.  
Although I suffer silently.  
I cannot alter Fate's decree.  
That which I see must come to be.

14-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Que Sera. Sera

Beneath the trees like drifts of snow,  
the dropping cherry blossoms fall.  
It makes me sad to them go.  
Like fleeting dreams beyond recall.

Their images I have safely stored  
imprinted in my memory  
I conjure up from my record  
and once again I clearly see.

The spring clothed trees all pink and white  
before the fruit begins to form  
and I can marvel at this sight.  
One miracle I can perform

Predict the future from the past  
extrapolate and then forecast.

(Poeticpiers/May 07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Quiet Departure / Tissue Warning

Her life was drawing to its end.  
She was content, although she knew  
She will greet death as an old friend  
Who will soon come to her rescue.  
Death will provide the final cure.  
Relieve her of her agonies  
Which cancer forced to endure  
and grant her merciful release.  
She slipped away before the dawn  
Still with the smile that she had worn.  
To lull us in to thinking she.  
For once was resting peacefully.  
She knew her old friend death would come  
To take her hand and lead her home.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Quiet Hands

Her work worn hands are quiet now.  
Something I never thought to see  
She used them so industriously  
no idleness would she allow.

Except on Sundays, even then  
she used her hands to underline.  
The tales she told of Holy Men  
from the Good Book she thought divine.

Although in fact she could not read  
her versions were from memory.  
She still held firmly to her creed.  
Her brand of Christianity.

Which she expressed practically.  
Not words but deeds her chosen way.  
In the event of tragedy  
she offered help without delay.

She will be missed by everyone  
whose life she touched in some small way.  
or all the acts of kindness done.  
To other people every day

Her work worn hands lie quietly  
in prayerful pose upon her breast  
As mourners pass respectfully  
to say farewell as they think best.

24-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Quiet Revolution.

Let the festivities begin.  
We have both mead and metheglin.  
In honour of the tribal chief  
The cooks roasted a side of beef  
And sucking pigs not one but two  
So eat as much as you want to.

The great hall rings with merriment  
Our finest warriors are content  
To eat and drink and listen to  
The Gory tales of derring do.  
Recited by an ancient bard  
Well worthy of a gold award.

The torches in their brackets flare  
And drunken men lie everywhere  
To sleep it off amidst the straw  
Which is spread thickly on the floor.  
Tomorrow at the break of day  
The womenfolk will clear away.

A woman's work is never done  
The warriors have all the fun.  
At least that's how it used to be  
Today we do things differently.  
We share the fun then share the chores.  
Although the men complain of course.

The ladies claim equality  
The men agree reluctantly.  
We have regained the upper hand  
A simple man can't understand.  
The workings of a woman's mind  
Men's brains are of a different kind.

We grant the favours that men seek

Persuade them that they are unique.  
We stroke their egos carefully  
Manipulate them easily.  
Female superiority  
Is better than equality.

Saturday, 27 October 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Quietude For M Lady Lucianne

Across the meadows bells are ringing.  
Overhead the birds are winging  
homewards to their roosting place  
As twilight falls, the hour of grace  
which separates the day from night.  
When darkness overcomes the light,  
the western sky is tinged with red  
The weary sun retires to bed  
the sky takes on a darker hue  
changing from ice to midnight blue.  
Then one by one the stars appear  
against the blue as beacons clear.  
I sit and watch contentedly  
as quietude envelopes me.

27-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Quite Naturally For M 'Lady Tai Chi Italy

My garden is a wilderness.  
Devoid of all formality  
but full of beauty nonetheless.  
There everything grows naturally.

Self seeded plants grow where they please  
with trees and shrubs placed randomly.  
A haunt of butterflies and bees  
and fairies too quite probably.

I do not choose to interfere  
with what nature decides to do  
She knows what plants will flourish here  
but always subject to review.

She is a master gardener  
superior to any man.  
It is entirely up to her  
to carry out her master plan.

There's nothing that I need to do.  
Nature supplies the maintenance.  
As seasons change so does the view.  
Always kept in perfect balance.

The only thing which I supply  
are garden seats of weathered wood.  
Chosen to blend in carefully  
as I intended that they should.

Somewhere to sit and meditate  
or if you choose, to read or write.  
And sometimes if the hour grows late.  
Enjoy the quiet of the night.

My garden is a wilderness  
devoid of all formality.  
Not the result of laziness  
I leave it how it wants to be

26-Sep-08

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Qye Sera, Sera 2009 For M Lady Catrina Heart

Que Sera Sera.2009

With passing time the stoutest walls  
will slowly crumble into dust  
Impregnable when in their prime  
they will still fall as all things must.

The mental walls we build will last.  
Meant to protect a broken heart  
until we can forget the past  
and dare to make a brand new start.

The human heart's resilient  
and will respond to T.L.C.  
The damage is not permanent  
Although we feel that it might be.

The passing time will numb the pain  
as rising tides of hormones flow.  
Dictating you must try again  
revive your flagging libido

It is part of the learning curve  
though sad its true I have to say.  
No more no less than we deserve  
This is the price we all must pay.

Before we reach maturity  
and understand what real love means.  
The angst and insecurity  
are rites of passage from our teens.

The trials we must undergo  
before we attain self control.  
Will teach us what we need to know  
in order to achieve our goal.

To find a mate who we can trust  
Someone to love we can respect



and say goodbye to fleeting lust.  
The goal we all seek I suspect.

The passing time gives us the chance  
to leave our teen age years behind  
and leaves us free to find romance.  
Ma Natures plans are well designed.

[http; blog,](#)

[ivor or ivor.e hogg](#)

## R.I.P

I know a reformed paedophile  
and he is where he ought to be.  
Buried deep beneath a pile  
of monumental masonry  
An enraged father killed the beast  
and pleaded provocation.  
Nobody cavilled in the least  
when he received probation.  
He had saved children from abuse  
and cured a problem at its source.  
For paedophiles are of no use,  
Though some will disagree of course.  
He slumbers deep and peacefully  
his disease cured permanently.

22-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## R.I.P Story Poem

Here where once there used to be.  
A quiet village cemetery  
A hallowed place in which to find  
Tranquillity and peace of mind.

The graveyard served the village well  
Though for how long no man can tell.  
I'm sad to say the village died.  
The land on which they all relied.

Suddenly lost fertility.  
The people facing poverty.  
Saw no good reason they should stay  
and one by one they moved away.

To other places far from here  
they seemed to simply disappear  
to destinations we don't know.  
They had no choice they had to go

Houses fell into disrepair  
because there was no one to care.  
The passing years were none too kind.  
There's very little left to find.

Bar rotten floorboards here and there.  
Weeds in profusion everywhere  
The churchyard too is over grown  
with brambles hiding each gravestone.

A long forgotten tragedy  
a piece of ancient history.  
The city suburbs must expand  
and in their search for building land.

The greedy eyes are cast this way.  
They know they will not have to pay.  
The true worth of this empty land,

The kind of price it will command.

When it is cleared ready to build.  
They hope their coffers will be filled.  
But fate has other plans in mind  
and to their great surprise they'll find

That they have made a grave mistake.  
The profits which they hope to make.  
Will not now materialise.  
Because they failed recognise.

The old grave yard as hallowed ground  
Despite the evidence they found.  
They wantonly destroyed head stones  
showed no respect for buried bones.

It makes me happy to report  
the vaunted plans all came to naught.  
Because some archaeologists  
Researching local history lists

Discovered this old cemetery  
and they decided it must be.  
Preserved in perpetuity  
for generations yet to be.

The greedy men had lost their cash  
Their dreams of profit turned to ash

the damage done for no reward.

The good folk who were buried here  
can sleep in peace they need not fear.  
That their rest will be disturbed.  
The greedy builders have been curbed.

A happy ending to my tale  
Their efforts were to no avail.  
It seems that fate itself decreed  
they must be punished for their greed.

Wednesday, 28 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Racial Memories: Perhaps

A thick fog lies along the shore.  
Much denser than I've seen before.  
It seems somehow unnatural.  
Far different from the usual.

Fog banks which we see frequently.  
It seemed to spring up suddenly.  
Too suddenly for it to be  
Conforming with normality.

I watch it apprehensively  
I feel some how it threatens me.  
I can remember all too well.  
The tale the local legends tell.

Of the great fog which stole away  
Whole villages or so they say.  
Though local legends tend to be  
Less accurate than history.

Folk memories are based on truth.  
Although there is no written proof  
That does not mean they can't be true.  
That's why they persist as they do

That I'm afraid I can't deny  
Although I am not certain why.  
I half believe the tales are true  
And wonder if the fog can do

What legends say it's done before.  
Perhaps it has returned for more.  
I think it's time for me to go.  
I do not really want to know.

What will happen if should stay  
My instinct is to run away.  
To climb into my car and drive

My only aim is to survive.

I realise I have been dreaming.  
I can see the street lights gleaming.  
And that things are as they ought to be.  
My mind's been playing tricks on me.

I'm safe and warm in my armchair.  
Although my mind has been elsewhere.  
Concocting fear filled fantasies  
From half remembered memories.

Thursday, 13 September 2012.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Racial Memories: Perhaps Storypoem

83846A thick fog lies along the shore.  
Much denser than I've seen before.  
It seems somehow unnatural.  
Far different from the usual.

Fog banks which we see frequently.  
It seemed to spring up suddenly.  
Too suddenly for it to be  
Conforming with normality.

I watch it apprehensively  
I feel some how it threatens me.  
I can remember all too well.  
The tale the local legends tell.

Of the great fog which stole away  
Whole villages or so they say.  
Though local legends tend to be  
Less accurate than history.

Folk memories are based on truth.  
Although there is no written proof  
That does not mean they can't be true.  
That's why they persist as they do

That I'm afraid I can't deny  
Although I am not certain why.  
I half believe the tales are true  
And wonder if the fog can do

What legends say it's done before.  
Perhaps it has returned for more.  
I think it's time for me to go.  
I do not really want to know.

What will happen if should stay  
My instinct is to run away.  
To climb into my car and drive



My only aim is to survive.

I realise I have been dreaming.  
I can see the street lights gleaming.  
And that things are as they ought to be.  
My mind's been playing tricks on me.

I'm safe and warm in my armchair.  
Although my mind has been elsewhere.  
Concocting fear filled fantasies  
From half remembered memories.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Ragbag Mind.

Sometimes I think I'm ignorant  
at other times I know I'm not.  
Though you may think I'm arrogant  
I really do know quite a lot  
A mass of trivialities  
my mind has safely stored away  
Odd peculiarities.  
Exactly why I cannot say.  
Just odds and sods of little use  
in the hum drum of everyday.  
I don't know why mind should choose  
what it will lose or what must stay.  
I think that eccentricity  
must be my speciality.

Monday, 25 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Read This And Weep For The Ladies

Oh Eglantine, sweet Eglantine.  
The air is filled with thy perfume.  
Thou clingest to my lover's tomb  
and make a hallowed spot divine.

I would that I could hold her close.  
As I was wont in days of yore  
Alack alas I can no more  
as thou dost still sweet brier rose.

Still faithful to her memory  
I privately express my grief.  
Although I find but small relief  
I kneel and pray here frequently.

She was too perfect for this world.  
The angels claimed her as their own  
and I was left to grieve alone  
Into despair I was thus hurled.

Oh Eglantine, sweet Eglantine  
Thou guardest well her final sleep  
and watered by the tears I weep  
Her bones will with thy roots combine.

When my time comes I too will die  
join my beloved in this tomb  
Provide thee nourishment to bloom  
Thou knowest well I do not lie.

Bloom on bloom on sweet Eglantine  
Let thy perfume still fill the air.  
I will not find it hard to bear  
When she and I and thou combine.

10/07/2009

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Reading Light For M Lady Ernestine

Silver moonlight illuminates  
small garden plots and vast estates.  
It does not differentiate.

Between the low born and the high.  
The gentle ruler of the sky  
treats all her children equally.

The goddess demonstrates her care  
Each one receives their rightful share.  
She has enough and love to spare..

I have to read by candle light  
on nights when there is no moonlight.  
Though not tonight the moon is bright.

Moonlight is absolutely free  
and it is bright enough to see.  
To read or write my poetry.

I hear you say that's nothing new.  
You often write by moonlight too.  
Perhaps because most poets do.

27/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Ready And Waiting.

I call your name: echo replies.  
I listen `til the echo dies.  
The last sound fades and silence reigns.  
I hesitate to call again.

I know your spirits flying free  
Towards the light triumphantly.  
Which I accept reluctantly.  
The tears I weep. I weep for me.

I weep for my lost happiness.  
I would give all I possess.  
To be flying by your side.  
That wish remains unsatisfied.

So I must wait impatiently.  
For kindly death to set me free.

Tuesday,07 August 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Realpolitik

A trumpet blared defiantly.  
Into a hell of shot and shell,  
a gallant charge of cavalry  
But few survived their tale to tell.

There is no place in modern war  
for such outmoded strategy.  
More suited to the days of yore.  
Today there is no chivalry.

You must defeat the enemy.  
Attempt to take him by surprise  
and gain superiority  
by any method you can devise.

Improving your technology.  
You have to strive to keep abreast,  
increasing your ability  
To kill more quickly than the rest.

The rules of war are broken by  
most nations when it suits their book.  
They are prepared to cheat and lie.  
They mean to win by hook or crook.

The winners write the history.  
Which proves that they were innocent.  
They could have been quite possibly  
Devoid of any ill intent.

I find it difficult to believe.  
Perhaps I am too sceptical  
of the facts I can retrieve.  
from stories that are typical.

Attempts to prove the enemy  
were without doubt the ones to blame.  
Proclaim themselves to be guilt free.

All part and parcel of the game.

The winners speak eloquently  
The losers are denied a chance  
to state their case with clarity.  
In the prevailing circumstance.

The tales you read of chivalry.  
may serve quite well to entertain.  
The tales of friendly rivalry  
Cannot be true: I must maintain.

I try to keep an open mind.  
When I am reading history.  
But the anomalies I find.  
Merely serve to convince me.

The first casualty in any war.  
Is the plain truth, it has to be.  
As the opponents jockey for  
their chance to rewrite history.

Lies damn lies and statistics prove  
Exactly what the victors choose.  
It seem historians approve  
Perhaps they have too much to lose.

25/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Reassurance

Across the water distantly.  
I see lights bobbing on the sea,  
the lanterns of the fishermen  
appear and disappear again.  
The fisher folk who work at night  
take full advantage of the light.  
The moon provides for them to see  
and sing her praises gratefully.  
Their women folk left on the shore  
pray to the Goddess they adore.  
To bring their men safe home again,  
their voices join the men's refrain.  
They look to sea to see the glow  
of lanterns passing to and fro.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Reassurance For My Lady Irene

Her eyes grey/blue and like the sea  
they change according to her mood  
Sometimes the sparkle wickedly  
at other times they seem to brood

The windows of the soul they say.  
Her eyes certainly speak to me,  
I can interpret in my way  
their messages so easily.

Sometimes they signal keep away  
I need a little time and space.  
At other times it's come and play.  
Now is the time this is the place.

I pay attention to her eyes  
take note of what they're telling me  
but still she takes me by surprise  
when her mood changes suddenly.

She understands I'm just a man  
and cannot be expected to  
think in the way a woman can.  
That's something which no man can do.

Most women are not logical  
and think in circularities.  
Men are more mathematical  
and therefore easier to please.

When women want to please their men  
They let them think their in control  
it fools them time and time again.  
To think they play the leading role

But all men are not simple fools  
a few are wise enough to see.  
That women simply change the rules  
When they think it's necessary.

We're not supposed to understand  
but love them unconditionally.  
Wise men respond to this demand  
by showing love demonstrably.

It is the little things which count  
The present she did not expect.  
These small attentions soon amount  
to evidence she can accept.

as proving that you love her still  
despite her changeability  
and even more you always will.  
A firm rock solid certainty.

7-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Rebel For Friend Rema

The cockerel crew at break of day.  
Bid working men to make their way  
to where they earned their honest crust  
when hunger drives a man needs must.

Obey the cockerel's clarion call.

So harness Dobbin to the plough  
and leave behind a straight furrow  
or hasten to the factory  
amongst the grim machinery.

Obey the cockerel's clarion call.

Of if perchance you're office bound  
surrounded only by the sound  
of papers shuffled to and fro.  
You have no choice you still must go.

Obey the cockerel's clarion call.

On winter mornings dark and cold  
and summer days when it grows hot.  
But I don't care I am grown old  
and have retired so I will not.

Obey the cockerel's clarion call.

3-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Recession What Recession

Without the wherewithal to buy  
I go without the food I need  
whilst richer people overfeed.  
I'm free to starve in poverty.

I must rely on charity,  
does nothing for my self esteem.  
Never in my wildest dream  
did I realise that I could be.

Without a job without a home  
.By circumstances forced to steal  
but my hungers all too real.  
A spell in jail would be welcome.

At least inside I would be fed.  
Not root in dumpsters for my food.  
I'd rather work as a man should  
to earn my daily crust of bread.

My firm downsized and fired me  
because their profit margins fell.  
A matter of economy  
consigning working men to hell.

The world is run by greedy men  
who are obsessed with balance sheets.  
So I may never work again  
but live and die upon the streets.

13-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Recipient Or Donor?

Smile at a stranger on the train  
Someone you'll never see again.  
Just acknowledge he is there.  
He may be sunk in black despair.

Perhaps he will smile back at you  
but you must not expect him to.  
He has his life and you have yours  
and they are separate of course.

Your smile might change the way he sees  
his world as full of miseries  
He goes his way and you go yours.  
You'll never know you changed the course

of this stranger's life in some way.  
Perhaps the words you did not say  
that made him feel your empathy  
Which enabled him to see

his future much more hopefully  
A simple smile is all it takes  
If it is received gratefully.  
To let him know that past mistakes.

Can be forgiven totally  
if you repent and change your ways.  
He almost imperceptibly  
nods his head and looks your way.

He got your message loud and clear  
Your kindly smile has changed his mood  
But you will never know I fear  
there is no reason why you should.

We all impinge on others' lives  
in ways we do not understand.  
A kindly smile often survives  
as long as any helping hand.

Smile at a stranger on your way  
its such an easy thing to do.  
To brighten up a strangers day  
Today maybe I'll smile at you

8-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Reciprocal Affection.

The frozen snow squeaks under foot and solid ice fills every rut  
My little dog skips merrily but I must tread more carefully.  
He is far better off than me, a lower centre of gravity  
is carried safely on four legs But I must walk as if on eggs.  
He's full of boundless energy. Pauses only to sniff and pee.  
He has to leave behind a sign. This is my street and its all mine.  
But once we wend our homeward way. He nips inside without delay.  
He snuggles down on the settee and falls asleep immediately.  
As I strip off my outer clothes and try to warm my frozen nose  
with a mug of hot coffee. The Little tyke snores peacefully  
They say that dogs are mans best friend. I think that viewpoint must depend.  
On whether you accept that he is happy in your company.  
His love is unconditional and totally illogical.  
You are his God he worships you and will do anything for you.  
But he expects that you will do as much for him as he for you..

Wednesday,06 January 2010  
, /poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Reciprocity For Friend Thad

My image as a macho man.  
Depends on leathers and tattoos  
but if you choose to you can  
see below the surface view.

The image you choose to project.  
Serves the same purpose to protect,  
the inner you from public view  
You only show what you choose.

We all select a mask to wear  
because we simply do not dare,  
Display our insecurity  
for each and everyone to see,

It's not an easy thing to do.  
But I can learn to remove the mask  
when you have proved I can trust you  
and answer all you care to ask.

But dare you do the same for me  
and show you trust me equally.  
Because my friend until you do  
I cannot place my trust in you.

8-Aug-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Recollections For Friend T'J Becker

The butter lamps cast a soft glow.  
As chanting monks in unison  
their voices blending come and go  
to raise their morning orison.  
And thus begins another day  
that's filled with studying and prayer  
As these devotees seek the way  
The motive which has brought them there.  
Although their faith I do not share.  
I can share their serenity  
Which permeates the very air.  
A scene which still entrances me  
I can recall it vividly  
from memory so easily.

16-Sep-08

/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Redirected

The Phantom spoke. He said repent.  
I replied I'm innocent.  
The Phantom spoke again annoyed  
You must repent or be destroyed.

I can't repent what I've not done  
I think my friend you should begone  
You seem to have your wires crossed.  
It seems to me you have got lost

I am Mother Superior.  
I'm not who you are looking for  
Why don't you try the Vatican  
where if you try I'm sure you can

find many there in residence.  
Though they protest their innocence  
Evil men, so called priests  
who have behaved like rutting beasts.

Protected by the Mother Church  
Which has obstructed every search  
Misuse of power to delay  
every attempt to make them pay.

The Phantom groaned, apologised  
confessed he had been ill advised  
and would go to investigate.  
The Holy See, The city state.

I understand he is there still  
his sacred duties to fulfil.  
I rather think that he will be  
kept busy for eternity.

25/06/2009  
cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Redistribution

My motives, multifarious  
my methods are nefarious.  
The things I steal so various.  
Though what I find hilarious.  
To see detectives pretend to  
solve my crimes; they cannot do  
Although they have solved one or two.  
Burglaries by lesser men  
They are quite sure I'll strike again  
but they don't know the where or when.  
I baffle those poor gentlemen.  
I am an unrepentant thief  
I steal to bring the poor relief.

7-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Reductio Ad Absurdum

It started as a lovers spat  
He said this and she said that  
Things they did not really mean  
and turned into a nasty scene.

Insults were flying thick and fast  
Each more cutting than the last  
.A sad end to a love affair

Too late to apologise  
Although both now realise.  
What could have been will never be.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Redundant.

.

The skull that grins upon my desk  
I picked up at a car boot sale  
Although my taste me seen grotesque.  
The skull reminds me without fail.  
As he is now so will I be.  
In time to come I too must die  
I don't suppose he thought that he.  
Would end up as a bargain buy.  
When I am dead my skull may be.  
An ornament that's on display.  
On someone's desk quite possibly  
What does it matter anyway.  
Though it was mine it is not me.  
It never was nor will it be.

Saturday,08 September 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Relief

Now is the hour when night takes flight  
and dawn breaks into pearly light.  
Before the sun has risen high  
Now is the hour of mystery.  
When nothing seems to be quite real  
concealed in trailing morning mists.  
Now is the hour when I feel  
nothing and nobody exists.  
The air of unreality  
persists until the sun is high.  
Which then dispels the fantasy  
I conjure up. I will deny  
the subtle fears which haunted me  
left over from prehistory.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Remembrance Day

&lt;/&gt;Remembrance Day.

Poulters Measure

This day when we recall; the fighting men who fall  
We stand erect, heads bowed in silence to show our respect.  
For men who died for freedoms cause; who gave their all  
Who made the supreme sacrifice, dying to protect.  
The right of all men to be free: Answered the call.  
But we forget although we demonstrate our deep respect.  
The lessons taught by history. Ignored by all  
Soldiers on either side die to no effect.  
Now though we stand in silent respect to recall  
The men who fell.I can see no reason to expect  
that things will change sufficiently, if at all  
I fear the future looks to be a grim prospect.  
This day set aside to remember all the men who fall.  
with due respect; but sadly say that I suspect  
Remembrance Day makes no difference at all.

Sunday,06 November 2001

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Renegade

I am cast out, condemned to be  
a wanderer in the wilderness  
with every man my enemy.  
My only crime was to express.

What I believe to be the truth  
contrary to the churches view  
Although they offer men no proof.  
Because they see no reason to.

I am expected to accept  
and to obey their rigid rules  
Follow blindly their precept  
like all the other trusting fools.

But I rebelled I could not see  
that what they taught must be correct.  
I was accused of heresy  
They had their regime to protect.

And so they prosecuted me  
They said it was self evident  
I denied their authority.  
I must be punished and repent.

When I refused they cast me out  
from their hidebound community.  
Merely because I chose to doubt  
what they believed the truth to be.

I could not be a hypocrite  
and simply pay lip service to  
what they demanded as their right.  
Accept their faith as being true.

I am an outcast but I'm free  
to worship God in my own way  
As every man was meant to be.  
I'm happy that I broke away.

From their hide bound rigidity  
I have my conscience to obey  
I find that is enough for me  
I do not fear that I will stray.

Far from the path that's meant for me.  
I listen to my conscience speak  
and I walk on triumphantly.  
To find the truth a man must seek..

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Renewal For M Lady Lucianne

The moonlight slyly penetrates  
the curtained windows of my room.  
Though hesitant illuminates  
the empty silence wrapped in gloom.

Although I have no interest  
because I shun the world outside  
The moon insists she will invest  
her silver light, with me abide.

I'm desolate and in despair  
I hate the world from which I hide.  
I am benumbed no longer care.  
I'm contemplating suicide.

I have the wherewithal at hand  
the sleeping pills I have stockpiled.  
The moon issues stern command  
I will not let you die my child.

Why should I live there's nothing left.  
There is no happiness for me  
My love is dead I am bereft  
alone, unloved and solitary.

My goddess brooks no argument  
I have no choice I must obey.  
She is supremely confident.  
She knows I dare not disobey.

And she is right I do not dare.  
I hear again my lover's voice  
" Do not give in to black despair  
my love. That is the coward's choice.

You loved me long and faithfully  
no woman could have asked for more.  
All of my life you cherished me.  
You're young enough to love once more.

My mood then changed dramatically,  
of black despair no slightest trace.  
My love had come to set me free  
to find someone to take her place.

I am quite sure she'll stay close by  
until I meet her chosen one  
Then she will spread her wings and fly  
content that I am not alone.

Was it a dream or was she here  
and did she really talk to me.  
I'll never know for sure I fear  
but I can move on hopefully.

The love we shared will never die,  
Though I may find a new romance.  
It is her wish that I should try  
She's granting me a second chance.

She loved me so unselfishly  
in the same way that I loved her.  
Without a trace of jealousy  
so to her wishes I defer.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rensaku For Subbaraman N.V

the sky a black slate  
which is not yet written on  
lightning adds the script.

in electric blue  
although you may not understand  
You feel you ought to.

but can't interpret,  
the fiery script beyond  
your limited skill.

you are not meant to.  
the message is not for you.  
the earth understands.

the words easily  
accepts heavens benison  
an answered prayer.

she quenches her thirst  
while we gaze in frustrated  
curiosity

15-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Repeat Performance?

The peoples will deposed the Shah.  
A lesson presidents should note.  
Repression only goes so far.  
If they suspect you rigged the vote.

They'll bring you down eventually.  
They have decided to protest.  
Although you're trying desperately.  
You cannot quell the mass unrest

The people will not tolerate  
such obvious dishonesty  
and are prepared to demonstrate  
their discontent but peacefully

If you persist in using force  
to shore up your authority.  
You leave them with no other course  
but to react as violently.

So by the grace of Allah leave  
before you foment civil war.  
The people now do not believe  
the words you utter any more.

17/06/2009

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Repentance A Roundel

&lt;/&gt;Roundel challenge.

Repentance.

My love is gone beyond my reach  
And I am left to mourn alone  
This cruel lesson fate can teach  
My love is gone  
Condemned to manage on my own  
I failed to practice what I preach  
That is the sin I must atone.  
In prayers I earnestly beseech.  
All of the gods known and unknown.  
To grant forgiveness for my breach  
My love is gone

Friday, 11 November 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Reprieve

The streets are silent there is no sound.  
The lack of noise is frightening.  
There is nobody to be found.  
I find this most unsettling.

No sign of damage to be seen  
this absence is what puzzles me.  
Like a deserted movie scene.  
Not as busy as it should be.

My men are searching thoroughly  
we keep in touch by radio.  
The silence is disturbing me.  
What happened here we have to know.

This was a thriving market town  
A centre of activity  
Then suddenly it closes down.  
Bereft of all humanity

Where have the people gone and why.  
There's no sign of catastrophe  
The normal rules do not apply  
I can't interpret what I see.

I call my report.  
And they decide on quarantine.  
Which seems to me a last resort  
It's their decision it's not mine.

I merely do as I am told  
Instruct my men to block the roads.  
The strangeness makes my blood run cold.  
I wonder what this can forebode.

Thousands of folks have disappeared  
without any apparent cause  
To say the least I find it weird.  
There's not the slightest sign of force.

As if they all went willingly  
transported to some other place  
by some alien machinery.  
The product of another race.

My orders come from the top brass  
nobody in nobody out  
no news will be allowed to pass.  
Strictly enforced I have no doubt.

The powers that be have no idea  
what can be done if anything  
The one thing which is very clear  
Is that they're close to panicking.

The have no precedent to guide  
their thoughts on what has happened here.  
Instinctively they try to hide  
the facts and will succeed I fear.

Perhaps some other government  
has had the same experience.  
And covered up the incident  
Because they lack the common sense.

To understand that they should share  
What information they possess  
It may be happening every where.  
I'm terrified I must confess.

My men go missing one by one  
but no one ever sees them leave.  
One minute here the next one gone.  
I am the last I do believe.

Then suddenly I understand  
I too have left the world behind.  
I have attained the promised land  
The land I never thought to find.

The great rescue is under way  
You will be rescued in your turn  
when you are called do not delay.  
If you refuse then you will burn.

The sun is ready to explode  
engulf the planets as it dies.  
We have to take the only road  
although it comes as surprise.

To know that we were not alone  
although considered primitive.  
by other races to us unknown  
Who offer us the chance to live.

We will be monitored of course  
and taught the rules must obey.  
But gently not by use of force.  
Belligerence is not the way.

We have to learn to live in peace.  
and lose our insecurity.  
The constant battling must cease  
to prove we've reached maturity.

31-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Relieved

How strange it is to be pain free  
after long years of misery.  
A life confined to my wheelchair  
I found was difficult to bear.

I tried to bear it patiently  
and clung to one hope stubbornly  
That they would find a cure for me  
and once again I would be free.

To live quite independently.  
Take control of my destiny  
To come and go just as I pleased,  
from my paralysis released.

Freedom took me by surprise.  
It took a while to realise  
that I was free completely free  
no longer tied to my body.

I had not thought of death as kind  
. I can see now that I was blind  
Death turned the key to set me free  
and I rejoice exultantly.

I've left a hollow shell behind.  
I spread my wings and go to find  
those that I loved who've gone before.  
I do not think I'd ask for more.

17-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rethink In Progress For M 'Lady Mamta

Rethink in progress.

The empty skies are echoing. There are no song birds left to sing.  
There are no trees there is no grass. What was foretold has come to pass.  
The world is dead and desolate. Mankind did not appreciate  
the need for conservation. He practiced exploitation.  
Although resources were finite. Mankind thought they had the right  
to freely use all they could find and paid the future little mind.  
Some realised but far too late what was to be their future fate  
When all resources had been used but sadly most point blank refused.  
To change their foolish wasteful ways, Thought new resources would replace.  
What they consumed without a care and stripped the earth completely bare.  
The race of man has now died earth is better off without.  
The race of greedy parasites who could not curb their appetites.  
A self inflicted genocide: Mankind committed suicide.  
The earth lies fallow now to rest because Gaia thinks it's best  
But in due course she'll try again. With a new race to replace men.  
We were a bold experiment which did not work as it was meant.

Wednesday, 24 February 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Return Of The Exiles For M'Lady Lucianne

At last the dragon race is free  
from the long exile they have served.  
A very heavy penalty imposed  
although it was not deserved.

Found guilty although innocent.  
They had no choice but to obey  
and so began their banishment.  
Reluctantly they made their way.

To a far distant galaxy  
where they were forced to make their home.  
The Dragons waited patiently  
they knew in time the call would come.

They have returned triumphantly.  
Their unjust exile at an end  
back to their home world eagerly.  
Where they are needed to defend

the human race from anarchy  
They reassume their ancient role,  
as guardians of humanity  
and once again they will patrol.

The skies of earth vigilantly  
and will restore the old values.  
Neglected by the humanity  
allowed to fall into disuse.

All will be treated equally  
and peace will reign on earth once more.  
Now that the dragon race is free  
These benign guardians of the law.

All will accept this gratefully.  
The gentle and the innocent.  
But some will tremble fearfully  
afraid of well earned punishment.

Today I saw the dragons fly.  
A sight I never thought to see  
in graceful arcs across the sky.  
To guard and guide humanity.

13-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Return To Eilean Mhor For Friend Mark

Return to Eilean Mhor

My island homeland calls to me from far away across the sea.  
She whispers to me quietly but none the less insistently  
I left my home reluctantly; there was no future there for me  
except a life of poverty. I braved the terrors of the sea  
I was still young and fancy free, had no responsibility  
The last one of my family no relatives to advise me  
No man controls his destiny; it seems that fate had plans for me.  
Which would not necessarily allow me time to simply be.  
I chose employment carefully, rose through the ranks successfully  
and joined the board at forty president eventually  
The time has come it seems to me to retire gracefully  
Return to where I long to be. There's nothing now to prevent me.  
My home island still calls to me as she has done consistently.  
Since I left her reluctantly I will return permanently.  
To wake up every day and see the seagulls soar above the sea  
and like the gulls I will be free to live my days out peacefully.  
No pressures there to distress me I will have time to simply be.

14-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Reunited

The pale beams of a sickle moon  
Shed just enough light to show.  
The winding path to lagoon.  
A place we often chose to go

I very seldom walk this way.  
It holds too many memories  
Which underline I am alone.  
A heart ache which will never cease.

Although you died long years ago  
I think about you constantly.  
The happiness we used to know.  
Brought to an end prematurely.

I know that death is drawing nigh  
If not today then very soon.  
If death is kind I too will die  
beside the shores of our lagoon.

Where you left me so suddenly.  
I have no doubt that you will be  
still waiting for me patiently.  
So we can share eternity.

The found his body by first light  
Precisely where his wife had died.  
Although I'm weeping as I write  
I pen this tale of love with pride.

(For M'lady Ernestine/Monday,08 August 2011)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Revelation

When the harvest moon is full  
And makes the night as bright as day.  
I see the world as beautiful  
Although in a different way.

To how it looks by bright sunlight.  
I watch the subtle interplay  
Between the shadows of the night  
In their attempts to hide away.

From the effulgence of the moon.  
They cannot hide although they try.  
To me the brightness is a boon  
Revealing beauties to my eye.

Which otherwise I would not see  
Wrapped in the shadows mystery.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Reviewing The Situation For Friend Thad

On looking back now I am old.  
I see the errors which I made  
I watch as memories unfold  
but they no longer trouble me.  
The times I failed to make the grade  
I tried but unsuccessfully.

I can forgive myself I find  
although I still have some regrets.  
I have attained a peace of mind  
Old age has taught me tolerance  
of life's triumphs and life's upsets.  
You win or lose: You take your chance.

On looking back now I am old  
I can forgive myself I find.

6-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Reviewing The Situation 2009

Moonlight on the water gleaming, nighttime is the time for dreaming.  
Lovers walking hand in hand, creating their own wonderland.  
Sharing dreams as lovers do. dreams are better shared by two.  
Sharing dreams discovering togetherness means everything  
They are too young to understand fate can step in and take command.  
They cannot do what they want to. It's very sad but all too true  
Circumstances altering quickly changing everything.  
No longer strolling hand in hand, fate has destroyed their fairyland.  
They've grown apart as couples do. What they have lost they can't renew.  
Although they once shared everything, that's gone beyond recovering.  
Their hopes and dreams they built on sand, without foundations cannot stand.  
It's not an easy thing to do they have no choice but to review  
the situation once again..Though breaking up will cause you pain.  
The dreams you shared were not in vain. You're free to search for love again.

09/06/2009

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Reward For Long Service.

Reward for long service  
English ode format.

The waterways of England are  
Somewhat neglected nowadays  
More fun than travelling by car  
Is cruising down the waterways.  
Although you cannot travel fast.  
You can enjoy the scenery  
Sheer pleasure from the first to last  
Speed merchants though may stand aghast  
They much prefer machinery  
to relics from the distant past.

The narrow boats which they despise.  
Are works of art in their own right.  
Some motorists to their surprise  
see waterways in new light.  
The motorways designed for speed  
To tell the truth are not much fun  
Although some drivers disagreed  
You cannot please everyone  
Alternative religion  
a modern technocratic creed.

I choose to cruise the waterways.  
A slower pace that suits my taste  
Than drive on busy motorways  
I have no need for making haste  
Each to their own I must suppose  
You're free to choose what suits you best.  
To travel fast or travel slow  
I don't claim to speak for the rest.  
Though I can guess I do not know.

What pressures have been brought to bear  
Why some must choose the motorways  
To travel fast from here to there.  
I've opted out of the rat race.

Retirement has set me free  
To travel at my chosen pace  
No boss to tell me what to do  
It is entirely up to me  
That's why I chose the waterways  
I took the chance to start anew.

I am aware not everyone  
Has the freedom to decide to do  
the same as I have done.  
Their choices are limited to.  
Obeying what employers say.  
Resigning from their present post  
and try to find a different way.  
But most cannot afford the cost.

I know that I am fortunate.  
I worked like that for forty years.  
Retirement I find is great.  
Better than it first appears.  
I was quite sure I would be bored.  
With nothing to look forward to  
But it's a case of all aboard.  
We're off to see somewhere new.  
No need to rush my times my own  
How quickly past the years have flown.

Wednesday, 23 November 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ridiculous

It makes me frankly furious  
when people say there's none of us  
We're not extinct as you have heard.  
Though no one has seen a dodo bird

for a century or maybe more.  
We are not stupid as before  
We had to teach ourselves to hide  
lest we be roast or broiled or fried.

Although we'd lost the power of flight  
we did not think men had the right.  
To see us as an easy meal  
and that's the way all Dodos feel.

Today we hide ourselves away  
and sleep through out the light of day  
We forage for our food by night  
it seems that we have got it right.

We're not extinct it's just not true.  
No matter what you have been taught  
when you were young and still at school.  
A dodo is nobodies fool.

23-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Right Now

The pivot point of time is now.  
When anything potentially  
can step on stage and take a bow.  
The past is gone beyond recall,  
a moment or a century.  
There is no other time at all.  
The next second may never be  
although we always hope it will.  
There is no perfect guarantee.  
Now is the sole experience  
we've ever had or ever will.  
Against this truth there's no defence.  
Whatever has been or will be  
must happen now it's plain to see.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Righteous Attitude For Friend Thad

## Righteous Attitude

The hunter rose before the dawn to watch the new day being born.  
He raises prayers to Manitou as his wise father taught him to.  
This brave though young is known to be a man who hunts successfully  
To creatures he must kill for food he shows a reverent attitude.  
When they fall victim to his bow he thanks their spirits as they go  
back to the source from whence they came he knows each creature by its name.  
He thanks them for their sacrifice, because he knows that success lies in  
following the ancient laws. Which the Great Spirit will enforce.  
He has absorbed all he was taught, he kills for food but not for sport.  
He sings his praise to Manitou because he knows that thanks are due. When the  
Great Spirit shows the way which leads him to his lawful prey.  
Some days he hunts without success but still finds the will to bless  
the sacred name of Manitou the way successful hunters do.  
He'll rise again tomorrow morn before the coming of the dawn  
and to the Manitou he'll pray he has a more successful day.

27-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rightful Owners.

Rightful owners.

I was the first born of the first born race.  
The chosen ones that knew not sin or shame  
before the spawn of Adam stole our place  
They spread the evil but we got the blame.

When we fed on the juice of plants, not men  
and lived as one in peace and brother hood  
but Adams breed usurped our place and then  
harassed we had to change to drinking blood.

We had to flee into the wilderness  
adapt to hunting for our prey by night  
We who had know nothing but gentleness,  
my race resolved that we must fight.

Adapted and evolved now we must prey  
on those who drove us from our rightful lands  
and thus the vampire are seen to day  
as evil creatures who men's blood demand.

We are not evil merely strive to  
live as men should do in brotherhood.  
Each vampire shares what he has to give  
with other vampires and know this is good.

Vampires do not other vampires kill  
we have no wars of pride to glory gain  
but foolish men do and always will.  
They glory in inflicting hurt and pain.

It seems they have forgotten us.  
We are dismissed as old wives tales  
old stories from the crypts and charnel house.  
How very sweet to us to hear their wails.

They will destroy themselves in course of time  
as we vampires look on happily

The turning wheel of fate is sublime  
poetic justice is an irony

So few of us vampires are left to note their passing,  
though none of us will regret I  
It Our nobility will not let us gloat  
we will live to see the new era dawn yet.

The scattered remnants of our noble race  
the bearers of the purest royal blood  
will congregate together in one place  
and every vampire will be understood

To be inheritors of what was ours  
before the curse of humanity appeared  
we fed on the juice from trees and flowers  
and now that, that foul curse has disappeared

We can revert to our natural state  
the original race the chosen ones  
Who peace and love can well appreciate  
the fertile earth will swallow mankind's bones.

We are the fruit of all creation  
who can and will abide in lasting peace.  
Mankind a fleeting aberration  
from whom the earth has gained blessed release.

Be proud and true my children one and all  
Although we must still in the shadows hide  
We will see at first hand mankind's fall  
a self inflicted form of genocide.

The we vampires will take our rightful place  
the weary world will know peace once again  
When it has got rid of the human race  
a failed experiment that went insane.

April 04

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rights For M 'Lady Tara

My tabby cat is rather fond  
of watching Koi carp in the pond  
She sits and watches quietly  
a picture of serenity

What thought go through her feline mind  
what great ambitions lie behind  
those slitted eyes of amber hue  
The evil schemes she would pursue.

She's well aware I'm watching her.  
Regards me with a knowing stare.  
What would she do If I should leave.  
She'd learn to swim I do believe

Across the pond I stretch a net  
She hopes one day I will forget,  
she lies and watches quite content  
Her dreams are far from innocent.

I watch her watching and reflect  
there's nothing else I can expect.  
She knows that fish are meant to eat  
and she will not accept defeat.

She thinks if she waits patiently  
She'll get her opportunity.  
She has the right to dream her dreams  
I have the right to foil her schemes.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Rip Off For M Lady Tara

Designer labels I won't buy.  
Because I see no reason why  
I should be advertising free  
I think they should be paying me.  
The prices asked truly obscene  
I am quite sure they would have been  
without the label half the price.  
There's no end to their avarice.  
I will not be their willing tool  
I pride myself I'm not a fool  
Should I see something which I like  
I buy a cheaper look alike.  
Though you prefer designer clothes.  
I don't, I won't pay through the nose.

28-Oct-08

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rising Ritual-Balasi Stanza Poem

I shall greet the day  
in my normal way  
Rise from my bed and go  
as is natural  
not unusual  
To see the sunrise  
with wide open eyes  
See the east is aglow

A rich rosy hue  
which will turn to blue  
as the sun ascends sky  
Early morning show  
I have come to know.  
Throughout the years which fly  
very quickly past  
Nothing seems to last  
But for the sun and sky.

Why it should be so  
I may never know  
but I will continue  
to watch the sunrise.  
The daily promise.  
a morning routine  
I am compelled to do.

(poeticpiers aka ivor/9-Aug-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rivalry2010

A clear but broken line of white.  
Divides the blue sky from the sea.  
A crimson sail comes into sight  
and draws the waiting watchers eye.

She knows her man is sailing home.  
Where she is waiting patiently.  
He knows he'll get a warm welcome.  
She hopes to win him from the sea.

His other love his cold mistress.  
With whom she battles constantly.  
Although at times she feels helpless.  
She won't surrender easily.

She's sure she'll win eventually.  
Her love is stronger than the sea.

Saturday,21 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Room For Improvement For Leslie

Critics express their point of view.  
As they have every right to do  
I will give credit where it's due.  
So I consider each review  
as of potential benefit  
Though I may not agree with it.  
It may well be I can profit  
by reading what my critics writ.  
I treat all critiques just the same  
accepting praise accepting blame.  
All part and parcel of the game.  
Improvement is my only aim.  
So please feel free to state your view  
You might well teach me something new.

13-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Rootless

Swept away on the ebbing tide  
I long to stay but I must go  
my wanderlust unsatisfied.

I go where the waters flow  
(I have no choice I don't decide)  
The rolling sea has much to show.

Strange places where no men abide.  
The frozen lands of ice and snow  
where human needs can't be supplied.

Sunlit isles where palm trees grow.  
My urgent need won't be denied,  
there's so much that I want to know.

I have to travel to and fro.  
I ride upon the restless tide.  
My ever moving friendly foe.

There is no place I can hide  
She'd search for me both high and low  
I can't escape though I have tried.

She's in control and she says no.  
My mistress will not be defied  
When she calls me I have to go.

Swept away on the ebbing tide.  
I go reluctantly although  
some part of me enjoys the ride.

22-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rose Tinted Recollections

I would that those who wish might go  
back to their childhood innocence  
but I am wise enough to know.  
That looking back makes little sense.  
The memories you cherish now  
are merely vignettes which express  
the happy times: Hiding below  
are recollections you suppress.  
The things you don't want to recall.  
The times of abject misery.  
If you went back you'd face them all  
Each long forgotten memory.  
Given the opportunity  
I could refuse quite easily.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rough Justice Story Poem

Squire Cholmondely I presume  
Was not prepared to meet his doom  
when he was slaughtered by his groom.

Whose wife he made advances to  
a thing no gentleman would do.  
He got no more than he was due.

The groom decided he must pay  
and slit his weasand one fine day  
Then hid his corpse without delay.

Nobody liked the squire much  
and he was often out of touch.  
There was no hue and cry as such.

Nobody thought he might be dead.  
The groom had dropped him so he said  
to catch the coach for Maidenhead.

Where he indulged his appetite  
for painted ladies of the night  
Which he assumed to be his right.

The groom confessed on his death bed  
that Squire Cholmondely was long dead  
The priest absolved him readily.

The groom now dead had not revealed  
where the body was concealed.  
So that remains a mystery.

Now to this day nobody knows  
the hiding place which the groom chose.  
He hid it with great secrecy

Nobody cares sufficiently

to try to find where it might be  
There'd be no useful purpose served.

The squire got what he deserved  
I must conclude its for the best  
Nobody knows where his bones rest.

Perhaps one day by happenstance  
He will be found by some mischance.  
Buried in some unhallowed plot.

But I would rather he was not.  
The whole affair should be forgot  
The past is past beyond recall

and I for one don't care at all.  
My granddad did what I would do  
to anyone insulting you.

Sunday,08 November 2009

Cholmondely is pronounced Chumly  
For some obscure reason

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Rough Ride

The path of love is rarely smooth  
but love can obstacles surmount.  
True love will find a way to soothe.  
Objections which it can't remove,  
pitfalls too numerous to count.  
The path of love is rarely smooth  
These words I say are simple truth.  
An old adage which I recount.  
True love will find a way to soothe  
With the resilience of youth  
if you should fall you will remount.  
The path of love is rarely smooth.  
You know just what you have to prove  
and play your cards to good account.  
True love will find a way to soothe  
Though you have hurt feelings, forsooth  
a lesser or a great amount.  
True love will find a way forsooth  
the path of love is rarely smooth.

11-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Rules And Rulers For Friend Thad

Bureaucracy has quietly  
displaced the aristocracy.  
Who wielded power openly  
The bureaucrat rule secretly.

What seems to be democracy  
is now subverted constantly.  
Countenanced by apathy  
Because the people cannot see.

The government machinery  
which is kept hidden cleverly.  
Is not the way that it should be.  
The dead hand of bureaucracy.

Controls it very thoroughly.  
Should they decide to disagree.  
There is no way that they can be  
brought to account effectively.

I do not ask you to agree,  
but to consider carefully.  
Only the possibility,  
we are ruled by bureaucracy.

15-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sacred Ground For Friend J.T Ellison

Between green banks where flowers grow.  
Swift silver streams serenely flow.  
There's no sign of pollution here  
their waters flowing crystal clear.

A scene worthy of paradise  
that's guaranteed to please the eyes  
of anyone invited to  
come and spend an hour or two.

Here birds and beast find sanctuary  
to live as they should, naturally.  
Safe from all human predators.  
Still prey and preyed upon of course.

Each creature has an equal chance  
maintaining constant vigilance  
. Some have to die so others live  
only the fittest will survive.

Although this land belongs to me  
I wield no real authority.  
I'm subject to the self same laws  
which nature can and does enforce.

The duty she has laid on me  
is to maintain the secrecy  
of where this peaceful haven lies  
and I agree I think it wise.

7-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Sacred Grove For M Lady Lucianne

Above my head tree branches intertwine  
to form a leafy canopy  
through which the silvery moon light can shine  
if only intermittently.

A lasting sense of peace pervades this place.

As if some sacred spirit rules.

Your troubles disappear and leave no trace.

The trees are her most willing tools  
deep rooted in the earth they stand.

Living slow growing monuments  
who knows what mysteries they understand

They suffer not from mans ailments.

No jealous animosity  
can penetrate this sanctuary

18-Jan-08.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Sad But True

Sad but true

Sometimes love dies. Wiser to part  
than to prolong the agony.  
Better consign to history  
the days when we could speak heart to heart.  
Sometimes love dies.

Though we were happy at the start.  
The passing years drove us apart.  
The hurt we feel will always smart.  
Sometimes love dies.

When did we start to drift apart.  
Togetherness no longer part  
of who we are or want to be.  
it must remain a mystery.  
Which is impossible to chart.  
Sometimes love dies.

31/10/2009

Rondeau format

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Safe Delivery For M'Lady Tara

Lost in the undecided light  
which lies between the night and dawn.  
When wisps of mist shine pearly white.  
like shredded remnants of fine lawn  
The waiting time that hesitates,  
uncertain of its future role.  
The growing light facilitates  
its transformation: Makes it whole.  
The sky ignites; a living flame  
spreads from the east and fills the sky.  
To all the world it stakes its claim.  
New life burst forth triumphantly.  
A new born babe yells lustily.  
Enters the world reluctantly

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Safely Stored

Inside of me I have a tree.  
Where every leaf's a memory  
and every memory can connect with  
something else I recollect  
Although some leaves do fade and fall  
I do not need to keep them all.  
The sad, bad ones I can let go.  
Ones I no longer need to know.  
The happy ones I safely store  
within my trunk for evermore.  
Of course this system has its quirks  
but I am glad to say it works.  
At least it usually works for me  
I can access it readily  
2-Jun-07

poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Salvation 2009

A darkling sky of black and grey.  
Was brooding angrily above,  
below the land in silence lay.  
Where nothing stirred afraid to move.

Wild creatures I their wisdom hide.  
Instinctively they know its best  
To find safe havens and abide  
before the coming storm can test.

Then suddenly the sky is rent

The rain pours down a fierce torrent.  
The promised storm long overdue..

The thirsty earth drinks greedily  
The dusty dried up river beds  
Receive the water gratefully  
And lace the plain with silver threads.

The drought has broken finally.  
New grass will soon be flourishing  
from seeds that have lain dormant  
In patience for their christening.

But now the seed have been baptised  
by rain fresh fallen from the sky  
Their need for moisture satisfied.  
Their speed of growth is no surprise.

The drought consigned to history  
We can afford to hope again.  
Returning to normality  
our thanks are due for prayed for rain.

9-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Samhain For M Lady Marianna Jo

The veils grow thin on all souls eve  
and vengeful ghosts are free to leave.  
The kingdom of eternal night  
to seek revenge and vent their spite.

On erst while relatives and friends,  
Who have not tried to make amends.  
Insults offered before they died  
long brooded on and magnified.

Although you may not be aware  
you were the cause if their despair.  
To them it makes no difference  
because they chose to take offence.

At something which you did or said.  
For this night only they can tread  
amongst the living once again  
They are intent on casing pain.

Some call it superstition.  
Not me I keep an open mind  
It is an old tradition  
although it is not well defined,

Though when the veils are torn aside  
to let the vengeful spirits through  
I much prefer to stay inside,  
It seems the wisest thing to do

I am afraid that's why I hide  
behind stout walls which can protect  
and keep the wrathful ghosts outside  
That way I show them some respect.

10-Oct-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sans Merci

Wouldst thou then I should depart.  
A hollow man without a heart,  
a victim of thy cruelty.  
Hast thou non, e no trace of pity.  
They beauty doth ensnare young men.  
Thou toyest with them heartlessly  
The bored, thou bidst them forth again.  
A maiden lacking all pity.  
Thy turn will come and thou wilt lose  
thy heart in turn to some young man,  
thy beauty's lure he will refuse.  
Thou art surprised because he can  
Hoist upon thine own petard  
methinks it is thy just reward

(poeticpiers/31-May-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Saved From My Naivete Story Poem For M 'Lady Ann Beard

I loved her but she loved me not  
and so I joined the infantry.  
In the vain hope I would be shot  
and put an end to misery.

I loved her but she loved me not.  
She thought she was too good for me  
I fought in every trouble spot  
but Lady Luck looked after me.

I suffered not a single scratch  
although I was prepared to die.  
In me the Hun had met his match  
I did not care or wonder why.

I rose to be a brigadier  
Promoted on the battlefield  
I made my men ignore their fear.  
My leadership I would not yield.

Always the foremost in the van  
I led my men from out in front.  
They recognised a fearless man  
prepared for any reckless stunt.

They followed blindly where I led.  
We terrified the enemy.  
It seemed I could not be shot dead  
but I forgot my misery.

When we achieved the victory  
Returning home as heroes all.  
I saw her gazing up at me  
as if expecting me to call.

The boot was on the other foot.  
She was the one pursuing me

I found I did not give a hoot.  
Completely cured, quite fancy free.

My love turned to indifference.  
She'd had her chance and turned me down.  
My rank made all the difference.  
It was as if I'd always known.

Now that I saw through her pretence.  
It was not love as I had thought  
but merely youthful innocence.  
Which had sustained me as I fought.

I was prepared to die to prove  
a fact that simply was not true  
I fancied that I was in love  
as green young men so often do.

Now I have reached a man's estate  
I know she was not meant for me  
and thank the gods that kindly fate  
stepped in, in time to rescue me.

Though in due course I hope to find  
A woman that a man can trust.  
A lady gentle true and kind  
who will cure my wanderlust.

I am a man who needs a wife  
to love and raise a family.  
Together lead a normal life.  
I know somewhere she waits for me.

I think perhaps she's looking too  
and hope we wont have long to wait.  
Before kind fate directs us to  
meet and recognise our mate.

1-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Saving Face.

.  
i die honourably.  
committing hara kiri  
erases my disgrace.

only a coward  
evades responsibility  
for his past actions.

honour demands  
I must voluntarily  
draw my blade across.

cut from left to right  
die slowly in agony  
suffer stoically.

.until a good friend  
strikes off my head: sets me free  
from my misery.

seldom seen today.  
but in the past the only way  
to correct mistakes.

to die honourably  
committing hara kiri.  
erases all disgrace

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Saving Grace For M'Ladyann Beard

Moonlight on the water glowing gently. As the tide out flowing  
leaves silver traces on the sand. I think that now I understand,  
the feeling of serenity. Which quickly flooded over me.  
From being lonely and depressed I felt as though I had been blessed.  
Bathed in the Goddess' radiance I was given a second chance.  
To be who I was meant to be, that peaceful night beside the sea.  
I can recall it vividly. It was a peak experience  
I still hold her in ugh I have no evidence.  
to prove to you my words are true do not feel that I need to.  
Unless touched by the Goddess' hand you simply would not understand  
So I began my life anew because the Goddess bid me to.  
The goddess cares for her children, she gave me confidence again.  
I know that I can make the grade I face the future unafraid.

19-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Say Not The Struggle Nought Avaieth

Arthur Hugh Clough

1819-1869

a glosa

Say not the struggle nought avaieth  
the labour and the wounds are vain.  
The enemy faints not nor faileth.  
As things have been, things will remain

Say not the struggle nought avaieth.  
though we must battle constantly.  
Exposed to light the darkness fadeth  
for those who have the eyes to see.

The labour and the wounds are vain  
the human heart resilient  
in time will overcome the pain.  
This truth becomes self evident.

The enemy faints not nor faileth.  
We have to trade them blow for blow  
.Although his malice he sustaineth  
he dare not let his terror show.

A things have been, things will remain  
the fight goes on continually.  
Despite the hardship and the pain  
in time we'll claim the victory.

05/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Scales Of Justice

There is a law which guarantees  
that as you sow so shall you reap,  
there's no point in not guilty pleas.  
The record keeper never sleeps.

That which you give you will receive.  
The correct balance must be kept  
just simple justice I believe.  
You have no choice you must accept

The punishment that you deserve.  
Forget the lies you have been taught  
repenting misdeeds will not serve.  
Your protestations count for nought.

The scales must balance exactly.  
The credit and the debit side,  
no one is punished unjustly.  
The law is equally applied.

There's only you gives evidence  
before a jury of your peers,  
with wisdom and experience  
to understand your hopes and fears

They will advise you that's what they do.  
About the things you need to learn  
but the decisions left to you.  
To choose to rest or quick return.

To start again with a clean sheet.  
Another chance for you to earn  
the merits needed to complete  
the lessons which you need to learn.

Each life we live a step towards  
a destination still unknown  
Where we receive our just rewards  
because we are at last full grown.

16-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Scandalmonger

Good Morrow gossip art thou well?  
Methinks thou hast some news to tell,  
what scandal now has reached thine ears.  
Must thou believe all that thou hears?  
And must thou then embroider it  
to make a tastier tidbit.  
Thou spreadest rumour cheerfully  
shouldst thou not tremble fearfully  
Does not thy conscience bother thee.  
Art thou so blind thou canst not see,  
thy flapping tongue doth cause distress  
to honest folk who are helpless.  
Against thy tongue there's no defence.  
None can proclaim their innocence.

21-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Scared To Death For Friend Konstantin

Whilst in the throes of some nightmare  
you find your limbs are paralysed.  
Your enemies are every where  
and danger lurks on every side.

Held in the grip of mortal fear.  
You dare not even look behind  
although you know it's drawing near  
You're terrified of what you'll find.

You cannot run although you try  
your legs will not co-operate  
Your heart beats at a furious rate  
You're certain that you're going to die.

Sheer terror helps your mind to break  
the chains of sleep so you are free.  
You suddenly start wide awake  
in your own bed as you should be.

Returning to reality  
You are convinced it was a dream.  
But things aren't as they seem to be.  
Nobody hears your final scream.

14-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sceptical

In the beginning was the word.  
A statement patently absurd.

This is the message we receive  
from priests who think we should believe.

If there were none to speak or hear.  
It is not credible I fear.

The myths and legends multiply  
but always fail to satisfy.

My avid curiosity  
I simply can't believe you see.

I think the truth is no one knows  
nor ever I will I must suppose.

Why can't these learned men confess?  
they know no more and often less.

Than those who they attempt to teach.  
Some knowledge is beyond their reach

and must remain a mystery.  
This is the only certainty.

To which I have become resigned  
but I will keep an open mind.

I'm sceptical that is quite true  
but so I think my friend are you.

18-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Scotland Calling.

Scotland Calling.

A land of glens and mountain streams.  
Chuckling softly as they flow  
A land that haunts the exiles dreams  
with memories of long ago.  
The dreams they have inherited.  
Passed down inside their DNA.  
Although some doubts are merited  
It seems to be the only way.  
We can explain memories  
of places we have never seen.  
Though scattered through the colonies  
It seems embedded in our genes.  
Is an urge which prompts us to.  
Visit the land our forebears knew.

Saturday, 28 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Scribbles Transcribed

Some write for glory and for fame.  
I write because I am obsessed  
and wordplay is my favourite game.

I concentrate on poetry  
Because I find it to my taste  
and pass my time creatively.  
I could not sit and watch T.V  
and live my life vicariously.  
That would drive me to insanity.

I have a wide vocabulary  
which I love to exercise  
Harmless but it amuses me.

What better way to pass the time  
than writing formal poetry  
I do not find it hard to rhyme

I'll never be a household name  
Which does not bother me at all.  
I write for fun and not for fame.

My writing will not make me rich  
I very rarely publish it  
I merely write to scratch my itch.

My pad and pen accompany me  
No matter where I choose to go  
Though I scribble illegibly.

Record what takes my interest  
and jot down anything I see.  
When I get home I do my best.

To read the jottings I have made  
which is sometimes difficult  
as pencilled words tend to fade.

I find that if I persevere  
for long enough I understand  
enough to make it very clear.

I sometimes wish that I could write  
In a clear and cursive script  
If I had perhaps I might.

But I am too impatient to write  
All of down the things I want to  
My scribbling will have to do.

Thank God for printers and  
So when I post its legible  
and you can read my verse with ease.

The feed back which you give to me.  
I read with greatest interest.  
And it improves my poetry.

My hand writing will never be  
capable of being read  
by anybody else but me..

(18-Jun-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sea Dreams For M'Lady Tara

The softly sighing sea it seems  
surreptitiously alters dreams.  
Subconsciously the ebb and flow  
of surging tides which come and go.

Affects us adventitiously.  
Almost as if by accident.  
Awakening our sleeping souls  
to strive for ever higher goals.

When wide awake we dare not try.  
we wait until we are asleep.  
To pursue dreams in which we fly  
as though we are content to creep.

earthbound through every dreary day.  
But sleeping listen to the sea  
which tells us there's a better way.  
Because we are not meant to be.

Condemned to creeping sluggishly  
along the surface of the ground.  
In dreams we can triumphantly  
spread our wings and fly around.

As freely as the restless sea  
Acknowledging no boundary.  
Imagination holds the key  
unlocks the door and set us free.

The soft seductive murmuring  
of breakers lapping at the shore.  
Promote nocturnal wandering  
to places we've not seen before.

We leave our bodies far behind  
Enjoying the brief liberty  
to seek and if we're lucky find  
A place which suits us perfectly.

Our bodies rest our minds do not.  
Instinctively we know it's true.  
When morning comes we have forgot  
and face the humdrum world anew.

According to our circumstance  
Although some times we slip into  
some kind of daydream semi trance.  
Though you may not I know I do.

A brief and fleeting holiday,  
a temporary state of bliss.  
Relieve boredom of the day.  
Could anyone begrudge us this?

The chances are no one will know  
that quietly you've slipped away  
No one will notice if you go  
nor will they miss you anyway.

They too are lost in their day dreams  
and only some emergency  
will draw them quickly back it seems.  
To the world of reality.

3-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Seagulls For

Seagulls

Masters of both sea and air  
The seagulls skim the waves then rise  
They ride the thermals easily  
a manoeuvre they do not share  
stare their graceful flight sheer artistry.  
Although I find it hard to bear  
Sometimes it brings tears to my eyes  
wishing for things that cannot be

Flying skills beyond compare.  
a sight that's pleasing to my eyes  
I think that I will never see  
No matter where I stand and  
such aerobatics all for free  
I am earthbound and not up there  
I'm often taken by surprise  
I find I'm weeping helplessly

22-Aug-08 blog. my

Trigee format

ie each side can be read as a seperate poem amd reading straight across a third poem can be read

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Seasoned Travellers For Chris Savin

In dreams I travel where I will.  
Although I do not have the skill  
to dictate where I want to go  
Some people can do this I know.  
They have acquired mastery  
so they can control completely.  
The content of their lucid dreams  
Just as they like or so it seems  
They tell me if I practice hard  
in time I will gain my reward  
Be free to travel astral  
to anywhere I want to be  
But until then I must make do  
not knowing where I'm going to.

22-Nov-0

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Second Thoughts For My Lady Irene

To time my lady's attitude,  
that she, not clocks is in control  
She makes it clearly understood  
that she considers on the whole.  
That time is only relative  
to what she wants or needs to do.  
She's most unlikely to forgive.  
anyone who thinks she ought to  
be ruled by clocks like other folk.  
Content to hurry up and wait  
she treats the whole thing as a joke.  
When circumstances make her late.  
She sees no need to fume and fuss  
and those who do as ludicrous.

28-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Second Thoughts For My Lady Irene

To time my lady's attitude,  
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She makes it clearly understood  
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and those who do as ludicrous.

28-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Secret Dreams

The abbot is a saintly man.  
He praises me because I can  
transcribe and illustrate the word.  
So that the gospel may be heard

by other men on other lands,  
He says that God has blessed my hands.  
Although my frame is poor and weak  
and that my talent is unique.

The holy books that I produce.  
A bishop would be proud to use  
From other duties I am free  
save for my calligraphy.

But still pray to God each night  
to heal my body set me right.  
Because I would much rather be  
outside and work laboriously.

But I must do as He commands  
The abbot says he understands.  
How very hard it is for me  
to write of things I'll never see.

Each man must serve as best  
he can as soldier priest or husbandman.  
To everyman God gave a skill  
his part of Gods plan to fulfil.

We are all where we're meant to be  
and must accept this patiently.  
I trust the Abbot he is wise  
It's not for us to criticise.

Where we are placed in the great scheme.  
but still I am allowed to dream  
and in my dreams I'm tall and strong

I need no crutch to get along.

but dreams are not reality.

I am not as I'd like to be.

So I will do the best I can.

As God expects from any man.

Although I sometimes wonder why

I must suffer from such frailty.

It is the cross I have to bear.

My faith in God I can declare

by copying his Holy Word

I wield my quill pen like a sword.

I am too frail and weak to fight

but I have strength and skill to write.

I transcribe and I illustrate

the word of God in copperplate,

in coloured inks of different hues.

My given task I can't refuse.

The abbot says he can rely

upon my skill and my trained eye.

To train the younger monks to do

the work the way I've taught them to.

The time will come when I can't see.

when old age catches up with me.

The copying will still go on

long after I am dead and gone.

Then I shall reap as I have sown.

My secret dreams to God are known.

I do not think he will condemn

my wish to be like other men.

28-Sep-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Secret Sorrows

Her eyes grey/blue and like the sea.  
Their colours changing constantly.  
They sparkle when she's having fun  
Like water droplets in the sun.  
At other times they darken to grey  
Because her mind is far away.  
Completely lost in reverie  
Reliving some sad memory.  
Secret sorrows she won't share  
Perhaps because she does not dare.  
I think in time she will decide.  
She no longer needs to hide.  
What happened to her long ago.  
The time has come to let it go.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## See And Share

The gleam of moonlight on the sea.  
The sun's heat haze across the moor,  
are both of them a part of me.  
Seen through the ever open door

to my own world of fantasy.  
Where my wild spirit can explore.  
a different reality,  
providing memories I store.

Recording them as poetry,  
so I can share them with my friends  
Who praise my versatility.  
Here, inspiration never ends.

I do not write my poetry.  
How can I make you understand,  
it is my poetry writes me.  
Fresh new tales from fairy land

That's where I always long to be.  
But even I obey the rules  
Sometimes I do act sensibly  
to prove that poets are not fools.

We have the power to break free  
From physics rules of gravity  
Describe the wonders that we see  
with pristine perfect clarity.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Seeds Of Doubt

"To tell the truth" invariably  
precedes the telling of a lie.  
It reeks of insincerity  
and always makes me wonder why.  
You think that I might doubt your word  
although I have no reason to.  
I find this prefix quite absurd  
to me it never does ring true.  
I do not doubt your honesty  
nor do I think that you doubt mine.  
This prefix is a travesty  
which only serves to underline.  
The seeds of doubt you sow in me.  
Which were not there previously.

05/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Seeress

I cast the runes: Then carefully  
consider what they signify  
The different patterns I can see.  
I can't be sure but I can try.

Interpretation is a skill  
which operates subconsciously.  
Sometimes it's guided by my will  
but not always successfully.

I try to forecast honestly  
but do not claim that I am right.  
Some things I see will come to be  
and some will not but others might.

I cast the runes and concentrate.  
Throw wide the portals of my mind.  
Receptive in my trancelike state.  
I set my spirit free to find.

The answers which I seek to know  
which are concealed from mortal eyes.  
Interpretations come and go.  
I can't be sure which one is best.

So I select the probable  
which seems to fit the question best.  
But I am not infallible  
I'm only human like the rest.

I do not charge you any fee.  
To use the talents I possess  
and always warn you clearly  
At best my answer is a guess.

2-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Seize The Day

Although society expects  
that old folk should live quietly.  
I don't accept foolish precepts  
I cannot possibly agree  
Nobody can dictate to me  
what I should or should not do.  
I won't surrender easily  
I'm always trying something new.  
I will not sit and vegetate  
in my arm chair and watch T.V.  
I say this most vehemently.  
Though I am old I'm not brain dead  
I lead an active life instead.

31-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Seize The Day For Granddaughter Chitra

Seize the day

We rarely know how others feel  
Because they are afraid to say  
and think it wiser to conceal.  
Emotions that they daren't display.

Although they are attracted to  
your looks and personality  
The are afraid if the tell you  
you may reject them completely.

So seize the opportunity  
it may not ever come again.  
Speak honestly and openly  
you may lose less than what you gain.

Perhaps she feels the same way too.  
Unless you speak you'll never know.  
She's probably as scared as you  
to let her inner feeling show.

What fate decrees will come to be.  
Despite your lack of confidence.  
I can tell you with certainty.  
This has been my experience.

Say what you feel what can you lose?  
Sometimes you have to take a chance.  
A still tongues is of little use  
when you are searching for romance,

26/04/2009

http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Selective Recall.

An elephant never forgets  
The things he's done which he regrets.  
He cannot edit memories  
which human beings do with ease  
This is a burden he must bear  
increasing slowly year by year.  
His past mistakes accumulate  
and he is weighed down by their weight.  
But human beings can erase  
all memories of their younger days  
By wiping out the evidence  
they can protest their innocence.  
I'm glad I'm not an elephant  
and can block out what I don't want.

20-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Selectivity

I sometimes choose to read the news.  
Although I seldom share the views.  
Which the so called experts express,  
those gentlemen who use the press

to try to gain my sympathy  
for some outlandish theory.  
To which they give their full support  
but very little serious thought.

I may be wrong but I suspect  
these pundits really do expect  
That I should believe their every word.  
However patently absurd

But I am not fooled so easily  
as they seem to think I'll be.  
I'm wise enough to disagree.  
With their brand of idiocy.

I gather facts which I cross check  
from other sources that find.  
A pinch of salt, I need a peck  
They do not think I have a mind.

I'm not incapable of thought  
I draw my own conclusions  
A little trick that life has taught  
me. I have no illusions.

They're only men the same as me.  
Entitled to their point of view  
however stupid it may be.  
I am quite sure you know this too.

14-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Self Condemned.

The sound of silence echoing,  
beneath an unforgiving sky.  
This is the place of reckoning.  
All my past sins parading by.

I am abandoned and alone.  
As I know I deserve to be.  
Is there no way I can atone  
for things I did unthinkingly?

Must I endure this misery  
behind the walls which I have built.  
Condemned to watch eternally  
the evidence of my past guilt.

But love can reach you even there  
Love can absolve you of your sin  
and rescue you from black despair.  
But first you must invite love in.

Love holds the key to set you free  
from self imposed imprisonment.  
Accept love unconditionally.  
Release from your predicament.

You're not as guilty as you feel.  
You are no worse than other men  
Why should you then try to conceal  
your guilt.. It's Time to start again.

Absorb the lessons from the past  
Resolve this time you'll get right  
and in due course you'll find you've passed  
from darkness into bright sunlight.

27-Dec-08

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Self Convicted For Friend Charles Taylor

The Mandarin inscrutable  
is clad in robes of rich brocade.  
There before him on the table  
a dagger with a bloodstained blade.

As magistrate he must decide  
by weighing up the evidence.  
Which suspect has or has not lied.  
Pronounce on guilt and innocence.

There's no appeal his word is law.  
He wields supreme authority  
and he has seen it all before.  
Considers it objectively.

He can read thoughts or so it seems  
the guilty man believes this true.  
Caught up in his own twisted schemes  
as guilty men are wont to do.

Betrays himself and leaves no doubt  
about his guilt, it's plain to see.  
The mandarin says take him out  
execute him immediately

.  
In this way was justice served  
The mandarin inscrutable  
said little but close observed  
which man was most uncomfortable.

He might be wrong it's possible.  
His knowledge of psychology  
makes it highly improbable.  
That's why he holds authority.

3-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Self Defence

I view not with my earthly eyes  
the scented fields of paradise.  
A self deluding fantasy  
I see that which I want to see.  
A panorama of delight  
a riverside bathed in sunlight.  
A place of peace and harmony  
where I can set my sprit free  
A place where I am sure to find  
a solace and my peace of mind.  
For here no evil can exist.  
This is a place that I persist  
in visiting when I'm distressed  
To let my troubled spirit rest.

1-Aug-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Self Determination

I heard the bullets ricochet  
and prayed that none would come my way  
We were deployed to keep the peace,  
but sneak attacks will never cease.  
Until the general populace  
decide that they will put in place  
Their own laws which will guarantee  
to everyone equality.  
We can't impose democracy  
by force of arms. It's clear to see.  
The people have the right to choose  
what they accept or they refuse.  
What right have we to interfere  
It's plain we are not wanted here.

2-May-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Self Justification.

It's not so easy to forget.  
The things we did which we regret  
Though if we try we may succeed  
in justifying every deed.  
Convince ourselves we had no choice  
Ignore the inner nagging voice.  
Which reminds us constantly.  
We did what we did willingly.  
We know when we indulged our lust  
that we betrayed another's trust.  
We did not see it as a crime  
and we enjoyed it at the time.  
Although in time we realise  
that our excuses are all lies.

Friday, 21 January 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Self Knowledge For M Lady Ernestine

A mature lady who was known  
for beauty in her younger days.  
Now like a rose that's overblown,  
She's wise enough to change her ways.

For youthful beauty cannot last  
once you have reached maturity.  
It's no use dwelling on the past.  
You must accept reality.

She's now known as a lady who  
despises foolish fashion trends  
She is one of the lucky few  
who knows when youthful beauty ends.

You can develop stateliness.  
Express your personality  
a greater gift than prettiness.  
This virtue lasts indefinitely.

An older woman can impress  
by her sheer strength of character.  
And therein lies her cleverness  
she knows that many men prefer.

Maturity to youthfulness.  
Her style of self sufficiency  
enhances her attractiveness  
lends her an air of mystery.

Arousing most men's interest.  
Like moths around a candle flame,  
they vie to prove they are the best.  
She is the mistress of the game..

Do not despair as beauty fades.  
At best its only transient  
a property of all young maids  
which they attain by accident.

An older woman can attract  
the kind of man she chooses to.  
With whom she'd like to interact.  
What she decides that she will do.

Permits no one to interfere  
She knows that she is in control  
a fact that she will make quite clear.  
To be herself her only goal..

16-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Self Made Man

Alas alack and woe is me  
My life is filled with misery  
I loved a lass who loved not me  
She treated me disdainfully.

She saw herself as upper class  
And much superior to me.  
A barrier I could not pass.  
A subtle form of cruelty.

But time moves on and so did I  
I went to university  
Where somewhat different rules apply  
You're judged on your ability.

I earned a double first degree.  
I studied politics and law  
So I was qualified to be  
What I decided either or.

My tutor recommended me  
to several of his well placed friends.  
Who he felt quite probably  
Would use me to suit their own ends

I became a secretary  
To a rising star in politics  
Who chose to place his trust in me.  
To cover up his dirty tricks.

I managed this successfully.  
He taught me more than what he thought.  
Although I served him loyally  
I knew much more than what I ought.

Eventually he sponsored me  
to be his party's candidate.  
I was elected as M.P



Then all I had to do was wait.

For the right opportunity.  
To demonstrate what I could do.  
Show my potentiality  
To the elite, the favoured few.

The men who held the power to  
Promote me or to hold me back.  
I paid respect where it was due  
and very soon I was on track.

To realise my ambition.  
To be a junior minister.  
Perhaps in education  
or something rather similar.

I knew enough to toe the line  
Without appearing threatening  
And soon a junior post was mine.  
Which in itself was heartening.

I was quite sure I could secure  
all the support that I would need.  
To land myself a sinecure  
I had no doubt I would succeed

I had recorded secretly  
The dirty tricks that they had played.  
And told them confidentially  
About records I had made.

I soon acquired cabinet rank.  
My erstwhile mentor taught me well  
Although his methods sometimes stank  
I learnt as I endured the smell

I am the minister for trade  
I travel everywhere first class  
My only job is to persuade  
The members of the working class

I have their interests at heart  
It's not an easy thing to do.  
My lies are truly works of art  
They sound as if they could be true.

I never promise anything.  
But they are convinced that I do  
I am well used to public speaking  
They believe 'cos they want to.

That is the art of politics.  
If you can fake sincerity.  
And conceal your dirty tricks.  
Then you are where you ought to be.

The public now do not believe  
That M.P.s have integrity  
Who earn respect they don't receive.  
I do not let that worry me.

I shall receive my knighthood soon  
And then retire from public life.  
Nobody can prick my balloon  
Although rumours may be rife.

There is no concrete evidence  
That anybody can provide  
I can say that with confidence  
No one can prove that I ever lied.

I only claimed what I was due.  
I made quite sure to follow rules.  
The claims I made were always true  
Unlike the other greedy fools.

I will retire with dignity  
With my integrity intact  
At least it will appear to be  
although it may not be in fact.

Appearances are all that count.

In the modern world today.  
You never hear the true account  
Which people know but dare not say.

Sunday,18 September 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Self Opinion

At dawn, the rising of the sun  
alerts the cockerel to crow.  
Although in his opinion  
The cock doth cause the sun to glow.  
And there are many little men.  
Who like the cockerel will crow  
to prove their worth again, again.  
I wonder was it always so.  
I feel no need to brag and boast.  
I am content to simply be.  
My own opinion uppermost  
Lacks not for credibility.  
At least not in my own eyes  
though others may think otherwise.

04/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Self Pride

S

At seventy four still competent  
to manage independently.  
He is supremely confident,  
as he has every right to be.

Although he's old his sense of pride  
ensures he's always clean and neat.  
He will not let his standards slide.  
Regarding that as a defeat.

He is well shaved, his trouser pressed.  
He's older than he seems to be,  
he's conscious of the way he's dressed  
both formally and casually

Although he's old women still see  
A fine upstanding specimen  
A man who is still proud to be  
as smartly dressed as younger men.

His back is straight he walks erect  
carries the burden of his years.  
Much easier than you might expect.  
Old age for him holds no more fears.

He just accepts he cannot do  
as quickly or efficiently  
all of the things he might want to.  
He hasn't got the energy.

But what he can do is to show  
the world he's still a man  
That old age will not bring him low  
and by example prove you can.

Defy the ravages of age  
it all depends on attitude.  
Refusing to be average  
there is no reason why you should.

Surrender and accept defeat  
but keep on living till you die.  
At any age life can be sweet  
if only you're prepared to try.

21-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Selina 08

The crescent moon can symbolise  
so many things to different eyes  
I think maybe it is not wise  
to assume your view is right.

To me it means serenity  
A symbol which eternally  
floats on high for all to see  
The silver lady of the night.

You have a different point of view  
which to you seems to be as true.  
I see no reason to argue.  
It could be that we are both right.

A symbol of religion.  
Something to meditate upon,  
a mere relection of the Sun  
Perhaps a cause for which to fight.

She shines on all men equally  
Despite their inability  
to agree to disagree.  
Why should she care who's view is right.

15-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Selina Sees Our Misery.

The moon mistress of mystery  
has observed mankind's history.  
For centuries and centuries.

Though she has seen it all before  
Mankind's love of making war  
Against her rules which men ignore.

While trying to impose their will  
on other men. They lack the skill  
to come to terms and so they kill.

The goddess watches in despair.  
Because her children do not dare  
to show each other that they care.

All members of one family  
and still they squabble endlessly  
Instead of living peacefully.

In time perhaps they will mature  
and change the course of their nature  
She hopes but cannot be sure.

Because her children have free will.  
And choose their way for good or ill.  
The goddess waits and watches still.

A symbol of serenity  
she waits and watches patiently.  
Long suffering humanity.

Monday, 16 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Sense And Sensitivity

I try to keep an open mind  
for things that cannot be defined.  
Foreknowledge and telepathy,  
anything extra sensory.

Clairvoyance and clairaudience,  
which seem to use a different sense  
from the five which we all use  
It seems we aren't allowed to choose

Levels of sensitivity.  
are distributed randomly.  
Although we try we can't deny  
that some unwritten rules apply

That these wild talents do exist  
That's why belief will long exist.  
We can't present proof positive.  
All the evidence we can give

is anecdotal at the best  
and fails all scientific test  
Administered by tight closed minds  
absorbed in prejudice which blinds

to any possibility.  
Which they can't touch or taste or see.  
Although I do not understand  
I cannot dismiss out of hand

Abilities which some possess.  
but are reluctant to express.  
Because they do not want to be  
Subject to foolish mockery

You are convinced it can't be true  
and you refuse to listen to  
any opposing argument  
Your mind tight closed you are content

to live your life in ignorance  
. Ascribing everything to chance  
A choice you are entitled to  
if you prefer a blinkered view.

Because some things can't be defined  
I much prefer an open mind.  
I can accept quite easily  
not every body will agree.

There's so much that we do not know  
about the human ugh  
it seems to be illogical  
I think nothing's impossible.

08/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sense And Sensitivity 2010

Sense and sensitivity.2010

Big city life is not for me.  
Too many minds impinge on mine.  
Broadcasting thoughts quite randomly  
that have no purpose or design.  
the broadcast thoughts though unaware  
that other people can receive.  
I find such chaos hard to bear.  
I must raise barriers to achieve  
the peace of mind for which I yearn.  
Leaves me no choice I must return  
to rural life and peacefulness.  
Though city life is not for me.  
It may suit you admirably.

Saturday,03 July 2010

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Sentimental Value For M 'Lady Tara

A crystal vase reflects sunlight  
but splits it up prismatically  
Into stray beams of colours bright  
which demonstrate the artistry.  
Which can lie locked in inert glass.  
Though beautiful in its own right.  
It is enhanced when sunbeams pass  
through emerging as coloured light.  
A whole spectrum of colours play  
across the china cabinet  
highlighting teasetts on display  
in such a way you can forget.  
They are completely valueless  
as dancing colours irridesce.

18-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## September Afternoon For M Lady Ernestine.

September sun spasmodically  
breaks through the clouds which threaten rain.  
Sometimes the clouds triumphantly  
block out the sunshine once again.  
I watch and wait expectantly  
to see the sun come smiling through  
A little optimistically  
I hope to see the sky turn blue.  
The storm clouds try but can't resist  
a brisk wind blowing from the sea  
They have no choice the wind persists  
Although they move reluctantly.  
The clouds are gone the sun shines on  
and will do 'til the day is done.

Wednesday, 08 September 2010  
ce, com/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Serenity Is My Portion For M Lady Ann Beard

The last rays of the setting sun  
encarnadine the grey stonewalls  
of my small house when day is done.  
I watch content as darkness falls.

I have an unimpeded view  
from where I sit towards the sea.  
Each sunset shows me something new  
the darkness holds no threat for me.

In fact I crave the quietness.  
I choose to live in solitude.  
I hate the city's business  
an anti social attitude? .

That may be true I can't deny  
I do not seek the company  
of fellow men and I know why  
I hate the close proximity.

Of the unthinking bustling crowd  
Who advertise their discontent  
broadcasting random thoughts aloud  
By accident without intent.

The random thoughts they radiate  
albeit quite unknowingly  
combine together and create  
a standing wave of misery.

Perhaps I am too sensitive.  
Which would explain my attitude  
The reason that I choose to live  
in isolated solitude.

I'm woken by the rising sun  
which bids me that it's time to rise  
and greet the new day just begun.  
In perfect peace and quietness.

The grey stone walls now tinged with gold  
I look towards the distant sea  
Enjoy the beauty I behold  
I am content as I should be.

08/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Setting The Scene For M Lady Lucianne

Few know where shy white violets grow  
but I am one of those who do.  
Just take my hand and we will go  
together to a place I know.

I am prepared to share with you  
But you must swear you will not tell  
a single soul for if you do.  
Too many folks will go there to

grub up the plants and take them home  
to plant them in their garden plot.  
Where other folks are not welcome  
I would not mind if they took some.

But know quite well they'll take them all  
and leave not one single plant behind.  
Their greed would be the plants downfall.  
There would be none for us to find.

When we go walking hand in hand  
along this pretty lovers lane.  
I know my love you understand.  
The violets grow where nature planned.

That white violets are very rare,  
they are not meant to be confined.  
They do not need a gardeners care  
You will see when we get there.

Their beauty in a natural state.  
Where they were intended to be,  
I know you will appreciate  
why I swear you to secrecy.

But I trust you implicitly  
I know that you will not betray  
the shy white violets or me.  
You are the soul of honesty.



That's why I am in love with you.  
Not only are you sweet and kind  
but to your word you're always true.  
and do what you say you will do.

When we get there I will propose  
and hope that you will answer yes.  
I think you have guessed my purpose  
and know exactly why I chose.

To show my violets to you  
today and now in early spring,  
In fact I am convinced you do.  
You know me far too well not to.

4-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Seven Deadly Sins

## Greed 1

Those who consume more than they need.  
Must surely merit punishment.  
In time will suffer for their greed.  
Those who consume more than they need  
With selfishness their only creed  
to others peoples detriment.  
Those who consume more than the need  
must surely merit punishment.

## Envy 2

To covet that which you do not have,  
leads to a life of misery  
best to be content with your lot  
To covet that which you have not  
for envy of no matter what.  
To covet that which you have not,  
leads to a life of misery.

## Lust 3

Succumb to lust, a foolish game.  
A trap into which most may fall.  
If pleasure is their only aim.  
Succumb to lust a foolish game  
an urge, the wise ones try to tame  
.For empty pleasures soon must pall.  
Succumb to lust a foolish game,  
a trap into which most may fall.

## Gluttony 4

A glutton will refill his plate  
he lives to eat. Not eats to live  
His tastes are far from delicate.  
A glutton will refill his plate,

his appetite he cannot sate  
He eats to prove he is alive.  
A glutton will refill his plate  
He lives to eat. Not eats to live

Anger. 5

Intemperate he shows his rage.  
His wrath conceals his mortal fear.  
His fury merely camouflage.  
Intemperate he shows his rage.  
He acts a part as though on stage,  
his lip curled back into a sneer  
Intemperate he show his rage,  
his wrath conceals his mortal fear

Sloth 6

Procrastination is his way.  
A life of slothful idleness,  
tomorrow is another day.  
Procrastination is his way  
I am too tired he will say  
when chided for his laziness.  
Procrastination is his way  
a life of slothful idleness.

Pride 7

He who is proud is sure to fall.  
The grave renders all men to dust.  
In death all men become equal  
He who is proud is sure to fall  
Wrapped in sack cloth or silken shawl  
All men decay because they must  
He who is proud is sure to fall.  
The grave renders all men to dust

14-Aug-07

poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sex Discrimination

She trusted and she was betrayed  
At least according to the maid.  
She swore that she was innocent  
and unaware of my intent.

The maiden lied as women do.  
They enjoy first and then they rue.  
Though it takes two to play loves game  
it seems that I must bear the blame.

Why should she be seen as guilt free.  
When she is just as blameworthy,  
but she will live and I will die.  
Her father means to hang me high.

Although I am not innocent.  
I am entitled to resent  
the obvious inequality.  
I have to die but she goes free.

10-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sexual Discrimination For The Ladies

Most women are content to be  
to men a total mystery  
Their thought processes baffle us  
we find their thinking curious.  
Men think in a straight forward way,  
the answer must be yea or nay  
But women don't they intuit  
most often rightly I admit.  
It is not true that men are fools.  
We don't attempt to learn the rules.  
because you'd change them right away.  
There's little more that I can say  
We love you unconditionally.  
That is the way it has to be.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Shadow Dancers For M 'Lady Amy

The shadow which throughout the day  
have hidden quietly away.  
In nooks and crannies which they know  
Day is their time for lying low.

When darkness falls come out to play.  
Although the sunlight rules the day.  
The silver moon's in charge by night  
and she has granted them the right.

To freely frolic through the night  
they do not fear her gentle light.  
Though when the sunrise lights the skies.  
They hide again if they are wise.

Perhaps the sleep all through the day  
I do not know I cannot say.  
I only know it's my delight  
to see the shadows dance at night.

They can appear and disappear  
but they are far too fast I fear.  
For human eyes to clearly see  
the shadows dancing gracefully.

Our eyes accustomed to the light  
don't work efficiently at night.  
Though sometimes watching quietly  
You see them dancing silently.

17-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Shameless

My visual acuity  
is not as good as it might be  
My hearing too is failing fast  
not half as good as in the past.  
I fear I'm on the downward slope  
but still I'm cheerful and I hope.  
They'll last me for a few years yet  
although sometimes I forget  
exactly just how old I am.  
I do not give a tinkers damn.  
I'm still alive I don't complain.  
Each day I wake up is a gain  
another opportunity  
To misbehave outrageously..

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Shared Confidence For My Lady Irene

My lady loves me this I know  
because she often tells me so  
I tell her just as frequently.  
Three little words that seem to be.  
the key to lasting happiness  
Because we know we need not guess.  
Our love's a mutuality  
that's based upon equality  
Every time I say "I love you"  
my lady knows for sure I do  
and every time that she tells me  
I know it is a certainty.  
If every couple did the same  
There'd be more winners in life's game.

7-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Shared Ecstasy For My Lady Irene

The human frame cannot sustain  
a state of bliss perpetually.  
We reach the peak, descend again  
although it is reluctantly.  
The slow build up to the release,  
a brief moment of ecstasy.  
Two souls conjoined in perfect peace  
as bodies move in harmony.  
The ultimate togetherness.  
No you, No I but only we.  
A blend of lust and tenderness  
we share but momentarily.  
Togetherness we can maintain  
we know we'll climb the peak again.

26-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Shared Secrets

Shared secrets.  
Experimental form.

Today  
And tomorrow  
Will soon be history.

Years pass  
So very fast  
Though we can remember vividly.

Some day  
Because we did  
Something out of the ordinary.

Days out.  
Or holidays.  
Long cherished memories.

Today  
Like any day.  
Could be such a day possibly.

Some days  
Make no impact.  
But others very easily.

Remain  
Permanently  
Embedded deep in memory.

Known to.  
No one but you  
And one other possibly.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# She Guards The Guardian Story Poem

The dragon soars on silver wings  
and as he flies the dragon sings.  
Of where he's been and what he's done.  
Since first he hatched beneath the sun

He can despite his mighty size,  
dance in the air so gracefully  
He is the focus of all eyes  
His audience watch gratefully.

His singing voice a baritone.  
He sings a love song to his mate  
Condemned for now to wait alone.  
The dragon's flight decreed by fate.

A dragon's task is to protect  
And this is what he means to do  
He does not know what to expect  
But does as fate has bid him to

It might be just a false alarm.  
Although he is prepared to fight  
to shield his people from all harm  
A sacred duty and a right.

He disappears into the blue  
too high too far for us to see  
And does what guardians have to do  
He then returns triumphantly.

Another battle he has won.  
Swiftly returns to join his mate.  
He is a doughty champion  
a fact that we appreciate.

Earth bound; again the dragon sings.  
His vibrant tones rise to the skies  
Enfold his mate within his wings.  
She lies content with half closed eyes

He must renew his energy.  
In case some challenge should arise.  
She snuggles in contentedly.  
The dragoness for she is wise.

He has his task and she has hers.  
A joint responsibility  
The dragoness knows what she prefers  
to lie together quietly.

But she accepts without demur.  
He has no choice but play his part.  
She knows he will return to her.  
She is the keeper of his heart.

09/07/2009

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## She Is Fir My Lady Irene

My lady strolls to take the air.  
The flowers bow as she goes by,  
because they know they can't compare  
with my lady, so they don't try.  
The song birds sing my lady's praise,  
sweet music to my lady's taste.  
Here as she walks the woodland ways  
They flock to sing to her; in haste  
Where e're she walks a cool breeze blows  
plays with the glory of her hair.  
It is as if all nature knows  
my lady's more than passing fair  
She walks in beauty naturally.  
she is as she was meant to be.

01/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# She Is My Home For My Lady Irene

Green; green is the riverside grass  
The willows weeping by the stream.  
The song birds sing pleasantly  
and yet my heart, my heart is sad.  
My beloved is not here and so  
the house echoes with emptiness.  
I wait longing for her return.  
Loneliness oppresses me  
although I know she will come back.  
A week can seem eternity.  
I stand by the casement and watch  
Keeping vigil impatiently.  
In the distance a cloud of dust.  
May herald she is on her way  
My spirits lift, my heart takes wing.  
The house will come to life again  
once she steps over the threshold  
without her the house is just a house.  
Her presence makes the house a home  
Without my lover to share it  
of what use is a mansion.

14-Mar-09

Shih style

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# She Reigns Supreme For New Friend Sid

The old gods sleep they are not dead  
Although neglected still they wait  
for worshippers who long since fled.  
Hope to regain their former state.

This hope they cherish as they dream  
of pomp and power and sacrifice  
and in their wakeful moments scheme.  
But all their schemes will not suffice.

To reinstate their golden days,  
The days when they held pride of place  
and worshippers sang in their praise.  
Before they fell into disgrace.

Invaders came with foreign gods.  
Displaced the local deities.  
Though some survived against the odds  
and still were worshipped secretly.

As fashions change new gods prevail  
and the old gods are driven out  
But true believers will not fail  
They know without the slightest doubt.

Although in public they comply  
with dictates of authority.  
This is pretence for public show  
but deep within their hearts they know.

The Mother Goddess rules us still  
though she appears in different guise.  
She always did and always will.  
She is all seeing and all wise.

10-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# She Was Much Wiser Than He Knew.

He asked her for her heart and hand.  
Which she agreed to readily.  
He thought she did not understand.  
His motives were mercenary.

She joined the aristocracy  
became a Countess over night.  
Which recued him from penury.  
He thought that she was not too bright.

But soon discovered his mistake.  
For trust funds still controlled her wealth.  
There was no way that he could take  
advantage of her using stealth.

She was much wiser than he thought  
and kept control of the purse strings.  
She gained the title that she sought.  
She disbelieved his sweet nothings.

She had agreed to clear his debts  
and this she was prepared to do.  
Without the slightest of regrets.  
Because she was entitled to

use her new title of Countess.  
Which opened many doors for her.  
But as for him he gained far less  
than he had really bargained for.

Though not harassed by creditors  
He finds his freedom is curtailed.  
Like many would be predators.  
He lost much more than what he gained.

There is a moral to this tale  
When predators go head to head.  
The weakest one is bound to fail  
So do take head of what I've said.



Monday, 17 May 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# She.

She was tall and proud and graceful,  
long laughing red hair framed her face.  
Her sea green eyes, calm and serene,  
looked at the world with a level gaze.

Generous lips in a half smile  
above a firmly rounded jaw.  
Small ears nestled close to her head  
in each a golden crescent moon.

Even white teeth showed when she smiled.  
Clad in a plain green linen dress,  
the swelling curves of her firm breasts  
were balanced by her rounded hips.

She showed no fear nor yet surprise,  
but looked at me with interest.  
She spoke, her voice was soft and sweet  
In a language I did not know.

I only know my heart was gone,  
plucked from me by her mystery.  
She smiled and took my hand  
and took me whither I should go.

She led me to a small cabin  
alone and hidden in the trees.  
There without words or need of words,  
we came together lovingly.

We loved and slept and slept and loved,  
until the evening twilight fell.  
In happiness with limbs entwined  
we settled in the soft darkness.

I was woken by bright sunlight  
In a bramble patch, stiff and sore.  
My strange love was nowhere to be seen,  
but in my hand a crescent moon.

For thirty years I have returned  
faithfully each summer.  
In forlorn hope she would appear.  
She kept my heart. I kept my faith.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Shedding A Little Light On The Past For M 'Lady Ernestine

A candle in a paper boat  
Placed on the water carefully  
Then lit before its set afloat  
Recalls a racial memory.  
Of funeral pyres in days of old  
Of longships burning in the night.  
The records that our memories hold.  
Transformed by the candle light  
on paper boats we set adrift.  
It's just a little game to us  
But memories can slowly lift  
the veil that's separating us.  
Two worlds existing side by side.  
Long may these memories abide.

Tuesday, 08 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sheela Na Gig

Sheela na Gig immodest maid.  
A symbol of fertility.  
Although the Christian church forbade  
.She still appears quite frequently.  
Her effigies protected by  
stern laws and heavy penalties.  
The old beliefs refuse to die  
to no one but the priests surprise.  
Sheela na Gig with legs apart  
displays her femininity.  
Some think her crude but she's a part  
of Irelands ancient history.  
If to your eye she appears lewd  
I must conclude you are a prude.

16-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sheer Jealousy For My Lady Irene

Triple triolet

Thou knowest that I love thee well  
I never tire of telling thee  
nor dost thou tire of hearing me.

Thou always smilest pleasantly.  
Sometimes a little wickedly.  
Thou knowest that I love thee well.

Thou knowest that I love thee well  
On that we can both agree  
we live together happily.  
Thou knowest that I love thee well.

-

Though other folks may doubt our claim.  
Methinks they show their jealousy  
Because they do not want to see

A couple unafraid to be  
in love and show it easily  
Though other folks may doubt our claim.

Though other folks may doubt our claim.  
We can state with honesty,  
we never ever disagree.  
Though other folks may doubt our claim

-

They are entitled to their view.  
We will not stoop to argument,  
we know that we are well content

They are entitled to their view.  
Although of course we cant agree,  
we can accept quite easily  
They are entitled to their view.

26/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Short Term Fixes Create Problems

A policy of slash and burn  
may bring a small but quick return  
but it's the worst of strategies.  
Thin soil denuded of its trees.  
Cannot retain the falling rain  
and soon becomes an arid plain  
The soil dried out and blown away,  
a man made desert here to stay  
It seems man cannot understand  
He's just a steward of the land.  
If nature can replace the trees  
the process will take centuries.  
Man has no choice but to move on  
another swathe of forest gone.

26-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Short Term Gains Experimental Form

A great grey/green expanse of mud.  
Covered twice daily by the flood  
when the high tide comes flowing in.  
Where does land end and sea begin?

Adapted to their habitat  
the denizens live happily.

They recognise no boundary.  
For they are free to come and go  
between the salt marsh and the sea.  
They know all that they need to know.

Adapted to their habitat  
the denizens live happily.

Here they can live quite easily  
safe from most land based predators  
protected by the friendly sea.  
The wading birds parade in force.

Adapted to their habitat  
the denizens live happily.

To men a bleak unfriendly place.  
To wading birds a paradise  
providing them with a safe base  
which guarantees their food supplies.

Adapted to their habitat  
the denizens live happily.

Until men choose to interfere  
and build dykes to hold back the sea.  
The mud flats slowly disappear  
The denizens are forced to flee.

For men adapt their habitat  
so they can live more comfortably.

Though nature wins eventually  
she will regain that which men claim  
as theirs by waiting patiently.  
She knows that she will win the game.

Though men adapt their habitat  
it's only temporarily.

The works of man though built to last  
are not immune to nature's laws.  
They're undermined and overcast  
by years that slowly pass of course.

Nature restores the habitat  
back to the way it used to be.

The birds return to their domain  
as if they'd never been away  
What man once held the birds regain  
as Mother Nature gets her way.

Adapted to their habitat  
the denizens live happily.

22-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Shot At Dawn

Those deaths a shameful memory  
Shot at dawn for cowardice.  
Almost unbelievably  
Young soldiers paid the final price.

They died because they chose to lie.  
About their age to volunteer.  
The normal rules did not apply.  
Research has made it very clear.

That the army bears the blame.  
That proof exists they can't deny.  
To their everlasting shame.  
They did not try to verify.

The age of youthful volunteers.  
Although they could and should have done.  
I'm sad to say that it appears  
They rarely checked on anyone.

The generals and the brigadiers.  
Did not care apparently.  
That mere schoolboys of tender years.  
Were enlisted readily.

To take the place of fighting men.  
Already fallen to the foe.  
They had to fill the ranks again.  
So they pretended not to know.

How many shell shocked boys were shot.  
Accused of being cowardly.  
The brass hats knew but they dare not  
Admit their failings openly.

The Great War ended long ago.  
The guilty men have long since died.  
But now at least the people know.

Despite the fact the army tried.

To hide the truth but they could not.

New evidence has come to light.

Which proves that shell shocked boys were shot.

Because they could no longer fight.

We understand shell shock today.

Much better than they did back then.

We view the world a different way.

We know that stress can cripple men.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sibling Rivalry

Petunia was a pretty pig  
though rather small she was not big  
But she could sing and she could dance  
and she did both at every chance  
Her Sire thought it infra dig

Although she was quite undersized  
No one could fail to be surprised  
To see such talents in a swine  
her sense of timing was divine.  
The tricky steps which she devised.

Were praised by all who saw her dance  
Her audience she would entrance.  
Her talents caused disharmony  
arousing sibling jealousy.  
So much she was denied entrance.

To the comfort of the sty.  
Petunia knew the reason why.  
She showed them that she did not care  
for she was welcomed everywhere  
to dance and sing. Ecstatically.

26/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sick Fancies Of A Tired Mind

A bell rings out, a deep toned bell.  
A single chime; that's ominous.  
What does that single chime foretell?  
So resonant and sonorous

It marks the passing of the hour.  
Perhaps the passing of a soul  
It issues from the ivied tower  
and echoes imitate its toll.

I long to know but I must wait  
while night hours crawl slowly past  
deliberately to agitate.  
It seems to me the night hours last

much longer than they ought to do.  
When aches and pains keep me awake  
Although I know it isn't true.  
It seems to be for pity's sake.

My morbid fancies lead me to  
conclusions that I should not draw  
As morbid fancies tend to do  
more often than they did before.

There's nothing left in life for me  
I've run my race I'm satisfied  
That friendly death will set me free.  
I've been alone since my wife died.

I know I won't hear my death knell  
I find the thought amuses me  
but there is no one I can tell  
about this thought that tickles me.

When my call comes I will rejoice  
I've long been waiting patiently  
but we are given little choice  
I will greet my death eagerly.

I'm weary and I long to go  
but know I have to wait my turn.  
Although I wish it wasn't so  
I must wait patiently and yearn.

16-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Signs And Synbols

The dreams you have betray a need  
You may not always recognise,  
just what it is: You will concede  
that this is true if you are wise.

Interpretation of your dreams.  
Is not an easy thing to do.  
You mind conceives fantastic schemes  
to try and get it's message through.

Although the language is obscure.  
The symbols which your mind supplies  
can paint a very clear picture.  
Quite suddenly you realise.

Just what the symbols signify.  
It is quite easy when you try.

25-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Silk Road For a

Silk Road.

I will remember `til I die,  
the crowded caravanserai  
Where weary travellers spent the night  
and tried to sleep until day light.

The camels voicing their complaint  
would try the patience of a saint.  
Our journey started in Cathay  
we very slowly made our way.

With bales of silk we would exchange  
for foreign treasures rare and strange.  
A camel driver's life is hard  
we risked our lives for small reward.

The greedy merchants stayed at home.  
It's only fools like me that roam  
and dare the dangers of the road  
to protect our precious load.

We traversed over desert sands  
until we reached the greener land.  
The rugged mountains of the west  
but still for us there's little rest.

For brigands dog us all the way  
We have to keep watch night and day  
until we reach our journeys end.  
We must be ready to defend

ourselves against the outlaw bands.  
Who roam at will in the wild lands,  
where they sell for easy prey  
unarmed travellers to way lay.

But we are many and well armed  
allowed to go our way unharmed.

Until we reach our final goal,  
though we must pay the city toll.

Before we sell our merchandise  
to anyone who has the price.  
Fine silk a rare commodity  
their merchants will buy readily.

When all is sold then we can rest  
before we face the final test  
Of getting safely home again  
a happy band of weary men.

I am grown old my hair is white  
but I remember with delight.  
The great adventures that I had  
while I was still a growing lad.

The old Silk Road still calls to me.  
Because of my infirmity  
I am too old and weak today.  
I cannot go so I must stay.

I watch the caravans pass by  
no longer touched by jealousy.  
I know my travelling days are done  
and that quite soon I will be gone.

Far, far beyond the yellow springs  
to where the golden dragon sings  
his song of welcome from the skies  
for every son of Han who dies.

30-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Silence Is Golden

It seems that everywhere I go  
pop music strikes me like a blow.  
Its not that I'm a philistine.  
I find some music is divine.

But I prefer it soft and low  
classics are the best I know.  
To put me in a mellow mood.  
I find loud pop songs rather crude.

But Muzak really gets my goat.  
A quiet store would get my vote.  
I can browse without background noise.  
That wretched Muzak just annoys

me makes me lose my train of thought.  
So what I need remains unbought.  
I much prefer to do without.  
I find the exit and rush out.

Why do the merchants think we need  
music til our eardrums bleed.  
I think that people would spend more  
if they could find a silent store.

The kind of shop our parents knew  
where they were pleased to wait on you  
and glad to pass the time of day  
in the good old fashioned way.

Instead of them expecting you.  
To serve yourself and listen to  
pop music some computer chose.  
The price of progress I suppose.

19-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Silent Alarm For Friend David Threadgold

The darkness hosts a multitude  
of atavistic memories.  
which influence our attitude  
Towards the things we cannot see.

The hunting owl which quietly  
on noiseless wings seeks out his prey.  
His night tuned eyes can clearly see  
as if it was as bright as day.

Some see him as an enemy  
and view his passage with alarm.  
Although he's acting naturally  
with no intent to cause them harm.

Men fear the dark which seems to be  
a breeding ground for ancient fears  
embedded inescapably  
in memories from their forebears.

Their fear of being eaten by  
some marauding predator  
which pounces on them from the sky.  
Man will recall for evermore.

15-Aug-08

Http: cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Silent Eloquence For M Lady Dee Daffodil

They say dead men do not tell tales.  
This once was true but not today  
Forensic science rarely fails.  
Technology has shown the way.

We re-examine evidence  
long thought to be of little use.  
Our scrutiny is so intense,  
that criminals are bound to lose.

Although they think they're free and clear.  
No one can tie them to their crime,  
we're dogged and we persevere.  
We do not rush, we take our time.

Some criminals who still walk free  
will soon discover that we can  
prove their guilt indisputably.  
Invariably we get our man.

We have the latest gadgetry  
we can recover D.N.A  
from tiny fragments easily.  
Eventually then you will pay.

The full price for your evil deed  
although you think you've got away.  
We will persist til we succeed.  
We're on your track and there we'll stay.

We'll forge a chain of evidence  
that proves your guilt beyond all doubt  
Then you will pay for your offence.  
As in due course you will find out.

When you are brought before the court  
No doubt you will plead not guilty.  
You aren't as clever as you thought.  
You thought you'd got away Scott free.

Although Dame Justice may be blind.  
She is prepared to listen to  
any evidence we can find.  
That pins the blame squarely on you..

Dead men can speak eloquently  
and do when we investigate  
assisted by technology  
You can't escape it is too late.

23-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Silent Night

I do not enjoy aural sex.  
The creaking of the bed next door  
is always guaranteed to vex.  
I don't use motels any more.  
Especially the cheaper ones  
where beds are rented by the hour  
I cannot stand the ersatz moans  
which some poor fool is paying for.  
I bought myself a mobile home  
where I can get to sleep in peace.  
No matter where I'm forced to roam.  
From sleepless nights I've found release  
A salesman's job is not much fun  
when there is travelling to be done.

9-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Silver Shoes Story Poem For M Lady Ernestine

Sometimes when the night is falling.  
I can hear them softly calling.  
Come and dance the night away  
the moon is shining bright as day.

My fairy friends are gathering  
to dance within the fairy ring.  
I leave the comfort of my chair  
and go outside to find them there.

Already to commence the dance.  
I watch them as they skip and prance.  
I am too big to join the dance  
but gladly given half a chance.

I would discard my human guise  
and dwindle down to be their size  
Titania points her wand at me.  
I find I am quite suddenly.

Much smaller than I used to be.  
The fairy maids all laugh with glee,  
each one wants to dance with me  
I gladly join the revelry.

We dance until the morning breaks.  
A single word is all it takes  
to restore me to my own size.  
Titania is very wise.

She weaves another magic spell.  
I can recall but cannot tell.  
When I awake in my old chair  
Gripped in my hand I find a pair

of tiny silken, silver shoon  
the colour of a bright new moon.  
A little keep sake it would seem  
to prove to me it was no dream.



(11-Jul-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Simple Elegance For M 'Lady Tara

The beauty of a winter scene  
that's limned in simple black and white,  
with here and there an evergreen.  
To me a source of sheer delight.  
Although I love the autumn hues  
which recently were on display.  
Replaced by austere winter views  
I see the world a different way.  
A pleasure to an artist's eye,  
although a limited palette.  
I see no earthly reason why.  
When spring arrives we should forget.  
The winter beauty we have seen  
because the trees are turning green.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Simple Honesty A Rant

The world today is based on lies.  
Only sound bites and image count,  
you can't believe your ears or eyes.  
The truth is held of small account.

We're urged to spend more than we earn  
for things we do not really need.  
The lesson which we all must learn  
will in the end be hard indeed.

The bubble simply had to burst.  
To lend without security  
of all mistakes perhaps the worst.  
Destroying credibility

encouraging dishonesty.  
The banks must pay the price of greed  
reverting back reluctantly  
To methods which just might succeed

In staving off complete collapse  
of a fragile economy.  
Which was by greed allowed to lapse  
into chaos financially.

Although I fear it's much too late  
and we must pay the penalty  
The time has come to reinstate  
The values of simple honesty.  
28-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Simple Pleasures

The morning sky gun metal gray  
No sign of brightness in the sky.  
It seem the rain is here to stay  
I pray that it will go away.  
Then suddenly to my surprise  
The sun breaks through. I realise.  
I have been worried needlessly  
and today is going to be  
Perfect for visiting the Zoo  
To see the latest baby bears  
That's what my children want to do.  
The sun has banished all my cares.  
We climb aboard the camper van  
Today I am a happy man.

(23 August 2011)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Simple Question For Friend Thad

Simple question

You do not see me follow you.  
But I assure you that I do  
I need to know you live alone  
and if you have a mobile phone.

I've checked your home security  
and am sure it will not bother me.  
When I decide the time is right  
to visit you one stormy night.

For months I've had you in my view  
anticipating what you'll do.  
Will give in without a fight  
or bite and kick to my delight.

I shall enjoy subduing you  
then doing what I came to do.  
No one to heed your frantic screams  
as I act out my twisted dreams.

Because I mean to ravage you,  
make your worst nightmares come true  
A little rape and sodomy  
will be the preliminary.

Before I start to torture you  
in every way a man can do.  
I do enjoy inflicting pain  
Although I'm sure I'm not insane

I'm just a sadist through and through  
Though I am skilled at what I do.  
I take my pleasures seriously  
I can prolong you agony.

Or maybe grant you swift release  
so from the pain you find surcease.

I am appalled at what I've done  
each time I find it much less fun.

And swear henceforward I'll abstain  
These wicked urges I'll resist.  
I will not rape and kill again.  
Alas my demons will insist.

I know one day I will be caught  
confess my crimes quite openly.  
Be found not guilty by the court  
by reasons of insanity.

They'll keep me safely locked away  
in some secure establishment  
until I'm old and bent and grey.  
For safety not for punishment.

I'll live my life at states expense  
in comfort if not luxury.  
Which does not make a lot of sense  
When it's looked at financially.

A killer dog would be destroyed.  
A danger to the community  
Why can't the same laws be employed  
for men who act inhumanly?

27-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Simplistic Style. For

Winter is waiting in the wings  
Until his turn to take the stage.  
Amused at autumns posturings  
He will create a pristine page

On which to paint in black and white  
An austere winter beauty show.  
Pictures dependent on the light  
reflecting from the fallen snow.

He has a limited palette  
Displaying his flawless technique.  
Paints pictures you will not forget  
because each picture is unique.

The gaudy autumn colours go  
Replaced by winters coat of snow.

11/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Simplicity Appeals To Me For M Lady Catrina

All I can see from my window.  
A vast expanse of fallen snow,  
Unmarked as yet by wheel or feet  
As perfect as a laundered sheet.

Reflecting back the pale moonlight  
in shades of silver blue and white.  
This will not last it cannot do  
it will marred by tyre and shoe.

At first light when the morning breaks  
and all the sleeping world awakes  
To make their way reluctantly  
to office shop and factory.

Although the falling snow has stopped  
the temperature still has not dropped  
The snow will turn from white to gray  
and very slowly melt away

Just for tonight the pristine white  
will satisfy my appetite  
for unadorned simplicity  
There's beauty in austerity.

22-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Sing Joyously.

Awdl Gywydd.

Autumn the harvest season  
It's the time for gathering  
in the crops to safely store  
All we need and more: So sing

Praises to the creator  
The crops we store are his gift.  
A reward for the hard work.  
We did not shirk nor ignore.

Sunday,02 September 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Singular Duality For M Lay Catrina

The moon against the blue black night  
A symbol of serenity  
Bathes the world with silver light  
a touch of surreality.

Far different to the world by day  
which has no time for fantasy  
The boring hum drum everyday  
view of the world that most folks see.

The moonlight stimulates our dreams.  
The interplay of light and shade  
where nothing is quite as it seems.  
The stuff of which all dreams are made.

The silver moon light can create  
a moving tapestry of dreams  
Produce in us a trance like state  
and blend together without seams

reality and fantasy  
Two worlds existing side by side  
the moon somehow mysteriously  
their difference can override.

I seize each opportunity  
to see the shadows as they dance.  
The moonlit night providing me  
the time and place and circumstance.

26/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Singulari Of Purpose

When night enfolds the distant hills.  
The noise of traffic dies away.  
The motor way lies quietly.  
If only temporarily.  
The sun will rise at break of day.  
Then traffic fills the motorway.  
A non stop constant traffic flow  
In both directions come and go.  
But only for an hour or two.  
Which is quite normal nothing new.  
Then traffic will grow sparse again.  
The reason easy to explain.  
The motorway joins A to B.  
It's only functionality..

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Slash And Burn

Devastation, desolation  
uncontrolled deforestation.  
A policy of slash and burn.  
What men destroy cannot return.  
What man despoils he can't replace.  
Though where he's been he leaves a trace  
Vast tracts of semi desert ground  
where very little life is found.  
Undoes the work of centuries  
Creates a wound that will not heal  
When he cuts down the forest trees  
There is no way he can appeal  
Dame nature has the final say  
he has sinned and he must pay.

9-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Slip Of The Tongue      For M Lady Francesca

Brunhilde Bloggs a local lass  
was so convinced that she could pass  
as being of the upper class.  
She spoke in tones of pure cut glass.  
At least when she remembered to,  
It's not an easy thing to do.  
If she was crossed she quickly flew  
into a rage: Turned the air blue.  
the language that she used was crude  
to say the least and very rude.  
A complete change of attitude  
So people quickly understood.  
She was not what she seemed to be  
one of the aristocracy.

9-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Slipping Standards

I'm sure that mature ladies know  
that men admire the fluid flow  
of their Gluteus Maximi.  
Discerning men all much prefer  
a lady's moving derriere  
it brings a twinkle to the eye.

A lady in a clinging dress  
can with a wiggle well express  
her playful personality.  
Deportment is all important  
so you can wiggle when you want.  
To catch some handsome fellows eye.

Today's young women seem to lack  
this knowledge which must hold them back  
They need some friend to tell them why.  
Perhaps an older lady could  
A man might be misunderstood  
a slap would be their shock reply.

I do enjoy my morning walk  
when women wiggle as they stalk.  
I view them with a practised eye.  
I've studied ladies rears for years.  
Had hot discussions with my peers  
which made the fur and feathers fly.

Though gentlemen will all agree  
that ladies derrieres should be.  
A sight that's easy on the eye.  
Although I'm old I am not blind.  
It gives me pleasure when I find  
A woman walking properly.

The thesis for my PH.D  
was based almost entirely  
on derrieres mobility.  
I was awarded my degree

and joined the august company.  
Who know Gluteus Maximi.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Small Tragedies.

Darkness descending silently.  
Enfolds the quiet countryside.  
A blanket of tranquillity  
Which only last `til morning light.

As day light fades and twilight falls.  
Signalling it's time to rest  
The air is filled with sleepy calls  
As each small bird seeks out it's nest.

Though other creatures hunt at night.  
On silent wings seek out their prey  
To satisfy their appetite  
Fierce predators that sleep by day.

The darkness does not guarantee.  
Small animals security.

Saturday,05 May 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Smitten

I loved a maid who loved not me.  
This was a love that could not be  
For she was wed, though I was free.

But had she been at liberty  
I would have wooed her openly.  
Instead I loved her secretly.

Just one of life's small tragedies  
There was no cure for my disease  
I hoped through time the pain would cease.

But sadly this was not to be.  
The fates had ruled capriciously  
there could be no one else for me

Although the lady never knew  
my love for her was deep and true  
I held my peace how could she do.

Although I tried my best to find  
another love. She filled my mind.  
The snare fate fashioned well designed.

The lady saw me as a friend,  
someone on whom she could depend.  
I had no choice but to pretend

That friendship was enough for me.  
Although I loved her hopelessly.  
I loved her well enough to see.

That she was married happily.  
But I was bound by fates decree  
to love her unrequitedly

26-Oct-08.

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Smoke If You Wish

I love the banter and the flow  
of witticisms to and fro.  
When friends foregather for a while  
to raise a glass or two and smile.  
The group may be a motley crew  
but all good friends both old and new.  
Who really can participate  
in some good humoured deep debate.  
Although the subject's serious  
the comments can be humorous  
They say that life's too short to be  
taken completely seriously.  
We re not politically correct.  
Nor ever will be I suspect.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## So Far, So Good

Although I'm far from innocent  
I have done things I now repent.  
In self defence I must protest  
I am no worse than all the rest  
Whose sins have yet to come to light.  
They still profess their innocence  
Their sins well hidden out of sight  
and yet feel free to take offence.  
At peccadilloes I confess.  
Which seems to me hypocrisy  
as if somehow their sins are less  
than those I confess openly.  
Because they're sure nobody knows.  
Its human nature I suppose.

09/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Solace For M Lady Helen Unknown

The surging tides that ebb and flow  
I watch them come I watch them go.

The rolling waters of the sea,  
have freedom now denied to me.  
But she still calls me constantly.

My only mistress was the sea  
'til I asked you to marry me.  
The only way you would agree  
I must say farewell to the sea.

I turned my back upon the sea  
settled ashore reluctantly.  
My love for you has anchored me.  
You feared it understandably  
but I still miss her terribly.

I watch the boats go out to sea  
where in my heart I long to be.  
I've done all that you asked of me  
.Its only when we disagree  
That I come here unhappily  
to seek the solace of the sea.

10-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Soldiers Dream. For Friend Thad

Across the bridge over the stream  
then down the path to the sea shore.  
Where I was wont to sit and dream.  
When I was young before the war.

My country called and I obeyed.  
I joined the ranks of fighting men.  
Although I would have rather stayed.  
I thought I'd soon be home again.

I did not know that I would die  
along with many thousands more  
Who lie beneath a foreign sky.  
Far from their home for evermore.

I lay and bled amongst the dead  
and as my life blood drained away  
I wished that I could be instead  
back home dreaming beside the bay.

The path way leading to the sea  
The wooden bridge across the stream.  
I seemed to see them vividly.  
A dying soldier's final dream.

Thursday, 11 February 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Some Things Never Change.

I do.

She said and so did I

We wed,  
one Saturday in June.

We went  
away on honeymoon.

A taste  
of paradise for two.

We swore.  
Each year we would renew.

The vows  
we made when we were wed.

Today  
though many years have flown.

We are  
on honeymoon again

The kids  
grown up and fled the nest.

Nothing  
has changed we feel the same.

Our love  
grew deeper day by day.

The same  
hotel the same bedroom.

We had  
reviving memories.

Although  
We have raised a family.

We knew  
all those years ago.

We would  
return to paradise.

A dream  
that would come true.

Today.  
While watching the sun rise.

She said,  
I love you so did I.

It's true.  
We were wiser than we knew.

When we  
decided we should wed.

We two.  
Were meant to be a pair.

Decreed  
by fate: We still care.

The way  
we did when we first wed.

She knows  
its true and so do I.

Monday,15 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Somebody's Son.

A bloated corpse floats on the flood  
But who he was nobody knows.  
He was intent that no one should  
Removed the labels from his clothes.  
Made sure he carried no I.D  
He had his reasons I suppose  
to choose anonymity.  
I must admit it baffles me.  
He's just another suicide  
another tragic incident.  
He'll never be identified.  
Unless perhaps by accident  
He died voluntarily  
and left behind a mystery.

Monday, 29 March 2010

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Sometimes For M Lady Tara

Sometimes I just sit quietly  
and put my mind in neutral gear.  
Set my imagination free  
and wait for visions to appear  
The visions which inspire me  
to pick my pencil up and write.  
About the dreamscapes I can see,  
which I describe in black and white.  
Though those who read my poetry  
use their imagination to  
visualise quite easily.  
The scenes I try to share with you.  
Sometimes I fail, sometimes succeed  
in entertaining all who read.

24-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Sons Of Vulcan For Colin

The Smith strikes sparks with every blow.  
He is a master of his trade  
The inert metal seems to grow,  
by magic it becomes a blade.  
If myths and legends do not lie  
I see no reason why they should.  
Smiths are adept at wizardry  
but use their magic lore for good,  
Vulcan: Blacksmith to the Gods  
passed on to smiths his secret lore.  
Which has survived against the odds?  
The smiths still use their magic for  
creating artefacts by hand.  
Their artistry still in demand.

22-Aug-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sorry

I must apologise to you.

A promise made should then be kept  
but are not always I accept

Sometimes you try to no avail.  
You do your best but still you fail,  
poor circumstances can prevail.

The best laid plans can go awry  
no matter how hard you my try.  
When bad luck which you can't defy  
decides your efforts to deny.

You must face the reality  
accepting with humility.  
Your plans will never come to be.

You tried your best but failed the test  
So set your troubled mind at rest.

There are some things you cannot do.

21-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sound Familiar? For Bill Smith

I dreamt I wrote but I had not.  
My pad was empty when I woke,  
the poem was gone. I had forgot  
but in my head a small voice spoke.

Don't try so hard you won't succeed  
though it's recorded in your mind.  
It will return at its own speed.  
There is no way that you can find.

The key with which you gain access.  
It simply doesn't work that way.  
Your brain needs some time to process  
The information stored away.

I got on with my daily chores  
switched my mind to here and now  
I knew this was the only course  
that my sub conscious would allow.

My chores all done a coffee break  
seemed like a good idea to me.  
I sat relaxed just half awake.  
The floodgates opened suddenly.

My pad and pen were close to hand  
I always keep them close to me.  
A habit you will understand  
if you too write some poetry.

The words flowed freely from my pen  
I did not need to think, just write.  
I had recalled the words again  
and writ them down in black and white.

It doesn't always work that way  
some poems are lost beyond recall.  
Never to see the light of day.  
I'm glad to say that's some not all.

6-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sour Grapes For M Lady Tara

Sour grapes  
Crysanthemums flamboyantly  
display their multicoloured hues.  
Each blossom is potentially  
a winner though it is hard to choose.  
This is the task the judges face  
and all three judges must agree.  
Which one of them deserves first place.  
Decisions made collectively.  
At last the winner is declared.  
Against which there is no appeal  
they have debated and compared.  
Without a doubt the judges feel.  
That their decision was correct  
unlike the losers I suspect.

5-Mar-09

ce. com/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Spin Doctors For Friend Alex

In days of yore long, long before  
the spoken word took written form.  
The Bards, the guardians of the lore.  
In Great Men's halls they would perform.

Their epic tales from history  
to entertain the listening host.  
With tales of war and mystery  
and heroes which their race could boast.

Each teller added something to,  
adjusted what they had been told.  
By teachers who had altered too  
the ancient tales they had retold.

Each myth and legend seems to be  
a twisted version of some tale.  
Which was quite true originally  
Our search for truth is doomed to fail.

There's little evidence to find.  
Although we can extrapolate  
from different versions left behind.  
These fragments we appreciate.

Contain some truth enwrap in lies,  
Driven by curiosity  
embark upon an enterprise,  
The ultimate futility.

Though we can guess, we cannot know.  
Our theories could be correct  
Events which happened long ago  
change with each telling I suspect.

03/06/2009



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Spinsters Legacy

Great Grandma's walnut cabinet.  
In my house still holds pride of place,  
displays her treasures even yet.  
Fine china that we could not replace

A solid silver tea service.  
Presented to her when she wed,  
Objets D'Art beyond all price.  
Rare curios she collected.

It has passed down the family.  
Mother to daughter faithfully  
by each one cared for carefully.  
Until at last it came to me.

I have no children never wed  
so this tradition ends with me.  
I have decided when I am dead,  
this piece of local history.

Should be on show for all to see  
I have bequeathed it clear and free.  
To a museum locally  
in honour of her memory.

I have no living kith or kin  
with me will die the family tree  
I had a brother Benjamin  
but he died young, a tragedy.

(11-Aug-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Spoilt For Choice

Daylight reveals now night has fled.  
The mangled bodies of the dead.  
Now provender for hungry crows  
Who feast alike on friends and foes.  
Opposing armies fought and died.  
Now enemies lie side by side.  
The scavengers do not care  
What uniform the bodies wear.  
To crows all bodies taste the same.  
They are the winners in the game.  
The foolish game men choose to play.  
So when the battle moves away  
It does not matter in the least.  
They are content to stay and feast.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Staff Welfare? ?

I must insist that you desist.  
Your pointless questions I resist.  
But you continue to persist.  
A typical psychiatrist.

The questions that you ply me with  
all appertain to Mr Smith  
and to the town of Aberystwith.  
This has to cease: right now, forthwith.

I fear you are in error sir  
Although you do not want to hear.  
I am in fact your manager  
and your mistake may cost you dear.

It seems you have your wires crossed  
and will not listen, you have lost  
the plot. What worries me the most.  
You seem to be deaf as a post.

Have you trouble with your hearing  
Or have you merely lost your bearings.  
A psychiatrist should be caring  
I find your attitude is wearing

away at my patience.  
I'm fast losing confidence  
in your ability to sense  
what is bothering your patients.

I think perhaps it would be best  
if you were forced to take a rest.  
This is an order, no request  
It seems that you are deeply stressed.

I will arrange cover for you.  
That is the least that I can do.  
This is the course I must pursue  
You understand of course you do.

Although you are a little mad  
at present you are not too bad.  
There is no reason to be sad  
you'll get the rest you haven't had

You must take all the time you need  
I am so glad that you've agreed  
Just rest relax and perhaps read  
and soon you will be up to speed

Your job will still be here for you.  
When we are sure you're able to  
do your work as you used to.  
Good therapists are far too few.

We can't afford to let you go.  
You are one of the best, I know  
your suspension comes as a blow  
But you must learn to take it slow.

I can state clearly you'll be missed  
a senior staff psychiatrist.  
Not just a number on some list  
So be a good chap don't resist.

You know I have the power to  
recommend that we sack you.  
Something I do not want to do  
You must believe that it is true.

So ends an awkward interview  
I have done all that I could do.  
Of course it's subject to review  
By the bosses I report to.

They may think I was incorrect.  
An outcome that I don't expect  
I think I have earned their respect  
I'm sure they'll ask me to select.

A locum who will work for less  
but who can stand up to the stress.  
I have no choice but to confess  
the systems in a dreadful mess.

It's pointless voicing a complaint  
We are under such constraint.  
You need the patience of a saint.  
And that is something which I aint

19/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Stalker For M Lady Anita Atina

The opalescent mists of dawn  
within their luminosity.  
Conceal a roe deer and her fawn  
from idle curiosity.  
But shutterbugs will wait all night  
for such an opportunity.  
To photograph for our delight  
the kind of scene we seldom see.  
Recording for posterity  
with digital technology  
invading family privacy.  
I think perhaps forgivably.  
There is no reason for alarm  
this kind of stalker does no harm.

29-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Star Bright.

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Englyn Milwr

The day light hours quickly fled.  
The sun sinks beneath the sea.  
In the west the sky is red.

As the daylight fades away.  
Indigo will flood the sky  
Darkness marks the end of day.

Twilight lingers in between  
It is neither night nor day  
until the first star is seen

This bright star will signify.  
That day is done its time to rest  
Twinkling stars now rule the sky

The moonrise will light the night  
The sun provides the light by day  
Although her light is not as bright.

She reflects the majesty  
of the ruler of the day.  
Under his authority

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Still Smoking A Rant

A cigarette will soothe away  
the stress and troubles of the day.  
That's what the doctors used to say.  
When I was young

When feel down and skies are grey  
a smoke will drive the blues away.  
That's what the doctors used to say.  
When I was young.

A smoke will help you work and play  
and do no harm in any way  
That's what the doctors used to say.  
When I was young.

New fads and fancies come along.  
Without admitting they were wrong.  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

If they were wrong why should we  
believe their latest theory.  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

Smokers die younger so they say  
younger than who I ask today.  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

I have smoked since I was ten,  
part of my daily regimen.  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

Presumably I should be dead.  
If I believed the lies we're fed  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

The choice is yours to quit or smoke.  
Myself I treat it as a joke.  
The song the doctors sing today.  
I am quite old

Both smokers and non smokers die  
which I accept I don't ask why  
Despite the song the doctors sing.  
I'm still smoking.

(7-Aug-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Strangers No Longer For My Lady Irene

A stranger is a friend you have not met  
Do not be too quick to forget,  
that you and I were strangers too.

Though when we met we quickly knew  
this was the start of something new.  
We have no reason to regret.

The many times we could have met,  
But it was not the right time yet.  
The time and place I would meet you

Had been decreed by Fate who knew.  
You needed me, I needed you.  
Though we were strangers still as yet.

Though not for long once we had met.  
We still had heartaches to forget.  
You trusted me, I trusted you.

It seemed somehow that we both knew,  
that we had been intended to  
each help the other to forget.

We had been hurt, betrayed, upset  
and bitter memories lingered yet  
of partners who had proved untrue.

This was our chance to start anew.  
I was quite sure and so were you.  
This was what we were meant to get.

We were alone before we met  
Quite certain that we not get  
another love who would be true.

But we were forced to change our view  
when you found me and I found you.  
Life is as good as it can get

27-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Strategian

He was a military man  
who waxed the ends of his moustache  
A man must look the best he can.  
He thought it added real panache.

He always kept his hair quite short,  
his lantern jaw shaved to the bone.  
But his moustache or so he thought  
was at its best when left alone.

It was his greatest pride and joy  
It added something to his face.  
He thought the ladies might enjoy.  
With every whisker kept in place.

With moustache wax freshly applied  
and just a hint of fine cologne.  
He was completely satisfied  
with what he tried and what he'd done.

The ladies did not seem to care.  
About his well dressed upper lip  
It seemed they would prefer it bare  
for all his clever showman ship

Clean shaven men were all the rage.  
The fair sex had the final say  
So he shaved off his appendage.  
The ladies always get their way.

A soldier knows when to retreat  
and make a change to his campaign.  
More preferable than face defeat.  
it will always grow again.

When fashions change as fashions do.  
He is a military man  
But he can change his point of view  
as quickly as the ladies can.

.07/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Stupidity.

Stupidity.

We celebrate our dead heroes.  
Their white headstones arranged in rows.  
To mark where soldiers bodies lie.  
They are no longer friends and foes

War cemeteries are tended well  
in honour of the men who fell  
It is the least that we can do  
for men who died by shot and shell.

Each single death a tragedy,  
each one recorded carefully.  
To satisfy the bureaucrats  
who collate deaths statistically.

I wonder why we cannot see.  
That death alone claims victory.  
Each new war adds to the score  
of people dying uselessly.

Though we remember them with pride.  
The countless men who sadly died.  
Each thinking that their cause was just.  
Involuntary suicide.

We celebrate our dead heroes  
with white headstones arranged in rows.  
Yet we still send young men to die  
And always will do I suppose.

We do not learn from history  
For no good reason I can see.  
That wars prove nothing in the end  
Except how stupid we can be.

Wednesday, 30 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Subterranean For M Lady Deana

Cascades of crystal water flow  
into the waiting pool below.  
The force and power of the descent  
Renders the water turbulent.

Although hemmed in by rocky walls,  
the pool beneath the water falls  
is never known to overflow.  
I wonder where the waters go.

Far, far away a river flows.  
I have been told by one who knows.  
Its source is that same rocky pool  
which send its waters clear and cool

By secret streams deep underground  
to where an exit can be found  
A pathway to the world outside  
to form a river deep and wide.

Close by its brink I sit and think  
as shy wild creatures come to drink.  
His explanation could be true  
a train of thought which I pursue.

At last I find I must accept  
this rather startling new concept  
Which solves for me a mystery  
I need no longer wonder why.

That distant pool won't overflow  
it has some outlet down below.  
Which sets the pent up waters free  
to run swiftly and secretly.

Through passages unknown to men  
until it can emerge again.  
Into the light where it can be  
a broad stream dreaming placidly.

20-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Success For Jon London

Deep down below your conscious mind  
another different world exists  
Where it is possible to find  
discarded dreams you left behind.

Because you chose to chase success.  
You put your cherished dreams on hold,  
your only thought to make progress  
Towards your goal of more not less.

The happiness you hoped to find  
In truth was just another dream  
You fell for lies which were designed  
to cloud your clarity of mind.

They succeeded obviously.  
You were seduced by greed into  
a frame of mind which enviously  
Demanded that you try to be.

The only winner in the race.  
The man inspiring jealousy,  
the leading man who set the pace.  
Your one desire to hold your place.

Until the day you realise  
Riches can not buy happiness  
A thought which takes you by surprise  
There is no room for compromise.

Success cannot be measured by  
how much you earn and what you own  
Such trappings cannot satisfy  
the early dreams you let slip by.

The dreams you might have made come true  
Ambitions that you left behind  
are waiting still to welcome you.  
Success is finding peace of mind.

So you resign from the rat race  
There is no reason to compete  
You do not need to hold first place  
A simpler way of life is sweet.

You can rescue discarded dreams  
and try your best to make them true.  
Those youthful madcap crazy schemes  
that you dreamt up belong to you.

You've wasted years amassing wealth.  
Which never brought you happiness  
Paid scant regard to your own health  
when nothing mattered but success.

Although success can be defined  
In different ways by different men.  
For me success is peace of mind  
Which I was glad to find again.

1-Mar-09

./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Success Story    Fo M 'Lady Ernestine

She was as timid as a mouse.  
Kept firmly under mothers thumb  
she very rarely left the house.  
Her mother taught her she was dumb.

But mother died and she was free  
to do the things she wanted to.  
None to frown disapprovingly  
and tell what her she had to do.

An innocent of twenty three  
Although she lacked self confidence.  
She was still wise enough to be  
well guided by her common sense.

She knew that she must take it slow.  
There was so much she had to learn,  
so many things she did not know.  
Each hurdle she would take in turn.

She was resolved to seek advice  
but was not sure where she would find  
Although she could afford the price,  
Advice that was both wise and kind.

Her mother's sister Aunty Jean  
was who she took her troubles to  
A lady who had always been  
disapproved of by mother too.

So Aunty Jean took her in hand  
and showed her how she ought to dress.,  
Wise enough to understand  
that her young niece felt helpless.

A lifetime under Mothers thumb  
had left its mark indelibly,  
A problem she must overcome  
before she was completely free.

to be the woman she should be  
They worked together as a team  
moving forward very slowly  
But in due course fulfilled her dream.

Now with her new found confidence.  
She was a woman self possessed,  
well made up and smartly dressed.  
Her mother's ghost now laid to rest.

Freed from her mothers influence.  
No longer dowdy and afraid.  
Epitome of elegance  
She was a model highly paid.

Though mother would have disapproved  
well armoured in her prudishness  
that she was wrong her daughter proved  
By her own efforts a success.

Mothers do not always know best  
Although they always think they do  
I think this mother failed the test  
She knew less than she thought she knew.

12-Aug-08

blog my

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Such Luxury Is Not For Me. For Friend Thad

A marble floor that's silken smooth  
and walls of carven cedar wood.  
What does such ostentation prove?  
I do not know but feel I should.

Such luxury is not for me  
I am contented with my lot.

I make no effort to impress  
I have sufficient for my needs.  
It matters not that I have less  
than those who feel they must succeed

Such luxury is not for me.  
I am contented with my lot

I see no reason to display  
I much prefer my privacy.  
I live my life in my own way  
Accepting life's reality

Such luxury is not for me.  
I am contented with my lot

Though I indulge in fantasy  
from time to time like everyone  
I know it's not reality  
only a dream that's quickly gone.

Such luxury is not for me.  
I am contented with my lot.

I earn my living honestly  
although I'm just an artisan  
Better to live quietly  
as befits a simple man.

Such luxury is not for me.  
I am contented with my lot

A marble floor that's silken smooth  
and walls of carven cedar wood.  
What does such ostentation prove?  
Something I've never understood.

Such luxury is not for me.  
I am contented with my lot.

Tuesday, 10 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Suckers

Cascades of brightly coloured lights.  
Festoon the aisles of shopping malls.  
Perhaps a foretaste of delights  
that kids expect when Santa call.

Small children with wide open eyes  
are hypnotised by this display  
Each aisle reveals a fresh surprise  
They cannot tear their eyes away.

The harassed mothers can't persuade  
their wide eyed children they must go  
For daddy's dinner must be made  
the children just don't want to know.

An advertising strategy  
which works with great efficiency.  
It brings the punters thronging in.  
They come to look but soon begin.

To purchase with their credit card.  
The crafty tactic works again  
The merchants reap a rich reward.  
Debt ridden punters bear the pain.

They've only just cleared last year's debt  
Yet foolishly they overspend.  
It's strange how quickly they forget  
the real cost of their plastic friend.

19-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Summer Nights Delights.

The sable cloak of night is sown  
With a beauty which is shown  
By a myriad points of light.  
Which show against the dark of night

A background certain to enhance  
Selena mistress of romance  
As she observes young lovers dreams  
She blesses them with soft moon beams.

Although the moon is permanent  
Young love is often transient  
But for tonight the moon will do.  
Her best to make your dreams come true.

The sable cloak of night conceals  
What the morning sun reveals  
Feelings engendered by the moon  
Can fade away alas too soon.

Thursday, 19 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Summer Rain

The raindrops on my window pane  
drum with a syncopated beat.  
Sometimes they stop then start again.  
Like tap dancers with flying feet.  
The silver moon beams struggle through  
rain clouds, which try to block their light.  
They won't succeed they never do  
because Selina rules the night.  
I slowly drift back to my dreams  
soothed by the sound that wakened me.  
I visit other worlds it seems.  
Worlds where the sun shines constantly.  
I've grown used to the dancing drops  
of summer rain which never stops.

26/07/2007

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Summers Day Stroll

She wore a simple summer dress  
Her arms and legs were brown and bare  
What stole my heart I must confess,  
the red/gold beauty of her hair.  
Which rippled like a waterfall  
caressed by every passing breeze.  
Formed round her head an aureole  
a sight that could not fail to please.  
A poet with an artist's eye  
for that is what I claim to be  
I did but see her passing by  
but I remember vividly.  
She looked so young and innocent  
I looked my fill and was content

I do not think that she saw me  
but if she did she would have seen.  
An old man strolling aimlessly  
An old grey haired worn out has been.  
She looked at me unseeingly.  
Much too engrossed or so it seemed  
to spare a single glance for me.  
I formed no part of what she dreamed.  
She was still young and so naïve.  
She thinks that youthful dreams come true.  
But I am old and don't believe  
I know they very seldom do.  
So I continued on my way  
and left her wrapt in reverie  
This pretty girl had made my day.  
Albeit quite unknowingly.  
Although I'm old I still recall  
when dreaming mattered most of all.

10-May-08

Double Sonnet

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Summertime? 2006 For M Lady Ernestine

.  
Now is the winter of our discontent.  
Although I must confess it seems to me,  
this is not how things are supposed to be.  
It goes against established precedent.  
The months of summer in the past were spent  
outdoors in pleasant sunshine happily.  
Though not this year it has rained constantly.  
I'm left to wonder where the summer went  
The global warming warnings have been changed  
Now climate change seems to dominate the new  
Expert's opinions have been rearranged.  
Each day appears to change their views.  
Their arguments with each other ranged  
from certainty to I don't know what is true.

3-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Sunday Morning Pests.

Two thousand years or so ago.  
Three criminals were crucified.  
And yet today we claim we know  
One was the son of God and died.

We cannot prove that this true  
there's very little evidence.  
But we are still expected to  
give these stories full credence.

By word of mouth they were passed down.  
Translated from old Aramaic.  
They came from sources now unknown  
Could they free from all mistake.

When they written finally  
Although no doubt with good intent  
Were they translated properly  
or were they changed by accident.

By accident or purposely.  
Perhaps a mixture of the two  
To claim divine authority.  
To me it simply will not do.

To tell me that I must believe.  
What may or may not be true.  
Is something which you won't achieve.  
There's very little you can do.

I can't accept on faith alone.  
Until you can prove the things you teach.  
are truths that stand up on their own.  
Consider me beyond your reach.

Christianity could very easily  
have flourished for a while and died.  
It owes its popularity.  
To information men supplied.

Who had some private axe to grind  
Men who stood to benefit.  
Perhaps you think I am unkind  
that I can't prove a word of it

I can't deny that it is so  
I don't expect you to agree.  
But I believe you do not know  
The whole truth any more than me.

I can respect what that you believe  
I do not find it difficult  
But I'm not willing to receive  
Indoctrination by some cult.

So please don't knock upon my door  
Attempting to convert me to your view  
Because I've heard it all before  
and I've got better things to do.

Than listen to the likes of you.

02/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Sunset, Sunrise Both Please My Eyes For M Lady Denise

The western sky is roseate  
but filigreed with finest gold  
Now day is done the hour grows late  
and night approaches dark and cold.  
The sun will sink below the sea  
extinguishing the sunset's flames.  
Destroy the golden filigree  
as night achieves its wonted aims.  
Darkness must give way to the dawn  
then in the east the sky glows red  
Heralding a new day being born.  
The sun arising from his bed.  
He will repaint the clouds anew  
with pink and peach against the blue.

Sunday,01 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Superior Force For M 'Lady Tara

Across the windswept moors it came.  
A cloudburst worthy of the name  
A million, million spears of rain  
which pierced the earth again again.

The suddenly the storm has passed.  
The sky no longer overcast.  
A vast expanse of palest blue  
with sunlight shining down anew.

The raging wind has ceased to scream  
as if the storm had been a dream.  
The thirsty earth has drunk her fill  
replenished every flowing rill.

I venture forth resume my stroll.  
But in the distance hear the roll  
of thunders war drums ceaselessly  
Beat out a rhythm threateningly.

Far, far away towards the coast  
the storm clouds gather in a host  
Preparing for a fresh assault.  
The rain will fall without a halt.

The sea absorbs it easily  
until the storm clouds wearily.  
Give up their fight against the sea,  
They cannot win its plain to see

The storm moves on but leaves behind,  
a vivid picture in my mind.  
A sight I never thought to see.  
Rain pouring down torrentially.

So that the raindrops hid from view  
The moorlands that I loved and knew.  
A sight I may not see again

my moors submitting to the rain.

5-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Superstitious Nonsense?

.  
Gut feelings, hunches and E.S.P  
mean very much the same to me.  
That your subconscious is alert  
to anything which may cause hurt.

You ignore them at your peril  
it is your choice you have free will  
If you are wise you listen to  
the sage advices that's offered you

The doubters will regret their choice  
and wish they'd listened to the voice.  
Which warned them clearly to beware  
that danger threatens take great care

The press ahead and come to grief  
Purely because the lacked belief  
I do believe in E.S.P  
and take my hunches seriously.

20-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Surface Show For M 'Lady Ernestine

Mayhap my lady teaseth me  
When she derides the way I dress.  
She mocketh me for soberness  
But I forgive her readily  
In all else though she pleaseth me.  
She knows right well I must impress  
my masters with my worthiness  
That's why I dress so soberly.  
Though she can flaunt her finery  
As well befits a pretty maid  
But I alas must remain staid  
When we are in society.

But when we are alone she knows  
That I can act quite differently.  
When I can don much brighter clothes  
Which she approves apparently.  
I am a peacock in disguise  
which to my lady's no surprise.

Sunday, 17 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Suspended Judgement For M Lady Helen

Madam wouldst thou be offended.  
Should I address myself to thee,  
disrespect is not intended  
but I admire that which I see.

Though we are but slight acquainted.  
I take my courage in both hands.  
I'm not as black as I am painted  
I request but thou dost command.

Thou art no child: a woman grown.  
Judge me not until you know me  
Darest thou decide on thy own  
if I'm worthy or unworthy.

To be allowed thy company  
or wilt thou follow close the rules.  
Said to govern propriety  
observed only by frightened fools.

Shouldst thou find my words offend thee  
say but one word and I will leave.  
For I bespeak thee honestly  
with no intention to deceive

The lady knew that she must choose.  
Send him away or bid him stay  
Accept his attentions or refuse  
The lady was inclined to play.

Be seated sir and talk to me.  
Why wouldst thou think I would reject  
a man who speaketh pleasantly  
and treateth me with due respect.

I don't accept all tales as true  
I'm wise enough to realise  
that what I've heard concerning you  
May quite well just be spiteful lies.

Although the tales add interest  
I give thee benefit of doubt.  
Thou canst be sure I'll do my best  
If thou art wicked to find out.

To this the gentleman agreed.  
Although he had a chequered past.  
he was convinced he would succeed  
in proving he'd reformed at last.

23-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Sustenance For Friend Penny

Across the valley echoing  
I hear a sound like distant drums.  
It is the day of reckoning.  
The storm god comes, the storm god comes.

His silver lances pierce the ground  
and lightning streaks across the sky.  
The thunder growls a fearsome sound.  
The sun seared earth no longer dry.

The pouring rain is merciless,  
the earth absorbs it thirstily  
Its needs appears to be endless  
The downpour stops quite suddenly.

The sun resumes his reign again.  
There is no water to be seen,  
it is as if there'd been no rain  
but now the land is turning green.

The rain has reached the dormant seeds  
Which wait in patience for their turn  
the rainfall has fulfilled their needs  
Now grasses and the flowers return.

The soil no longer sere and brown  
but clad in multi coloured hues  
of flowers which have quickly grown.  
It is impossible to choose

which flower that you like the best.  
Amongst the riotous display  
each striving to outdo the rest  
and does in fact in its own way..

Although the flowering seasons short.  
The plants mature at lightning speed.  
Producing seeds of every sort.  
Which will survive until the day



the storm God will return again  
to bless with rain the dry hard pan.  
Reintroduce the flowers reign  
all part of nature's master plan.

(5-Nov-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Synopsis For Thad

A member of an alien race  
I mingle with the populace.  
There's not a lot of difference  
except I have an extra sense.

I can read minds quite easily  
and what I learn displeases me.  
Few care about their fellow man.  
Most do not give a tinkers damn.

Soon I must submit my report  
I've given it a lot of thought,  
I do not think the human race  
is ready yet to take its place.

In the stellar community.  
They have not reached maturity  
They're well developed technically  
but are retarded morally.

It makes me sad but it is true.  
They are not as yet ready to  
be considered civilised.  
They have not even recognised.

That they are kept in quarantine.  
Just as they have always been.  
By races wiser far than they  
who make quite sure that they can't stray.

From their small island galaxy  
to spread their brand of anarchy  
at will across the universe.  
I can imagine nothing worse.

Perhaps I have been here too long.  
I must admit I could be wrong  
I see them as a hopeless case.  
A fierce barbarian warlike race.

Another thousand years or so.  
Might be enough to let them grow  
beyond their adolescent stage  
their flashes of insensate rage.

If they are thwarted in their aims  
Like children play their nasty games.  
I think that we should leave them be  
continue watching carefully.

For any shred of evidence to show  
they've learnt sufficient sense.  
To treat each other honestly  
communicating mentally.

Although they broadcast and receive  
they can't control it. I believe  
that their aggression stems from fear  
Which hopefully will disappear

when they can use telepathy.  
Communicating openly.  
Its been a strange experience  
to realise the difference.

Between races who cannot lie  
and men who lie instinctively.  
My tour of duty's nearly done  
and very soon I will be gone.

Back to where thoughts flow mind to mind  
and leave this wretched world behind.  
Although they have my sympathy.  
It can't come fast enough for me.

1-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Taboo

I find it rather curious  
There are some things we don't discuss,  
not even with our closest friends.  
As if our peace of mind depends  
on the pretence that we won't die.  
Despite its crass stupidity  
We know it is a certainty  
but do not know the reason why.  
Why is to talk of death taboo  
.Except to the enlightened few.  
Who believe that death is going to  
set them free to start again.  
Death is a door we all pass through  
we should not fear it but we do

12-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tabula Rasa.

Rondel Prime.

A pristine page of purest white.  
A challenge that I can't resist.  
Although I try my muse insists.  
I take my pen and start to write.  
I quickly find to my delight  
My muse is ready to assist.  
A pristine page of purest white.  
A challenge that I can't resist.  
An empty page a welcome sight  
To a poetic formalist  
Or even to a modernist.  
To anyone compelled to write.  
A pristine page of purest white.  
A challenge that I can't resist.

Sunday, 14 October 2012.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tailor Made For You For M' Lady Dawn Slaker

Dreams for sale, each one brand new.  
Created daily fresh for you.  
I do not claim my dreams come true  
but I am sure that some must do.

The only thing I guarantee  
is confidentiality.  
If you should choose to buy from me.  
There are no prying eyes to see.

The kind of dreams that you prefer  
There are no records anywhere  
So you can purchase free from care  
I pride myself on being fair.

Each dream you buy is tailor made  
and of the very highest grade  
Well worth the price which you have paid.  
I am certain that the will persuade.

Even the hardened sceptics to  
return again for something new  
I usually find that people do  
and truly hope that you will too.

Dreams for sale a vast array  
and all are freshly made today.  
And if you cant afford to pay  
I keep a few to give away.

For dreams are a necessity  
whether bought are given free.  
you can contact me easily  
I live in your vicinity

.  
If you should find you need a dream  
just send your message by moon beam  
The moon and I work as a team  
that's working well a splendid scheme

13-Aug-08.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Take A Break

I dreamt a dream with in a dream.  
I did not know it could be so.  
All part and parcel of the scheme  
my mind creates, so that I know.

The human mind can't be restrained  
by any kind of boundaries  
but refuses to be constrained  
and demonstrates abilities.

Above beyond all that we know.  
Though bodies ruled by gravity  
are limited and cannot go  
The Human mind can still fly free.

To where our bodies cannot go.  
Explore the universe at will.  
I am convinced it must be so  
That is why our dreams fulfil.

Much more than can reality.  
The humdrum world of every day  
we can escape in fantasy  
Just free your mind and let play.

You'll find it will relieve your stress  
You can forget what troubles you  
The worries that you can't express  
Just close your eyes, that's all you do.

A day dream is holiday  
That everyone's entitled to.  
I am quite sure you know the way  
to slip off for hour or two.

6-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Take And Be Prepared For My Friend C.P

The desert plains of ice and snow are not a place I'd choose to go.  
Nor sandy wastes under the sun dry deserts don't suit everyone.  
The high plateaus of the Andes; I can assure you will not please.  
Perhaps I'm choosy but I find such desert places most unkind.  
I much prefer the moors I roam which welcome me. I feel at home.  
Although they're barren, wild and bleak I find the solitude I seek.  
Each to his own I must suppose. My own high moors are what I chose.  
I listen when they speak to me, I understand them easily.  
They can be dangerous it's true. You can take risks if you choose to.  
I don't take risks I know the rules. The high moors have no time for fools.  
I have been sometimes weather bound by sudden mists which cloak the ground.  
I have sufficient sense to see my moors are merely testing me.  
Mistakes the moors will not forgive, I am prepared so I survive.  
A wise man gives the moors respect but fools don not but they expect.  
Tolerance for their carelessness their stupid unpreparedness.  
The moors are not the enemy they judge all men impartially.  
Some learn by hard experience there's limits to their tolerance.  
But others pay the penalty. Killed by their own stupidity.

06/09/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Take Five

I disassociate my mind  
from the coarse body housing me.  
I leave the density behind  
Untrammelled, free from gravity

I revel in the liberty  
and travel at the speed of thought  
to anywhere I want to be.  
With other entities consort.

Communicating mind to mind  
there can be no dishonesty  
We can no longer hide behind  
a mask or false identity.

Here kindred souls can congregate  
and share their commonality.  
Although we must appreciate  
freedom's only temporary.

It's sad but true we must return  
back to our bodies once again.  
Full freedom we have yet to earn  
we must endure the denser plane.

Bu those of us who meditate  
until we can achieve release  
Can for a while appreciate  
the benefits of perfect peace.

Though we return reluctantly  
we are refreshed and ready to  
face any problems there may be  
that lie in wait back home for you.

5-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Take It Slow

The trees are nearly, not quite bare  
with dead leaves lying everywhere  
a crisp bite to the morning air.  
A pleasant day for those who dare  
desert the comfort of their chair.

Put on their warmest coat and go,  
no need to rush just take it slow.  
Nature still has much to show  
to any wise enough to know.  
Just where to look and where to go.

Moving shadows cast by the sun  
beneath the hedgerows, every one  
is quite unique but too soon gone.  
as the rising sun moves on.  
Which gives me much to think upon.

I think about the passing years  
and realise that all my fears.  
Like sun cast shadows disappear  
they lack all substance it appears.  
Your Autumn years aren't hard to bear.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Taking Liberties Too Far

The lack of enforced discipline.  
Is where our troubles all begin.  
The evidence is plain to see.  
Things are not as they ought to be

Some legal technicality  
allows the guilty to go free.  
They thus evade due punishment  
although they are not innocent.

It's much the same in homes and schools  
Where children disobey the rules.  
Without regard to consequence  
because they see no evidence.

They will be chastised in due course.  
There is no point in having laws  
which aren't enforced impartially.  
Applied to all men equally.

A civilised society  
which fails to enforce it's own laws.  
Will slide into sheer anarchy.  
The lack of discipline the cause.

The time has come: We must review  
exactly what the law should do.  
To deter those who break the rules  
If we do not then we are fools.

08/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tantrum For Sidi Mahtrow

Storm clouds massing threateningly  
had turned the sky gun metal gray.  
The world waited expectantly,  
a thunder storm was on its way.

Silence reigned and nothing stirred.  
The breeze disturbed no single leaf  
There were no bird calls to be heard.  
It was as if I had gone deaf.

The silence was itself a threat  
a promise of what was to come.  
A copper plated certain bet.  
The thunder rolling like a drum.

Foretold the coming of the rain  
in driving sheets across the moors.  
The wind was howling out its pain,  
behind the rain the driving force.

The scattered trees stood patiently  
As the dry earth absorbed the flow  
of rain which fell incessantly.  
The trees were wise enough to know.

The storm would pass it could not last  
The clouds disperse, the skies turn blue.  
The sun break through the overcast  
Reveal a well washed world anew.

It lasted but an hour or so  
and then departed suddenly  
as summer storms are wont to do.  
A lesson in futility.

The earth abides but storms move on.  
The brief show of authority  
which they display is quickly gone.  
A return to normality.

25-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tastefully Turned Out

I glitter at my husband's side.  
His clothes are chosen carefully  
to be a perfect foil for me.  
To display all my finery.

My husband show his quiet pride  
his delight in escorting me.  
To let the other people see  
that we are dressed impeccably.

We make it obvious that we have tried  
despite our age to show that we.  
Still retain the expectancy  
we'll be treated respectfully.

It's up to us and we decide  
A discreet choice of jewellery  
will show our credibility  
When we are dining publicly

14-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tax Avoidance Strategy

Tonight the tide is in full flood.  
The moon provides sufficient light.  
For us to unload smuggled goods.  
Which must be done before daylight.

The excise men are fat too wise.  
To brave the dangers of the night  
To try and take us by surprise.  
They much prefer the broad daylight.

We risk our life and liberty.  
Just as our forbears used to do.  
Braving the perils of the sea  
Importing luxuries for you.

Although the government will try.  
The will not stop free enterprise.  
The people want what we supply.  
And are prepared to close their eyes.

To pack horses moving at night.  
That's how we move our contraband.  
All safely stored before daylight  
In hiding places well in land.

The excise men can poke and pry.  
Ask questions to their hearts content.  
But local customs still apply.  
Nobody helps the government.

We're local men and we are free.  
The Magistrates are local too.  
And they enjoy their French brandy.  
Free from the taxes which are due.

So raise your glass and drink a toast.  
To honest Cornish sailor men.  
Who land their cargoes on the coast.



Then fill your empty glass again.

And curse the men in parliament.  
Who pass laws which they can't enforce.  
Against our will without consent.  
No free man will ever endorse.

Where there's demand there'll be supply.  
That is a universal law.  
With which all traders must comply.  
This law will last for evermore.

It always has and always will.  
A law no government can change  
By passing yet another bill.  
In their attempts to re arrange.

What taxes should be paid by those.  
Importing goods from overseas.  
They have to try I must suppose  
Which does not mean that I agree.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tea Time

My watch says four its time for tea  
but I'm not where I ought to be.  
Instead I'm stuck in this foul trench  
amidst the mud and slime and stench  
Rotting remains which used to be  
young English soldiers just like me.

My country called I volunteered.  
My parents saw me off and cheered  
They were quite proud to see me go  
"To teach some manners to the foe"  
But now the smoke and gas has cleared  
I'm on my own just as I feared.

Our forward trenches over run  
I'm trapped behind the wily Hun  
I would surrender if I could  
but I cannot I'm losing blood.  
I think my time is nearly done.  
The only thing that I have won.

A nameless grave like many more.  
No one can calculate the score  
of those who died on either side.  
Involuntary suicide.  
There are no winners in this war  
a fact the generals ignore.

I watch my life blood drain away.  
Surprised to find I do not mind.  
I will be pleased: I have to say.  
to leave this rotten war behind.  
A game I volunteered to play  
I cannot stand another day

The mud the blood and misery  
which all around me I can see.  
I leave behind without regret.  
But I can see them clearly yet

My mothers friends all taking tea  
I wonder if she's proud of me.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Temporarily For M Lady Tara

The morning mist is hovering  
above the lake in veils of white  
The beauty it is covering  
will soon be revealed by sunlight  
The newly risen sun climbs high  
and will attain full majesty  
The morning mist cannot defy  
the sun's supreme authority.  
The scene takes on a clarity  
the colours showing clean and bright  
The quiet waters easily  
reflecting back the strong sunlight.  
Mists will return to hide the view  
when twilight falls. They always do.

1-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Temporary Purity

The once white snow is dirty grey.  
Churned into slush by passing feet,  
pedestrians pass to and fro.  
Along this busy shopping street  
At 5am it had been white.  
Before the world was wide awake  
Fresh snow had fallen through the night  
like frosting on a birthday cake.  
I could not sleep and watched it fall.  
My windows overlook the street  
Well before anyone at all  
had left the marks of booted feet  
But life goes on despite the snow,  
as all the blurry footprints show.

Monday, 09 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tempus Fugit For M Lady Abha Sharma

Tempus Fugit

The minutes pass by fast or slow  
They come and go  
without a pause.  
Simply because

that is what they're meant to do.  
They're passing through.  
They cannot stay,  
brook no delay.

They're measured by the tick and tock  
of every clock  
You can't deny  
time must pass by.

4-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Thank Offering

The hunter draws his bow string back.  
Then quick released the arrow flies  
so fast the eye cannot keep track.  
Pierced through the heart a young stag dies.  
The clan will feast on meat tonight.  
Their appetites well satisfied,  
they praise the goddess of night  
who keeps their wants and needs supplied.  
These simple folk with simple ways.  
a clan of hunter gatherers  
are wise enough to offer praise  
to the moon goddess: She who cares  
for all her children man and beast  
in gratitude for tonights feast.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Thankless Task.

Thankless Task.

Death never takes a holiday.  
He has too long a waiting list.  
He has to work twelve hours a day.  
Because we humans will persist.

In fighting wars for no good cause.  
We cannot learn to live in peace  
We always think that sheer brute force  
Will overcome our enemies..

It seems that we will never learn  
violence begets violence  
and hatred will hatred return  
We seem bereft of moral sense.

When friendship can pay dividends.  
Why human beings choose to fight  
Make enemies instead of friends.  
When they could do the opposite,

Death never takes a holiday.  
Although really needs a rest..  
He has to work twelve hours a day.  
He has good reason to protest.

Perhaps when the last man dies.  
Then death can take a holiday.  
He will rejoice at our demise.  
And who could blame him anyway.

Thursday, 25 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Thanks But No Thanks

I will not buy a doctorate or any other second rate.  
Useless diploma or degree that you are keen to sell to me.  
A or as long as I'm prepared to pay  
You are prepared to certify not only that I qualify.  
In any subject I may choose. There is no way you will  
refuse to supply me with a degree. Almost not quite a forgery  
Apparently legitimate but what these colleges don't state  
Employers who are worldly wise will refuse to recognise  
Degrees which have been granted by some obscure university  
Though you were fooled they will not be; employers are fooled easily  
You will be wiser to ignore spam messages that promise more  
Much more than what they can achieve. They should be banned I do believe.  
They're just a money making scam by folks who do not give a damn  
About your future anyway as long as you're prepared to pay  
You have no come back legally you pay for your naïveté.

24/06/2009

ce, cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# That's Life

Although it took me many years.  
I did discover finally  
that all my hopes and all my fears  
combined together made me, me.

I am the man I am today  
because of life experience  
There really is no other way you  
have to learn in self defence.

You must accept that life's unfair.  
All are not gifted equally  
you can observe this everywhere.  
But only if you choose to see.

We recognise reluctantly  
although we pay lip service to  
the idea of equality  
It is not and cannot be true.

Fate deals the cards you have to play.  
You have no choice but do your best  
to move forward- day by day.  
To prove your better than the rest.

You grasp each opportunity  
To put your talents to good use  
but some lack your ability.  
What fate decrees they can't refuse.

All are not gifted equally.  
You can't deny that this is true  
if you look at it honestly  
and that is all I ask from you.

13-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# That's Rather Odd For M Lady Linda

Life's full of little mysteries  
odd happenings you can't explain.  
Which leave a feeling of unease  
and so we carefully refrain.

From saying anything at all  
to are afraid  
that other folks as usual  
would not believe us if we said.

That we had seen a ghost appear  
dressed in the style of bygone days  
Not only did I see but hear  
A memory I can't erase.

Each one of us has seen or heard  
something we do not talk about  
. Because to us its seems absurd  
and so we try to blank it out.

We can't explain it though we try,  
there is no answer we can find.  
So we repress the memory deep  
down in our subconscious mind.

But in due course we realise  
that everybody secretly.  
Has seen something but they tell lies  
Because they fear the mockery.

I try to keep an open mind  
accept it as reality.  
Not everything can be defined  
and probably will never be.

8-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## The Autocrat For on

History tells us Henry Tudor  
was a kind man but much cruder.  
Than any head of state to day.  
He was the king and had his way.  
He frequented the public stews  
though people then held different views  
Though Henry Tudor didn't care  
Nobody was brave enough to dare  
to tell the king what he should do.  
Although there must have been a few  
Who thought it inappropriate  
behaviour for a head of state.  
So what they thought was left unsaid  
for critics often wound up dead.

03/11/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## The Bare Facts.

The bride was totally undressed  
The groom too had thought it best  
To be nude on his wedding day.  
The bride carried a small bouquet,

The best Man wore a beaming smile.  
The bridesmaids too were in the nude.  
Nude weddings have a certain style.  
A very modern attitude.

The vicar too correctly dressed.  
He wore a large pectoral cross.  
We were all suitably impressed,  
he had permission from his boss.

No need to buy a wedding dress  
nor yet to hire a morning suit.  
So the wedding cost much less.  
Their economies had borne fruit.

They could afford a honeymoon  
Though where they chose they would not say.  
Bar that it cost a small fortune.  
The savings they had made would pay.

The first wedding I have been to  
Where nobody was overdressed.  
and I have been to quite few.  
I rate this as one of the best..

To prudes all nudity is rude  
and so they chose to stay away.  
Perhaps because they understood  
their presence there would spoil the day.

Forgive me for this platitude.  
They are entitled to their view.

I have a different attitude.  
I was content to be bare too.

I wonder what the prudes conceal  
Behind their vaunted piety.  
What is it that they daren't reveal.  
Some hidden impropriety?

I do not think that being bare.  
Is something that one should not do  
I did not find it hard to bear  
when everyone was naked too.

Each to his own I must suppose.  
Whatever makes you comfortable.  
Though usually I do wear clothes.  
Sometimes nudity's suitable.

Wednesday, 17 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Best Laid Plans For J.T Ellison

The best laid plans

He sits and thinks but rarely shares  
the subject of his pondering  
He is convinced nobody cares  
to hear his views on anything.

He does not like to watch T.V.  
unlike the other residents.  
He's happy sitting quietly  
Reviewing long ago events.

When he was self sufficient.  
Intelligent and capable  
'til a cerebral accident  
which rendered him incapable

of living independently.  
Forced his reception into care  
although it's very plain to see  
He would much rather be elsewhere.

Though he's disabled physically  
His mental capability  
is not impaired apparently.  
He accepts philosophically.

Life rarely goes as you have planned.  
We meet with things we don't expect  
for fate not man is in command  
What fate decrees we must accept.

22/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## The Best Laid Plans.

No moon tonight that we can see.  
The dark storm clouds are gathering  
The thunder grumbles distantly.  
Ominous and threatening.

I'm far from home no shelter near  
When suddenly the sky turns bright  
As blue white streaks of lightning sear  
Across the darkness of the night.

The lightning tears the clouds apart.  
Swiftly and efficiently  
And this allows the rain to start.  
Pouring down torrentially.

My windscreen wipers cannot cope.  
I cannot see the road ahead.  
my journeys end a forlorn hope.  
Tonight I shall not see my bed.

The storm still rages to and fro.  
I have no choice but wait it out.  
When it blows over I shall go  
As it must I do not doubt.

I watch and wait impatiently.  
Just static on the radio.  
Caused by the lightning probably.  
I shall be glad when I can go.

At last the sky begins to clear.  
It seems the storm has run its course  
The clouds pass on and stars appear.  
I bowed to its superior force.

I can continue on my way  
But still I must drive carefully.  
As others pass in clouds of spray  
Too fast and driving thoughtlessly.

Quite soon I shall be home in bed  
Catching up on beauty sleep.  
Another journey lies ahead  
I have appointments I must keep...

May be the weather will be kind.  
Although the forecasts none too bright.  
I can't afford to fall behind.  
My deadline will run out tonight.

Wednesday, 01 February 2012

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Best Laidplans Gang Aft Agley Storypoem

I planned her demise carefully  
I was quite sure that it would be  
accepted as an accident.  
Which left me looking innocent.

I thought I had made no mistakes  
but I made one that's all it takes.  
One single shred of evidence  
destroyed my claim to innocence.

I should have sued for a divorce  
that would have been the wisest course.  
Though it would not have satisfied  
the hatred festering inside

Caused by the mental cruelty  
to which she had subjected me  
So I devised the perfect plan  
to rid myself of this woman.

My only thought revenge is sweet.  
I truly thought in my conceit  
That I would get away Scott free.  
But fate had other plans for me.

My home is temporarily  
a hospital I am not free.  
I can still smile I am content  
her punishment is permanent.

I was adjudged incompetent  
of forming murderous intent  
The lawyer who defended me  
convinced the judge successfully.

That though I caused my wifes demise  
I was too ill to recognise  
That killing her would be a crime.  
My mind abnormal at that time.

I have no reason to complain  
I know that I am not insane  
That very soon the powers that be  
will certify my sanity.

Although my plans went all awry.  
The price I pay is not too high  
At last I am well rid of you.  
It was well worth it in my view.

18/07/2009

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Birth Of Poetry For M Lady Mary Gordley

The birth of poetry.

Before the advent of the written word.  
When all knowledge was passed on orally.  
then history relied on memory.  
Men had to memorise all that they heard  
Perhaps this was the birth of poetry.  
The tribal elders found they could recall  
in simple rhyming verses best of all.  
Easily committed to memory.  
Long, long before recorded history.  
The elders chose and trained one man to be  
The current guardian of their legacy  
of knowledge they had garnered carefully.  
When all knowledge was passed on orally  
Then history relied on memory

Poetic piers

blog my c piers

12-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Call We Can'T Ignore For Friend Stephen

When I was young so long ago  
an inside toilet was to me  
epitome of luxury.  
We had no choice we had to go.

To the outside lavatory  
trudge down the yard through rain and snow  
We suffered untold misery.  
I can recall it vividly.

A stump of candle for a light.  
Squares of newspaper on a string  
It was no haven of delight  
and all the while the draught whistling.

It used to be an earth closet  
but we had progressed to a loo  
Most usually the floor was wet  
a home made duck board had to do

Today I sit upon the throne  
in my bathroom warm and dry  
and ponder on the loos I've known  
I know I am a lucky guy.

From footprint loos in the east  
to ultra modern super loos  
It doesn't matter in the least.  
We have to go we can't refuse.

I sit content and contemplate.  
The softly quilted toilet roll  
and all the latest up to date  
systems with which I can control

The heat and the humidity  
and spray sweet perfumes in the air.  
Such decadence and luxury.  
I do not find too hard to bear.

07/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Curate Had The Grace To Blush

The young curate grew quite harassed  
discussing sexuality.  
Because he was so embarrassed  
Although he tried quite doggedly.

When questioned on conjugal rights.  
By a young lady to be wed  
He tried to be so definite  
of duties which pertained to bed.

He stated blithely that a man  
had appetites he must fulfil  
What rights she asked, had the woman?  
The question was beyond his skill.

He only knew what he'd been taught.  
Naïve and inexperienced  
He did not have a stock retort  
and what he said made little sense.

He thought he'd better call a halt.  
Refer the lady to the priest  
and readily admit his fault.  
It did not matter in the least.

The priest could only say the same  
relying on the churches rule  
He too had never played the game  
which left him looking like a fool

The question was legitimate  
Why should only men have rights  
and women submit to their mate.  
She rightly thought would lead to fights.

Neither of them could satisfy  
the lady's curiosity  
and she was left to wonder why.  
The church favoured celibacy.



You can't advise if you don't know  
the subject you are asked about.  
Which to the lady served to show  
the churches failings without doubt.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Daily Round.

The grey dawn breaks and I awake,  
slowly and reluctantly.  
A wash and shave is all it takes  
for me to wake up properly.  
I get dressed automatically  
in preparation for the day.  
But first I need some fresh coffee  
before I plunge into the fray.  
The household chores which must be done,  
although I did them yesterday  
But yesterday's already gone  
and tomorrow is on its way.  
the household tasks always remain  
and every day need done again.

Friday, 29 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Dancing Maidens For M'Lady Tara

Tall standing stones still mark the spot.  
Where Sunday dancers turned to stone.  
You may believe or you may not  
But sometimes standing there alone.

I try to solve the mystery.  
All legends hold a grain of truth.  
lost in the mists of history.  
It may be just a tale to soothe.

The anger of those pious fools  
who thought enjoyment was a sin  
and formulated their strict rules.  
That may have been the origin

But I think that the stones date back  
since before Christianity.  
Before the churchmen could attack  
the dreadful sin of gaiety...

Nobody knows who raised the stones  
nor yet the reason they were placed.  
A monument to guard dead bones.  
The passing years have long erased.

What evidence there might have been  
and left no clues for us to find  
They can present an eerie scene  
Which leaves its mark upon your mind.

They say on certain nights they dance  
but only when the moon is full.  
If you should see them dance by chance.  
The maidens are so beautiful,

no other maid will satisfy  
The lust which they inspire in you.  
You will stay single til you die  
because no human maid will do.

I don't believe that this is true  
I think it very fanciful.  
But happily admit to you  
I stay home when the moon is full.

18-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Dogds Of War For Jt Earley

Devastation, desolation.  
Nothing offers consolation  
when the tides of war have passed.  
Only our misery can last.

Though we tried to live in peace  
The dogs or war had slipped their leash.  
Strangers came into our land  
although we didn't understand.

They treated us as enemies  
looting killing as they please.  
There was nothing we could do  
but run away as we tried to.

We weren't welcome anywhere.  
Always moving's hard to bear.  
We would rather be at home  
instead of being forced to roam.

Once unleashed the dogs of war  
no matter what they're fighting for.  
Leave only sorrow in their wake.  
Death and suffering and heart ache.

Devastation, desolation  
nothing for our compensation  
for the way of life we lost.  
The innocent must bear the cost.

18-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Ever Watchin Eye.

Be careful what you choose to do  
C.C.T, V is watching you.  
If you're caught short and need to pee  
You can be certain you will be  
recorded by C.C.T.V.

A matter of security  
I'm not too sure that I agree  
I'm sure that it was meant to be  
But have to say it seems to me.

Invasion of our privacy  
Though placed on private property  
they are positioned so they see.  
Where people have a right to be.

Recording automatically  
whatever happens secretly.  
That's not the way things used to be  
nor am I sure things ought to be.

Favoured by the powers that be  
The ultimate authority  
C.C.T.V has come to be  
Accepted though reluctantly.

That is the harsh reality  
We must live with apparently.  
Please take this warning seriously  
Remember that C.C.T.V  
Is watching and watching me.

Because they're placed strategically  
they can't be seen too easily.

You might well think you are quite free  
from scrutiny by C.C.T.V.  
It is a possibility  
in isolated property

In city streets a rarity.  
It's seen as a necessity  
which will safeguard your property  
Although sometimes it saddens me

The advent of C.C.T.V  
Has changed the world permanently.  
Progress does not come for free  
We have no choice but pay the fee..

Monday,29 August 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Final Link

A graveyard set beside the sea,  
with headstones placed haphazardly  
That is, not set in tidy rows  
which made me wonder: I suppose

used to city cemeteries  
with flagstone paths and shrubberies.  
Well tended lawns and flower beds.  
To see a wilderness instead

came as a culture shock to me.  
Not what I expected to see.  
This is the grim reality  
of a neglected cemetery.

I'm searching for my ancestor,  
They're difficult to find because  
the salt winds blowing from the sea  
affects the legibility

of names and dates carved in the stone  
Some few are left but most are gone.  
I find what I am looking for  
inside the porch set in the floor.

Though weather worn I can still read  
the final details which I need.  
Confirming the validity  
of my illustrious ancestry.

My great grandfather twice removed  
was once a power in the land.  
A given fact which can be proved  
quite easily I understand.

Now I have traced my family tree  
I can call a halt to my quest.  
I find it's satisfactory.  
I'm sure that I have earned my rest.



Although it may not matter to  
anyone but my family.  
I have proved the legends true  
we were once aristocracy.  
02-Sep-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Final Visitor

The slate blue clouds massed row on row  
now dominate the evening sky  
A lantern burns in my window  
What does the lantern signify?  
That I am old and stay at home  
and that I welcome visitors  
Infirmities won't let me roam,  
I dare not venture out of doors  
I'm weary but I cannot sleep.  
I smile as I recall the past  
Though roads were rough and paths were steep.  
I was young and unsurpassed  
by any other youthful swain  
Who sought for love illicitly.  
Delights I can enjoy again  
if only in my memory.  
I have grown old, I've lived too long  
I wait for death to visit me.  
I won't resist but go along  
without protest and joyfully  
Death knows my name and my abode  
that I await him patiently  
Each day I live is time borrowed  
I must repay eventually  
Perhaps my next life will be short  
if I've won sufficient merit.  
I comfort myself with this thought  
and contemplate the infinite.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## The First Snow For M 'Lady Tara

Now almost imperceptibly the snow is falling steadily.  
Unruffled by the slightest breeze to coat the branches of the trees  
with layers of the purest white which sparkle in the pale moonlight.  
A sight that's pleasing to my eyes. Beneath the trees a blanket lies  
as yet a flimsy covering but it is slowly thickening.  
As falling snow relentlessly, continues drifting quietly.  
The world reverts to black and white. It is a bitter winter's night  
I sit and watch from my window backlit by the firelights glow.  
I'm thankful that I need not go outdoors amidst the falling snow.  
I am content to stay inside I much prefer my fireside.  
Although it's beautiful to see the snow descending steadily.  
I am too old to brave the cold I leave that to the young and bold.  
Tomorrow with the morning sun the children will be having fun.  
With cries of glee they'll greet the snow and I will watch from my window.  
The antics of small girls and boys as they engage in childish ploys.  
Just as I did so long ago when I could enjoy the snow.  
One benefit of being old I stay inside when it is cold.  
My aching bones will not permit me to do much more than sit  
and watch the children as they play and remember my young days.

18/08/2009

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Flowers Of The Forest

A lone piper plays a sad lament.  
Silhouetted against the sky.  
Parading on the battlements.  
A focal point for every eye.  
A single ray of sunlight shone  
Through a break in clouds of grey.  
As if to grant a benison.  
A blessing on the memory  
of those who died in freedoms cause.  
Remembered for eternity.  
The sad lament a tour de force.  
Which foreign tourists flock to see.  
A tribute to our proud history.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Glory Hole For Friend Thad

.  
When all else fails the glory hole remains.  
The final resting place for odds and ends  
Unwanted trifles passed to us by friends,  
we do not really want but we retain  
They might come in handy, our refrain.  
This odd collection builds up and extends  
a welcome. To the oddments we will need  
When we can find the time we need again.  
The glory hole is indispensable  
every house has one: A necessity  
the last resort where we can hope to find  
Just what we need so we are capable  
of repairing damaged gadgetry  
with salvaged parts from another kind.

13-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Golden Age Which Never Was.

Trebizond the fabled city.  
Where everything was fair and just.  
Lost to mankind, more's the pity  
Torn apart by greed and lust.

It seems that Mankind's doomed to be  
discontented for evermore.  
Because he is too proud to see  
he has enough and needs no more.

He has sufficient for his needs  
but he is never satisfied.  
His discontentment sows the seeds  
for lasting peace to be denied.

What you have got he wants to take  
by any means he can employ.  
His lust and greed he cannot slake  
and what he has he can't enjoy.

He has to guard it constantly.  
He is afraid the he might lose  
his treasure to some enemy.  
Although it is of little use.

For wealth cannot buy happiness.  
Dissatisfied he pursues more.  
He cannot understand that less  
His peace of mind might well restore.

He is condemned by his own greed  
to amass more than he can use.  
Acquisition is his creed  
He does not see that he could choose.

To be content with what he has  
and does not need to strive for more  
But sadly he will not: Alas  
the systems rotten to the core.

Mammon rules the world today.  
The cult of the celebrity  
to ostentatiously display.  
What you have gained dishonestly.

I would we could regain again  
The values which our forebears knew.  
An honest man was valued then  
and what he promised he would do.

Today this rule does not apply  
It is acceptable to lie  
deny responsibility  
and not incur a penalty

.08/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Gospel Singer

The atmosphere was smoky blue.  
The singer's voice was smoky too  
When she picked up the microphone  
she fascinated everyone.

Her frail form hid a mighty voice  
you listened to. You had no choice.  
A voice which made the rafters ring.  
She certainly knew how to sing.

She sang without accompaniment.  
Then she set up a precedent.  
She softly crooned a gospel song  
and took her audience along

Tough mobsters sat tears in their eyes  
such was her power to hypnotise.  
Cold killers who had made their bones  
affected by her dulcet tones.

She sang as though she was possessed  
without a break without a rest.  
From nine o'clock til near midnight  
Then suddenly was gone from sight.

Nobody knew the singer's name,  
nobody knew from whence she came  
Some believe she was a ghost,  
an angel from the heavenly host.

But I don't care I heard her sing  
and to this day I proudly boast.  
That I was there and listening  
to an angel or a ghost.

I only know that she changed me  
She altered my whole attitude  
so now I live respectably.  
Recalling her with gratitude



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The High Life

She pinned her shapeless hat in place.  
Then stood before the fireplace  
and gazed into the mirror bright.  
To make quite sure that she looked right.

Before she ventured down the street  
to purchase what she needs to eat.  
A weekly trip she undertook  
and perhaps change her library book.

The library first and then she'll go  
around the village to and fro.  
The simple things she wants to buy  
the village shops can well supply.

She's shy and seldom stops to speak  
This is the highlight of her week  
She nods to neighbours on the street.  
She will stop soon to rest her feet

She will outside the baker's store,  
she'll do as she has done before  
Beneath an awning find a seat.  
Have tea and cakes her weekly treat.

She'll sit and watch the world go by  
surprised at how the hours fly.  
Then quite content she'll make her way  
back home. She has enjoyed her day

Once back at home she'll feed the cat  
and carefully hang up her hat  
Then put her groceries away  
thus ends another shopping day.

18-Aug-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The High Moors    Free Verse

The high moors lie beneath a changing Sky  
As seasons in their turn assume the throne  
The landscape changes yet remains the same.  
Cosmetic changes superficially  
appear to alter what is permanent.  
Changing perceptions of what we can see  
by adding or subtracting colouring  
The pleasant shades of green wrought by the spring  
The hues of summer heather dominates  
and autumn paints the moors in shades of gold.  
Then winter shows monochrome artistry.  
Uninhabited. uninhibited  
The high moors appear to be desolate  
and yet sustain more life than meets the eye.  
The circling hawks on high can see their prey  
and stooping, swiftly expertly they dine.  
They take some small life to sustain their own.  
Obeying Natures rule kill or be killed.  
The high moors can be very dangerous  
especially to the uninitiated.  
Their beauty attracts both wise men and fools.  
And yet there is no place I'd rather be  
Alone, or with congenial company.

13-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The High Moors For M'Lady Tara

I love the beauty of the moors. Those vast expanses wild and free  
But I am prejudiced of course; there is no place I'd rather be.  
In any season I feel at home. The winte, spring, summer or fall.  
Be because I claim the right to roam. There are no rules here none at all.  
The only laws are those decreed by mother nature long ago  
Thou shalt not kill except to feed. The laws all living creatures know.  
I love the freshness of the spring despite the fact the winds are keen  
I am quite happy wandering to search for any sign of green.  
The bitter winter slowly passed and soon the hillsides will be grassed  
Though snow still lingers here and there. As bald spots undergo repair.  
Underground new life is stirring as the sunshine returns with spring  
to warm the winter frozen land. This artistry I understand  
Natures consummate artistry: Infinite in variety  
Each plant supplies a different hue and shadows add a touch of blue.  
A contrast to the greenery which dominates the scenery  
The purple heather showing through as spring continues to renew.  
The beauty of the moors again to be enjoyed other men  
Who love the moors as much as me, a privilege completely free.  
Eventually spring slips away, the moors preparing for the day  
When they will bask beneath the sun. A slow process which has begun.  
Beneath a sky of cloudless blue I chose a spot where I can view  
The kestrels circling on patrol and see the landscape as a whole  
With my field glasses I can see the sunlight gleaming on the sea  
Much further than my naked eye and for moment wish that I  
Had wings so I could freely fly (indulging in a fantasy)  
Towards my other love the sea, dream I know that cannot be.  
The year moves on at its own pace as autumn waits to take her place  
The twilight falls much earlier, this is my favourite time of year.  
The pace of life is slowing down the greenery is turning brown  
The heather fades to lavender, wise rodents store their provender;  
The young birds long since flown the nest are gathering to start their quest.  
Quite soon they'll start their journeyings carried on well practiced wings  
The colours of the high moors fade no longer purple, gold and jade  
Assuming neutral brown and dun the change to winter has begun  
The north wind blows and sprinkles snow. In winter time I do not go  
up to the moors I've earned the right to stay inside where I can write.  
I am too old to brave the cold. I leave that to the young and bold.

13/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Hills Abide

The everlasting hills their secrets keep  
concealed in paces where men rarely tread.  
Lie mouldering bones of men who are long dead  
What caused their death nobody knows or cares.  
In quietude and solitary they sleep.  
Their skeletons defy the passing years.

The peaceful hills have seen men come and go.  
Some few remain but most are passing through  
In search of land to settle. Somewhere new.  
Where they can raise their crops and live in peace  
in the more fertile bottom lands below.  
Protected from the winds that never cease.

Across the ancient hills which can endure  
as they have done for passing centuries  
The heat of summer and the winter's freeze.  
The hardy breed of men who chose to stay.  
Were slow and steady men but very sure  
they could and would survive in their own way.

The half wild sheep which graze these ancient hills.  
Know much more than their shepherds know  
of secret trails that wander to and fro.  
Across the vast expanse beneath the sky  
from sheltered sheepfolds to the flowing rills.  
The sheep accept and do not wonder why.

11-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Hungry Sea

The Hungry Sea.

The fog descends and spitefully blots out the harsh reality.  
Of the hidden rocks and shoals that lie in wait to drown poor souls  
Who are familiar with this coast which has claimed now more lives than most  
When the sea fret hides the sea, the sad foghorn sound dismally.  
The local fishermen are wise, but can be taken by surprise.  
The dense fog muffles the warning sound and fishing boats can run aground.  
The sea fret and the cold North Sea can work together readily  
Malevolence personified they seem to take a perverse pride  
in drowning honest sailor men for reasons far beyond out ken.  
Despite modern sea fret and the hungry sea  
demand their yearly sacrifice, and sailormen must pay the price.  
It has been so for centuries recorded in the histories  
which been written in the past by men who sailed before the mast.  
The sea and sea fret are allied and they cannot be satisfied  
Until the yearly toll is will not change I am afraid.  
We try but cannot guarantee safety for those who sail the sea.  
Along this coast where dangers ancient rules will still apply.  
The sea won't curb her appetite for she believes she has the right.  
To take the sailor lives she takes, by forcing them to make mistakes.  
The sea fret and the hungry sea will always win it seems to me,

4-Oct-08.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The' In 'Place For M Lady Marcy

A string quartet plays melodies  
beneath the shade of potted palms  
like resurrected memories  
Which added quaintness to the charms

of London's latest rendezvous  
The place to see an be seen  
by those in search of somewhere to  
be players on the latest scene.

It looked as though no time had passed  
since Edward occupied the throne.  
As if transported from the past  
it had a glamour of its own.

Recalling a more gracious age  
when everybody knew their place  
Providing posers with a stage  
on which to preen and show their face.

Though it looks old it was brand new.  
Instructed to spare no expense  
Its decorator knew how to  
create an air of opulence.

Designed to let nonentities  
blessed with more wealth than common sense  
pretend to be celebrities  
and to display their affluence.

The venture was a great success  
it was the only place to be.  
Demand grew greater never less.  
Which only proved one thing to me.

That Barnum's dictum was correct.  
There are new mugs born every day  
ready and willing to accept.  
To cut a dash you have to pay.



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Inheritors.

A silent world where no bird sings  
A world devoid of living things.  
Only the fittest could survive.  
The Roaches adapted and still thrive.  
The human race has long since died.  
Killed by their overweening pride  
Although they thought they were the best  
they are as dead as all the rest.  
Ignoring Mother Natures rule  
a race of self destructive fools.  
They meddled with and altered genes.  
Creating hybrid in between.  
The end result is as you see.  
Cockroaches rule triumphantly.

29/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Irene C.

Our motor yacht the Irene C.  
No finer vessel puts to sea  
She's seventy feet from stem to stern  
the motor yacht for which we yearn

Equipped with sails and engines two  
You'd be amazed what speed she'll do,  
Her top speeds more than twenty knots  
Much faster than the other yachts

With two state rooms she is equipped.  
Sheer luxury the captain quipped.  
Two smaller cabins for the crew  
With far less space they must make do.

.  
Our dream boat does not as yet exist  
It's purely imaginary.  
It will one day we both insist.  
When we have won the lottery

Without a dream what have you got,  
there's nothing to look forward to.  
We share our dream about a yacht  
dreams are much better dreamt by two.  
10-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Knights Tale

A dirty night without  
a dirty Knight within  
I entertain no doubt  
The dirty knight will win

the naïve maiden's heart.  
She's ready for romance.  
He'll play the lovers part  
most grateful for the chance

to satisfy his lust  
and at no extra cost.  
Betray the maidens trust.  
Her innocence once lost

can never be replaced.  
She has lost, he has won.  
She is no longer chaste.  
The Knight will travel on

another conquest made.  
Without a backward glance  
spares no thought for the maid  
who thought she's found romance.

So much for chivalry  
but still young maids again  
fall for this old story  
that's told by travelling men.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Ladies Know! ! This One Is For The Guys

The ladies know

She vacillates, procrastinates  
she can't decide what she should wear.  
To the annoyance of her mate  
her indecision hard to bear.

Men simply don't appreciate  
the efforts that a lady makes  
Her clothing must co ordinate.  
She can't afford to make mistakes

Subjected to close scrutiny  
of other ladies eagle eyes  
She must be turned out perfectly  
Although her loving husband tries

to tell her she looks beautiful.  
She knows that he is prejudiced  
as well as being dutiful  
and so she dithers paralysed

Or so it seems but it's not true  
The lady acts out her charade  
she knows exactly what to do.  
Part of the little scheme she's made.

His patience coming to an end.  
Her mate insists that she must dress.  
They have no choice they must attend  
He is quite sure she will impress.

She's wise enough to recognise  
that he will brook no argument.  
So very quickly she complies  
. Her partner registers his content.

When they arrive a little late  
as she intended they would be.

She makes an entry with her mate  
and all the while smiles radiantly.

She has upstaged her enemies  
Her crafty plan a great success  
Her one intent was to displease  
the other ladies more nor less.

Her faithful husband unaware.  
He is completely innocent  
of grudges which the ladies bear.  
Can't understand their discontent.

But then of course he's just a man.  
If looks could kill she would be dead  
She's hated by every woman.  
Though not one crossword will be said.

The feud continues constantly  
As every lady tries her best  
to show her rivals only she  
Stands out above the rest.

Some times they win, sometimes they lose.  
Tonight the winners crown is hers  
The men folk simply chat and booze  
and disregard the hate filled stares.

The ladies know and they intend  
to take her down a peg or two  
But for the moment they pretend.  
Because that's what real ladies do.

18/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Last Leaf

That she was old beyond belief  
was obvious for all to see.  
Her face was like a wrinkled leaf  
The last one clinging to the tree

in defiance of the gales.  
Which autumns sends to strip the trees.  
But now and then this method fails  
and one leaf refuses to release

its hold and stubbornly remains  
attached to where it's always been.  
Where once it drank the summer rains  
when it was tender young and green.

How old she is she cannot say  
nor does she care apparently.  
But like the last leaf in her way  
intends to cling on stubbornly.

She has outlived her family  
all of her friends have long since gone  
Accepting philosophically  
She is the last surviving one

That when she dies her family tree  
will disappear and leave no trace.  
It will just simply cease to be  
there is no one to take her place.

She is a source of wonderment  
to scientists who study her.  
She does not care she is content  
to accept the support they offer her.

Shes not too old to change her ways  
no longer has to search for food.  
Which she done for all her days  
and she still finds that life is good.

There is no record of her birth  
her age is subject of debate.  
Which is to her a source of mirth  
a joke she can appreciate.

She does not care so why should they.  
It does not matter in her eyes  
She has survived until today  
and will do 'til the day she dies.

The scientist all theorise  
on how and why she's lived so long.  
They disagree as each one tries  
to prove he's right the others wrong.

She has her own opinion  
but they show little interest.  
And will not 'til the chance is gone.  
When she has died and gone to rest.

She lived her life in her own way  
It was the only way she knew.  
Aware that she would die one day  
as everybody has to do.

How old she was nobody knew  
It does not matter I suppose.  
That she was old we know is true  
but why she was nobody knows.

11-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# The Last Post.

The last post sounds and echoes round.  
The neat and well kept burial ground.

Head stones in rows beneath the sky  
to mark where our dead heroes lie.

Standing as if still on parade.  
Each headstone looking newly made.

It is one way we show respect.  
No more no less than I expect

Head stones don't only signify  
that battle weary soldiers die

They also serve who wait for men  
who will not see their home again.

The last post makes us realise  
That war destroys their families.

Each time I hear the last post sound  
I'm filled with sadness so profound.

Tears spring unbidden from my eyes,  
they always take me by surprise.

I'm not ashamed to let them flow  
Because I'm old enough to know.

That real men aren't afraid to cry  
Despite the ancient common lie.

That men don't let emotions show  
and should not let their tear drops flow.

When I hear the last post sound  
I can recall the battle ground.

Where so many comrades still lie  
in foreign fields beneath the sky.

The last post serves to honour all  
brave soldiers who sadly fall.

Not only friends but enemies.  
Death selects quite randomly.

Young widows weep and mothers cry.  
They have the right and so do I.

Tuesday, 31 August 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Legendary Upas Tree For Friend Chandra

The legendary Upas Tree

As I drew near the Upas tree  
I felt a sudden lethargy.  
I was devoid of energy  
The Upas tree had captured me.

To satisfy its appetite.  
With promises of sheer delight  
it undermined my will to fight.  
I must resist with all my might.

I will succeed in breaking free  
and then destroy the Upas tree.  
Then I discover suddenly  
I am inside the Upas tree.

This is no dream or fantasy.  
Alas it's grim reality.  
My struggles were to no avail  
The tree must win I had to fail.

If you should find a Upas tree  
avoid it very carefully.  
Few men caught by this strange tree  
ever succeed in breaking free.

One man lived to tell his story  
How he escaped eventually.  
But no one believed that there could be.  
A sentient man eating tree.

I was a fool and paid no heed  
To tell the truth I saw no need  
and that is how I came to feed.  
The Upas tree's unholy greed.

20/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Lesser Of Two Evils.

Do gooders have done their best.  
To end effective punishment.  
Although their ideas fail the test.  
Let criminals do as they please.

They're well aware they'll get away  
with almost any kind of crime.  
In the lawless world of today.  
In my opinion it's past time.

To reintroduce discipline.  
The birch, the cat and yes the rope.  
Society must redefine  
soft options which cannot cope.

With those that choose to break the law  
To other peoples detriment.  
The only way is to restore  
a healthy fear of punishment.

The general public would agree  
to bring back corporal punishment.  
Including the Death Penalty.  
But can't convince the government.

Who fear adverse publicity  
and lack the moral fibre to  
protect all of society.  
Instead of favouring the few.

Who batten on the rest of us  
Because the Government daren't act.  
Their arguments are spurious.  
I see this as established fact.

Perhaps mine is a biased view.  
I could be wrong I must confess.  
The question which I put to you.  
Do you agree: Say no or yes.

Saturday, 11 September 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Lion Roars For M Lady Ernestine

The ancient guardians of the land  
Supernal warriors of the past  
are waiting still I understand  
'Til they are called to protect us.

From some new threat we have to face.  
Just when it seems that we must fail.  
The long dead champions of our race  
will join our ranks: We will prevail.

King Arthur and his band of knights  
and Hereward will wake again.  
The victors of forgotten fights  
will swell our ranks; none will abstain.

So let our enemies beware.  
The Lion roars defiance still,  
the guardians are yet taking care.  
They always have and always will.

27-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Low Down

Mother; remember I am small  
a little over two feet tall  
My view from here is limited  
the shopping mall a place of dread.

Boots and shoes are all I see  
as people rush impatiently.  
You have forgotten how it feels  
to see only toes and heels.

You hold me firmly by the hand  
but I don't think you understand  
Just how it feels to be so small  
and dragged around a shopping Mall.

If you ere small and couldn't see  
then you would know what frightens me.

16-May-08

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# The Matriarch At Prayer

A great grandmother genuflects  
Before the altar and reflects.  
On different stages of her life.  
Alternating peace and strife.

A happy childhood followed by  
And even now she wonders why  
The turbulence of teen age years.  
Temper tantrums and hot tears.

But she matured as all must do.  
And looking back she can review.  
Her teen age angsts quite differently  
She's wiser than she used to be.

She is content to know that she  
Can still pray for her family.

Monday, 16 April 2012.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Minarets Of Trebizond

I can still see though distantly  
the soaring spires of Trebizond  
I take my leave reluctantly  
upon a quest which goes beyond.

The confines of my city state  
where every street's familiar  
I am condemned by cruel fate  
who chose me in particular

To cement alliances made  
so long ago they need renewed  
and so I lead a cavalcade  
of fighting men. My attitude

at once humble and dignified.  
Befitting an ambassador  
who has the power to decide  
Shall we make peace, prepare for war..

Why was I chosen for this task?  
A question which I do not voice  
I do not know who I should ask.  
I only know I have no choice.

The powers that be selected me  
for reasons I don't understand  
To be their sole emissary.  
I am their servant to command.

If I succeed I will return  
to adulation from the crowds  
An honour I will have to earn  
If fate decrees I am allowed.

But if I fail I shall not see  
the spires of Trebizond again  
I'll be exiled permanently  
such is the fate of broken men.

I'll do my best I can but try.  
Conduct my quest with courtesy  
Renegotiate each treaty  
in friendship not hostility.

My journey took me several years  
Forgotten by the powers that be.  
But I return to hearty cheers.  
The people still had faith in me.

Oppressed by the dishonest men  
who had seized power in my absence.  
They looked to me to take again  
the reins of power and commence.

the cleansing of our city state  
So I took power reluctantly.  
It seemed to be the will of fate  
That I should rule with honesty.

And who am I to disagree.  
What fate decides that she will do.  
I will submit to her decree  
I will the rule of law renew.

In my beloved Trebizond.  
So that her fame will spread afar  
beyond her borders far beyond.  
She will become the guiding star.

For city states both far and near  
They can observe and emulate  
the simple laws are few and clear  
in this successful city state.

Which fate has called on me to rule  
against my wishes I confess.  
I am aware I'm just a tool  
a simple tool no more no less.

That fate can use for her purpose.  
She knows I hate dishonesty,  
that's why she chose me I suppose.  
To take responsibility

for Trebizond this fair city.  
Which had been subject to misrule.  
by men who lacked all honesty.  
She chose a fool to be her tool

I am content it should be so  
For Trebizond I gladly serve  
until it is my time to go.  
Then I will reap what I deserve.

But Trebizond continues on  
if only in men's memories.  
A dream to pin your hopes upon  
and visit in your fantasies.

7-Jun-07  
poetic piers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Minds Eye For M Lady Allie

The beauty of the desert lands  
Lies in the multi coloured sands  
which vary with the light of day.  
Only the nomad understands.  
By night the dunes look black and grey  
but alter when the moonbeams play  
across the valleys and the peak.  
Creating pictures which cannot stay.  
The beauty that the nomads seek  
is to the desert lands unique.  
Invisible to western eyes  
which view the barren sands as bleak.  
The beauty of desert lies  
in what the viewers mind supplies.

11-Apr-08

Rubaiyat Sonnet

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Mystery Remains Story Poem

By my lanthorn dimly burning.  
I have trouble in discerning  
the faint words scrawled upon the page  
By the hand of a long dead sage.

What I study is forbidden  
a secret I must keep hidden.  
I dare not study it by day  
and that is why I hide away.

In the dark hours of the night.  
I study by a lanthorns light.  
Lest the priesthood should suspect.  
For they would kill me to protect

from what they see as wizardry  
although it's only chemistry.  
The shaveling priests of Mother Church  
have full authority to search.

As and when and where they choose  
.a power open to abuse  
And they abuse it readily  
in their search for men like me.

Men who defy authority,  
pursue their studies secretly.  
The church pretends to safeguard souls  
but aims to keep in place controls.

Which keep the people ignorant  
so that they will accept the cant.  
The falsehoods and hypocrisy  
of the priests more easily.

The common man must never know.  
Because the church will have it so.  
That education is the key  
to knowledge which will set them free.

From religious domination.  
To me a foul abomination.  
The Holy Book from which they preach  
written in a language will do not teach

To any but the favoured few  
Who think the same way that they do.  
Which will maintain the Status Quo  
beneath the piety they show.

I am convinced that in due course  
The population will enforce  
the will of the majority  
And strip them of authority.

Award all men the liberty  
to study what they want to openly.  
I know too well if I am caught  
my labours will have been for naught

Though I must study secretly  
I hide my records carefully.  
Perhaps one day someone will find  
the writings which I leave behind.

I was betrayed so I must die  
but I will die with head held high.  
Accused of practising magic  
they'll burn me as a heretic.

The papers I hid secretly  
lie waiting for discovery.  
By some scholar of a future time  
When learning is not seen as crime.

xx.

I found this manuscript by chance  
and thought it worth a second glance.  
My hobby is church history.

I can't resist a mystery.

Although the parchment was fragile  
and written in an archaic style.  
Some parts of it I could translate  
sufficient to appreciate..

This document deserved to be  
translated more efficiently.  
By someone who could understand  
old manuscripts written by hand.

So I enlisted expert aid.  
A scholar of the highest grade  
from Oxford university  
to solve the mystery for me.

It caught the scholar's interest  
and easily passed every test.  
To prove it was no forgery.  
Which was of little help to me.

Although the scholar could translate  
there was no way that he could state.  
The dead authors identity  
which must remain a mystery.

A fact which disappointed me.  
Although I gladly paid his fee.  
I would much rather that I knew  
who we could ascribe it to.

I must accept we'll never know  
who wrote these word so long ago.  
Because he failed to sign his name.  
He is denied his well earned fame.

His careful notes on alchemy  
though hidden from his enemy.  
Have formed the basis of research  
which can't be repressed by the church.



As it was in the distant past  
before the people over cast  
the dead hand of the Holy See  
and achieved their liberty

15/04/2009

15/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Nearness Of You For My Lady Irene,

Stray moonbeams are softly stealing, through my window and revealing.  
Things I do not see by daylight. Odd ornaments which they highlight.  
They trigger off old memories, not always guaranteed to please  
Soft silver beams enable me to the past so vividly.  
It is as if the years between which flew so fast had never been  
But I can remember too the happy years I've spent with you.  
You lie there sleeping peacefully I feel your love enfolding me.  
The silver beams caress your face and lend to you an added grace  
An aura of divinity. I do not need moonlight to see.  
Perhaps mine is biased view because I.'m so in love with you  
I look at you with lovers eyes and once again I realise.  
How privileged I am to be watching you sleep peacefully  
You reach your hand out sleepily I stroke it reassuringly.  
I am content to simply be, lying beside you quietly.  
The moonbeams leave before the ds a new day being born  
My love for you won't fade away its growing stronger every day.  
Unlike the moon beams which must leave It is eternal I believe.

Monday,22 February 2010  
ce, com/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Night The Rains Came!

The sky is dark and overcast.  
The rain pours down relentlessly.  
You would not think that it could last  
but it continues ceaselessly

The sodden ground can hold no more.  
The rivers lack capacity  
and do as they have done before  
The overrun their boundaries

The city streets are now waist deep  
There is no halt to the down pour  
The rising water slowly creep  
to places they've not reached before.

The people flee before the flood,  
seeking shelter and safety  
They help each other as they should  
and in the main successfully

The good news is few lives were lost.  
The only one a brave P.C.  
His wife and family bear the cost  
although he died heroically.

It seems that nature was intent  
on showing power she could wield  
It was a tragic accident  
The cold grey morning light revealed.

A scene of devastation.  
Bridges torn down and washed away.  
A natural phenomenon  
or so the weather experts say/

Once in a thousand years or so.  
This is no consolation  
What the people want to know.  
Will they get compensation?

Insurance companies have refused  
cover against the risk of flood  
Until the risk has been reduced.  
If they will not then some one should.

For damage to their property  
and prized possessions washed away.  
Their only hope the powers that be  
will compensate without delay.

Their ordeal isn't over yet  
more heavy rain is on the way  
This is a night they won't forget  
but live in fear of a replay.

Their lives will never be the same.  
A total impossibility.  
The night the heavy rainfall came  
deep etched into their memory.

Although the damage is repaired  
Their peace of mind can never be.  
They will recall how they despaired  
when rain poured down relentlessly.

And there was nothing they could do.  
But flee before the angry flood.  
Which seemed determined to pursue  
and do what damage that it could.

As if it fully understood  
this was its only chance to show.  
Nature in destructive mood  
for a thousand years or so.

Saturday, 21 November 2009  
ce/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Only Way To Go.

Some choose to grow old quietly  
but others take a different view.  
They chose to live disgracefully.

Why should you give up having fun.  
Because you've reached a certain age.  
There are still things you haven't done.

You want to do before you die  
Though your time may be limited.  
You see no reason not to try

To make your madcap dreams come true.  
Why should you sit and vegetate  
as other folks expect you to.

You are the captain of your fate.  
So you can do what you want to.  
Tomorrow may be far too late.

So do it now immediately.  
Regardless of the consequence.  
What does it matter anyway?

Society may not agree.  
You have the right to your own view  
Choose to act disgracefully.

You'll find that life is much more fun  
than sitting watching the T.V.  
Show the world you're still someone

Seize every opportunity  
that life's prepared to offer you.  
To shock your neighbours thoroughly.

They choose to sit and wait to die.  
You choose to do the opposite.

You won't surrender easily/

But fight until your final breath  
because it is your nature to  
Although you know you can't beat death.

You know that one day you must die  
but until then you choose to live  
Just as you wish disgracefully.

01/09/09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Other Side For M Lady Tara

Two little ghosts out walking at night  
When one little Ghost cried out in fright  
Oh Dear I think I see a man.  
He's over there I'm sure I can  
The other ghost says you cannot do  
there are no men they are not true  
Just old Ghosts tales to frighten you  
and if they were what could they do  
There are no men there never was  
I know that's true because.  
My old professor told me so  
and he was clever he should know.  
The whole idea amuses me  
A living man you'll never see

(Apr 04)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Piper Plays His Clans Poem

On cold grey days, a piper plays  
his pibroch on the battlements.  
Clad in the garb of bygone days.  
He proudly plays his clans lament.

From down below he can be seen  
but no one knows who he might be  
A misty figure on the scene  
Bewailing his clan's history.

The swank young men who fought and died  
in foreign wars far from their home  
their sacrifice can't be denied.  
He bids their long dead spirits come.

Come back braw lads where ye belong  
Ye have been far too long away.  
He guides them home a mighty throng.  
His bounden duty is to play.

Should you attempt to draw too near  
all you will find is empty space.  
The piper simply disappears.  
No one has ever seen his face.

The locals know and understand  
He too is dead another ghost  
Who still obeys his last command  
a phantom who sticks to his post.

A sight the tourists come to see  
and vainly try to photograph.  
of course they cannot possibly.  
Their efforts make the locals laugh.

On certain days the piper plays  
the tourists have to make their choice  
Though most arrive on sunlit days  
if he appears they will rejoice.



They have more chance on sad grey days  
to see the piper through the mist.  
the locals know the piper's ways.  
The legend cannot be dismissed.

The experts may explain away  
the ghostly figure. which appears.  
But can't account in any way  
for the lament which they can hear.

So they pretend it is the wind  
a rather silly thing to do.  
All experts have a tight closed mind  
and can't accept the story's true.

I disregard the experts view  
for I have seen and I have heard.  
and know that others have done too  
Expert opinions are absurd.

Why can't the learned fools accept  
the piper's presence as a fact.  
Their explanations are inept.  
Forgive me for my lack of tact.

I can forgive stupidity  
Ignorance is an excuse.  
I state my case with clarity  
most experts are of little use

Outside their field of expertise.  
I much prefer the locals view  
The piper's visits will not cease  
until he has good reason to.

17/06/2009

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Price Of Progress.

The banks of Tyne are green again  
The skyline boasts no shipyard crane  
Our great shipbuilding industry,  
a footnote now in history

The riversides no longer ring  
to the harsh sound of riveting  
It's not the Tyne I used to know  
although the daily tides still flow

up past Newcastle from the sea  
Far cleaner than they used to be.  
I wonder was it worth the cost  
a thousand, thousand jobs were lost.

There was no clear cut policy  
to deal with mass redundancy.  
As usual the government  
addressed the rising discontent

With promises of action to  
reduce the ever growing queue.  
On unemployment benefit  
But sadly they did not see fit.

To do what needed to be done.  
So we were left to struggle on.  
The fat cats were protected by  
the old boys camaraderie.

Nobody gave a tinkers damn  
about the common working man.  
One heard to say  
this is the price we have to pay.

He clearly did not understand  
the working men's right to demand.  
Some action from the powers that be  
which would relieve their misery.

Correcting mistakes which were made.  
As usual the price was paid  
By men who lost their livelihood  
and not by those who really should.

have paid the price because they failed  
to see. Just what would be entailed  
In closing down an industry  
which had thrived traditionally.

From lack of positive support  
and even worse from lack of thought.  
Though craftsmen could transfer their skill  
there were no vacancies to fill.

Whole communities were destroyed  
there was no way they could avoid.  
Being forced to move away  
although they would much rather stay.

The banks of Tyne are green again.  
Paid for in hardship and in pain.  
The working men were hardest hit  
again the rich folks benefit.

Because they can afford to buy  
Luxury flats that now rise high  
and cater for the wealthiest  
Who think that they deserve the best.

The working class lose out again  
Which is quite easy to explain.  
Though working men are in demand  
the wealthiest are in command.

They always were through history  
There really is no mystery.  
The power lies with the elite  
The working men cannot compete.

The rich get rich at our expense

and most of them make no pretence.  
To care about the working man.  
Who they exploit because they can.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Quiet Man

A small dark man who stands alone.  
He gives respect where it is due  
but owes allegiance to none.  
and he expects respect from you.

He has an air of confidence,  
each move is made with fluid grace.  
No one should doubt his competence.  
A man who knows his rightful place.

Although he's small he has no fear  
he knows his own ability.  
The warning signs are very clear  
it is not wise to challenge me.

But if you do I'm sure he can  
Show you who is the better man.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Right Attitude

The right attitude

I do not fear the night  
although deprived of sight, I know  
I'm free to come and go  
because the moon will glow for me  
just sufficiently  
To set my spirit free from fear.  
The spectres disappear  
they do not belong here and flee  
The Moon protects me.  
I gladly pay my fee of praise  
I have done all my days  
I give the moon her due Always.

Luc Bat

Vietnamese form

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The River Knows

Englyn unodde crwca

Quietly the river flows  
never telling all it knows.  
Has no reason I suppose and no voice.  
We rejoice it does.

Whilst the river holds its peace.  
We need not fear it might release,  
From its store of memories: Dark secrets.  
It forgets and heeds our pleas.

Secrets which we wish to hide.  
We can cast our cares aside.  
The wise river will decide, not to tell.  
suits us well, all denied

Sins we now view with regret  
.Sins we would we could forget  
The river will keep secret for ever  
and never cause upset.

Tuesday,09 February 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Rocks Abide

The rocks abide.

The wind swept crags command a view.  
Across the rolling countryside  
Where there is always something new.  
Though seasons change the rocks abide.

The greening of the land in spring  
Which turns to gold beneath the sun.  
Then autumn changes everything.  
A colour to suit everyone.

From this vantage point I see  
The spring the summer and the fall.  
Then winter with its stark beauty  
My favourite season of them all.

An empty world of pristine white.  
All blemishes hid from my sight.

Monday, 10 October 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# The Sacrifice Storypoem

She wore a robe so white and thin  
that it enhanced her nakedness.  
Made of the silk which spiders spin  
Epitome of gracefulness

Her hair as black as ebony,  
contrasting with her rose gold skin.  
Which unrestrained was flowing free  
She glowed as though she had within,

her slender form of flesh and blood.  
A light that would illuminate  
the darkness of the world and would  
without a doubt propitiate.

The Gods demanding sacrifice.  
According to the High Priests rede,  
only a virgin would suffice.  
To satisfy his dark Gods need.

The clan believed his rede was true  
And so she went quite willingly.  
To pay the God What he was due  
ad so ensure fertility.

of flocks and crops, increase their yield.  
Improve the clan's prosperity  
In truth the High Priests rede concealed  
his innate taste for cruelty.

She lay upon the altar stone  
and showed no slightest sign of fear.  
The high Priest bared his blade of bone  
and then although the sky was clear.

A bolt of lightning from the blue  
struck down the priest as he deserved.  
The Goddess had decided to  
insist her rules should be observed.

The maiden lived and she became  
in course of time the high priestess.  
She governed in the goddess' name  
Rewarded for her faithfulness.

The wicked high priest had to die  
because he had led the clan astray.  
A truth that no one can deny.  
The high priestess would lead the way.

The Goddess would protect the clan  
as long as they obeyed her laws.  
Though she would strike dead any man  
whose bad behaviour gave her cause.

The Mother Goddess would supply  
sufficient for her children's need.  
As long as they lived righteously  
and followed her High Priestess' lead

The willing sacrifice became  
the chosen of the true Goddess  
and now held power in her name.  
Authority to curse or bless.

She serves her clan still faithfully  
as she was always willing to  
Speaks for the Goddess honestly,  
does as the Goddess bids her do.

Willing to die to serve her clan.  
The Goddess decreed that she should live  
to implement the goddess' plan.  
And claimed the life she chose to give.

She'd live a life of servitude  
as guardian of the sacred lore.  
A mother to the multitude  
who looked to her to keep the law.

Chosen to be a sacrifice

Which she accepted willingly  
the goddess changed things in a trice  
which she could do quite easily.

Though she would sacrifice her life  
to serve the clan for all her days.  
Forgo the chance to be a wife  
to follow in the goddess' ways.

6-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Scent Of Success

I wandered lonely as a cloud.  
Perhaps because I had B.O.  
I was not welcomed in the crowd.  
But no one ever told me so.

Until a friend took me aside  
and whispered to me quietly  
with distaste he could barely hide.  
You trouble is you smell you see.

I thanked him for his honesty  
although the truth was hard to bear.  
I did not see how this could be  
because I bathe myself with care.

I bought a new deodorant  
with which to combat my B.O  
Now I smell rather elegant.  
The ladies think I'm nice to know.

Attracted by my new cologne  
each seeks an opportunity.  
To try and get me on my own.  
My honest friend now envies me.

9-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Teen Age Myth

Adolescent anxiety  
never really bothered me  
When I was young there were no teens  
Just men and boys no in between.

You started work when you left school  
this was accepted as the rule.  
The good old days or so they say  
when things were done a different way

Teen agers were not invented then.  
Perhaps its time to think again  
Reintroduce some discipline  
to whip the youngster into line.

Ignore the experts who advise  
because they lack the expertise.  
In raising children of their own  
experience they've never known.

Adolescents of today  
must learn there is no easy way.  
They have to work to earn respect.  
I am not sure but I suspect.

That most of you agree with me  
that nothing in this life is free.  
It's our responsibility  
to raise our children properly.

To teach them what they need to know  
and yet allow them room to grow.  
Though you may think I'm prejudiced  
I have the right and I insist

That children should be taught values  
before they're old enough to choose.  
To obey the rules or to refuse

After all what can we lose.

28-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Threat Remains Story Poem

As twilight fall across the sea.  
A fog was drifting steadily  
Towards the shore and threatening  
that it would swallow everything.

A clammy cold persistent mist  
which seemed unnatural to me.  
Some evil which should not exist  
which was approaching rapidly.

I'm not afraid, I'm terrified  
that in the fog strange creatures hide  
.I have a strong presentiment  
I'm certain it's malevolent.

The local legends linger on.  
Strange tales from times which are long gone.  
Stories I held to be untrue  
but now I'm not sure that I do.

I am no longer confident  
that modern man is competent  
to deal with dangers he can't see.  
Lured into false security

reliant on technology.  
But we still sense subconsciously  
When something does not seem quite right  
and we prepare for flight or fight.

I would much rather run away  
but something forces me to stay  
I am entranced or hypnotised  
my limbs completely paralysed.

And as I watch it comes ashore  
as it has often done before.  
To wreak the vengeance of the sea  
upon the land so silently.

That no one knows until it's gone  
that it has been and what it's done  
Whole villages have disappeared  
because the fog has commandeered.

The population forcibly  
and carried them beneath the sea.  
Leaving no witnesses behind  
no evidence for men to find.

to try and solve the mystery.  
Abandoned houses by the sea  
but not one living soul remains,  
no single witness to explain.

But this time it is different  
I'm forced to watch the whole event.  
Although there's nothing I can do  
the village disappears from view.

The mist engulfs it easily.  
The silence is what frightens me.  
No cries of distress or alarm  
just an all pervading calm.

Was it by luck, pure happenstance  
an accidental circumstance.  
I chose to take a moonlight stroll  
to watch the breakers as they roll.

Towards the shore from out at sea  
in procession ceaselessly.  
I do not know but I believe  
I was intended to perceive.

The creeping fog come from the sea  
engulf the village silently.  
So I could then bear witness  
to the fact the ancient tales are true.

Though when I try to testify



they think I'm mad or that I lie.  
Why should I lie what could I gain  
I ask but they cannot explain.

Interviewed by psychiatrists  
my "delusion" still persists  
I stick to what I know I saw  
I will remember evermore.

But they insist on treating me  
as I if had some malady.  
Some mental illness they can cure  
and so they keep me in secure

accommodation I don't need.  
In case one day I might succeed  
in proving that my story's true  
and that of course would never do.

They dare not check past history  
which would resolve the mystery.  
If they researched the local lore  
they'd find the fog has struck before

though not in living memory.  
They are afraid to set me free.  
I know they know I'm not insane  
but that I will repeat again.

The story which I know is true  
a story they don't want me to.  
They much prefer to rationalise  
to justify their blatant lies.

They have no explanation  
of where the villagers have gone.  
So they misuse authority  
because they do not want be

seen to lack efficiency  
So they sit back complacently.  
Convinced they have successfully

prevented all publicity.

But they will find it is not so  
for relatives will want to know.  
What happened to their kith and kin  
and then the witch hunt will begin.

Eventually they'll get to me  
I will regain my liberty  
I will be allowed to tell my tale.  
Despite their efforts they will fail.

I will repeat my evidence  
just what I saw no more no less.  
Although it seems to make no sense.  
It is the truth nevertheless.

Authorities claim to protect  
the public as they ought to do  
It is a claim which I reject  
If you believe me you will too.

16-Feb-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Truth Can Hurt

The truth can hurt

Some writers write infrequently  
and others write prolifically.  
What matters is the quality  
much more so than the quantity.

Good writers by their words display  
their thoughts in a coherent way  
Describing things they have observed  
and garner praise that's well deserved.

But some think anything will do  
and they pay no attention to  
the rules successful writers use  
they will not learn: point blank refuse

to accept well meant critique.  
They much prefer dishonest praise  
from so called friends afraid  
to speak the simple truth lest they dismay

their friend by speaking honestly.  
So naturally they take offence  
when other people criticise  
that which seems perfect in their eyes.

True writers take this in their stride  
they know their work is not perfect.  
But what they know is they have tried  
and that is all you can expect.

New writers lack experience  
but everyone must start some where.  
The wise ones do not take offence  
when other people show they care

enough to offer some advice.  
Because they can remember when

they too were just a new novice  
to painting pictures with their pen.  
27 feb 08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Watchers

Why should we fear the alien?  
who seem to be observing us.  
I fear much more my fellow men  
It seems to me ridiculous.

That we assume hostility  
of which there's little evidence.  
Perhaps the strange craft which we see  
are merely on reconnaissance.

They're tasked to watch the human race  
but not allowed to interfere  
. For some signs of maturity.  
They are afraid that we draw near

to having the technology.  
Which will enable us to spread  
from our small island galaxy.  
A happening they view with dread.

They know we are belligerent.  
We have been watched for centuries  
The fear the threat that we present.  
We're quarantined like some disease.

These monitors form outer space  
who keep a wary eye on us.  
Are right to fear the human race.  
They are not merely curious.

Despite the progress man has made  
to them we lack maturity...  
They have good cause to be afraid  
we threaten their security..

They have the right to be afraid  
of human ingenuity.  
Perhaps in time we'll make the grade  
when we attain maturity.

Man is his own worst enemy  
he sees each stranger as a foe  
and meets him with hostility.  
We dare not let our own fear show.

Why should we fear the alien.  
There is no reason for alarm  
They do not act like other men  
why should we fear that they mean harm..

10-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Way It Has To Be

The way it has to be

The world is full of predators,  
the strongest prey upon the weak  
It's one of nature's primal laws.

Only the fittest live to breed  
and pass strong genes to their offspring.  
They must be ruthless to succeed.

Mankind does not obey these rules  
and by preserving weaker strains  
Appears perhaps to prove that we are fools.

We breed beyond capacity  
and damage the environment.  
Avoiding the simplicity of laws

which Mother Nature made.  
The weak and flawed will not survive  
they simply do not make the grade.

Though Mother Nature can enforce  
the rules she made. against man's will  
Does so as matter of course.

Too many mouths too little food  
Many must die to save the few  
Maybe it's time we understood.

Mother nature's in control  
Because mankind's not fit to be  
She sees the picture as a whole.

Something that mankind cannot do  
His stiff necked pride gets in the way.  
So Nature does what she needs to.

She culls the herds quite ruthlessly  
the weakest still go to the wall.  
This is the way it has to be.

1-Jan-08

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1-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Wilted Poem.

&lt;/The Wilted Rose.

A wilted rose recalls to me.  
A sad but cherished memory  
Of one I loved.  
Who loved not me.

I found it accidentally  
in keepsakes which were left to me.  
By one I loved  
Who loved not me.

I wonder why she kept the rose  
She had her reasons I suppose.  
The one I loved.  
Who loved not me.

Perhaps that's why I never wed.  
She wed another in my stead.  
The one I loved.  
Who loved not me.

I think perhaps she obeyed  
A bargain that her father made.  
The one I loved.  
Who loved not me.

I am convinced that secretly  
She loved me in reality.  
The one I loved.  
Loved me truly.

And that she wed unwillingly  
The man she wed instead of me.  
Did her duty  
Reluctantly..

That's why she left the rose to me.

I keep it with me constantly.  
The only way  
that she could say.

What she could not say openly.  
The withered rose is telling me.  
The one loved  
Also loved me.

My life is drawing to its close  
I shall be buried with the rose.  
Laid on my breast.  
My last request.

To those who come to bury me.  
The withered rose will always be.  
A mystery  
To all but me.

Monday, 14 November 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Write Place

I have a desk at which to write  
but I prefer my old arm chair  
It is so comfortable, just right  
I usually do my writing there.  
I have a pc which I use  
mainly to edit and correct  
The quick outpourings of my muse  
as do most poets I suspect.  
A pad and pencil are my tools  
I use modern technology  
but stick to my old fashioned rules  
when I'm composing poetry  
My desk is very nearly bare  
but books abound by my arm chair.

21-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# The Write Place For M Lady Chitra

The river here runs slow and deep  
The banks on either side are steep  
and covered well with foliage.  
Through which small creatures slyly creep.

The price of life is vigilance  
they can't afford to take a chance  
The brambles form an airy cage  
through which they cast a wary glance.

Instinctively they know to hide  
for danger lurks on every side  
They have no choice they must forage.  
It's tantamount to suicide.

Just one mistake and they will die.  
Predators can strike from the sky.  
so suddenly and silently  
The oldest rules of all apply

to prey and to each predator  
Nature red in tooth and claw.  
An old but very true adage  
which will remain for evermore.

The river flows on placidly  
quite unaware apparently  
of happenings upon life's stage..  
In undisturbed tranquillity.

The river here runs deep and slow  
A favourite place I choose to go  
To scribble words upon a page.  
my pencil moving to and fro.

My presence does not cause upset  
they do not see me as a threat.  
Until I move to turn my page.  
Though I try not to, I forget.

I watch the watchers watching me.  
I pique their curiosity  
I find it difficult gauge  
who watches who the most closely.

Towards the closing of the day  
I have to go but they will stay  
safe hidden in the foliage.  
From which they very rarely stray.

15/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Their Evensong; My Pleasure For Friend Thad

I sit outside the monastery  
and pass an hour pleasantly  
Listening to the brothers chant  
I find their plain song elegant.

I wonder why, it puzzles me  
Why do some men voluntarily  
decide upon monastic life.  
Are they afraid of worldly strife.

It seems to me that they retreat  
from normal life; admit defeat.  
I'm sure they see it differently  
To me it is a mystery.

What can they possibly achieve.  
This question really baffles me.  
I must suppose that they believe.  
It's pleasing to their deity.

But I am not a Christian  
I have my own philosophy.  
More suited to a simple man.  
Which is all I claim to be.

They have a choice they can decide  
to worship God in their own way.  
I am content to sit outside  
I do not have the right to say.

What they should do or should not do.  
My own motto is tolerance  
that's why I come to listen to  
the plain song. which my ears entrance.

When night falls and all is still.  
The final notes have died away.  
I exercise my own free will  
and rise to make my homeward way.

My God does not expect me to  
stick to a rigid discipline.  
The way the brothers have to do.  
To pray or not the choice is mine.

14/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Then I Will Know The Reason Why.

I know for sure that I know less  
than what I used to think I knew.  
I find it easy to confess..

When I was young I knew it all  
Experience taught me otherwise  
That pride must go before a fall..

The few things which I know are true.  
I still recheck them frequently.  
It's something that I have to do.

For change occurs and alters things  
and often truth is flexible.  
It has been known to topple kings.

I'm not a king I'm just a man  
A simple man who knows his place  
And tries to do the best he can.

I can say with honesty  
Although I am prepared to learn  
Who can I find who will teach me...

Some one who knows much more than me.  
Somebody who is qualified.  
I never will quite probably.

I'll have to wait until I die  
Before I'm privy to the truth  
Then I will know the reason why.

Tuesday, 26 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Theology Is Not For Me.

What I believe may not be true  
Until I know it has to do.  
My personal philosophy  
Is based not on theology.

But on ideas I have aquired  
thoughts my studies have inspired.  
Ideas which aren't unique to me  
Which I have stolen probably.

Adopted would be more correct  
Which I continue to collect.  
From anywhere and everywhere.  
To consider and compare

Eventually I hope to see  
All men treated equally

I try to keep an open mind  
about the strange things that I find.  
That some established churches teach  
that human souls must do to reach.

Perfection: Which I can't accept.  
Although I try to show respect.  
To the beliefs that others hold.  
I don't believe all I was told.

By people in authority  
Who had the task of teaching me.  
What they believed quite honestly.  
But had no proof to offer me.

I saw no point in argument.  
But I withheld my agreement.  
Although I listened patiently  
It seemed quite obvious to me.

That what they taught made little sense  
And silence was my best defence.

Saturday, 27 August 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# There And Back Again For Jt Ellison

The river flows unhurriedly  
on its long journey to the sea  
Sometimes flows fast and sometimes slow.  
It does not matter really though

All rivers will eventually  
become part of the great salt sea.  
From whence they came as clouds and rain  
to which they must return again

The sea and Sun co operate.  
Evaporate, precipitate  
Recycling water constantly.  
All rivers flow into the sea.

Where they evaporate and rise  
as water vapour to the skies.  
The chill will change its state again  
from water vapour into rain.

Which falls upon the earth below  
to nourish all the plants that grow  
Without the rain then there would be  
no rivers flowing to the sea.

The world be a desert place  
of growing plants no single trace.  
A world of grey and brown and dun  
Defeated by the burning sun.

Although the rain can be a curse  
no rain at all would be much worse.  
Accepting philosophically  
the rain must fall and frequently.

Though sometimes inconveniently  
Without the rain where would be  
Extinct I think without a doubt  
I much prefer the rain to drought.

Though it may rain on your parade  
and spoil the plans which you have made.  
You should be thankful for the rain,  
you have small reason to complain.

Nature recycles constantly.  
water the prime necessity.  
If she did not then we would die  
Beneath a blue and cloudless sky.

6-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# There And Back Again For M 'Lady Chitra

There are no blossoms to be seen.  
They've served their turn and left the stage  
The trees are clad in shades of green  
One further step on their passage

from the bare twigs of winter time.  
Stark silhouettes against the sky  
then blossom time which is sublime  
Providing pleasure for the eye/

The trees are in their summer dress  
More subtle than their spring attire.  
Waiting for autumn to impress  
with leaves that seem to be on fire.

The autumn winds well strip them bare  
and spread their glory on the ground.  
A coloured blanket everywhere.  
and twigs now dancing to the sound

of early winter gales that blow.  
Creating eerie harmonies,  
bare branches moving to and fro  
produce discordant melodies.

The trees endure the winters rage,  
the bitter cold and falling snow,  
The know it's just another stage  
they're well prepared to undergo.

Before the welcome spring returns  
to prompt new tender leaves to grow  
Followed by blossoms in their turn.  
As seasons come and seasons go,

07/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# There Can Be No Argument For M Lady Resh Bubbles

I do not know but I suspect.  
That death is not as we expect.  
Simply reward or punishment.

For things we failed to do or did.  
No single action can be hid  
Nor can our motive and intent.

Before the court to make my plea  
I find the only judge is me.  
I cannot plead I'm innocent

I know the things I did and why.  
There is no way I can deny  
The sins for which I must repent.

I was tempted and often fell  
frequently the truth to tell.  
Although sometimes with good intent.

I prosecute and I defend  
but realise that in the end.  
The laws of Karma represent.

Pure justice which applies equally  
to everyman, no one is free.  
Established by long precedent..

Though this lifetime you failed to learn  
the only punishment you earn  
You choose yourself and can't resent.

Another life another start  
you have to play another part.  
You acquiesce and give consent.

A life you start with a blank sheet  
your unlearned lessons to repeat.  
All new born babes are innocent.



30-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# There Can Only Be One Absolute Truth.

I thought I wrote but only dreamt a poem showing my contempt  
For those who claim to know the truth. I realised when but a youth.  
They claim divine authority but had no proof to offer me  
I can't believe that any creed can provide the proof I need.  
Amongst themselves they can't agree so they argue perpetually  
Nor do they practice what they preach I think the truth's beyond their reach  
I can accept the faith you hold. I would not dare to be so bold  
To think I dare to criticise what you believe. I've found it wise.  
To tolerate whatever creed which seems to satisfy a need?  
That can bring great comfort to those followers to whom it's true  
I seek for truth I cannot find; but would it bring me peace of mind  
Or would I feel compelled to share the truth with all men every where  
I do not think I could achieve a change in what folks now believe.  
I will continue with my quest, I am convinced it's for the best.  
The knowledge gained from all I've read is safely stored inside my head  
For me to ponder quietly. Beliefs peculiar to me  
Although I know they may not be true. I think for now they'll have to do  
Until I find fresh evidence which seems to me make good sense  
I believe only bodies die. The soul goes on triumphantly  
Transmuted to a higher plane before being reborn again  
What I believe may not be true what you believe is up to you  
We will find out eventually that is a solid certainty.

24/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# There Ought To Be! !

There ought to be! !

I'm paralysed and wheel chairbound.  
Although I can still get around.  
I cannot just go anywhere  
Unless there's access for my chair.

I am an independent man.  
I try to do all that I can.  
My home's adapted to my need  
Free access is guaranteed.

But when I face the world outside  
I'm very rarely satisfied.  
that people truly understand.  
How hard it is when you are banned.

From places you would like to see.  
There's no access for folks like me

Tuesday, 14 September 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# There's Nothing There! ! For M Lady Ernestine

She rules the roost behind the scenes.  
Although her husband wears the jeans.  
She lets him show he is the boss  
but there are lines he dare not cross.

For all his manly macho show  
she knows it's only bravado.  
More importantly so does he  
which he accepts apparently.

He knows quite well who's in control  
but still he plays his public role.  
She treats him deferentially  
whilst there's an audience to see.

Like any man who's seen the light.  
He knows that she is always right.  
Her slightest wish is his command  
which isn't hard to understand.

He's not the tough guy he appears  
She has been training him for years.  
He knows: She knows, he knows she knows  
His public image is a pose.

1-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Theroretically

God instructs me in the thunder  
and speaks to me in wind and rain.  
He corrects me when I blunder  
and sets me on the path again.

My God expects that I will try  
to live my life the way I should.  
I sometimes fail I can't deny.  
Because I have misunderstood

that the temptations offered me.  
Are lessons from which I should learn.  
I have the choice my will is free.  
All men are tempted in their turn

Though men should know instinctively  
to listen to that still small voice  
which whispers to them quietly.  
When they are forced to make a choice.

My God can speak to me direct.  
He needs no intermediaries  
Which is the reason I reject.  
All of religions theories.

What I believe holds true for me  
although it may seem wrong to you.  
Its just another theory  
you can reject if you wish to.

.13-Jan-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Thieves Market

Change Alley's where you need to go.  
When you've been robbed. You never know.  
You might just find what you have lost  
and buy it back at small cost.  
Although there is no guarantee  
I think that very possibly  
You'll be surprised at what you find  
Odds and sods of every kind.  
Some are stolen some are legit  
What does it matter not a bit.  
You can buy if you so choose  
After all what can you lose?  
If you should visit Singapore.  
Change Alley is worth looking for.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Think Again

What lies beyond we do not know.  
Deaths portal opens, we pass through,  
no one returns though many go.  
Most are convinced that this is true.

Though priest of all regions teach  
that paradise is within our reach.  
If only for the favoured few  
who do as the priests tell them to.

The gardens where the waters flow  
are where the devout Muslims go.  
The Christians have a different tale  
for their devout who do not fail.

We are brain washed in early youth  
with different versions of the truth.  
All men are prone to self deceive  
and free to choose what they believe.

I just accept I do not know  
and will not 'til it's time to go  
through that portal perhaps to find.  
Heaven and Hell are states of mind.

Paradise or purgatory  
are merely stories told by men.  
Belief is not obligatory.  
Perchance you need to think again.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Thinking For Friend Sid

The lightning flashed, the thunder roared.  
Combined in mad cacophony  
The suddenly peace is restored.

The clouds disperse the moon shines through  
and the stars are visible gain.  
Pinpoints of light against the blue.

Far distant stars that we can see.  
Each one of them a burning sun.  
I sit and wonder quietly.

Do they perhaps have planets too  
in orbit round the mother star.  
I think that it might well be true.

It seems to me that it must be  
at least a possibility.  
That we will learn eventually.

We aren't alone we never were.  
That there are other races too  
that live and thrive somewhere out there.

Perhaps they sit and wonder too  
and see our sun another star  
a mere pinpoint against the blue.

23-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Thinking Deeply.

I find these days quite frequently.  
I slip into a semi trance.  
When meditating quietly  
on fate and changing circumstance.

I close my eyes to contemplate  
Which seems quite sensible to me.  
It leaves me free to concentrate  
On what I think not what I see.

Of course my wife accuse me  
of napping when I'm in a trance  
But she does enjoy teasing me.  
A little when she gets the chance.

I can't deny it's possible  
I dropp off when I'm comfortable.  
But I do not believe I do.  
Although my wife insists it's true.

Wednesday,03 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# This Is No Dream For My Lady

I thought that love was not for me.  
Accepted philosophically,  
I was too old to find new love  
But fate decide it would prove  
how wrong I was and led me to  
the time and place where I met you  
I think you were surprised as me  
To find that subtle chemistry  
drew me to you and you to me  
Fate had decide we should be  
each given another chance  
to find a partner for life's dance.  
The dream we thought could never be  
quite soon became reality.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Thomas Campbell. A Tribute

How delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss at loves beginning  
When two mutual hearts are sighing  
for the knot there's no untying

Thomas Campbell  
1777-1804  
Glosa

How delicious is the winning  
of a partner to our sinning  
We reckon not the punishment  
which may arise from our intent.

Of a kiss at loves beginning  
part of the song our hearts are singing  
As we both move in harmony  
in pursuit of sweet ecstasy.

When two mutual hearts are sighing  
each to the others need replying  
Dame Nature's laws must be obeyed  
by every man and every maid.

For the knot there's no untying  
we must hurry time is flying  
We seize the opportunity  
what need is there to feel guilty.

7-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Those Were The Days

The horse drawn hearse impresses me  
Drawn by a pair of well matched blacks.  
Moves slowly onward sedately.  
With an attendant at the back.  
The coachman in dark livery.  
A black crepe bow adorns his hat  
Controls his horses easily  
There can be little doubt of that.  
It is a sight we rarely see.  
In the busy world of today.  
A horse drawn hearse traditionally.  
Was seen to be the only way.  
To embark on your last journey  
To the local cemetery.

Tuesday, 17 April 2012.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Though Words May Change Some Things Do Not

Her husband was a bedswerver.  
A braggart who did not deserve her.  
But she herself a Bellibone.  
Had she but known. Had she but Known

his character before they wed  
then she would not have graced his bed.  
He was smock sniffer through and through.  
The vows he made were all untrue.

He treats her as a draggletail.  
Her protests all to no avail.  
Which leaves her with no other choice  
but file the papers for divorce.

And this she does successfully  
He has to pay alimony  
She lives alone now happily  
At his expense completely free.

She will not be again redmod  
A beaten child still fears the rod.  
No longer foolishly naïve  
she believes all men deceive.

Glossary of obsolete words

Bedswerver unfaithful husband

Bellibone a sweet and innocent woman.

Draggletail a prostitute

Smock sniffer a philander.

Redmod Hastily.

4-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

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4-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Three Musettes

Payment

Regret.  
Perhaps I should  
Forget

The pain  
of losing you.  
No gain.

I lost  
now I must bear  
the cost..

Riddle

A bird  
that has no wings  
absurd

Penguin  
this bird can swim  
You win

Again  
maybe I should  
abstain

Hello Hello

It's true  
echo replies  
to you.

You call  
echo repeat  
that's all.

Echo

says nothing new  
to you.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Three Points Of View Experimental C&C

Him

My wife is beautiful to me.  
But I am prejudiced you see.  
I see the beauty deep within  
Beneath the lines writ on her skin  
by passing years but they can't hide  
The beauty which resides inside.

Her

My man is old and bent and gray  
He didn't always look that way  
I see him as he used to be  
but I am prejudiced you see  
I see him in the prime of life  
He is my man I am his wife.

Children

Although we three have always known  
our Mum and Dad as being old.  
Getting older as we have grown.  
The memories we have and hold.  
We tend to see them as they were  
but somehow they seem smaller.

Dad's not the man he used to be  
but Mum is aging gracefully.  
Dad may be looking old and bent,  
to Mum he is magnificent  
and he still thinks her wonderful.  
His life time love and beautiful

Our parents taught us all they knew.  
What we learned was how to  
love and to live the way we should.  
Though we have done the best we could  
There is no way we can compare  
to such a perfect pigeon pair.

We're proud of them they're proud of us  
Though none of us kick up a fuss.  
We know and we know they know  
That in due course they both will go.  
but leave behind a legacy  
Love given unconditionally.

19-Jan-09.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Threepenny Bits

Our little dog is very old.  
She's rather deaf and almost blind  
and if the honest truth were told  
You might think my words unkind.  
She often has an accident  
The reason isn't hard to find,  
she's senile and incontinent  
She has but one thought in her mind  
She hasn't lost her appetite  
The only pleasure left to her  
she hunts by scent and not by sight  
for any food that's on offer.  
We never know where we will find  
some souvenir she's left behind.

13-Nov-08

Our little Yorkshire Terrier Threepence is fourteen years old

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Thunder Thursday

The Sun breaks through the overcast.  
The rain has ceased to fall at last.  
The ground below is soaking wet.  
The streams and rivers overflow.  
A summer I will not forget.  
The violent thunderstorms widespread  
With rain falling torrentially.  
Forked lightning flashing overhead.  
Flooding homes and property.  
The rain falling persistently.  
The drainage systems cannot cope.  
They simply lack capacity.  
The rising waters envelope  
All in their path remorselessly.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Thunderbox

In Granddad's garden there still stands  
a thunder box. A monument  
built lovingly by Granddads hands,  
intended to be permanent,  
But fashions change and indoor loos  
took the place of earth closets  
So now it has a different use  
but he can cope with life's upsets.  
It houses now his garden tools  
Green painted and in good repair  
Granddad has little time for fools.  
Who cannot change and will not dare.  
But Granddad can and Granddad will  
accept the world cannot stand still.

21/07/2007

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Time Flies

As yet untouched by passing years.  
Her lustrous hair as black as night  
the maiden's smile is a delight.  
As yet untouched by passing years.

Without a doubt she soon will wed.  
Such beauty must attract a mate  
A good excuse to celebrate.  
Without a doubt she soon will wed.

Take on the duties of a wife.  
In time she'll bear a child or two  
make all her girlish dreams come true.  
Take on the duties of a wife.

In time all fledglings leave the nest.  
Then he and she are left alone  
amazed how fast the years have flown.  
In time all fledglings leave the nest.

Her raven locks now streaked with white.  
He sees her with a lovers eyes  
and pays no heed for he is wise  
Her raven locks now streaked with white.

The passing years have left their mark.  
The love they share still strong and true  
binds them together like strong glue.  
The passing years have left their mark.

They are still happy and content  
as much in love as when they wed  
.When first they shared their marriage bed.  
They are still happy and content.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Time Is Of The Essence For Friend Thad

Herbert the hippopotamus  
was feeling rather amorous  
The female hippopotami  
avoided Herbie's roving eye.

They politely gave their reason  
This is not the mating season.  
Although he sang his best love song  
the ladies would not go along.

So Herbie had to go without  
of this the ladies had no doubt.  
They told him firmly that he should  
go cool his ardour in the mud.

Then come back when the time is right  
to satisfy his appetite.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Time Is Of The Essence.

My time grows short I'm getting old.  
The years pass by so speedily  
Each day is worth much more than gold.  
I greet each morning thankfully

But time moves on remorselessly  
Although my memories enfold  
My youthful days effortlessly  
My time grows short I'm getting old

Long, long ago when I was bold  
I faced the future fearlessly.  
Perceptions change as you grow old  
The years pass by so speedily.

I made my way successfully  
And I grew rich as I grew old.  
But life experience has taught me.  
Each day is worth much more than gold.

Time- cannot be bought or sold,  
Time moves onward steadily.  
And as the passing years unfold  
I greet each morning thankfully.

I've learnt the only certainty  
Applicable to young and old  
You must accept reality  
I think my tale is nearly told.  
My time grows short.  
Monday, 28 January 2013

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Time Out

I meditate as yogins do.  
Just let the passing thoughts flow through  
like fishes in a crystal stream  
As tenuous as puffs of steam  
I am aware what's going on  
But need not pay close attention.  
Subconsciously I am alert  
ready to counter any hurt  
I reach the stillness which I seek  
a peaceful place which is unique.  
Where I recharge my batteries  
in a short while with greatest ease.  
Then I return to face the day  
renewed and ready for the fray.

20-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Time Out. For M Lady Denise Bekker

The fountain murmurs quietly,  
in the rose garden in the sun.  
A haven of serenity  
where I relax when work is done.  
Inhale the perfume thankfully  
It serves to calm my troubled mind.  
This is a special place to me.  
The only place where I can find  
the peace I need to meditate.  
Unwind after a busy day  
and let the perfumes permeate.  
To soothe me in their subtle way.  
The fountain murmurs quietly,  
its gentle song entrancing me.

Wednesday,09 June 2010-06-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Time To Be,

Steal away quietly meditate  
You can spare time enough. For a while  
silently hide away. Contemplate  
who you are, what you are thoroughly.  
You may find peace of mind, leave behind  
the pressures and distress easily.  
All you need to succeed is concede.  
You can fly if you try earnestly.  
You will see, you can be really free.

12/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Time To Choose.

Election time is here again.  
Though many people will not vote.  
A fact that's easy to explain.  
The floating voters choose to float.  
The voting system is unfair.  
It tends to favour two parties.  
It's hard to choose between this pair.  
They offer no new policies.  
Perhaps it's time to break the mould.  
Reform the system root and crop.  
In with new out with old  
Passing the parcel has to stop.  
Abstaining doesn't make much sense.  
Your vote might make the difference.

Friday, 16 April 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Time To Go For M 'Lady Ernestine

The winters sun whilst sinking low.  
Cast strange blue shadows on the snow  
when filtered through the leafless trees.  
Like symptoms of some strange disease.  
Which marred and blotched the virgin white  
as with a growing appetite.  
The shadows merged and grew into  
vast areas of darker blue.  
The day was drawing to its close  
and night was falling. I suppose  
the shadows and the night will blend  
and this will signify the end  
of yet another winters day.  
It's time to take my homeward way.

9-Dec-08

./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Time To Strike

It seems to me necessities  
grow more expensive day by day  
and at the same time luxuries  
cost less than what we used to pay.

The values which we hold today  
are not the ones our parents knew  
It seems somehow we've lost our way.  
I am convinced that this is true.

If you can't pay you should not buy  
For credit can put up the price  
The crafty merchants have to try  
to pay for when they advertise.

The goods for sale we do not need.  
So they increase the price of food  
Pursuit of profits is their creed.  
Yet still they cry misunderstood.

Perhaps its time to call a halt  
and force the merchants to review  
A system very much at fault  
I am afraid unless we do.

Well starve to death in luxury  
because we cant afford to eat.  
This is not how things ought to be.  
I can do nothing but repeat

It seems to me necessities  
grow more expensive day by day  
and that unneeded luxuries  
cost less that what we used to pay.

I find it hard to understand  
why we must pay more for our food.  
The laws of supply and demand  
unless I have misunderstood.



Say necessities should cost less  
Than luxuries we do not need  
and only purchase to impress.  
The merchants know we have to feed.

They do not need to advertise  
the foodstuffs which they know we need  
but constantly increase the price.  
To satisfy their endless greed.

We only have ourselves to blame.  
Our apathetic attitude  
ensures that we can't win  
Though I am certain that we could

We have the power we could use  
to bring the merchants in to line.  
If we don't buy, point blank refuse  
except on terms which we define.

They'll very quickly change their tune  
they have to sell  
But we won't win if we don't try  
5-Mar-09  
, /poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# To A Skylark For M Lady Ernestine

On fragile wings the skylark soars  
up to the heights from whence he pours  
his early morning orison.

He greets this day and every day  
as if his duty is to pay  
his respects to the risen sun.

This feathered songster fills the sky  
with liquid flowing melody.  
To the delight of everyone.

Who has the wit to listen to  
the skylarks song forever new.  
Before the fleeting chance is gone.

I choose to rise from my warm bed  
to tread the dew wet grass instead.  
To hear his morning orison.

While slug a beds still sleeping lie  
deaf to the glorious harmony  
of sky larks singing to the sun.

24-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# To Curse Or Not To Curse

Obscenities are nothing new.  
I have been known to use a few.  
Sometimes "Dear Me" just will not do.  
If painfully you stub your toe  
it's very hard to stop the flow  
of all the rudest words you know  
Although you practice self control  
don't use bad language on the whole.  
Sometimes you slip and let it roll  
But overused it lacks effect  
it does not do as we expect.  
It has become a speech defect.  
I do my best to show restraint  
but I admit I am no saint.

6-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Today I Shall Fly A Kite

The spice of life: Variety,  
To do the same thing every day  
would drive me to insanity  
I try to vary my routine,  
not let myself get in a rut  
I am a man not a machine  
Today like every other day  
there are some things that I must do.  
I do them in a different way.  
A set routine does not suit me  
There is no deadline I must meet.  
It's my responsibility  
to fill my life with interest.  
And making changes works the best.

5-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Today Might Be My Lucky Day.

Today might be my lucky day.

At auction sales I choose to buy  
Odd quirky things that catch my eye.  
I do not have a lot to spend  
So in the end I must depend.  
On buying things which I select  
That greedy dealers would reject.  
They only buy what they can sell.  
From which they hope to profit well.  
Attending auctions is my pleasure  
Perhaps one day I'll find a treasure.  
Something the dealers left behind.  
For amateurs like me to find

To benefit from their mistakes  
A little luck is all it takes.

Saturday, 03 December 2011  
ce, com/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Today's Reality

I long to hear that sound again  
The happy voices of children,  
of children playing happily.  
I must rely on memory.  
My fledglings from the nest have flown  
and they have children of their own  
But alas they are too far away  
to hear their children at their play.  
We've reached another stage in life,  
There's only me and my good wife.  
I care for her she cares for me  
exactly as it ought to be.  
It's sad but true we only see  
our grandchildren infrequently.

(7-Aug-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Togetherhness For My Lady Irene

Togetherhness

I was.

You were.

We are.

Love is.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tolerance.

If you ask me politely  
Invariably I will comply  
But if you try to compel me  
then your demand I will deny.  
As I have every right to do  
You have your views and I have mine  
and they are most unlikely to be  
close enough so they combine.  
Into a view we both agree  
I'm tolerant and you are not  
You see my views as heresy.  
Which does not really help a lot.  
Some see your views as bigotry  
and who am I to disagree.

Wednesday, 13 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Tomorrow Is Another Day

The last rays of the setting sun  
cast dark shadows beneath the trees.  
The long hot day is nearly done.  
How welcome is the cooling breeze  
which brings relief to everyone.  
In answer to the fervent pleas  
of those who suffer beneath the sun.  
The night will grant them quick release  
from their confinement to the shade.  
Now they can move about freely  
which hitherto the sun forbade.  
Night has cast down his tyranny.  
Enjoy the coolness of the night,  
it may be just a brief respite.

31-Jul-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tongue Tied

I've heard it said romance is dead.  
Perhaps my friend you've heard it too.  
A lying rumour which has spread  
around the world as rumours do.

It is not true, it couldn't be.  
As long as men and maids exist,  
romance will thrive eternally.  
Love letter writing will persist.

Young ladies dream of high romance.  
Young men pretend that they do not.  
Both he's and she's join in the dance  
when Cupids's arrow hits the spot.

If they are lucky they will find  
the words with which they can express.  
With eloquence their state of mind  
in passionate inventiveness.

Romance is very much alive  
and poets prove this everyday.  
Though lesser mortals have to strive  
to tell their love in their own way.

So three short words must satisfy.  
When spoken with sincerity.  
No matter how hard some men try  
they lack the capability..

But somehow they communicate  
their love for you is strong and true  
and let their actions compensate  
for words they cannot say to you.

7-Jul-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tonight Could Be The Last You See!

.  
The night is not my darkness falls it sets me free.  
Thanks to my night adapted eyes.I take my victims by surprise.  
Young healthy girls preferably, each one is chosen carefully  
It is their choice to walk alone before I claim for my own  
I drain their blood efficiently `til I have fed sufficiently  
Although I know there's sure to be a hue and cry to search for me  
By the time that they are found I will have safely gone to ground  
To where my coffin waits for me. I sleep peacefully  
Until the sun sets in the west then I resume my nightly quest.  
I stalk the city stealthily and find fresh victims easily.  
Although the old legends persist they don't believe vampires exist.  
Until the night they catch my they believe before they die.  
I have to kill to satisfy the burning thirst I can't deny  
I do not slay for cruelty.I need their blood to sustain me  
I am as I was meant to be. The predator you do not see  
until the night you meet your fate. You may not have too long to wait  
It could be you I choose tonight to satisfy my appetite.  
If you are wise you'll stay indoor, safe from night prowling predators.  
I don't suppose you'll pay much heed. Humans are a stubborn breed

Sunday,07 March 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Too Blooming True For M'Lady Lucianne

The regal tulips proud display  
will all too quickly pass away.  
Their seed is set their task is done  
and they depart their time has gone.  
Though we enjoy their beauty show.  
Their pastel colour softly glow  
in multicoloured tints and hues.  
A favourite colour hard to choose.  
So hard in fact I do not try,  
each one is pleasing to my eye  
Although it's sad to see them die  
their place will soon be taken by.  
Another floral beauty show  
which reigns until it's time to go.

15-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Too Busy

To say I'm old is true today  
but you will never hear me say.  
I have done all that I can do  
each day I attempt something new.  
I won't sit back and vegetate  
because I still appreciate.  
There are still things I have not tried  
some wishes still unsatisfied.  
I will not live vicariously  
a life that's centred on T.V.  
I will not take to my arm chair.  
I haven't got the time to spare.  
I'm far too busy being me  
still trying new things eagerly.

9-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Too Good To Be True?

Sometimes it's wise to hesitate  
And choose to look before you leap.  
There is no point in tempting fate.  
You may just find the price too steep.  
There's no such thing as a free lunch  
there never was nor will there be  
So pay attention to your hunch.  
Examine very carefully.  
What lies behind the proffered deal  
The hidden hooks to catch you out  
What do the honeyed words conceal?  
They will be hooks without a doubt.  
You are far too wise to believe.  
The scams which fool the more naïve.

Sunday, 29 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Too Late

The time has come for harvesting.  
Long overdue; we are too late.  
The human race is flourishing  
they have discovered how to hate.

Warlike and belligerent.  
They're not the docile race we knew  
By some genetic accident.  
The human race evolved into

a race of high intelligence.  
Which has advanced technologies  
We daren't deny the evidence  
which is presented to our eyes.

Therefore we must tread carefully  
they will not fear us any more.  
They'll look on us suspiciously  
Not simply worship and adore.

As they had been conditioned to  
when first we landed on this star  
They saw us as their guardians  
come to protect them from afar.

The fools accepted us as gods  
to whom they must make sacrifice.  
Now time has evened up the odds  
we can not hope to fool them twice.

We should just leave. It would be wise.  
erase all traces we have been.  
Except for racial memories  
we have no way of wiping clean.

I am afraid I must confess  
of what the human race might do.  
The rate at which they can progress  
there seems to be no limit to.

Should they suspect that we exist  
They will not rest until they know  
and with research they will persist.  
They simply will not let it go.

Though once they were inferior  
I think they are our equals now  
and will become superior.  
If the laws of fate allow.

Our race grows old and decadent  
Perhaps its time to leave the stage.  
It seems to me quite apparent  
the human race will now engage.

In doing what we used to do  
Exploiting every race they find  
because they feel entitled to  
again like us they will be blind.

To the potentiality  
which younger races might possess  
in pursuit of their destiny.  
The speed at which they make progress.

We've had our season in the sun  
the human race will have theirs too.  
It has been so since time begun  
the old must give way to the new.

2-Jul-07

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ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Too Young, Too Late

A quiet lake beneath the moon  
reflects the starry firmament.  
The silence broken by a loon  
bemoaning his predicament  
A lonely loon who lacks a mate.  
Announcing he's available  
Please answer before it's too late  
his isolation palpable.  
Then once again silence descends.  
Frustrated he gets no reply  
the mating seasons nears its end.  
Perhaps next year he'll find a mate  
but until then he'll have to wait.

27-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Total Denial.

If the Messiah came again.  
He would be certified insane.

Society could not possibly  
allow him to preach and teach freely

I have no doubt he'd be confined  
Because the powers that be would find.

That what he taught was dangerous  
To every single one of us.

The rulers of the church and state  
are not prepared to tolerate.

Any change to existing rules  
which for years they've used as tools

To maintain the Status Quo  
They do not want us all to know

They lack divine authority  
They are not what they claim to be.

The guardians of morality  
and keepers of the mystery.

They know the truth would set us free.  
Of course they could not possibly.

Accept the fact that he might be  
the ultimate authority.

They would decree that he must be  
kept in protective custody.

No need for crucifixion.  
Their method is a kinder one.

Keep him sedated constantly  
which would work as effectively.

With no adverse publicity  
Just dealt with bureaucratically.

We cannot say with certainty  
The messiah is not presently.

Held in some institution  
quite unknown to anyone.

Except perhaps the powers that be  
Who act unjustly secretly.

08/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Totally Biased

I do not often write free form  
to me it is not poetry.  
Freely admit my prejudice  
I think it's just a passing phase  
Although I can appreciate  
poetic and well written prose  
This does not make it poetry  
When I consult my dictionary  
it makes it very clear to me.  
All writing must be one of those  
It can't be both at the same time.  
Prose poetry cannot exist  
an obvious oxymoron  
Though modern writer still insist  
that what they write is poetry  
.It may be really beautiful  
and well presented on the page  
but definitely not poetry.  
Why can they not be satisfied  
with their well written thoughts in prose.  
Why do they call it poetry  
a dandelions not a rose.  
Its meter defines poetry  
it doesn't even need to rhyme.  
Even free verse had its rules  
but writers seem to think today  
There are no rules anything goes.  
I nail my colours to the mast  
Not afraid to let my bias show.

31-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Touchy Subject For M'Lady Tara

As scientists now try to prove  
by surveys and experiment.  
That being touched by one you love  
is itself beneficent

Alternative therapies  
abound but every one relies on touch  
To put the patient at his ease.  
What kind of touch won't matter much

Reiki or reflexology  
and all the methods of massage  
Are challenging orthodoxy  
and are succeeding by and large.

The orthodox, impersonal  
and modern treatment of disease.  
Is in itself inimical.  
promoting feelings of unease.

Your patient need to feel you care  
that he's a person not a case  
He need to know that he can share.  
The worries which he has to face.

He needs someone who understands  
as modern doctors seldom do  
That just the laying on of hands  
can be a potent medicine too.

Despite the money they have spent  
they will conclude eventually.  
It all comes down to your intent  
the reason you are touching me.

Deprived of touch sick people die  
.They just give up and fade away.  
Or they decide its time to try  
a different maybe better way.

You cannot argue with success.  
although most doctors disagree.  
Some few are willing to confess  
that touching aids recovery.

That tender loving care does more  
or at the very least as much.  
It's not a case of either or  
but medicine and the loving touch.

We know though we cannot explain  
close contact is imperative.  
A loving touch can relieve pain  
as well as any sedative.

We all have power to harm or heal.  
which we can utilise at will.  
A power which is very real  
when it's applied with loving skill.  
26-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tough Love

Tough love

Rebecca was a horrid child.  
Her antics drove her mother wild..  
Child experts offered their advice  
but seldom came to visit twice.

Although her mother tried her best  
Rebecca outdid all the rest.  
She was unpleasant rude and crude.  
An anti social attitude.

She seldom did as she was told  
and thought she had the right to scold.  
Her mother's efforts at control  
She seemed to have no other goal.

Than making life a misery  
for members of her family.  
But then her grandma came to stay.  
Rebecca came to rue the day.

Grandma applied psychology  
Rebecca placed across her knee  
She tanned her little bottom hard.  
Grandma had but scant regard.

For what the experts had to say  
She raised her kids in the old way.  
A firm hand lovingly applied  
across Rebecca's small backside.

Quickly changed her attitude.  
Because her Grandma understood.  
That little girls should never be  
allowed to think that they were free.

To act and speak unpleasantly  
without they paid the penalty.

Rebecca very swiftly learned  
she got exactly what she earned..

She soon became a paragon.  
Her bad behaviour was all gone.  
Which demonstrates that Grandma knew  
exactly what she had to do.

To make Rebecca toe the line  
applied a little discipline.  
In her own old fashioned way.  
It worked a treat I have to say.

She changed Rebecca's attitude  
and earned her mothers gratitude.  
Old fashioned ways had proved the best  
to change Rebecca from a pest.

Into a most delightful child.  
Although the experts all reviled  
her methods. They could not deny  
they were effective.I wonder why.

Perhaps they lack experience  
as well as simple common sense.  
Until they've raised a family  
I doubt if they will ever see.

That discipline lovingly applied  
beats everything which they have tried.  
A child must know her boundaries  
She cannot do as she pleases.

I think this story serves to show.  
Although the experts think they know.  
Experience will always win  
when teaching children discipline.

20/05/2009

<http;>



ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Tourist Attraction. For M' Lady Denise

A hanging stone on the high tor.  
Is balancing precariously.  
A well known curiosity  
Which may well last for evermore.  
It has defied the elements.  
We think for many centuries  
and barring any accident  
It will remain place to tease.  
The pessimists who are quite sure  
The day will come when it must fall.  
The hanging stone is a treasure  
Which belongs to one and all.  
The hanging stone on the high tor  
A monument you can't ignore.

Sunday, 18 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tourist Not Tuareg

I have visited the lands  
where no sign of green is seen  
I have walked the desert sands  
where the Nomads roam between

the oases which they know  
Secrets that they do not tell.  
As they wander to and fro  
by hidden ways from well to well.

I don't know how they navigate  
A total mystery to me  
but I can appreciate.  
They see signs I do not see.

Adapted to their habitat,  
they have learned to live and thrive  
They deserve respect for that  
ability to survive.

I am glad I can return  
to my own green fertile country.  
Leave behind the sands which earn  
A lasting place in memory.

23-May-08

[http:](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Tradition Rules    Todays Idiocy

The oyster voicing his complaint.  
Disturbs the peace beneath the sea.  
The haddocks say that he is quaint  
a relic from prehistory.  
He will not move to seek his prey,  
stays firmly anchored in one place.  
He says this the oyster's way.  
They weren't designed to hunt and chase.  
We were not meant to move at all.  
Our food supposed to come to us,  
provide us with the wherewithal  
to maintain life without a fuss.  
Oysters prefer to stay in bed  
and wait in patience to be fed.

10-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tragedy

Hubert the Hippopotamus  
was rather slow and ponderous  
So he appeared quite dignified.  
Although in fact deep down inside  
He held a dream that he one day  
would show the word that he could play.  
That his forte was comedy  
and people would pay happily  
To see his latest slapstick show  
But he was too ponderous and slow.  
There was no way he'd ever be  
the clown prince of comedy.  
But still he tells his latest jokes  
To all the other jungle folks.

28-May-08

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Transfiguration.

Transfiguration?

The sunset was spectacular  
Transforming the familiar  
Sights which I am accustomed to  
Into a very different view.  
The slated roofs no longer grey  
But changing with the interplay  
Reflected colours from the sky  
which blend and merge then multiply.  
Creating a surreal beauty  
Which hides the stark reality  
That I am faced with every day.  
Monotony in black and grey.  
I watch until the colours fade.  
Reluctantly I draw the shade.

Wednesday, 18 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Transformation

Moonlight filtered through the trees.  
Can cast strange shadows on the ground  
which fill me with a vague unease  
because they seem to move around.

Somehow independently  
The minute that I look away.  
As if they have been watching me  
to try and lead my thoughts astray.

I know that in reality  
the shadows represent no threat  
But fear erodes my certainty  
and in my panic I forget.

I only know I have to run.  
Just as the shadows knew I would  
They coalesce, attack as one  
Then finally I understood.

I should have run when I first saw  
the shadows on the forest floor.  
I know now what I did not know  
before I became a shadow.

31/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Transient For M'Lady Denise

A rain dropp sparkles in the sun  
Refracting light prismatically.  
Primary colours every one  
collectively and separately  
Though in itself quite colourless,  
It can convert white light into.  
Any colour more or less  
A most impressive range of hues.  
Sadly the magic cannot last  
The raindropp will evaporate.  
The present will become the past.  
This is not open to debate.  
There is no room for argument.  
Rain drops are always transient

Tuesday, 29 June 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Transition For M 'Lady Ann Beard

Alone, afraid in sore distress  
I know not where I am or why.  
My recent memories suppressed  
I can't remember though I try

I can't be seen apparently  
invisible to passers by.  
They pause but momentarily.  
I rack my brains and wonder why.

The very last thing I recall  
is waiting for an omnibus.  
Then all is blank nothing at all.  
I find it very curious.

The streets are unfamiliar  
I don't think I've been here before.  
I should have gone by motorcar.  
I'm not sure what I'm looking for.

I wander slowly, aimlessly  
With no idea what I should do  
it is a total mystery  
to which I have no slightest clue.

Why is it no one can see me?  
or hear a single word I say.  
It is as if I'd ceased to be.  
I feel an urge I must obey.

I'm suddenly transported to  
the last place that I can recall.  
I have no choice but to review  
my aging body slip and fall.

A victim of a heart attack.  
Dead before I hit the ground.  
The memories come flooding back.  
I know I have my answer found.

I realise that I am dead  
that's why nobody can see me  
nor hear a single word I've said.  
I don't exist substantially.

Though I have changed I am still me  
in spirit form adapted to  
a different reality  
from that my worn out body knew.

13-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Transition Point For M' Lady Koyel Mitra

Transition point

The Sun as if reluctantly  
sinks to the surface of the sea.  
At meeting place of sea and sky,  
a focal point which draws the eye.

Every shade of red that's known  
to man and some to God alone.  
Were displayed in the western sky  
As though determined to deny.

Approaching night its victory.  
Then darkness fell quite suddenly  
The reds transforming completely.  
To dark blue lightened by the glow.

Of stars appearing one by one.  
The last vestige of daylight gone.  
The world below lay silently  
an air of hushed expectancy.

A moment of serenity  
which soothed my soul, enraptured me.  
This spell was only broken by  
the moon arising in the sky.

4-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Travelling

As we grow old our boundaries,  
become more circumscribed it seems.  
Although we don't give up our dreams,  
we must accept realities.

Acknowledge what we cannot do  
and celebrate the things we can  
Accept with grace its natures plan.  
which we must constantly review.

Our travels may be limited  
by age and growing frailty  
Therefore we must rely instead  
on our mental ability.

To use selective memory  
and visit where we want to be.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Trespasser For M Lady Chitra

Lost deep in thought my footsteps strayed  
And brought me to a woodland glade.  
Wherein there stood an altar stone  
erected to some God unknown

Erected in pre history.  
The stone will stand eternally  
as evidence of worship here  
of some forgotten deity..

The altar stone is still pristine  
It's surface completely free  
of lichens which should have been  
thriving on it visibly.

Perhaps the worshippers still meet  
Creep through the woods on silent feet  
to carry out their ancient rites.  
Beneath the moon on summer nights

When new gods drive the old gods out.  
I am convinced I have no doubt  
There still remains a faithful few  
who worship as they used to do.

Perchance they still worship here  
That is the reason that the stone is clear.  
Quite suddenly I feel oppressed  
and I decide it's for the best.

To take again my homeward way  
hurriedly without delay.  
I feel that I must leave this place  
and quicken up my walking pace

I wonder still uneasily  
did I offend some deity.  
Albeit inadvertently  
who might decide to punish me

Though years have passed I'm still afraid.  
I trespassed in that woodland glade.  
Although in fact by accident  
perhaps I earned some punishment.

Perhaps I'm being paranoid.  
I try my hardest to avoid  
Walking woodland paths alone  
they might lead to that altar stone.

10/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tribute To A Long Dead Poet For My Friend Ben

One more unfortunate  
weary of breath.  
Rashly importunate  
gone to her death.

Thomas Hood 1799-1845

Glosa

One more unfortunate  
tired of strife.  
Sad and disconsolate  
flees now from life.

Weary of breath  
She can no longer cope.  
so chooses death.  
Nothing for which to hope.

Rashly importunate  
Impulsively  
rushes to meet her fate  
impatiently.

Gone to her death  
in the waters below  
she slips beneath  
Why? We shall never know.

12-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tribute To John Clare

Tribute to John Clare.

Love lies beyond.  
The tomb, the earth which fade like dew.  
I love the fond  
the faithful and the true.

John Clare 1793 = 1867

A glosa

Love lies beyond  
all of our dreams old and new.  
The silken bond  
which binds me to you.

Fair Rosamonde  
The tomb, the earth which fade like dew.  
No magic wand  
can make me forget you.

I must respond.  
There's nothing else that I can do.  
I love the fond memories  
that I cling to.

I have donned  
sackcloth garments and ashes too.  
For you have gone.  
The faithful and the true

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Tribute To John Masefield 1878-1967

Creed.

I hold that when a person dies.  
His soul will return to earth again  
Arrayed in some new fleshly disguise.  
Another mother gives him birth  
with sturdier limbs and brighter brain.  
The old soul takes to the road again.

Glosa

I hold that when a person dies  
They will receive a second chance.  
This universal rule applies  
in each and every circumstance.  
Although there's room for argument  
To hold this view I am content.

His soul will return to earth again  
One life is insufficient  
To judge the worth of simple men.  
Who go astray by accident  
and if their truly penitent.  
This does not warrant punishment.

Another mother gives him birth  
and raises him with tender care.  
Another chance to prove his worth  
What I believe is nothing new  
but I am certain it is true.

With sturdier limbs and brighter brain.  
He will resume his journeying.  
Better equipped to start again  
he is prepared for anything.  
That he may meet upon his quest.  
His only task to do his best.

The old soul takes the road again.

As all immortal souls must do.  
It's not important where or when.  
What I believe may not be true.  
I am content to wait and see  
I will find out eventually

Thursday, 28 October 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tribute To Oliver Goldsmith

Tribute to mith

When a lovely woman stoops to folly  
and finds too late that men betray.  
What can cure her melancholy?  
what can wash her guilt away?

Oliver Goldsmith

When a lovely woman stoops to folly  
then she alone must bear the shame.  
She had her fling but now by golly  
she finds that she has lost the game.

And finds too late that men betray.  
It was her choice she took her  
her lust with no delay  
and joined him in the oldest dance.

What can cure her melancholy?  
Except perhaps a new affair  
another essay into folly.  
Has she the courage will she dare.

What can wash her guilt away?  
She can pretend to innocence  
What no one knows no one can say.  
Her silence is her best defence.

18-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tribute To Robert Bridges

Robert Bridges

1844-1930 poet and physician

The upper skies are palest blue.  
Mottled with pearl and fretted snow  
With tattered fleece of inky hue,  
close overhead the storm clouds go.

A glosa

The upper skies are palest blue,  
the opposite of indigo.  
And yet they share a common hue  
as any artist's sure to know.

The faintest cerulean blue  
mottled with pearl and fretted snow.  
Forever old yet always new  
it changes constantly but slow.

AS frightened sheep so often do  
across the sky they scatter so.  
With tattered fleece of inky hue  
on driven by the winds that blow

We are aware a storm is due.  
Exactly when we cannot know,  
we only know within our view  
Close overhead the storm clouds go.

13-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tribute To Thomas Campbell 1777-1804

On Linden when the sun was low.  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow  
and dark as winter was the flow  
of Iser rolling rapidly.

Thomas Campbell  
1777-1804.

On Linden when the sun was low.  
On a dark day long, long ago.  
Before combatants struck a blow  
the scene was all serenity.

All bloodless lay the untrodden snow.  
It's pristine whiteness soon to go  
when scarlet blood began to flow.  
as warriors fought the enemy.

And dark as winter was the flow  
of hatreds milling to and fro  
each soldier sought to kill his foe  
with casual ferocity.

Of Iser rolling rapidly  
though stained by blood from the melee  
there's little said. It's plain to me  
it ignores man's stupidity.

7-Feb-08

Glosa

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tribute To

When you are old and grey and full of sleep  
And nodding by the fireside. Take down this book  
and slowly read and dream of the soft look.  
Your eyes once had and of their shadows deep

William Butler Yeats 1865-1939

A tribute to W.B Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep  
and conscious thoughts go in and out.  
I am quite sure I have no doubt.  
That memories will unbidden creep

And nodding by the fireside. Take down this book  
a true record of all that's been  
Everything you've done and seen.  
It is past time to take another look.

And slowly read and dream of the soft look  
you used to see in your lovers eyes.  
You are content because you realise.  
There is contained within this book

Your eyes once had and of their shadow deep  
Are still the same they have not changed.  
Constant they have not been re-arranged  
All of the memories you chose to keep.

31/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tribute To y

Out of the night which covers me  
Black as the pit from pole to pole.  
I thank whatever Gods there be.  
For my unconquerable soul.

Invictus. y 1849 -1903

A glosa

Out of the night that covers me.  
I shall emerge into sunlight  
The darkness holds no fears for me.  
My goddess will preserve my sight.

Black as the pit from pole to pole  
but I care not why should I fear  
As I step out towards my goal.  
Each pace I take brings it more near.

I thank whatever Gods there be  
who reinforce my attitude.  
I know they are protecting me.  
I offer them my gratitude.

For my unconquerable soul.  
I fear no foe no enemy  
I have already paid the toll  
the price which was required of me.

Tuesday,29 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tribute To Wm Wordsworth

It is a beautiful evening calm and free.  
The holy time as quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration, the broad sun  
is sinking down in its tranquillity

William Wordsworth.

A Glosa

It is a beautiful evening calm and free.  
I stroll along the sandy shore  
my evening walk is leisurely.  
I am content could ask no more.

The holy time as quiet as a Nun.  
obedient to her orders vows.  
Blue twilight falls as day is done.  
Day slips away no need for bows.

Breathless in adoration the broad sun  
surrenders to a greater force.  
Which bids him that he must be gone  
now he has run his daily course.

It is sinking in its tranquillity  
something the sun is glad to do  
Accepting with surety  
tomorrow he will rise anew.

7-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Tricked And Mistreated.

Tricked and mistreated.

I've been evicted dispossessed  
I was fool did not believe  
I really thought that knew best  
and had no fear of all souls eve.

To me a jolly holiday  
to trick or treat with all my friends.  
But sadly I became the prey  
of evil spirits who intend.

To seize the opportunity  
Usurp a body take its place  
assume again humanity  
and thus rejoin the human race.

By accident I was alone  
with no one near to offer aid  
when I was cast out overthrown.  
It was the one mistake I made.

To disbelieve was foolishness.  
The legends made it very plain.  
So now I am left bodiless  
although I can still feel the pain.

I'm not the me I used to be  
I am not sure just where I am.  
Though all around me I can see  
foul spirits who don't give a damn.

For me and my predicament  
They are too busy trying to  
realise their only intent  
of occupying a body too.

I've been evicted dispossessed  
I know too well the tales are true.

I'll disappear with all the rest  
When the sun comes smiling through.

I'll have to suffer 'til next year  
Between the worlds in limbo lost.  
Until all souls eve draws near.  
For disbelief I pay the cost.

Then I'll be hunting with pack  
Seeking an opportunity  
to try and seize my body back.  
To be again who I should be.

I would advise you to believe.  
The warning that I offer you  
and stay indoors on all souls eve  
because the old wives tales are true.

13/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tricks Of The Light    Storypoem

He haunts the minstrel's gallery  
and she the great hall down below.  
Theirs was a love which could not be.  
Which grew into a tragedy.

She was by blood of noble birth  
and he of lower yeoman stock.  
Regarded as of lesser worth  
by powers which then ruled the earth.

They knew that they could never wed  
Although their love was strong and true.  
She swore that until she was dead  
she'd never grace a marriage bed

Her father thought he could demand  
obedience from his wayward child.  
When she refused his firm command.  
He hanged the minstrel out of hand.

She looked her father in the eye  
when she was told what he had done  
and told him that she'd still defy  
his wishes. That he had not won.

Her father did not understand  
that she meant every word she said  
She took her life by her own hand  
rather than wear a wedding band.

It's said that to the present day.  
About the love they were denied  
together they still sing and play  
Her father's orders still defied.

Some say that they have heard them sing.  
Perhaps they did I can't argue  
I am stone deaf can't hear a thing  
Except the silence echoing

Although I can't hear properly.  
My deafness sharpens up my sight  
Sometimes at night I think I see  
a couple dancing happily.

I think this tale might well be true.  
I feel certain sympathy  
but I still have my job to do  
but ghosts are not in my purview.

I check on the security.  
I see no reason for alarm  
That's my responsibility  
which I take very seriously.

When I'm patrolling through the night  
I do not claim the things I see  
are anything but tricks of light  
I do not feel I have the right.

Nobody ask so I don't say.  
I'm wise enough to hold my tongue.  
What does it matter anyway  
I do my job and earn my pay.

I deal in practicalities  
I'm just an ordinary man  
Who can believe if I so please  
in other possibilities..

28-Jan-08

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tried And Tested

My pencil holds a multitude  
of varied possibilities.  
Which I accept with gratitude  
I grasp the opportunities

To write my thoughts in black and white  
on any subject that I choose.  
Expressing sorrow or delight  
enabling me to share my views

With other poets on the net.  
Who also share their thoughts with me  
although in fact we have not met.  
The common bond is poetry.

I am old fashioned proud to use  
The simplest of technology.  
A pencil is the tool I choose  
it helps my thoughts flow easily.

I don't compose on my P.C.  
Though I suppose I should learn to.  
I'd rather scribble happily  
in pencil as I usually do.

24/06/2009

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Trinity

The crone presides, the mother serves.  
The maiden's waiting in the wings,  
each holds she place that she deserves.  
The Moon Goddess still pulls the strings.

The fates decide the time for change  
then each moves on to higher things  
The power structures re arrange.  
The aged crone has earned her wings.

The mother then becomes the crone,  
the maiden takes the mothers place.  
The elders meet to choose the one.  
The new maiden who will replace.

The maiden who is now mature.  
She is selected carefully.  
They must be absolutely sure.  
She understands she is to be

untouched a virgin set apart  
There is so much she needs to learn  
enough to daunt the stoutest heart.  
It is an honour she must earn.

The mother maiden and the crone.  
Represent the Moon Goddess,  
they act together as though one.  
The Goddess' wishes to express.

Each of them must serve their turn  
as maiden, mother then as crone  
and from their predecessor learn.  
The secrets hitherto unknown.

26-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Trivialties

It's little things that drive you wild.  
Way past the point of no return  
All though by nature meek and mild.  
Eventually the worm will turn.  
Into a monster seeking blood.  
Something you do unconsciously  
can often be misunderstood.  
Because you do it constantly  
As if you meant to irritate  
Although are quite unaware  
you're partner becomes so irate  
That with an axe he parts your hair.  
That's why you're dead and I'm in here  
your habit was too much to bear.

17-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# True Friendship

To me white lilies signify.  
Ceremonies when people die.  
The sad occasions we attend  
to mourn a relative or friend.

When duty calls we must obey.  
Although we'd rather stay away  
from all the pomp and the pretence  
but hesitate to give offence.

That all must die we do accept  
we go to demonstrate respect  
and by attending show support.  
A vain attempt to give comfort

to loved ones who are left behind.  
The dead are deaf and dumb and blind.  
The service ends the mourners leave.  
Then they are left alone to grieve

in their own time in their own way.  
We know there's nothing we can say  
which will alleviate their distress.  
Their sense of loss and hopelessness.

To me white lilies signify  
ceremonies when people die.  
Though later when you need support  
most do not spare a single thought

for you except the faithful few  
willing to spend time with you.  
In the same way they've always done.  
So that you won't feel so alone.

They say that passing time will heal  
the sore distress which you now feel.  
I know too well it isn't true  
That's why I'm always here for you



A friend on whom you can rely  
if you need to talk or cry.  
I know what you are going through.  
Because my friend I've been there too.

White lilies quickly fade away  
Good friends do not they're here to stay.  
You are my friend I care for you  
and am prepared to show I do.

14-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# True Heroes

There at my feet my comrade lies  
as though he were but fast asleep.  
Death came and took him by surprise.  
All soldiers know that life is cheap.

As does each politician.  
Whose lies persuade young men to go  
and sign on as a fighting man.  
Because they are too young to know.

Their country's leaders are not wise.  
Although they all profess to be  
They all refuse to recognise  
in war there is no victory.

Except the claims which death will make.  
That he has added to his score  
the lives he's taken and will take.  
In this and any future war.

It has been so through history.  
Old men send young men to die  
and praise them for their bravery  
Although they lie and know they lie.

Dead heroes are of little use.  
Of course we praise their memory.  
It takes a brave man to refuse  
to go and face the enemy.

Though some accept they will not kill  
but tend wounded where they can  
They are prepared to use their skill  
to help not harm their fellow man.

01/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# True Love Endures

True love endures when passion dies.  
This should not come as a surprise,  
it is a lesson all must learn  
at their own pace each in their turn.  
True love endures.

In time we learn to recognise  
the honest truth from the half lies  
and find the love for which we yearn.  
True love endures.

There is no room for compromise  
The truth is written in the eyes.  
What you receive is what you earn  
After the flames of passion burn  
away the half truths and the lies.  
True love endures.

(Poetic piers)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Truth Or Truths? For M' Lady Amber

What is the truth? No man can say  
Each sees it in a different way.  
My truth may not be true for you  
Yours may differ from mine too  
Although we say we want to know  
I wonder do we really though  
I think it is quite evident,  
The truth is inconvenient.  
If hearts were pure we could be sure.  
One simple truth might well endure.  
But we prefer half truths and lies.  
Perhaps because we realise.  
If we embraced truth honestly  
It would curtail our liberty.

11-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Turning Point For Friend Thad

The piercing arrows driven by  
the power of a yew long bow.  
Would change the course of history  
As peasants laid the mailed knights low.

Aristocrats had hitherto  
Been protected by plate mail.  
Now thanks to English bows of Yew.  
Their sure defence was doomed to fail.

At Agincourt the French knights found  
The could be slain like common men.  
The change this made was so profound  
That war would never be the same again

Although the knights thought it unfair  
and lacking in all chivalry.  
The English bowmen did not care  
and slew the hated cavalry

Who in the past had cut them down  
like ripened grain without a thought.  
Now that advantage overthrown  
their charges were reduced to naught.

A commoner could kill a Lord  
Whilst he still too far away  
to use his lance or his long sword  
The English archers won the day.

The rules of war were re arranged.  
The bowman proved decisively.  
The art of war forever changed.  
The start of modern history.

Men could kill men now distantly  
and very quickly gained in skill  
To kill much more efficiently.  
A skill men are improving still.

Man has progressed until today  
He has the skill but lacks the will  
to try and find a better way.  
To settle disputes than to kill.

03/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Tutorial For David De Santis

I read some poetry today  
by long dead poets from the past,  
which I enjoyed I have to say.  
Their golden words were meant to last  
. .  
Though they long since returned to dust.  
The legacy they left behind  
for poetry students is a must.  
It is as if they were designed.

To act as templates we can use  
as we learn to write poetry  
It would be foolish to refuse  
to benefit from history.

So find a poet you admire  
from the past or present day  
You might just find his works inspire  
you to write a different way.

Experiment with every kind,  
free form, free verse, formality  
then in due course you're sure to find  
which one of these is your forte

The time you spend to learn the rules  
is one investment you must make  
Like any trade you need the tools,  
Before you can attempt to make

your claim to be a master bard.  
The road to fame is long and hard  
with very little cash reward.  
you have to try, no one is barred.

30-May-08



ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Twilight

When twilight falls silently  
It's time to meditate,  
As daylight drains away  
consider thoughtfully.  
the events of the day.

When twilight falls silently  
the ending of the day  
My worries disappear  
I sit in solitude  
my mind becomes clear.

When twilight falls silently.  
The quiet soothes me,  
I find I can release  
the stress I do not need.  
An interlude of peace

When twilight falls silently.  
I know what I must do.  
Submit to reverie.  
no one will disturb me.  
At least not easily

18-Mar-09

Monchielle

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Twilight In Valencia For M Lady Onelia

The sun goes down and daylight fades  
as love sick swains sing serenades  
beneath fair ladies balconies.  
Their voices carried on the breeze  
to reach the ears of old women.  
Who are no longer beautiful  
and don't appeal to younger men  
Though now demure and dutiful.  
they had their hey day in the sun.  
When they had suitors by the score  
So now they listen just for fun  
It doesn't matter anymore.  
But still they smile remembering  
Duennas can't see every thing.

27-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Twilight Reveries For M' Lady Pamela

The daylight fades as twilight falls.  
The Magic Hour  
when memory recalls  
words of power.

Those words which make us recollect  
with clarity.  
Much more than we expect  
so vividly.

That tears unbidden fill our eyes.  
The past is gone,  
though to our surprise  
it lingers on.

As half forgotten memories,  
which at this hour.  
Come and go as they please.  
Sweet and sour.

Entranced by twilight reveries.  
Remembering  
with surprising ease.  
Everything.

Such vivid pictures from the past.  
We had forgot,  
time had so quickly passed.  
Willing or not.

I think perhaps it's for the best.  
That darkness falls  
and frees us from the spell  
which so enthrals.

13-Sep-08

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Twinkle Twinkle

Of all the stars that dot the sky.  
One single star attracts my eye  
it shines more brightly than the rest.  
of all the stars in that vast host.  
Why should this star appeal the most?  
I do not know the reason why.  
I rack my brain I really try  
hard to resolve this mystery.  
I have no reason now to boast.  
It feels as though I failed some test,  
perhaps a reasonable request.  
A feeling I cannot deny.  
I simply can't communicate  
the stellar distance is too great.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Two Minds In Harmony For Tom Mariani

A myriad stars, bright points of light  
are twinkling in the darkling sky  
and many more beyond my sight  
far from this island galaxy.

Another planet family  
may orbit round some distant sun.  
Considered mathematically  
the odds are that there might be one.

Which is the same or similar  
as those orbit our sun.  
Perhaps some being sees our star  
and sits and meditates upon.

The remote possibility.  
a life form of a different sort  
in some far distant galaxy.  
A being capable of thought.

Is looking skywards wondering  
about the stars he cannot see  
and seriously pondering.  
Upon the probability.

That sapient life is not confined  
but wide spread through the universe.  
A thought both beings keep in mind  
A thought that others think perverse.

I wonder if one day there'll  
be some way we can communicate.  
Perhaps by thought telepathy.  
Now there's something to contemplate.

20-Nov-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Two Minutes

The whole world mourns collectively.  
For two brief minutes once a year  
It's organised efficiently.  
Both locally and nationally.  
Two minutes to show we respect.  
The men who fought for liberty  
and died in order to protect.  
The ones they love at any price  
From a determined enemy  
Who made the final sacrifice.  
Remembrance Day when we parade  
and take two minutes to reflect.  
On sacrifices which were made.  
Each one worthy of respect.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Two Schools Of Thought.

The lady chose to take offence  
Although I said she wrote fine prose  
She may not know the difference  
between poetry and prose

She thought that she wrote poetry  
But what she wrote was free form prose.  
I offered no apology  
It was not my fault that she chose.

Not to learn the basic rules  
defining prose and poetry  
Two very different writing schools  
in which to show your artistry.

The so called experts can't agree  
and coined the term poetic prose.  
Though writing cannot possible  
be classed as poetry and prose.

If it's not metered it is prose  
no matter how poetical.  
But you're entitled to compose.  
Fine prose and call it poetry.

Though I suggest respectfully  
you should be proud of writing prose.  
As some do most successfully.  
But it was poetry I chose

Thursday, 11 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Uisgebaugh For Friend Thad

Uisgebaugh

Now is the winter of my discontent.  
The damp and cold exacerbate my pains.  
Because my every joint complains  
I must resort to using liniment.  
An old fashioned, proven medicament  
Although I do not know what it contains  
I've used in the past for muscle sprains  
It warms my ancient bones to some extent.

I find malt whisky very comforting  
If I combine the two I find I cope.  
With fact that I am growing old.  
I sit and sip while waiting for the spring  
Which will return before too long I hope  
A sovereign remedy against the cold.  
.Friday,26 February 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Ultimatum

Above, below to left or right.  
There is no where that I can hide,  
my muse finds me and makes me write.  
My wants must go unsatisfied

She interrupts my sleep and meals  
insists that I take up my pen.  
She has no idea how it feels  
to be forced to write again.

She wakes from my peaceful dreams  
and asks me why I'm wasting time.  
She has a whole new list of themes  
for me to translate into rhyme.

I think she has insomnia  
Or else prefers to work at night.  
She'll really have to learn I fear  
I am entitled not to write.

I need to sleep, I need to eat  
I need some time to call my own.  
But she refuses to retreat  
She thinks she occupies a throne.

And her commands I must obey  
immediately without protest.  
Ignoring every word I say  
convinced that only she knows best.

I dig my toes in and refuse  
sometimes a man must make a stand.  
I only have a muse to lose  
At last she seems to understand.

That I'm not at her beck and call  
I have other things I must do.  
Her attitude won't do at all'  
It's something that she must review.

I only write when I want to,  
not when muse decides I should.  
Renewal of her contracts due  
That fact alone should give her food

for thought. I may decide not to renew.  
If she wants to retain her place  
She will do as I tell her to  
accept my bidding with good grace.

There are some muses unemployed  
Seeking for opportunities  
who would be simply overjoyed  
to get the chance to work with me.

She really has to realise  
There's limits to my patience  
which she far too often tries.  
The time has come to show some sense.

I am in charge and not my muse.  
Although she thinks that she should be  
I've had enough of her abuse  
She either leaves or obeys me.

2-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unanswered Question

I am awake but cannot see  
nor am I sure that I can hear.  
A silent darkness surrounds me,  
I know the meaning now of fear.

It is as if I'm paralysed  
I try to move without success.  
My deepest fears are realised  
I am controlled and powerless.

I am not dead I cannot be  
If I were dead I'd be at peace.  
I wonder is this purgatory?  
What must I do to earn release?

I'm lying on a slab of stone,  
there are no shackles binding me.  
I am held fast by powers unknown.  
I try to think coherently.

Why am I here and where am I.  
I cannot hear I cannot see  
I cannot move although I try.  
Am I condemned eternally?

What grievous sin did I commit?  
deserving endless punishment.  
I may have sinned I must admit  
unknowingly without intent.

I pray to all the Gods I know  
to have my harsh sentence repealed.  
To set me free just let me go.  
Implacable they will not yield,

Refuse to alter their decree.  
I may not live; I may not die  
I must exist in misery  
and never know the reason why.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unbroken Cycle. For M Lady Ernestine

Englyn Prost Dalgron.

Seasons come and seasons go.  
Summer sun or winter snow.  
That is all we need to know.

Winter is replaced by spring.  
Summer ripens everything.  
Autumn will the harvest bring.

When the harvests gathered in  
Safely stored in box and bin  
Then the winter will begin.

Nature brooks no argument.  
She carries out her intent.  
With or without our consent.

Spring, Summer and Autumn too.  
Each has its own job to do.  
Perfectly planned in my view.

Monday, 11 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Uncertainty For Friend J.T. Ellison

There is a question troubling me.  
How do I know that I am me?  
You question my identity  
I answer satisfactorily.  
You are convinced that I am me.  
Though I have passed your scrutiny  
and proved I'm who I claim to be  
I'm half convinced that I might be  
somebody else who thinks he's me.  
This worries me considerably.  
I can't be sure that I am me  
A crisis of identity.  
You would worry if you were me  
plagued by this uncertainty.

6-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Unchanging Changeability

The mountains are cold and blue now.  
The sun has set and darkness falls.  
Although the faintest afterglow  
The brightness of the day recalls.

I wait and watch the stars appear  
Above the mountains silhouettes.  
Though far away they seem so near.  
Every night when the sun sets.

I take the opportunity.  
To watch the mountains turning blue  
Considering the infinity  
That's represented by the view.

Which nature has afforded me.  
Epitome of constancy.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unconstrained

The mind of man can't be constrained  
by any measure that we know  
A fact that cannot be explained.  
Your mind is always free to go

beyond the normal boundaries  
which are imposed by gravity.  
It disregards such laws with ease  
and has no trouble breaking free.

To visit realms of fantasy  
where we can designate the laws.  
A different reality,  
imagination rules of course.

The science fiction of today  
tomorrow will be common place.  
We dreamers think a different way  
to other members of our race.

Ability to fantasise  
and look at things a different way.  
May prove to the greatest prize  
that we have won along the way.

In man kinds rise to dominance.  
Though there is much we do not know.  
That we can dream gives us a chance  
to choose the way we want to go.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unconventional

The day was cold but she was not in point of fact she was too hot.  
So she stripped off all of her clothes because she chose to I suppose  
Her neighbours thought it rather quaint but only one raised a complaint  
The vicar did not think she should do her gardening in the nude  
But she replied acerbically that if he did not want to see  
Then he should look the other way. She did not tell him how to pray  
He should not tell her how she must dress. For all his show of piousness  
She had seen him gazing lustfully when he was no one could see  
Upon young school girls passing by from whom he could not tear his eye. What  
right has he to condemn me when I display quite openly  
All that I have quite naturally with no false show of modesty  
I'm not ashamed why should I be. I am the way that God made me  
But he conceals his prurience behind an air of innocence  
By advocating nudity at least I'm acting honestly.  
I have no time for pious frauds who secretly gain their rewards  
by using their imagination to enjoy what they would dearly like to do.  
I told the vicar to his face I thought he was a black disgrace  
He mumbled something in reply but could not look me in the eye.  
He knew I had divined his lustfulness. He knew I knew no need to guess.  
He thought it best to move away but where he went I cannot say.  
We have a lady vicar now who does not try to tell me how  
I ought to dress for not to let me do my own thing.  
She says that sometimes she, wishes she could act as naturally.

26-Oct-08

blog my cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Under The Influence

Imaginations heady brew  
With which all poets quench their thirst  
may prove a little strong for you.  
I would advise small sips at first.  
Until you grow accustomed to  
the strange effects it can produce  
which will forever change your views  
becoming wider more diffuse.  
You can explore the universe  
and travel at the speed of thought  
Adventures which inspire verse  
as the best method to report  
The visions which you wish to share  
with other people everywhere.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Undervalued For Friend Leslie Alexis

Some gain fame undeservedly  
The spot light of publicity  
can transform a nonentity  
into a new celebrity.

Like shooting stars across the sky  
they brightly glow and quickly die.  
They do not last although they try  
Because there is no reason why.

They achieved fame in the first place.  
They disappear and leave no trace.  
Becoming just another face  
amongst the teeming human race.

Replaced by some other would be  
famous well known celebrity.  
Selected by the powers that be  
who can control publicity.

What makes me really furious  
they have nothing to offer us.  
At least nothing that's serious  
They act the fool and make a fuss.

The worship of celebrities  
is a modern age disease.  
Which fills me with a vague unease  
It may be that I'm hard to please.

I must admit that it is true  
Perhaps you think the way I do  
I'm sure that there are many who  
don't get the recognition due.

Whilst some so called celebrity  
receives unearned publicity  
The heroes we don't hear or see  
languish in obscurity.

Nobody seems to recognise  
the little men the working guys  
are worth more than celebrities  
who gained their fame by blatant lies.

6-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Undeserving

The grave's been filled, the last wreaths laid  
The last farewells have all been made  
In quietude the mourners leave.  
and I am left alone to grieve.

Though I behaved respectfully  
as people would expect from me.  
It was for show, it was not true  
I'm happy to be rid of you.

You were a bully and a beast  
I did not love you in the least  
You made my life a misery  
when there was no one to see.

There was no physical abuse  
for blows are sure to leave a bruise  
I was my self respect you hurt  
you treated my like so much dirt

I was not allowed to go out  
though you were free to gad about.  
You judged my wishes by your own  
you did not trust me out alone

When we went out in company  
you kept a jealous eye on me.  
You thought that I would cheat on you.  
Something that I would never do.

My marriage vows I always kept  
a truth that you could not accept.  
Now kindly death has set me free  
I will not miss your jealousy.

Although I loved you when we wed.  
The hidden truth can now be said.  
You weren't the man I thought you were  
you miserable philanderer.

The wasted years that I regret  
will not be easy to forget.  
Though you are ancient history  
I can forget you easily.

The man that other people saw  
was just the public mask you wore.  
But I saw what lay underneath  
a brute a bully and a thief.

I shan't be coming here again  
For I have nothing more to gain  
To tell the truth I'm satisfied  
to know I live but you have died.

The words "until death do us part"  
are graven deeply on my heart.  
Death parted us and I am glad  
I have no reason to be sad.

Now you are dead beyond recall  
I will not grieve for you at all.  
I will give thanks for my relief  
you don't deserve my honest grief.

17-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Unexpected Elegance For M Lady Dee Daffodil

Once I met a well known poet.  
He was dressed conservatively  
I was surprised but did not show it.  
He was not as I thought he would be.

Noted for eccentricity.  
In his writing, Avant Garde.  
I thought he'd dress outrageously  
and I found it rather hard

to accept he was so clean and neat  
and not all as I had thought.  
A country gentleman complete.  
Another lesson life has taught.

A plain exterior can conceal  
a mind which thinks chaotically  
that's not reluctant to reveal  
a hatred of normality.

Which he attacks with savagery  
disregarding all the rules.  
Stating unconcernedly  
Conformings's for unthinking fools.

I had expected flamboyance  
but I was wrong as usual  
his understated elegance.  
He made appear quite natural

His mode of dress serves to conceal,  
but then he states his point of view..  
He sees no reason to reveal  
himself until he chooses to

A more effective camouflage  
which well conceals his anarchy  
Which fools most people by and large.  
I must confess that he fooled me..

4-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unexpected Visitor

From my back window I espy  
a stray soap bubble passing by.  
From whence it came I do not know  
but carried by the winds that blow.  
I saw it dancing in the air  
a sight which was beyond compare.  
I only wish I was as free  
as the soap bubble I can see.  
The bubble goes where the wind blows  
until it bursts I must suppose.  
It had no choice when it was blown  
but venture into the unknown.  
I `til it disappeared  
carried by a wind that veered  
and took it high into the sky.  
It had no time to say goodbye  
but I was glad to see it go.  
So when it burst I would not know.

31-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unfinished Symphony For M Lady Tara

The ultimate pastoral symphony,  
beyond the skill of man to reproduce.  
Of all the music I have heard I choose  
the complex interweaving melody.  
Of flowing brooks and the wind in the trees  
all natural sounds are put to use.  
No sound the great composer will refuse  
to use for his exquisite harmonies.

The wind the waters and the tree s combine.  
Supported by the voices of a host  
of living things who add their voices to  
form part of a symphony divine.  
The great composer has no need to boast  
about his compositions ever new.

12-Dec-08

cpiers.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unforgettable.

I remember, I remember  
Every year in November.  
The night I saw a young boy die.  
Every year I wonder why..

Could this death have been prevented.  
Yes if people were contented.  
just to stand and watch the show  
instead running to and fro

Throwing bangers at each other  
and in general causing bother  
Demonstrating lack of sense,  
careless of the consequence

A firework set him on fire.  
The flames spread quickly rising higher.  
In his panic he chose to run.  
The last thing that he should have done.

It was the last mistake he made.  
By the time we rendered first aid.  
He was burnt from head to toe.  
We knew it would be touch and go.

Despite the efforts of a nurse  
his condition became worse.  
He died before help could arrive.  
There was no way he could survive.

On Guy Fawkes Night I stay indoors.  
I think I have sufficient cause.  
I can remember vividly  
a small boy dying tragically.

I remember, I remember  
Every year in November.  
The night I saw a young boy die  
every year I wonder why.

26/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unfulfilled Dreams

The best laid plans of mice and men.  
Are often foiled by circumstance.  
Undaunted though we try again.  
We are convinced there is a chance.

That things will change and re arrange.  
So in due course will succeed.  
Although I find it passing strange.  
That circumstances can impede.

The plans we made so carefully.  
There's nothing we can do but wait.  
As best we can; impatiently.  
It all depends on fickle fate.

It matters not how hard we try.  
The best laid plans gang oft awry.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unfulfilled Expectations

Three score years and ten: They say  
is the life span of a man.  
Though it's no longer true today.  
People have realised they can.  
Defy the dire predictions  
and need not die obediently.  
To suit the statisticians.  
I'm fast approaching ninety three.  
And still live independently.  
Growing disgracefully  
content to act rebelliously.  
Although the statisticians all agree  
I should have died long years ago.  
Which proves how little that they know

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Unfulfilled Expectations

.  
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I should have died long years ago.  
Which proves how little that they know

28/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unhappy Landings

A spider's web bedecked with dew,  
each crystal dropp reflecting light  
Can turn a deadly trap into  
a work of art for my delight  
But the spider does not care.  
her handiwork is not for me.  
She waits in patience in her lair  
for flies that cannot struggle free.  
She is a supreme architect  
and builds her web instinctively  
She knows her business I expect  
ensures she can dine frequently.  
Although the flies have compound eyes  
her web still takes them by surprise.

2-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Uninhibited Dreams

The clock strikes twelve, the witching hour.  
When demons come into their power.  
And succubi tempt honest men  
to succumb to evil lust again.

Though honest men are not averse  
To dreaming dreams which are perverse.  
They dream of forbidden delights  
which titillate the appetites.

They would deny indignantly.  
But in their dreams they are quite free.  
To indulge their fantasies.  
They aren't quite what they claim to be.

Beneath the public mask they wear.  
Their inhibitions disappear  
When they're asleep or so it seems  
They can enjoy salacious dreams.

Which do no harm to anyone  
When they awake the dreams are gone  
Almost as if they'd never been  
Projected on their mental screen.

So they can sin vicariously  
Although they still pretend to be.  
Pillars of the community.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unintended Result

Too many signs along the road  
an information over load  
Although intended to prevent  
increase the risk of accident  
Its obvious that they can't rely  
on drivers driving sensibly.  
Instead of adding yet more rules.  
To be ignored by reckless fools  
who think that rules do not apply  
to them but to the other guy,  
they meet head on, on a blind bend.  
Not something I would recommend.  
I wonder if you share my view too  
many signs are bad for you.

23-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unintentional Conclusion

My time has come perhaps to die.  
I will not give in easily.  
Though I can guess the reason why  
Someone's been hired to silence me

I am no longer in the game  
I have retired quietly  
I thought nobody knew my name.  
I was mistaken obviously.

I'm not a fool I know the score.  
I must kill him or he'll kill me  
It does not matter any more  
someone has breached my secrecy.

I know he's out there watching me.  
Observing my daily routine,  
he seeks an opportunity  
make his killing quick and clean.

A single shot that's all it takes.  
A job he has been paid to do  
I can't afford to make mistakes.  
Though he's already made a few.

He does not know I am aware.  
He pits his skill against my skill  
and if he did I would not care  
He has a contract to fulfil.

He has been paid and must succeed  
to keep his reputation.  
There's no excuse which he can plead  
for failure of completion.

Unless he dies by accident.  
It is quite likely that he may.  
In fact I am quite confident.  
A stranger who has gone astray

and lost his footing carelessly  
To fall five hundred feet or more  
into an unforgiving sea.  
To be cast up along the shore.

Nothing at all to do with me  
Another loser in life's game.  
I will change my identity  
and move my home base just the same.

I'm rather sad I liked it here  
I'd settled in quite happily.  
I think it best to disappear  
Now that I know they're on to me.

I can't escape from my dark past  
they'll track me down eventually.  
Though as the peaceful years rolled passed.  
I hoped they had forgotten me.

I should have known they don't forgive  
Although I acted honourably  
they can't afford to let me live.  
My past employers my country.

I know too much they don't want known.  
They're not prepared to take a chance  
That all their secrets might be blown.  
That's why I'm dying here in France

No one will guess the reason why  
and aging Englishman was shot  
by accident apparently.  
My masters know that it was not

I kept the faith true to my word.  
Their secrets were quite safe with me  
To think I'd speak was quite absurd.  
They should have had more faith in me

This is my only legacy

there's nothing else that I can leave  
The records I kept accurately  
were not intended to deceive.

You have a choice you can believe  
all that my masters will deny  
I don't believe they can survive  
such negative publicity.

Its truly not revenge I seek  
I want to set the records straight  
My confessions are not unique  
all countries employ men like me.

To carry out nefariously  
Our orders which originate  
but are transmitted secretly.  
From high officials of the state.

We are the willing tools they use  
to influence affairs of state.  
But they distrust us then they choose  
To silence us before too late

They think they've won but they have lost  
Memoirs published posthumously  
Will prove to them there is a cost  
They could have simply trusted me

Now I am dead I can confess  
the things I did for my country  
and open up the whole damn mess  
to closer public scrutiny.

They will plead state security  
and claim their actions justified.  
That's why they murder men like me.  
Because we can prove that they lied.

Our leaders thrive on secrecy.  
Which they maintain at any cost.  
They have no hint of decency

all sense of honour has been lost.

They practice rank dishonesty  
in order to achieve their ends.  
They lie both to the enemy  
and to their allies and their friends.

When I decided I would not  
obey their orders any more.  
The verdict was I should be shot  
There was no way they could restore.

The naïve trust I used to show.  
My faith in their morality  
because by then I'd come to know  
Their corrupt veniality.

I am beyond their punishment  
I'll answer to a higher court  
who will examine my intent  
A court where justice can't be bought.

Though I will plead in my defence.  
That I was young and truly thought  
that those I held in reverence  
were Just men of the finest sort

When I discovered they were not.  
My conscience would not let me stay.  
Which left me in awkward spot  
they would not let me break away.

Though I escaped they followed me.  
I knew they would that's why I ran.  
evading them successfully.  
But I became a hunted man.

I knew in time they would find me  
That's why I wrote my last report  
My memoirs are my life story  
non fiction of a different sort.



Although they'll try they won't suppress  
the facts and figures I reveal.  
The hidden truths which I express  
are part and parcel of the deal.

To gain the most publicity  
upon the international scene  
Published simultaneously.  
The Memoirs of a Dead Has Been.

Will hit the headlines every where.  
The printers sworn to secrecy  
The books are stockpiled here and there..  
My masters should have trusted me.

A quiet life was all I asked  
I did not seek publicity  
But now they'll find their selves unmasked.  
Because they tried to silence me.

29-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Uninvited Company For M 'Lady Ernestine

Shy shadows surreptitiously,  
when twilight falls invade my room.  
I do not let this worry me  
they have the right to I assume.  
When morning breaks they quickly go  
I understand that they must hide.  
But where they go I do not know  
Some secret place where they abide.  
Until the twilight sets them free.  
It is then they venture out  
silently and stealthily  
They are set free to roam about..  
I know the shadows mean no harm  
and see no reason for alarm

Sunday,17 January 2010.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unknown Author

I dip my pen in vitriol  
to pen the letters which I write.  
To highlight sin my only goal  
It's my belief I have the right.

An aging spinster old and bent  
I always walked the narrow path  
remaining pure and innocent.  
Frustration now fuels my wrath.

Behind lace curtains I can see  
much more than people think I can.  
I keep my watch vigilantly.  
I know the movements of each man.

Not only men but women too  
as they conduct sordid affairs  
and I will write to those who do.  
To let them know somebody dares

Inform them that their secrets known.  
How they transgress morality  
a task I undertake alone.  
My quill is sharp and lacks pity.

I scourge the sinners with my pen  
because I have no other course.  
Perhaps they will not sin again  
if I can fill them with remorse.

It is my duty I must try  
to wean them from their sinful ways  
I know they fear publicity  
to be exposed to public gaze.

Such is the power I now wield.  
my only tool my trusty pen.  
When guilty secrets are revealed,  
they fear that I will strike again.

Nothing escapes my eagle eye.  
Facts are recorded faithfully.  
I have strict rules which I apply  
I take my duty seriously.

I lacked the opportunity  
I never had the chance to stray.  
Perhaps a tinge of jealousy  
has made me what I am today.

But Oh the pleasure that I gain  
is in some way a recompense  
for years of loneliness and pain.  
Which I endured with forebearance

I wreak my revenge secretly.  
Nobody will suspect that it is me  
exposing the hypocrisy  
of modern day society.

24-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unlimited Offer

Unlimited offer.

With broken wings no bird can fly,  
enjoy the freedom of the sky  
But wings can heal and often do.  
This is the hope I offer you.  
Like broken hearts can be repaired.  
As you will find if you're not scared  
then you will find a love that's true  
This is the hope I offer you.  
You have a dream and must believe.  
If you persist you will achieve  
Discard whatever's stopping you.  
This is the hope I offer you  
So grasp this chance and hold on tight  
and everything will turn out right.

15-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unmet Need

I know not that for which I yearn  
But know my life is incomplete,  
At night I lie and toss and turn  
But always I meet with defeat.

Sometimes my heart will miss a beat.  
I know not that for which I yearn  
A malady I cannot treat  
Sometimes it goes but will return.

Perhaps in due course I will learn  
What I must know to be complete.  
I know not that for which I yearn  
Until I know I can't compete.

So like an echo I repeat  
What must I do to earn  
full forgiveness for my deceit  
I know not that for which I yearn.

1-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unmet Need Or M' Lady Tara

I know not that for which I yearn  
But know my life is incomplete,  
At night I lie and toss and turn  
But always I meet with defeat.

Sometimes my heart will miss a beat.  
I know not that for which I yearn  
A malady I cannot treat  
Sometimes it goes but will return.

Perhaps in due course I will learn  
What I must know to be complete.  
I know not that for which I yearn  
Until I know I can't compete.

So like an echo I repeat  
What must I do to earn  
full forgiveness for my deceit  
I know not that for which I yearn.

1-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Unnatural Foliage For M'Lady Ernestine

The hedges here are gaily clad  
in plastic bags of every hue  
This makes me sad and makes me mad.  
these cast off carriers spoil the view.  
Of all inventions which I curse  
created by mans fertile mind.  
I cannot think of one that's worse  
than plastic bags folks leave behind.  
They are used once then thrown away.  
They hang in tatters from the trees  
A sight that's common place today  
waving like banners in the breeze.  
I really cannot understand  
why they are not completely banned.

25-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Unprotected Species

The morning mist lifts and reveals.  
A scattered colony of seals  
Their breeding place beside the sea  
protected by the enemy.

The fishermen who used to kill  
and if allowed would do so still.  
They do not dare to harm a seal  
the penalties are all too real

The fisher men bitterly complain  
the seals are free to fish again.  
Unhampered by the silly rules  
compiled by bureaucratic fools.

The fisherman can't understand  
why they are bound by this command.  
But not the seals apparently  
They just ignore bureaucracy.

Seals are creatures of the sea  
and as intended they are free  
But the fishermen are not  
That's why they all bewail their lot.

22-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unrecorded History. Storypoem

I camped below a rocky tor.  
Although I'd not been there before  
It felt somehow familiar.  
I did not want to drive too far.

I had been late in starting out  
And I had too much about.  
The Dartmoor fog which frequently.  
Descended very suddenly.

Reducing visibility  
To almost nil immediately.  
I thought it wise to stay the night  
and make a start by broad daylight.

I had chosen to drive this way.  
Because I was on holiday.  
A chance to see new scenery  
I have no one to please but me.

I had prepared a picnic meal.  
I sat and ate behind the wheel.  
The mist descended quietly  
and hid the rocky tor from me.

It formed a blanket thick and white  
Which softly glowed in the moonlight.  
It could have been a movie screen  
And formed a backdrop to a scene.

A scene I never thought to see.  
A piece of living history.  
I watched a battle being fought  
With iron weapons crudely wrought.

But still they killed the enemies  
They fought with great ferocity  
I saw men kill, I saw men die.

Beneath a blue and cloudless sky.

I know they fought long, long ago  
But just how long I do not know.  
It might have been the iron age.  
I do not know enough to gauge.

Who they were by how they dressed.  
The battle held my interest.  
Because the sheer brutality.  
Which somehow I was allowed to see.

Projected on a misty screen.  
Was it real: It might have been  
Or did I fall asleep and dream.  
Quite possible so it would seem.

To those inclined to disbelieve.  
And think I am trying to deceive.  
Perhaps because they're frightened to  
Accept that it just might be true.

I don't pretend to understand,  
Why this barren piece of land  
Which lay below the rock tor  
Men thought it well worth dying for.

But this is now and that was then.  
Perhaps it's time to think again.  
I cannot see the world they saw  
The land they thought worth fighting for.

It's probable I'll never know.  
Why this battle long ago.  
Was repeated apparently  
Somehow especially for me.

It was a strange experience  
Which goes against my common sense.

A tale I very rarely tell.  
Dartmoor keeps its secrets well.

Friday, 21 September 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unseen Dangers!

She prowls the floor then sits and stares.  
But when I look there's nothing there  
But still watches carefully.  
What does she see that I can't see?

I wonder why she sits and stares.  
Nothing will catch her unawares.  
Perhaps she is protecting me  
from dangers that I cannot see.

Cats tend to mind their own affairs.  
They're secretive and will not share.  
The only thing that worries me.  
I still don't know what she can see.

Why should I worry needlessly?  
While she watches protectively.

Thursday, 22 September 2011  
Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unseen Enemy.

Unseen enemy.

We've had fierce gales and heavy rain.  
A lull and then it starts again  
The blue sky suddenly turns gray  
We know bad weather's on its way  
Though up to now we've had no snow  
Although the temperatures are low.  
The frost makes walking hazardous  
and broken bones are dangerous  
When you are old you must beware  
of dangers lurking everywhere.  
Old brittle bones are prone to break.  
It could be you make no mistake.  
The black ice which you did not see  
Can bring you down so easily.

Thursday, 12 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unsung

Dead heroes hold an honoured place  
in histories of the human race.  
But I am forced to wonder why  
we only honour those who die.  
To live and raise a family  
would seem to me to be.  
A much more worthwhile thing to do.  
Just common folk like me and you.  
Who in their quiet way contrive  
to keep the human race alive.  
The heroes leave behind their fame  
But I pass on the family name  
ensuring immortality  
at least for some small part of me.

(17-Jun-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Unsung Hero.

Although he has prosthetic limbs.  
His sense of purpose never dims.  
Now he has learnt to walk anew.  
He is quite certain he can do.  
As well as any other man.  
He's out to show the world he can.  
He still a man and he is proud  
that he can mingle with the crowd.  
On equal terms apparently.  
He has the capability  
to reach success in any field.  
The wounded warrior will not yield.  
He will achieve his vowed intent  
to return to his regiment.

Thursday,02 December 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Unsung Heroes

The land laid waste and desolate.  
Opposing armies came and went,  
that neither thought to contemplate  
the end result is evident.

There'll be no harvest here to reap  
There's no one left to till the land.  
Beneath the soil the farmers sleep.  
The warriors failed to understand

In war there is no victory.  
The winners and the losers fail  
to learn from all past history.  
That warriors die to no avail

The real heroes are men of peace.  
The farmers and the labourers  
the men who toil without surcease  
to feed themselves and their neighbours.

14-Aug-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Until The Final Page

I was born a long time ago  
I don't admit to being old  
I watched the long years passing slow  
My story far from being told.

Each day I wake is a bonus  
I've long since passed mans lifespan  
Perhaps because I'm curious  
I try to be an active man

When I reach my centenary  
I won't give up too easily  
I will review what I should do  
I might decide to start anew.

All men must die as we all know  
But I'm not ready yet to go.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Until We Meet Again For My Lady

When I am dead just bury me  
in a deep hole and plant a tree  
Without any ceremony,  
whats left behind's no longer me.

If I go first it's not by choice  
so do not weep, rather rejoice.

You know that we will meet again,  
My leaving's bound to cause you pain  
I've run my race I can't complain  
I'll join you on some higher plane.

If I go first it's not by choice  
so do not weep rather rejoice.

Should you go first then I will know.  
You had no choice you had to go.  
Though I will weep I'll weep for me  
because I know you're flying free

But I will wait impatiently  
for friendly death to come for me

It's my belief that we will be  
together intermittently  
in other lives in different roles.  
Remaining always kindred souls

The bonds we have death cannot part  
we have been twin souls from the start.

My love for you, your love for me  
will last beyond eternity.  
Because we are one entity  
as we were always meant to be.

8-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unwanted Nocturne

When day is done and twilight falls  
I hear the Tomcats caterwauls.  
The noise they make is quite obscene.  
They vie for favours of the queen.  
Who's quite content to see them fight.  
She will choose as is her right  
The tom cat with whom she will mate.  
I really don't appreciate  
The dreadful noises that they make.  
I only wish that they would take.  
Their courting to a new venue  
I fear that they will force me to  
react with undue violence.  
I am entitled to silence.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unwanted Recollections For J.T Ellison

I slept and in my dreaming wept  
for promises I made: Unkept  
The promises I did not keep  
return to haunt me in my sleep.

Sometimes prevailing circumstance  
had meant that I had little chance.  
To do what I said I would do,  
at other times it's sad but true.

Some promises I made were not meant.  
I knew that I had no intent  
of doing what I had promised.  
There seems to be an endless list.

The guilt I feel is real and deep.  
My conscience will not let me sleep.  
All of the things I should have done  
but did not do each single one

Returns at night to punish me.  
I must admit deservedly.  
Sins from the past I now regret.  
I only wish I could forget.

But I cannot although I try  
Because I acted wrongfully  
I understand the reason why.  
My guilty conscience bothers me.

3-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Unwelcome Guest

Arthritis my old enemy  
insidious and stealthy foe  
attacks my joints determinedly.  
An enemy I've come to know  
as I grow old: Intimately.

I have no choice I must accept.  
That when the weathers damp and cold  
the aches and pains which I expect  
return and take firmer hold  
on any joint which they select.

This is the price I have to pay  
for living to a ripe old age  
There's no effective remedy,  
although pain killers may assuage  
the pain temporarily.

When winter comes I stay indoors  
resume my thermal underwear.  
Don't venture out without good cause  
and if I must I take good care.  
Make sure I'm warmly dressed of course.

Arthritis my old enemy  
ensures that I obey the rules.  
The limits which it sets for me.  
Disobedience is for fools  
prepared to suffer needlessly.

I won't give in I can defy  
if not defeat my enemy  
It only means I have to try  
to retain my mobility.  
When normal rules do not apply.

18-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Unwelcome Visitor

Begone sad ghost why dost thou bother me.  
I knew thee not whilst living thou drew breath.  
Nor do I wish to know thee after death.  
Why dost thou visit me so frequently?  
What is that thou hopest to gain from me?  
Unlike the other dead who slumber peacefully.  
Under the stone which they must lie beneath.  
What wantest thou with me; I know thee not,  
nor do I want thy ghostly company.  
If once I knew thee I have forgot  
Begone sad ghost thou dost not frighten me.  
Go now there is no welcome here for thee.

9-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Unwritten For a

I bought a new anthology  
of poems from the First World War.  
I offer no apology  
The poetry filled me with awe.

To understand that tragedy  
could inspire young poets to write.  
Poetry of such great beauty.  
To read it is a sacred rite.

I have a strange affinity  
with young men cut down in their prime  
Who made their mark on history  
describing hell in metered rhyme.

I am forced to wonder what  
they might have written but could not.

18/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Uproar And After Math For M'Lady Katrina

The thunder growls and threatens war.  
Storm clouds parade in massed array  
and fierce blue bolts of lightning soar  
To try and drive the clouds away.

Just for a moment all is still  
The clouds appear prepared to fight.  
The lightning bolts strike where they will  
and pierce the clouds with spears of light.

The clouds disgorge much needed rain  
upon the thirsty earth below  
The fields will soon be green again  
and once again the streams will flow.

The storm has passed it has moved on.  
The air is feeling cool and clean.  
But for damage which it has done.  
You would not know the storm had been.

Though summer storms strike suddenly  
it's very seldom that they last  
They pass over just as quickly  
and are forgotten very fast.

Flash floods and overflowing drains  
will be remedied speedily.  
The storm provided much needed rains  
the earth accepted greedily.

We should be grateful not complain  
But being human we will do  
We lose much less than what we gain.  
The fruitful earth will bloom anew.

02/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Useless, A Challenge Entry

The handbook isn't written yet  
that will teach me to forget.  
The years of happiness we shared.  
I have no doubt because we dared,  
to accept that we were meant to be.  
Bonded together as a pair  
Because we matched so perfectly.  
A partnership beyond compare.  
There's no hand book nor will there be.  
In any language known to man,  
which can erase your memory.  
I am certain that nothing can  
Of what use could a handbook be?  
It won't relieve my misery.

23-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Validation For Colin J

Sometimes I think we should not try  
to make our cherished dreams come true  
and be content with fantasy.

We must accept reality

Some cherished dreams are doomed to fail.  
Because they are not meant to be.

That does not mean we should not dream  
For dreams are a necessity

Though they're not always as they seem

Dreams can protect our sanity  
provide escape from every day  
repetitive reality.

Dreams can become reality

Though only if they're meant to be.

31/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Vampires: There's No Such Thing.

.

Count Dracula. A mere upstart.  
He is not what he claims to be  
A peasant born he plays the part.  
Although he lacks the pedigree.

His pursuit of publicity  
reveals his base born origin.  
The vampire aristocracy  
keep careful records of their kin.

He has no proof to offer you.  
Although he claims to be a Count.  
He cannot prove his claim is true.  
A base born lout of no account.

The vampire aristocracy  
have sworn to destroy Dracula.  
He broke the code of secrecy.  
In doing so he went too far.

I can't reveal how it was done.  
Though Dracula will boast no more  
A pile of dust lies in the sun.  
Which means there's one less predator.

Though he's long gone his legend lives.  
He's seen as a celebrity.  
It seems that history forgives  
his claim to aristocracy.

Though we do not, we won't forget.  
The damage he did to our cause.  
We had the right to be upset  
and to defend ourselves of course.

We prefer to live in secrecy  
As we have always tried to do.

We do not seek publicity  
it would be rather foolish to.

As long as modern man believes  
that vampires simply don't exist.  
We are quite happy that they self deceive  
Long may their foolishness persist.

Big cities are our hunting ground  
nobody misses waifs and strays.  
Although their bodies may be found.  
Nobody seems to care these days.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Vanity

The lady wept hot bitter tears  
but could not stay the passing years  
She tried to hide the evidence  
and willingly spared no expense.

She bought the latest creams and pills  
and lotions guaranteed to please  
But none of them could cure her ills  
Because old age is not disease.

Her older sister wiser far  
although she was particular  
about hygiene and cleanliness.  
Also the way she chose to dress.

Was not afraid of getting old  
nor of the tales her wrinkles told.  
She said she'd earned them honestly,  
displaying them triumphantly.

Old age is not an enemy  
you can accept it gracefully.  
Or waste your money foolishly  
pursuing dreams that cannot be.

24-Jun-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Vengeance Delayed Storypoem

My country taught me how to kill  
and when I had sufficient skill  
I was recruited secretly  
to serve a special agency.

My given task was to erase  
any who opposed our ways  
at home abroad where I was sent  
To which I gave my free assent.

I slowly came to realise  
I could not always recognise.  
My target as an enemy.  
Suspected they were using me

Though I had little evidence.  
Some missions seemed to make no sense  
I was expected to obey  
my instructions come what may/

My duty was to do or die  
I had no right to question why  
There was no way I could resign  
or else the next death would be mine.

I had known other colleagues die  
quite frequently Now I knew why.  
I was convinced my turn would come  
Because a dead man will stay dumb.

I chose instead to disappear.  
Create a new life far from here.  
Although I killed for my country  
I'm certain they will search for me.

They are afraid that if I chose  
their dirty secrets to expose.  
They have no means of stopping  
me whilst I remain at liberty

They would much rather I was dead.  
I have a price upon my head.  
So I have planned accordingly  
If they succeed in killing me.

My story will be given to  
the press who will know what to do  
.I'll take revenge posthumously.  
on liars who exploited me.

22/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Versatility

I think that I can claim to be  
a poet who is versatile.  
I try to write my poetry  
in varied form and varied style.

I emulate and imitate  
styles of great poets of the past.  
To show that I appreciate  
poets that time has over cast.

Although long dead their words live on.  
A source of inspiration to  
poets h they're long gone  
and I give credit where its due.

Although some things I write are new  
I cannot trace their origin.  
I trust my muse as poets do.  
She prods me until I begin.

She tells me there is no such thing  
as writers block there cannot be.  
A poor excuse for not writing  
I'm not allowed to be lazy

That's something she won't tolerate  
and drags me from my bed to write.  
Though I protest the hour is late.  
She is insistent that I write.

If she should choose to stay away  
I'd seize the opportunity  
to simple have a lazy day  
Without my conscience pricking me.

11-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Visible Deterrent.

.

Patrolling city streets by night.  
On foot as policemen used to do  
To check that everything's alright  
Gives you a very different view.  
To the busy daytime streets, where  
Throngs of people go to and fro.  
Along the shopping thoroughfare  
Or anywhere they want to go.  
Some people see you as a threat  
And others as a guardian.  
As you patrol about your beat.  
A uniformed policeman.  
A sight you rarely see today.  
I must admit to my dismay.

Sunday, 25 September 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Voluntary Exile.

One day the dragons will return.  
A privilege we have to earn.  
The fled from our belligerence  
They had to flee in self defence.

The dragons know humanity  
Has not yet reached maturity.  
The do not doubt that in due course.  
Men will give up the use of force.

To resolve every argument.  
But talk when war is imminent.  
Learn to use diplomacy.  
Which works much more effectively.

Than fighting for supremacy  
When two nations disagree.  
This world could be a paradise.  
If we can learn to compromise.

The dragons will return again.  
Resume their mentorship of man  
When we mature sufficiently  
and can agree to disagree.

The dragons know the day will come  
when once again they are welcome.  
To arbitrate impartially  
as mentors of humanity.

Although I may not live to see  
The silver dragons flying free  
Above the earth as they should be.  
The guardians of humanity.

Is this a dream, a fantasy  
Which is peculiar to me?  
That judgement I must leave to you.

Though I believe it to be true.

Saturday, 21 January 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Voluntary Genocide?

The shrill wind whistles through at will.  
The remnants of venetian blinds.  
The rooms inside are tainted still  
with viruses of different kinds

All tailor made which were designed  
To only kill selectively  
The product of a mad mans mind.  
A plan which backfired tragically.

He was convinced he had the right  
to alter mankind's destiny  
That everyone who was not white  
should be destroyed efficiently.

His master plan was to erase  
all non white populations.  
And thus provide more living space  
for go ahead Caucasians.

Now he is dead with all the rest  
of mankind both black and white  
Perhaps it worked out for the best.  
There are no humans left to fight.

The whole world is free from wars  
The only killing is for meat  
and that by natures predators.  
Who have no choice they have to eat.

The human race which killed for sport  
Has had its day and left the stage  
It failed to satisfy the court.  
Maturity would come with age.  
12/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Waiting For Daylight

The clock has struck the midnight hour  
and silence now hangs heavily.  
Sad recollections overpower  
my every happy memory.  
On looking back I clearly see  
all of the errors I have made.  
foregathering and taunting me.  
Aged veterans on parade.  
The long slow hours of the night  
are not the best time to review  
your actions whether wrong or right.  
You're bound to take a jaundiced view  
When you are tired but cannot sleep.  
Experience does not come cheap.

16-Apr-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Walk On By.

Just walk on by ignoring me  
Why should you care that I'm hungry  
You are well fed and warmly dressed  
You demonstrate no interest.

You can pretend you do not see  
And go your way quite happily.  
I used to hold the self same view.  
But that was long before I knew.

What it was like to lose it all.  
The happy times I can recall.  
Fate snatched away most suddenly.  
Now I depend on charity.

Something I thought I'd never do  
But circumstances force me to.

Friday, 28 September 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Waltz Time For My Lady Irene.

I  
Hold you  
In my arms.

We  
begin  
a slow waltz

One  
two three  
one two three.

I  
ask you  
to be mine.

You  
Agree  
Instantly.

We  
both knew  
without doubt.

You  
love me  
I love you.

We  
will dance  
together.

In  
Perfect  
Harmony.

As  
we were  
meant to do.

For  
ever  
and a day.

Monday, 25 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wandering Thoughts For on

Pale blue deepens to indigo.  
Night is descending peacefully  
On cue the stars begin to show  
far distant lights that brightly glow.

Some twinkle, some shine steadily  
which I accept quite readily.  
Some things I'm not allowed to know.  
Beyond my capability

to understand so I don't try.  
Although I sometimes wonder why  
some stars appear to twinkle so.  
As if to try and catch my eye

If this is so then they succeed  
in capturing my interest  
with signals that I cannot read  
Although I do my very best.

I'm certain that we're are not alone,  
though others may think otherwise.  
That somewhere in he great unknown  
some other beings watch the skies.

In wonder as they contemplate  
the vastness of the universe.  
The twinkling stars which fascinate.  
may be attempting to converse.

Across light years of empty space  
to end their isolation.  
Make contact with another race  
This is a thought I dwell upon.

A foolish dream it may well be.  
At least it occupies my mind  
I sit in thoughtful reverie  
and leave my worries all behind.

I watch the darkening of the sky  
which indicates that day is done.  
The hours of twilight quickly fly  
they linger briefly then are gone.

Although the laws of gravity  
attempt to dictate boundaries.  
Imagination sets me free  
to wander where and how I please.

21-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# War

War, whore  
death and sex.  
The great woebegone  
Harlot of Babylon.  
A succubus that drives and derives  
satisfaction from bloody entrails  
that haruspices  
inspect and say  
that men will undergo fresh tides of woe.  
Love and death dance hand in hand.  
He kills that which he loves most  
instinctively.  
Suicide, fratricide, homicide  
and matricide  
all seem to co- incide with twisted lust..  
Christians reborn recoil in disgust  
at the putrescent smell  
of tolerance that is enforced.  
Be gay and love your fellow man  
Cybernetically.  
Keyboards of the world unite  
vent your spite, electronically  
in bits and bytes.  
Perversely converse  
with pediatricians on expeditions  
and gynaecologist apologists  
intent on investing incest.  
With an aura of respectability.  
the almighty dollar wears a roman collar  
Absolves all sins.  
Repentance is free but piety  
an extravaganza, in fishnet tights and scarlet spikes  
that haunts the streets at night. To satisfy your appetite  
ye stiff necked generation that hold in veneration  
innocence and purity.  
Under the surface lies a festering cesspool  
That will and must overflow into war.  
The scarlet whore that swore what she wore.  
her uniform of shame was part of the game

That she was trapped inside,  
a slave to liberty.  
We all have the will to kill and the ability to love,  
but we want more. We covet what we have not got  
Forbidden fruit is sweeter when it is stolen  
from another who has less than we do.  
The human race is a disgrace  
That lacks all humanity  
Their major skill to co-operate and kill  
in ever increasing numbers.  
In the name of love and or religion  
Reluctantly of course.  
better dead than be allowed to defy  
What we define as right.  
We have the might, in men and armour.  
to demand changes in your land  
in the name of our liberty.  
Though tyrants rise and tyrants fall  
time makes no difference at all  
For greedy man takes what he can  
The good book says.  
To him that hath shall it be given  
and from him that hath not, the little that he has is forfeit

t3-May-08.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Warning Note    Story Poem

Condemned to wander endlessly  
through labyrinths within my mind  
To seek solutions I can't find.  
This has to be insanity.

I found myself quite suddenly  
unable to communicate.  
I'm deaf and dumb and I can't see.  
Perhaps a vegetative state.

Eventually I fall asleep  
the struggle has exhausted me  
Whilst I'm asleep the drugs will seep  
away slowly releasing me.

When I come to you're by my side.  
Your face the first thing that I see.  
Then I am truly satisfied  
I'll make a full recovery.

I have survived a heart attack.  
Because you would not let me die.  
It was your love that drew me back.  
You smile at me triumphantly.

The doctors claim they saved my life  
let them enjoy their victory  
Because I know it was my wife  
unfailingly supporting me.

Although the medics did their best  
and they performed the surgery.  
Heaven answered her request  
and I survived as you can see.

I'll have to take things easily  
I have decided to retire.  
We are secure financially  
Stress is the last thing I require.

My wife agrees but cautions me  
I must take up new interests  
I can acquire gradually  
I will obey, my wife knows best.

Sunday, 13 June 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Was I Just Spooked?

The inner cave was vast in size  
with bits of quartz that looked like eyes.  
Embedded in the limestone walls.

The bits of light reflecting quartz  
which made me feel uneasily  
that something was observing me.

I had not been in here before  
And do not think I will again.  
A feeling that I can't explain.

I must confess I was afraid  
I felt a cold hostility  
as though I was where I shouldn't be

Intruding on the privacy  
This made me so uncomfortable  
I left as fast as I was able.

When I look back I wonder why  
an empty cave should frighten me  
There was nothing I could see.

My friends all stayed though I had fled  
explored the pot hole thoroughly  
They never tire of teasing me.

I always go with my instinct  
My subconscious knows more than me  
It sees things that the eye can't see.

I gave up speleology  
I much prefer the open air  
Where I can see all that is there.

To exploring underground  
Where really I have no right to be  
I think I acted sensibly.24/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Waste Not, Want Not For M'Lady Dee Daffodil

Dead leaves which lately clad the trees  
in autumn colours brave and bold.  
Are scattered by the playful breeze  
Their day is done their story told

Their purpose served they're obsolete.  
A dry dead blanket on the ground  
which when disturbed by passing feet.  
Produce a crisply rustling sound.

The earth will re absorb them all  
though slowly, there's no need for haste.  
A process which is typical  
of natures attitude to waste.

What has been used will be re used  
and very little is refused.

10-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wasted Effort

Who steals my purse steals only trash.  
My credit cards are all maxed out  
I have no job I have no cash  
so sadly he must do without.  
The goodies that he hoped to buy  
at my expense or so he thought.  
The fix he needed to get high.  
All of his effort gone for naught  
The truth is I'm completely broke.  
No job, no home, no family.  
I hope that he can see the joke  
that fate has played on him and me.  
He thought to gain but he did not.  
What have I lost—not a lot

14/08/2009

./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wasteland

Wasteland: Man created desolation.  
Now although the tides of war have moved on.  
The earth conceals seeds of destruction  
One step can trigger an explosion.  
There's little hope of reconstruction  
and even less of compensation...

The simple folk who once farmed hereabout.  
Were by opposing armies driven out  
Now homeless refugees they go without.  
Although receiving sympathy; I doubt  
if it will help. Because they are still kept out  
by landmines which have not been taken out.

What should be seen as a priority  
is not being regarded seriously.  
Sadly it has been left to charity  
to remove the mines but too slowly  
By experts; all volunteers who gallantly  
risk life and limb so that the land can be

returned to useful cultivation  
The landmines made safe every last one  
no more need to fear explosion  
The land is safe; a job well done  
There's little time to rest we must move on.  
There always seems to be another one.

Another area needing to be cleared  
of land mines which are rightly feared.  
The rightful owners have disappeared  
forced to flee when rebel soldiers appeared.  
When we arrive we won't be loudly cheered.  
The land is empty desolate and weird.

14-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Watch And Pray.

A baby who was born too soon.  
Is struggling bravely to survive  
Perhaps the Gods will grant the boon  
we ask and let this tiny baby live.  
For now we watch with bated breath  
for any sign of progress made  
with our support to fend off death.  
We hope and pray she makes the grade.  
We can but wait and hope and pray  
There's nothing else that we can do.  
Nature has the final say  
She can make our dreams come true.  
Nature can correct mistakes  
Total faith is all it takes.

Sunday,31 January 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Water Colour For M'Lady Yuri

The setting sun imparts a glow  
upon the surface of the lake.  
In shades of red which come and go.  
Some are translucent, some opaque.  
From palest pink to deepest red  
and every shade that lies between.  
They last until the light has fled  
and darkness falls to rule the scene.  
I sit and watch in wonderment  
the sun descend beneath the sea  
To me it is quite evident  
that all is as it ought to be.  
The moon will rise to rule the night  
and paint the waters silver white.

19-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Water Music For M Lady Chitra

I hear the music of the waterfall.  
I am held fast entranced against my will.  
It's ceaseless flowing fluid melody  
more potent than the fabled sirens call.  
I cannot think nor can I move at all.  
Completely absorbed by the symphony  
it is as if that time is standing still.  
Nothing seems to matter, nothing at all.  
I am enraptured by the waterfall  
Quite unaware that I've duties to fulfil  
I think it may be true quite possibly  
I'm not averse to being held in thrall.  
There is no where I'd rather be  
than where I am just listening quietly.

24/06/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# We Are Not Amused For M Lady Mary Gordley

I cannot sleep the whole night through.  
My muse will not allow me to  
when she commands I must obey.  
I wish she'd take a holiday.

She thinks that sleeping is a crime  
she does not sleep so why should I.  
A complete and utter waste of time.  
Which I could better occupy

by sitting at my desk to write  
instead of lazing in my bed.  
I think she thinks she has the right.  
She just ignores all I have said.

Some folks complain of writers block  
whilst I have writers Diarrhoea  
My muse would hide beneath a rock  
if she could not supply ideas.

Which I must translate into verse  
to demonstrate her eloquence  
She views my fatigue as perverse;  
of very little consequence.

An active muse can be a curse  
I sometimes wish she'd stay away  
To have no muse would be much worse  
I just give in do it her way.

5-Jun-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# We Only Have Ourselves To Blame!

Selected randomly by fate.  
I became famous over night.  
Be cause of what I chose to write.  
About the duties of the state.

My writing caught the interest  
Of the silent majority.  
Who happily agreed with me.  
It is our duty to protest.

Against assumed authority.  
The creeping power of the state.  
We can't afford to hesitate.  
We have to act immediately.

If we do not it will become  
Too late for us to call a halt.  
The state will control by default.  
And bring an end to our freedom..

We only have ourselves to blame.  
Because we did not choose to see  
erosion of our liberty.  
We let the state control the game.

The time has come to overthrow  
The dominant bureaucracy.  
Inhibiting our liberty.  
There is no doubt it has to go.

We live in a democracy.  
It's our responsibility.  
To ensure that bureaucracy  
Cannot be used oppressively.

Sunday,14 October 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Weather Balloons? ? ? ? For Friend Thad

I'm just an ordinary guy  
who'd like to know the reason why?  
The powers that be resort to lies  
about the strangers in our skies.

Why do they think they can conceal  
what people see with their own eyes  
and try to make out they aren't real.  
They wonder why no one complies.

Some may be real and some are not.  
Illusions caused by tricks of light  
Which will account for quite a lot.  
I think that people have the right..

To be allowed to speculate  
on what these may be  
Not as they have been up to date  
Bamboozled systematically.

By governments who all deny  
that something strange is going on.  
When questioned give the stock reply.  
You are mistaken there are none.

Perhaps they're seeking to prevent  
the populace from panicking.  
But being cynical I suspect  
that they are only dithering.

Because they don't know what to do.  
It's typical of governments  
when they are faced by something new.  
The truth leaks out by increments.

A trained observer does not lie  
about the things that he has seen.  
Strange lights manoeuvring in the sky.  
and wonders what they might have been.

Though governments try to suppress  
by any means they can conceive.  
The right of people to express  
what they have seen, what they believe.

I'm just an ordinary guy  
I am no expert scientist  
but I can see no reason why.  
Alien races can't exist.

Perhaps we are in quarantine  
because we are belligerent.  
and other races intervene.  
From time to time with good intent.

They wait in hope we will mature  
and learn to live in peace at last.  
But only when they are quite sure  
we've learned the lessons of the past.

Will they reveal themselves to us.  
Not as potential enemies  
but neighbours who are curious  
and thus resolve the mysteries.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## Wedlock For My Lady Irene

Thou art my love, I worship thee.  
I have the right to call thee wife,  
I am enamoured completely,  
thou art the star that guides my life.  
Though other men may envy me  
I do not fear their jealous eyes  
For I have placed my trust in thee  
thou art not only fair but wise.  
I trust thee as thou trusteth me.  
Who heaven hath joined let no man part  
We are as we were meant to be  
Conjoined directly heart to heart  
and where thou art there I will be  
together for eternity.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Welcome Guest, Story Poem

Harried by hounds the stag is spent.  
He is worn out and terrified.  
Enters my gates by accident,  
In search of somewhere he can hide.

He finds safety in a stall  
which has long been unoccupied.  
He's found his haven after all.  
Because I instantly decide.

To bar my gates against the hounds  
and to the idiots who ride.  
They will not trespass on my grounds.  
The law is firmly on my side.

The stag is safe and free to stay.  
I will ensure he is not harmed  
until the hunters go away.  
He has no cause to be alarmed.

I'll set him free to go his way  
when he regains his energy.  
They must forego their kill today.  
The Stag is no mans enemy.

I hate the men who hunt for sport  
the harmless creatures of the wild  
Who they can kill without a thought.  
Our views can not be reconciled

They will return from whence they came  
slowly and dejectedly.  
Because I spoilt the little game  
They'll ban me from their company.

A ban that will not worry me  
although they are convinced it will.  
I much prefer the company  
of the wild deer they hope to kill.

The Stag appear to understand  
although it watches warily.  
That it is safe by my command  
and he is resting easily.

When it grows dark I'll turn him loose  
back to the freedom that he knows.  
I am quite sure he won't refuse.  
Though I'll be sad to see him go.

He was not born to be confined.  
He has a nobler destiny.  
Protecting his small flock of hinds  
and raising up a family.

I think he knows I wish him well  
and looks at me before he goes.  
He has no tongue in which to tell.  
But I am certain that he knows.

Tuesday, 16 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Welcome Home

The lonely ghosts who ride the wind  
forever seeking sanctuary.  
Are too afraid to leave behind  
their old familiarity.  
They've earned their wings but dare not fly  
and so they wander endlessly  
repeating their pathetic cry.  
I do not know where I should be.  
They dare not ask: Fear the reply  
you must have faith and just let go  
It's not your place to wonder why  
When you arrive then you will know.  
The answers which eluded you  
throughout your life and they are true.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Welcome Sound.

I don't complain about the rain.  
That hammers on my window pane  
I'm glad to hear it once again.

It marks the end of prolonged drought.  
We need the rain there is no doubt  
For far too long we've gone without

Without the rain the soil's too dry.  
It matters not how hard we try.  
Our crops just shrivel up and die.

The blessed rain has fallen finally  
Arriving unexpectedly  
The earth absorbs it greedily.

Tomorrow we will start to sow.  
New crops we are quite sure will grow  
Then in due course green shoots will show.

It seems the experts can't explain  
The reason for the lack of rain  
But now we hope we can regain

The rich dark soils fertility  
Although there is no guarantee.  
We have to think positively  
A farmer needs both rain and sun  
But not too much of either one  
Neither can be relied upon  
Monday, 16 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Well Deserved?

She outlived him to her delight  
Past cruelty gave her the right  
She had been treated as a slave  
and still he paid beyond the grave.

She still received her monthly cheque.  
Though he was killed in a car wreck  
She had a claim on his estate.  
It seemed to her kindly fate

Made him forget she would be paid  
Because the blame was firmly laid  
By the court that heard the case  
His death his guilt could not erase.

So she continues to receive  
The money which he meant to leave  
to his latest paramour.  
It seems that fate was keeping score.

She feels no sorrow at his death  
though he has drawn his final breath  
She feels she is entitled to  
Receive the payment she is due.

For the way he treated her  
Although she knows he would prefer  
she did not get a single dime.  
She finds the irony sublime.

Tuesday, 08 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Well Did They?

Well did they?

And did those feet in ancient times  
Walk upon England's mountains green.  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen

William Blake

A Glosa

And did those feet in ancient times  
walk here as in the Holy Land  
A pretty tale if it were true.  
Inscribed by some well meaning hand.

Walk upon England's mountains green?  
A legend which I can't believe  
Although written with good intent.  
Some priestly purpose to achieve.

And was the holy Lamb of God  
a traveller who came and went.  
What reason would he have to come?  
what was his purpose and intent.

On England's pleasant pastures seen  
the Lamb of God, it could be true  
Although there is no evidence  
to prove it: legends will not do.

21-Sep-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Well Earned Punishment.

Double sonnet

Cyclones, Typhoons and Hurricanes.  
Storm surges and torrential rains.  
Volcanoes, earthquakes and landslides  
Dangers threaten from all sides.

Some unexpected thunder storms  
Defying the accepted norms.  
Lightning strikes fro a clear blue sky  
Nobody knows the reason why.

Mother Nature appears to be.  
Reminding us quite forcibly  
That her patience is running out.  
Unless we change there is no doubt.

She will decide the human race  
Will disappear without a trace.

Mankind has chosen to ignore  
The warnings that they've had before.  
Men think they are entitled to  
do anything they wish to do.

Their only motivation greed  
They are unwilling to concede.  
They use up what they can't renew  
And aren't prepared to listen to.

Evidence which makes it plain.  
They stand to lose more than they gain.  
They are so blinded by their greed.  
They do not recognise the need.

To change the way they choose to live.  
If they do not they won't survive.



Tuesday, 28 August 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Well Suited

I feel no need to power dress  
No longer trying to impress.  
My style today is casual

What you see is what you get  
and I confess to no regret.  
Today I can be comfortable/

I need not wear a shirt and tie  
and try to act impressively.  
I find it rather comical.

When I observe young men today  
trying hard to make their way.  
It's not at all unusual.

For them to think they know it all  
But pride oft goes before a fall  
and sadly that is typical

When we are young we foolishly  
we must dress fashionably  
So that we seem acceptable.

Now that I'm old I do not care  
If no one likes the clothes I wear  
I dress to suit myself not you  
it is my right and so I do.

25-Mar-09

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Well Wouldn'T You?

The sea fret grey and clammy cold  
distorts the view along the shore.  
Quite effortlessly it seems to mould  
the things you knew were there before.

Into new forms which seem to be  
evil, hostile and threatening.  
You can't be sure of what you see.  
The muffled silence deafening.

I tell myself I'm not afraid  
but briskly walk towards the light.  
A subconscious decision made,  
adopt a strategy of flight.

You cannot fight what you can't see.  
The local legends all insist.  
The souls of sailors lost at sea  
are carried by the clinging mist.

They crave the warmth that they once knew.  
The warmth the living still possess  
and they will drain the life from you.  
Their urgent need is pitiless.

Of course it's just an old wives tale  
which cannot possibly be true.  
Still when I hear the foghorns wail.  
I make for safety wouldn't you.

5-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# What Am I Bid?

The tension builds: The auction room  
is full of treasures on display  
Though well placed lights disperse the gloom  
some curios still hide away.  
The seasoned bargain hunters know  
they might find something that's unique  
and so they hunt both high and low.  
It's like a game of hide and seek.  
Most have a special interest  
and some are experts in their field.  
The sellers hoping for the best  
desire for profits unconcealed.  
Some win some lose all held in thrall  
until the final hammer fall.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# What Can We Say

The night her sable wings has spread  
across this city of the dead.

The silver moon light shimmering  
upon white gravestones glimmering.

The rows of headstones on parade  
recall the sacrifices made.

By those whose bones lie here at rest.  
Some old some young who did their best.

Their country called they volunteered  
to defend freedom it appeared.

From field and factory they came  
but death would treat them all the same.

Young labourers and artisans  
were all included in the plans  
of generals who seldom knew  
that they were asking men to do

tasks which were barely possible.  
They proved themselves incapable  
of showing flexibility.  
Repeating mistakes constantly.

Advance, retreat advance again.  
The price was high for little gain.  
A hundred yards or perhaps two  
of shell pocked mud which stuck like glue.

Behind the lines the big guns roared  
adding more bodies to the hoard  
too many to enumerate.  
Who had already met their fate.

The general staff still held the view  
that there was nothing else to do  
but bombard with artillery  
and then send in the infantry.

Their hide bound minds were tightly closed  
to any new tactic proposed  
Thanks to the way that they were taught.  
The correct way wars should be fought.

It took four years to recognise  
it was a futile exercise.  
Although we claimed the victory  
I'm not too sure that I agree..

Every war grave cemetery  
though mute still speaks eloquently.  
The price of war is far too high.  
What can we answer in reply?

14-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# What Can You Lose?

I've dreams to spare and dreams to share  
For those of you prepared to dare  
to leave behind reality  
and try a little fantasy.

Although my dreams may not be new.  
The promise that I make to you.  
My dreams are all in good repair,  
though some have seen a lot of wear.

You need not pay my dreams are free  
because they're low technology.  
You do not need a power source  
to view my ough of course

you must return them when you're done  
and if you're truly satisfied  
Exchange them for another one.  
All sorts of dreams can be supplied.

Friday, 22 January 2010

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ivor or ivor.e hogg

# What Democracy?

Is democracy a dream?  
The human race aspires to  
such things are seldom as they seem.

Although the people have a choice.  
They seldom think their choices through  
and so the wishes which they voice.

Can be ignored and flagrantly  
by those who hold the power reins  
which they acquired dishonestly.

The voting system is unfair.  
Votes do not carry equal weight.  
The major parties do not care.

They are content to wait their turn  
To ride upon the gravy train  
enjoying perks they do not earn.

If every vote was made to count  
Then that would be democracy  
Hold politicians to account

for promises they make then break.  
Perhaps it's time to rectify  
the present system: Which would take.

a social revolution  
to institute democracy.  
Instead of the confusion.

The rule of many by the few  
who claim they have the peoples vote  
A statement patently untrue.

The vote I cast has no value  
in this so called democracy  
Its very sad but very true.



(10-Oct-07)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# What Dreams May Come?

I fear to sleep for dreams may come  
which force me to relive again.  
Dark memories which aren't welcome.  
Such dreams can drive a man insane.  
Things I have done which I regret.  
Long years ago and far away.  
Some things it's better to forget  
Spring forth to haunt me still today.

Sometimes you do not have a choice.  
No time to think you just react.  
You pull the trigger and rejoice  
that you shot first and that's a fact.  
You have shot dead some innocent  
mistaken for an enemy.  
It's just another incident  
embedded in your memory.

I'm tired and I fain would rest  
but peace of mind's denied to me.  
Such recollections deep imprest  
can't be erased from memory.  
Odd times I can sleep peacefully  
with no bad dreams to cause distress.  
I fall asleep eventually  
Anaesthetised by weariness.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# What If It Were True?

Hector, Ajax and Hercules  
and other heroes such as these.  
All suffered from the same disease.  
They thought they were invincible.

Now every one of them is dead.  
I know this from the books I've read.  
Unlike my ancient Uncle Fred.  
Who thought it might be possible.

To find a way to stay alive  
a certain method to survive  
Towards this end then he would strive  
Although it seemed improbable.

A coward too afraid to die.  
Although he was clever guy  
well versed in ancient history.  
He thought he could be comfortable.

If he could find a vampire who  
he thought could be persuaded to  
make him into a vampire too  
and grant him immortality.

I half believed when I was small  
My uncle often came to call  
but always late after night fall.  
Which made me feel uncomfortable.

But now I take a different view.  
I don't believe his tales were true  
Nor do I think my siblings do.  
I think it is impossible.

By bright sunlight I am certain  
but after dark I think again.  
What if my uncle Fred did gain

his wish for immortality.

I hoped that he was telling lies  
and so it came as no surprise.  
To find one single rule applies.  
Vampires do not seek publicity.

Real vampires do not advertise  
They consider it's not wise.  
Although my uncle really tries  
his stories cannot convince me.

I know my uncle's very old.  
And that he cannot stand the cold.  
From stories that my parents told  
concerning his longevity.

My father says he will not die  
My mother says that's all my eye.  
But still I wonder sometimes why.  
He's lived so long. It seems to me.

Just possible he's told the truth.  
The secret of eternal youth  
springs from some ancient vampires tooth.  
The bite of immortality.

I know that in reality  
vampires are just a fantasy.  
That people can live naturally.  
Far longer than seems possible.

No body knows the reason why.  
Examined scientifically.  
It seems that everyone must die.  
No one can live eternally.

But Uncle Fred refuses to.  
I can't believe his tales are true.  
He sleeps all day as vampires do.  
at his age it's permissible.

I tell myself it makes no sense  
for Fred to keep up this pretense.  
I have to do in self defence.  
I find it much preferable.

To believing Uncle Fred  
Is exactly as he said  
A member of the living dead.  
That would be truly terrible.

18/08/2009  
poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## What Nonsense Is This?

I see the moon, the moon sees me but she sees more than I can see.  
I am earth bound I cannot fly but she serenely floats on high  
and bathes world in silver light. Which can relieve the darkest night.  
She grants to all men equally, sufficient light for them to see.  
The cloak of darkness does not hide, lying in wait for prey outside  
werewolves, vampires, ghosts and ghouls. The flying predators are owls,  
that haunt the night on noiseless wings in search of mice and smaller things.  
The silver moonlight reassures to some extent but does not cure.  
ancestral fears. Although far fetched are nonetheless so deeply etched  
in the collective memories of human kind. The vague unease  
which is still felt by men today when darkness falls and night holds sway.  
Of course does not apply to us, just to the superstitious.

18-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# What Suits Me May Not Suit You

The bubbles in my pink champagne  
Add to my air of gaiety.  
I have no reason to complain.  
The bubbles in my pink champagne  
Remind me that I must retain  
My place in high society  
The bubbles in my pink champagne  
add to my air of gaiety.

I do not doubt that's true for you  
But I prefer good honest ale  
as any Englishman would do  
I do not doubt that's true for you  
Because I have no reason to  
But I prefer good honest ale  
I do not doubt that's true for you  
But I prefer good honest ale.

Each to their own I must accept  
Taste leaves little room for argument.  
So I accord your due respect.  
Each to their own I must accept  
I have to say I don't expect  
To change established precedent.  
Each to their own I must accept  
Taste leaves little room for argument.

(31 August 2011)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Whatshisname

An actor always plays a part.  
He has no personality.  
It is the essence of his art  
an actor's capability  
To become anyone at all.  
Whoever they're supposed to be  
at least until the curtains fall  
Revert to being nobody.  
Their whole life is a fantasy.  
They don't know who they really are.  
They can cope with reality  
but only so much: Insofar  
as I can see, because they can  
act like any other man.  
12/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



## When Day Is Done For M' Lady Tara

The winter sun is sinking low.  
Beneath the hedges shadows grow  
but in the West a beauty show.  
Rich shades of red that come and go.  
Soft fluffy clouds reflect the glow  
as the red sun sinks below  
the surface of the sea. Although  
it saddens me to see it go.  
Now from the East blue streamers flow  
and darken into indigo  
The night is falling sure and slow.  
Now one by one the stars will show.  
When day is done the sun must go  
It will shine again tomorrow.

22-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# When Day Is Done For Jt Ellison

The winter sun is sinking low.  
Beneath the hedges shadows grow  
but in the West a beauty show.  
Rich shades of red that come and go.  
Soft fluffy clouds reflect the glow  
as the red sun sinks below  
the surface of the sea. Although  
it saddens me to see it go.  
Now from the East blue streamers flow  
and darken into indigo  
The night is falling sure and slow.  
Now one by one the stars will show.  
When day is done the sun must go  
It will shine again tomorrow.

22-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# When Do A Daughters Duties Cease Storypoem

When do a daughters duties cease?

Wilt thou remain immaculate?  
enamoured of the virgin state.  
Remain always inviolate.  
Art thou so sure this is thy fate?

Wilt thou reject matrimony  
to moulder in some nunnery  
Thou shouldst consider carefully  
What such a future holds for thee.

Or is it as thy sire says.  
That passing time will change thy ways  
Endowing thee with greater grace.  
Prepared to take thy rightful place.

Thy sire hath great plans for thee.  
To see thee married happily  
accepted by society.  
This the future he can see.

Forget thy childish fantasy  
Thou clingest to so stubbornly.  
A cloistered life is not for thee  
Thou lovest not austerity.

He now accepts regretfully  
he overspent outrageously  
To get thee wed successfully  
The price of pride is penury.

To have a titled son in law  
Won't keep the bailiff from the door.  
Nor satisfy his creditors  
who hound him now without remorse.

Is it beneath thy dignity  
to make some small enquiry.

To find out how thy father fares  
Try to relieve him of his cares.

Thou livest now in luxury  
whilst he must live in poverty  
Hast thou forgot so easily  
All that thy sire did for thee.

Although he acted foolishly  
All that he did he did for thee.  
He well deserves thy gratitude  
and not thy thoughtless attitude.

Thou art a titled lady now  
Perhaps thy husband will allow  
thee to show thy sire the respect  
he is entitled to expect.

Restore his fortunes so he can  
although a sadder wiser man.  
Again hold up his head with pride.  
I pray that thou wilt so decide.

If not for love for charity  
He seeketh not thy sympathy.  
Nor does he seek for recompense  
He did it all for love of thee.

The lady acted with all speed  
she and her husband both agreed.  
Her sire should reside with them  
It was the perfect stratagem.

She thought her sire could agree  
and still retain his dignity  
and so it was she could repay  
her father's kindness in this way.

Is there a moral to this tale  
or do I write to no avail.  
I do not know you must decide  
Was honour truly satisfied?

17/07/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# When I Hold You For My Lady Irene

I wake and rise before the dawn.  
I see the new day being born  
When I'm alone, bereft, forlorn.  
I think of you.

At noonday in the blazing heat  
although I find a shady seat  
I know that I am incomplete.  
I think of you.

Then later when the twilight falls.  
birds go to roost with sleepy calls.  
One single thought my mind enthrals  
I think of you

It matters not the time of day  
nor where my weary footsteps stray  
The only thing for which I pray  
to be with you.

When I reach home then I succeed.  
My love for you my only creed.  
for you fulfil my every need.  
When I hold you..

4-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# When I Was Young

When I was young and in my prime  
I knew everything there was to know  
I truly thought that this was so  
but I discovered in due time  
My knowledge wasn't worth a dime  
It's true that it was long ago.  
When I was young and in my prime  
I knew all that there was to know.  
Experience combined with time  
reduced the size of my ego  
Although progress was rather slow.  
Arrogance was my greatest crime  
when I was young and in my prime.

1-Feb-08  
rondel

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# When I Was Young For Friend Michael

When I was young and in my prime  
I knew everything there was to know  
I truly thought that this was so  
but I discovered in due time  
My knowledge wasn't worth a dime  
It's true that it was long ago.  
When I was young and in my prime  
I knew all that there was to know.  
Experience combined with time  
reduced the size of my ego  
Although progress was rather slow.  
Arrogance was my greatest crime  
when I was young and in my prime.

1-Feb-08  
rondel

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# When Rogues Fall Out.

The worthy Dr Guillotine  
Perfected his killing machine.  
Before the revolution.  
Providing a solution.

To the problems of the state.  
Which had become acute of late  
Beheading aristocracy  
Humanely and efficiently.

Madame la Farge won't disagree.  
She sits and cackles gleefully.  
She's not a forgiving soul.  
She likes to watch as their heads roll.

Into the basket down below  
Counting each one as they go.  
She sits and knits contentedly  
To see the aristocracy.

Meet the fate which they have earned.  
The worm has well and truly turned.  
The citizens have taken charge  
Which seems to suit Madame la Farge.

But what she doesn't understand  
The men who rise to take command.  
Will still oppress the peasantry  
If anything more cruelly.

Than the aristocracy.  
Almost unbelievably.  
But in the end it's proven true  
They behave as tyrants do.

The poorest have to foot the bill  
They always have and always will.  
Rulers rarely give a damn

About the common working man.

I don't blame Dr Guillotine  
I am quite sure he did not mean.  
The state to use his new machine  
In quite the way that it has been.

Monday, 17 September 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# When The Time Is Right Story Poem For M Lady Tara

At sixteen years she was naïve.  
Lived in a world of fantasy,  
she was convinced that dreams come true.  
But she would learn they seldom do.

By twenty two she was sure she knew.  
She'd had a broken heart or two  
That only fools placed trust in men.  
She wouldn't fall in love again.

But concentrate on her career  
The price of love was much too dear.  
She was content with single life  
and had no wish to be a wife

At thirty she began to doubt.  
She felt that she was missing out  
on something she could not define.  
She recognised the warning sign.

Reviewe her life took careful stock  
What she found out came as a shock.  
Though she was seen as a success  
Her life was filled with loneliness.

She felt a twinge of jealousy  
of friends who'd married happily  
and swapped careers for motherhood.  
A choice she hadn't understood.

She realised what she must do.  
She had to look at life anew  
and find a man who wants a wife  
A guy who's sick of single life.

Someone who wants a family too  
and make her girlish dreams come true.

It was then she met the man.  
The ideal partner for her plan.

A mature man, a bachelor  
a man who had been hurt before.  
So when he showed some interest  
she thought it would be for the best.

To let him know that she was free  
and was prepared to be friendly.  
That she enjoyed his company  
which he accepted happily.

They saw each other socially  
and with increasing frequency.  
Who was the hunter, who the prey  
would be impossible to say.

He popped the question she agreed.  
Mother Nature's plans succeed.  
Despite the heart aches of the past.  
They have fulfilled their dreams at last.

They're married with a family.  
My little tale ends happily.  
Perhaps it's true perhaps its not.  
But does it matter? Not a lot.

19-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# When The Time Is Right For M'Lady Ernestine

Broad sonnet

We search for love to no avail. We try too hard and so we fail.  
Although it may seem curious, fate knows much better than us.  
When we are ready for a mate and then she does not hesitate.  
She sets the time she sets the place, when she will bring us face to face.  
With the partner of our dreams although to us it always seems.  
That we have met by accident, but we did not it was by intent.  
Fate knows exactly what we need and with her help we will succeed.  
In finding what we have searched for. We don't need to search anymore  
We have been chosen carefully and who are we to disagree  
We are quite sure our dreams come true, precisely as fate means us to.  
It might be just coincidence, what matters is the consequence.  
The end result is we got wed. I think that fate accomplished.  
The task that she set out to do, for you love me and I love you.  
You don't find love, love will find you but not until it's ready to..

Monday, 22 March 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Where Do They Go? For M'Lady Denise

A sky layered in lavender,  
old rose and streaks of gold that glow.  
Against approaching indigo  
as night accepts day's surrender.  
The sun descends into the sea.  
His task complete it's time to rest.  
As night achieves a slow conquest.  
The colours will fade gradually  
Tomorrow morning with the dawn  
The pastel colours will return,  
The Sun will rise to take his turn.  
As in the east new day's born.  
Where do the pretty colours go?  
when darkness reigns. I do not know.

Saturday,03 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Where There's A Will There Is A Way For Lucianne

The skunk was not aware he stunk  
His only wish was to make friends  
forgive forget and make amends  
His family motto so he thunk.

But he got frightened easily  
and when he did emitted smells  
offending others dreadfully.  
His life was full of fare thee wells.

He drove potential friends away  
He was destined to be alone  
Then he discovered body spray.  
He's popular with everyone

Now body spray has saved the day  
He's welcome to join in our play.

20-Oct-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Whistle Blower

My name is immaterial.  
I must remain anonymous.  
I'm publishing material.  
That's guaranteed to cause a fuss.

Revealing things I'm privy to.  
The powers that be try to conceal.  
They would much rather no one knew  
The way they choose to wheel and deal.

Corrupt officials on the make.  
Accepting bribes to influence  
Some decisions which they make.  
So they grow rich at our expense.

I can supply the evidence.  
To prove that what I say is true.  
This is no time for reticence.  
I do as my conscience bids me to.

I do not trust the powers that be.  
Should they discover my intent.  
I'm sure that they will silence me.  
And make it seem by accident..

I've duplicated documents  
all neatly filed and cross referred.  
In packages which will be sent.  
To the main news editors.

They dare not risk discovery.  
To face exposure and disgrace  
So they will try to silence me.  
I'll disappear without a trace

If I die unexpectedly  
A trusted friend will send them out  
I will deny them victory.  
The press will print without a doubt.



I have been silent far too long.  
My conscience will not let me rest.  
I can no longer go along.  
I have to do as I think best.

Though they succeed in killing me.  
The evidence will prove their guilt.  
I will destroy posthumously.  
The thieving systems they have built.

They cannot win I cannot lose.  
My life's of little consequence.  
This is the strategy I choose.  
To demonstrate my penitence.

I have no choice but make a stand.  
Against corruption which I see.  
I did not fully understand.  
That I was guilty partially.

I should have spoken out before.  
But I chose to procrastinate.  
Afraid of my superior  
And how he might retaliate.

I have informed the auditor.  
Provided him with evidence.  
Which I am sure he won't ignore.  
Although it proves my negligence.

I'm sure that he'll investigate  
My allegations thoroughly.  
There's nothing I can do but wait.  
The truth will out eventually.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# White Collar Criminals.

When driven by necessity  
I stole to feed my family  
The state claims the authority  
To prosecute and punish me.

A hybrid monster doomed to fail  
Because of inequality.  
Their efforts all to avail  
They can't achieve stability.

They cannot claim efficiency.  
Most of their plans have gone awry.  
I think that's very plain to see.  
But they don't see the reason why.

They make concessions to the rich  
and they expect the poor to pay.  
A typical Tory sales pitch.  
They lie and cheat to get their way.

The simply do not understand.  
The complaints we choose to express.  
So they dismiss them out of hand.  
And just ignore the bitterness.

They class me as a petty thief.  
Because I stole food out of need.  
To me it seems beyond belief  
They steal to satisfy their greed.

I am not proud I had to steal.  
There is no work for me to do.  
But they're allowed to wheel and deal  
At the expense of me and you.

So much for democracy  
It would be nice if it were true  
WE recognise hypocrisy.

Although they do not think we do.

There is no justice for the poor.  
There never was nor will there be.  
I only took a little crust  
But they betray the nations trust.

Wednesday,04 April 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Whites Sepulchre

Although he may purport to be, a paragon of piety.  
His "Hobby" of photography, a cover for pornography  
The more perverse the faster sales, because his market never fails  
He grows rich from obscenity although outwardly he seems to be.  
An honest upright gentleman and a professing Christian.  
Apparently respectable. Which goes to show you cannot tell.  
What lies behind the masks we wear, we do not ask we do not dare.  
The public image we present can be destroyed by accident  
When at long last he is brought to book exposed for what he is a crook.  
We look again and we can see the depths of his depravity.  
Although it takes us by surprise he loses stature in our eyes.  
We used to hold him in respect, we see him now as a reject.  
from all polite society and view his downfall gleefully.

5-Dec-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who Are You Really? For Nellas Elendil

There are questions which we must ask  
and answers we must try to find  
Sometimes it seems a thankless task.  
We all have masks we hide behind.

Although I think that I know you.  
I only know what you will show.  
I must confess I'm guilty too  
some things I will not let you know.

Our public personality  
is tailored so that we conform.  
Far from the true reality  
which is quite different from the norm.

Why are we so afraid to be  
ourselves in any circumstance.  
I'm too afraid to let you see  
just who I am. Daren't take the chance.

I wear my mask as you wear yours  
whilst wondering what lies behind.  
Small talk and social intercourse  
we both engage in whilst still blind.

Suspicion guides our every move.  
We are afraid we may not be  
the kind of person you could love  
and so we suffer needlessly.

Remove your mask and I will too  
Deal with each other openly  
theres nothing else that we can do  
which will prove satisfactory.

14-May-08  
space/poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Who Goes There? For Friend Thad

By the rosy light of dawn.  
A squirrel chatters noisily  
as if his duty is to warn.  
a task which takes seriously  
He warns them all that draw near.  
Although in fact I mean no harm  
Wild creatures swiftly disappear  
in response to his shrill alarm.  
They can't afford to take the chance  
so they react instinctively  
The price of life is vigilance  
and that is why I seldom see  
Wild creatures who quite naturally  
conceal themselves and hide from me.

20/04/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who Is In Charge?

My muse continues to abuse  
her position. She will refuse  
to use her skills to help me out  
That she's in charge she has no doubt.  
But I have bad news for my muse.  
I have arranged some interviews  
with other muses unemployed  
Who say they would be overjoyed  
to find themselves in with a chance  
Which would improve their circumstance.  
My muse is old and crotchety  
she really thinks, she employs me.  
I think it's time that she retired  
a thought which she herself inspired.

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Who Is Responsible A Rant May Offend Some

The paedophile a parish priest  
Whose outward trappings hid a beast.  
Perverted lust that raged below  
the saintly face he chose to show.

He preyed upon the innocent  
his vile desires warped and bent.  
A loathsome smiling predator  
who thought he was above the law

He disregarded celibacy  
in favour of depravity.  
I do not know why this should be  
it happens all too frequently.

Then when his sins are brought to light  
the church assists him in his flight  
to sanctuary in the Vatican  
and they protect this evil man

from punishment he well deserves  
Offensive to the God he serves.  
But it seems not to the papacy  
who view his sins more tolerantly.

20-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who Is Responsible?

When molten magma surfaces  
beneath an ancient glacier.  
A bitter struggle then takes place  
to prove which is superior.

The superheated steam produced  
expends its force explosively  
With molten rock and ice reduced.  
Almost instantaneously.

To particles of dust and smoke  
projected high into the sky.  
Just Mother Natures little joke  
A fact that no one can deny.

She demonstrates her power to show.  
That though we think we're in control  
that we are not. She lets us know  
that she's in charge from pole to pole.

She forces us to ground our planes.  
Ensures it isn't safe to fly  
as long as the ash cloud remains  
suspended in the upper sky.

There's very little we can do.  
Except to wait impatiently  
and let the scientists review  
the situation constantly.

If and when they do decide  
the sky is clear and safe to fly.  
And not potential suicide.  
There will be many asking why.

It took so long to satisfy  
The powers that be, we could fly  
without compromising safety.  
We'll ask but will get no reply.

We can accept as being true.  
We do not trust the government.  
Regard it with a jaundiced view  
A bias which is permanent.

Damned if they don't damned if they do.  
We aren't prepared to recognise.  
That what they say could well be true.  
That we were taken by surprise.

An act of God it's classified  
that lets insurers off the hook  
Our claims will not be ratified.  
They will go strictly by the book.

They will not lose they never do.  
The small print will make sure of that.  
It may be sad but it is true.  
most claims they'll simply turn down flat.

They're glad to take your premiums  
but they pay out reluctantly.  
and only pay the minimums  
They have to pay out legally.

Volcanoes, earthquakes acts of God  
Although they happen frequently  
myself I find it rather odd  
are not covered by your policy.

Disasters strikes you're on your own.  
As you discover far too late  
Although in fact you would have known  
if you had read the rules they state..

Though well concealed in the small print.  
You can't complain they were supplied  
Insurance companies make a mint  
and we are left unsatisfied

.Wednesday,21 April 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who Knows For J T Earley

Who Knows

I wonder where muses reside.  
Externally or deep inside  
some remote corner of the brain.  
A quiet spot where they can gain

full access to your memories.  
Which they manipulate with ease,  
inserting things you could not know.  
About events too long ago

for you to possibly recall.  
The screaming of a minie ball  
as butternut fought with blue grey.  
As if you heard it yesterday.

Is my muse an entity  
who has her own identity.  
Or just another part of me  
which can act independently.

Forgive me if I seem confused  
sometimes I think I'm being used  
Who really writes my poetry  
is it my muse or is it me.

4-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who Saved Me?

I had a strong presentiment  
I would meet with an accident.  
If I drove home my usual way  
and that my life would end this day.

A flash of foresight granted me?  
or merely serendipity.  
I do not know but I was sure  
I had to take the long detour.

I saw the scene so vividly  
A car crushed beneath a fallen tree.  
I am not superstitious  
but this warning was obvious.

I pulled into the first lay by.  
I did not stop to wonder why  
I was convinced that it was right  
to take a different route that night.

I drove along the way I'd come  
and took the scenic route back home.  
My wife was in a worried state  
when I arrived home safe but late.

She's heard the news on the T.V.,  
a car crushed by a fallen tree  
About the time I should have been  
driving near that fatal scene.

I had been granted a reprieve  
by kindly fate we both believe.  
That flash of foresight saved my life  
and brought me safe home to my wife.

I can't explain it, do not try  
although sometimes I wonder why  
I did not die beneath that tree  
as I was meant to: Who saved me.

20-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who Stands With Me?

True poets write in meter.  
Not because they think it's neater  
but because the flow is sweeter  
When their words are read aloud  
as they perform before the crowd.  
Their poems pass the acid test.

Prose writers do not choose to rhyme.  
They see it as a waste of time.  
Although their word choice is sublime.  
Without meter it is prose,  
not poetry as they suppose.  
Their definition I contest.

Poetic prose it's plain to see.  
Can not be classed as poetry.  
I can accept you disagree.  
I know I have a biased view  
I think I am entitled to  
Decide which one I like the best.

I choose meter every time  
Preferably with lines that rhyme.  
I find such poetry sublime.  
Though I enjoy well written prose.  
Each to his own I must suppose  
So write the way that suits you best.

I am old fashioned I admit  
and not one whit ashamed of it.  
I do not find rules inhibit.  
Free expression of my views  
They merely mean I have to choose  
the words that will express them best

Free form, free verse, poetic prose.  
Are methods other writers chose  
as being fit for their purpose.



To rebel against fixed form.  
Which was regarded as the norm.  
Just to be different from the rest.

But fashions change and now free form  
Must be regarded as the norm.  
I see no reason to conform.  
I choose to write my poetry  
In the old way that pleases me.  
A lonely voice raised in protest.

The wheel of fate will slowly turn  
Metered poetry will return  
and well deserved plaudits earn.  
I hope I live to see the day.  
when classic poets can display.  
That fixed forms can outshine the rest.

Monday, 06 December 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who Trains Who? For Friend Bob

My human thinks he's training me.  
A fault that's common to the breed  
Though he is learning gradually  
So I pretend to let him lead.

It is great fun to see him try  
to understand each new command  
Although sometimes I wonder why  
he is so slow to understand.

I haven't had him very long  
I must remember he's a man  
To try and rush him would be wrong.  
I'm sure he does the best he can.

I take him for a walk each day  
make sure he gets his exercise  
I need to teach him not to stray.  
He doesn't seem to realise.

That I'm in charge he's rather slow  
but then of course he's just a man  
You can't expect a man to know  
as much as any canine can.

26/04/2009

cpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who Was He? Welsh Bardic Form

Cywydd Llosgynrog.

I am forced to live alone  
All those I knew long since gone.  
There's no one left who loves me.

This must be the penalty  
I pay for longevity  
It will be my turn soon

I am waiting patiently  
Death will claim me finally  
I will be happy to go.

There'll be nothing left of me  
but a fading memory  
Which will be soon forgotten.

Thursday, 11 February 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Who Won? Story Poem

Although you see me as brute.  
You will in time learn to love me.  
This vow I take is absolute  
I swear by all the gods that be.

My captive: you have captured me.  
A woman of a noble race  
you look at me contemptuously.  
I see no fear upon your face.

Such courage I must bow before.  
Your pride still makes you stand erect,  
although a prisoner of war.  
I hold you in highest respect.

I will treat you courteously.  
though I will never let you go.  
I hope that one day you will see  
me as a friend not as a foe.

The lady learned that she could trust  
his given word he would not break.  
An honest man not ruled by lust  
he wanted but he would not take.

what she was not prepared to give  
and so he waited patiently.  
The maid was young and so alive  
that she considered carefully.

What alternatives she had.  
To marry him and reign as queen  
this prospect did not seem too bad  
and just forget what might have been.

To take him as her chosen mate  
transfer her love and loyalty.  
It seemed to her decreed by fate.  
She was where she was meant to be.

He was a man of noble blood  
who by his actions tried to prove  
his love for her as best he could.  
She found it in her heart to love.

This man who'd been her enemy  
but then had showed he was a friend.  
Declared his love quite openly,  
his hope she'd love him in the end.

Was this pure practicality  
or had he really won her heart.  
A question which still bothers me  
Can love and life be things apart?

26-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who?

Celebrities, it's plain to see.  
Rely upon publicity,  
if they're not in the public eye.  
They have to strive to rectify  
the situation which they see  
as being ignored completely.  
That's why they pull such stupid tricks  
and misbehave like lunatics.  
The think the public have to be  
impressed by a celebrity  
Despite the fact he is a fool  
who has done nothing as a rule.  
Except to court publicity,  
which he must do assiduously  
Or disappear from public view.  
Nobody cares what happens to  
celebrities who used to be.  
World famous but no longer are  
their place usurped by some new star.  
They fade into obscurity,  
almost as if they'd never been.  
No longer part of the Cool scene.  
They're has beens now, not wannabees  
With nothing left but memories.

23-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Who's A Good Boy?

A chocolate cake with frosting ice  
is on the table tempting me.  
I sit and think it would be nice  
to eat it up entirely.  
I dare not even have a slice  
because it is not meant for me.  
I'm not prepared to pay the price,  
I know how angry Mom would be.  
Perhaps she does not realise  
that it amounts to cruelty.  
To see that cake before my eyes  
and know it is forbidden me.  
I must resist I know I should  
it is not easy being good.

27-Dec-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Why 08 Friend Thad

When Autumn comes promising gain.  
This bounty we will gratefully accept.  
The fruits of our hard labours we expect  
assisted by the sunshine and the rain.  
The roots and fruits and the sunripened grain,  
which industrious workers will collect.  
Although sometimes we learn by harsh precept.  
The harvest fails and hunger stalks the land,  
Then men adopt a different attitude.  
Why this should be we cannot understand  
Good harvests gain our earnest gratitude.  
But should the harvest fail then we demand  
from God an answer couched in language rude.

1-Oct-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Why Do You Hesitate.

He had one eye, one arm, one leg  
a landmine had removed the rest  
he does not whinge or whine or beg.  
His attitude is best expressed.

I'm still a man and I can do  
almost as much as any guy.  
A little slower that is true  
but I can see no reason why.

You feel you have to pity me  
I would much rather earn respect  
Though not the man I used to be  
I can do more than you expect.

Give me chance and I'll show you  
I still have skills which I can use  
to do as well as others do.  
Why hesitate what can you lose?

I draw the pension I am due  
but need to boost my self esteem.  
Prove to the world that I can do  
much more than sit at home and dream.

Give me the opportunity  
to demonstrate what I can do.  
Ignore my disability  
if I can do it so can you.

Just set your prejudice aside  
and treat me as a normal guy  
Give me a chance and then decide  
to keep me on or say goodbye..

Why do employers constantly  
turn down disabled veterans.  
Are they so blind they cannot see  
that veterans deserve a chance.

25-Apr-08  
./poeticpiers

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Why Ever Not For Thad

A heaven without animals  
would be no paradise for me.  
Pets love is unconditional  
and given unreservedly.

The pets which have preceded me  
although their leaving caused me pain  
I am quite certain I shall see.  
The love we shared will still remain.

Because they act instinctively  
as their creator meant them to  
They are from sin completely free  
As innocents entitled to

pass through the pearly gates with ease.  
Greet their creator face to face  
In answer to the fervent pleas  
of spirits who have earned their place.

Perhaps in time I'll qualify  
though I am burdened down with sin.  
I cannot see a reason why.  
St Peter will not let them in.

27-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Why Must I? For Cp Sharma

Why must I

The mist is lifting slowly. So  
I can see the way ahead.  
Although I'm not allowed to know  
my future fate. I need not dread.

The Unknown hidden by the mist  
evaporated by the sun.  
I will go on I will persist  
until my distant goal is won.

The quest embarked upon at birth  
which will not end until I die.  
My sojourn on the planet earth  
but always I must question why.

I have no choice but journey on  
No one can answer my question.

27/05/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Why Should You Believe Me?

I guarantee that you can be  
from this day forth quite vampire free..  
Don't turn away, listen to me  
It is quite free there is no fee.

I do not ask that you pay me  
nor even ask you to agree.  
Vampires can bite so suddenly  
and then you live eternally.

Driven by hunger constantly  
you will thirst uncontrollably.  
Every throbbing throat you see  
as a meal tantalisingly.

If this is what you want to be.  
Then just ignore me pointedly  
As people do ignorantly.  
In my opinion foolishly.

No crucifix can guarantee  
your permanent security.  
From a blood drinking entity  
Who has selected you to be.

Provider of his energy  
He'll drink your life blood thirstily.  
You should consider carefully  
this awful possibility.

Because there is no remedy.  
Once bitten you're condemned to be  
numbered amongst the enemy  
and will be so eternally

It is your choice you are quite free.  
To turn away mistakenly.  
Convinced that I talk crazily  
Although I'm offering honestly.

That I can truly guarantee  
that I can make you permanently.  
Quite safe from any vampire who might be  
regarding you as possibly.

A victim he can easily  
subdue because you foolishly.  
Refuse advice that's offered free.  
Perhaps you doubt my honesty.

So go your way but carefully  
I cannot force you to agree.  
Although choice saddens me.  
I will continue hopefully.

To offer folks the chance to be  
protected permanently for free.  
from dangers which they do not see.  
Although they threaten constantly.

The vampires walk abroad quite free  
from questions of morality.  
They can appear to be friendly  
Before they pounce on you greedily.

So take my warning seriously  
Some friends are not what they seem to be.  
You can be fooled so easily  
by monsters acting charmingly.

7-Oct-08

<http;>

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Widowers Lament

## Widower's Lament

white marble tombstone  
high lit by silver moonlight  
but you are not there.

you are gone beyond  
what mere mortal eyes can see.  
yet I can recall.

at will how you looked  
on the day that we were wed.  
I recreate you

momentarily  
but I cannot hold you here.  
you are gone from me.

arbitrarily  
cruel fate took you from me.  
left alone I mourn.

for you constantly.  
to love too well is to be  
hostage to fate.

but not to have loved  
and never known togetherness  
much too high a price.

we will meet again  
though I know not where or when.  
this thought comforts me.

here I meditate  
quietly by pale moonlight.  
what else can I do.

when we two were one

we fulfilled each others dreams.  
now I am alone

I no longer dream  
but rely on my memories  
of dreams that we shared.

when the moonlight fades  
reluctantly I must return  
to my empty house

where no welcome waits  
there is none to care for me.  
you were all I had.

Haiku format poem

4-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Wiggle Giggle For M' Lady Lucia

Some women wiggle as they walk  
as a pretty woman should.  
But others jiggle as they stalk.  
It's not a very pleasant view.  
If you are looking from the rear  
To see a fat posterior  
that's larger than it ought to be  
Still it's something you often see  
A womans wiggle's wonderful  
I think it's really beautiful  
but then I am a connoisseur  
of Lady's pretty derrieres  
A wise girl pays attention to  
what she looks like from the rear view.

9-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wilfully Blind

A never ending tragedy.  
The history of the human race.  
Why is it that we cannot be content?  
to live in peace with grace  
Why must men seek to dominate,  
tell other people what to do  
Why can't they just negotiate  
There is no need to resort to  
violence. As we always have  
which earns us nothing but a grave  
A lesson in futility  
which as a race we cannot see  
A never ending tragedy.  
Man is his own worst enemy.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Will She

The musty smell of dollar bills.  
Which people think will cure their ills  
they simply cannot get enough.  
of that crisp green folding stuff.  
But money won't buy happiness  
you can get by on something less  
A lesson they are slow to learn  
You do not need all you can earn..  
By putting in those extra hours  
and have no time to smell the flowers.  
Totally neglect your family.  
It is your choice you are quite free.  
to leave your wife a rich widow  
But will she miss you when you go.

20-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Will We Ever Learn?

The scarlet flares illuminate  
a scene from Dante's inferno.  
In muddy trenches soldiers wait.  
They've learnt to fear the rosy glow.

Behind the lines artillery  
sing out their litany of hate  
to terrify the enemy  
In this respect they are too late.

Exhausted men beyond all fear  
crouch numb and sleepless in the mud  
and should a heavy shell fall near  
They do not hear but feel the thud.

They have no hope all hope has died  
These broken men their courage gone.  
The veterans on either side.  
Each one some loving mothers son.

They answered to their country's call  
each swallowing their country's lies.  
They were prepared to give their all  
the ultimate in sacrifice.

Two thousand men died in one day.  
A day in June nineteen fourteen.  
This was the price they had to pay  
. A price which could have been forseen.

The General Staff were confident  
old fashioned tactics would prevail  
and to a man would not relent.  
Quite certain that they could not fail.

Both sides bogged down, total stalemate.  
The allies claimed the victory.  
Each side has realised but far too late  
that modern warfare could not be

conducted in the same old way.  
The world was forced to recognise.  
Some prices were too high to pay  
and rarely worth the sacrifice

of brave young men on either side.  
The cream of Europes breeding stock.  
Although we honour those who died.  
There are some memories we block.

We don't learn lessons from the past  
It seems the human race cannot.  
Although the painful memories last  
the lessons they should teach do not.

8-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Will You? For Friend Thad

The singing spring, a sacred well.  
Is heard to sing so legends tell.  
At midnight when the moon is full.  
They say the singing's wonderful.

So beautiful you are entranced  
until the sunrise sets you free.  
You basic nature is enhanced.  
So you are changed; permanently.

The good become even better.  
The wicked ones grow much worse.  
These rules are followed to the letter.  
Bring changes which you can't reverse.

I was advised to stay indoors  
on evenings when the moon was full  
I disregarded this of course.  
When you are young you play the fool

I did not believe the tales were true  
So I resolved to check it out  
a very foolish thing to do  
But Now I know I have no doubt.

I was a young and headstrong fool  
Although that does not change a thing.  
I went there when the moon was full  
And heard the singing of the spring.

That's why I sit here on death row.  
I grew to enjoy violence.  
I killed a man with just one blow.  
Although I pleaded self defence.

The jury found I was guilty.  
I know I didn't mean to kill.  
The evidence convicted me.  
It seemed to be an act of will.

It seems I can't escape the fate  
The sacred well foresaw for me  
I know now when it is too late  
I must fulfil the prophecy.

I can't complain I made the choice  
I should listened carefully  
But no I had to hear the voice  
I went there unbelievably.

I should have known but I did not  
Old legends are based on some truth.  
That's why the legends aren't forgot.  
Except by disbelieving youth.

I must accept the penalty  
There is nothing I can do.  
One morning they will come for me.  
Not pleasant to look forward to.

So heed my words and heed them well.  
Do not ignore the legends that you hear  
The strange tales that the old wives tell.  
Although their meanings are not clear.

It won't harm you stay indoors  
on evenings when the moon is full.  
It is by far the wisest course.  
It never hurts to be careful.

Although you are a modernist  
and can't believe the tales are true  
The ancient legends still persist.  
The question is my friend Will you?

10/08/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wind In The Trees For Friend Thad

The winds play haunting melodies  
Upon the branches of bare trees  
From which they pluck the notes they seek.  
Each composition is unique.

The music that the wind can play  
is different in every way.  
From any score that humans write.  
Holds me entranced in sheer delight.

Soft sad laments which seem to be  
expressing sorrow endlessly  
But these sad notes can segue into  
a lively beat so you want to

Clap your hands and tap your feet  
entranced by the hypnotic beat.  
The music changes constantly  
a show of virtuosity

That doesn't need an audience  
Although some times I seem to sense  
that is playing just for me  
To which I listen gratefully

It plays the tunes that suit my mood  
as if the wind well understood  
I'm sometimes happy sometimes sad  
depending on the day I've had.

I know quite well the wind is free  
and is not playing just for me.  
It does no harm if I pretend  
the wind regards me as a friend.

Although it has no reason to  
I think perhaps it might be true  
I am content to listen to  
its haunting music so I do.



26-Oct-08 http;

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wine Can Only Be Drunk Once

Fine wine, unlike fine poetry.  
Must be given time to mature,  
selected for its quality.  
You must be absolutely sure.  
To store it very carefully  
undisturbed perhaps for years.  
I much prefer fine poetry  
which rings like music in my ears.  
Dependent on your taste of course.  
My ears drink in well spoken verse.  
My taste in wine is rather coarse  
but it is easy on my purse.  
I read fine poetry for free  
from books stored in my library.

5-Sep-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wingless Flight

Wingless Flight

I sometime sit and wonder why  
There are some birds which cannot fly.  
The Emu and the Ostrich too  
Remain earthbound as we have to

The penguins clad in black and white,  
they too have lost the power of flight.  
They do their flying in the sea  
I don't know why it puzzles me.

I have no wings I cannot fly  
but if I had I would rise high.  
Above the land, above the sea.  
Instead of sitting miserably

confined by age to my arm chair.  
My aching joints are hard to bear.  
Despite my disability  
I have the capability

To disregard reality  
Immerse my self in fantasy  
and fly to where I want to be.  
I don't need wings to carry me.

I travel at the speed of thought  
to where the silver dragons sport  
I do not need to leave my chair  
imagination takes me any where.

15-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Winter Night For Friend Hunter

Though almost imperceptibly. The snow was falling steadily,  
unruffled by the slightest breeze. To coat the branches of the trees,  
with layers of the purest white, which sparkle in the pale moonlight.  
The contrast pleasing to my eyes. Beneath the trees a blanket lies  
as yet a flimsy covering which is slowly thickening.  
The snow continues relentlessly but quietly and stealthily.  
The winter will remorselessly alter existing scenery.  
Cover the faults and flaws with snow, assisted by the winds which blow.  
When night departs and morning breaks, spread far and wide the fallen flakes.  
Until the world appears to be as far as human eye can see.  
A pristine expanse of pure white: a truly awe inspiring sight.  
Which waits to greet us when we rise, a sight too bright for human eyes.

26-Nov-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Winterval For M 'Lady Ernestine.

The whirling swirling flakes of snow.  
Fall silently but ceaselessly.  
Creating havoc here below.

Mother Nature intends to show  
The human race that they can see  
The whirling swirling flakes of snow.

Wherever they may choose to go.  
She demonstrates this ruthlessly  
Creating havoc here below.

What traffic moves is crawling slow.  
As drivers find it hard to see.  
The whirling swirling flakes of snow

Reflect their headlights pallid glow.  
Reducing visibility  
Creating havoc here below.

Assisted by the winds that blow  
at intervals quite randomly.  
The whirling swirling flakes of snow  
creating havoc here below.

Tuesday, 30 November 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wishful Thinking.

.

The old year's coming to its end.  
Few will be sad to see it go.  
We greet the New Year as a friend  
We live in hope but cannot know.  
If the New Year will prove to be.  
A year in which we can achieve.  
Our cherished dreams successfully.  
Though some have doubts most can believe.  
Despite their past experience  
of disappointments they have known  
They set aside their common sense  
and are sustained by faith alone.  
It seems we all prefer to see.  
The New Year optimistically.

Saturday, 26 December 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Within The Woodlands For M'Lady Lucianne

Glosa

Within the woodlands flowery gladed  
Beside the oak trees mossy moot  
The shining grass blades timber shaded  
Now do quiver underfoot.

William Barnes

Within the woodlands flowery gladed.  
A lover and his lass embrace.  
She was not to be persuaded  
this was the time nor yet the place.

Beside the oak trees mossy moot  
he begged and pleaded but in vain  
she rejected his urgent suit  
Her maidenhead she would retain

The shining grass blades timber shaded  
Would not become her marriage bed.  
Her maidenhood would not be traded  
for all the words of love he said.

Now do quiver underfoot  
all of his planned seduction schemes,  
to him she was forbidden fruit  
The subject of his fevered dreams.

11-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Without Fear Or Favour

Without fear or favour

I see no need to demonstrate  
that I wield greater powers than most.  
A fact my friends appreciate  
and enemies learn to their cost.

I use my powers selectively  
Adhering to the right hand path  
I am well versed in wizardry  
and very seldom moved to wrath.

But I will punish the offence  
of any black magician  
armoured in false confidence.  
Who tries to disregard the ban.

The first law taught to any mage  
Thou shalt not use your power to hurt.  
A rule renewed at every stage  
from novice to the more expert.

As always there will be some fools  
consumed by their own selfishness  
Decide to ignore the lawful rules  
and use their power to curse not bless.

I am the guardian of the law,  
A duty I take seriously,  
the purity of magic lore  
must be maintained. I oversee

practitioners of every grade.  
From novice to the fully fledged  
To see the first law is obeyed  
For magic power is double edged.

When used for good meets with success  
but if used improperly.



Deserves and will receive no less  
than the ultimate penalty.

I will destroy then utterly.  
I have supreme authority  
and each one knew the penalty  
for using power wrongfully.

So make you choices carefully.  
Obey the sacred oath you swore.  
Or you must then answer to me  
and I have heard it all before.

There's no excuse that you can make  
I will erase you from the roll.  
You have to pay for your mistake.  
May god have mercy on your soul.

19-Aug-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Without Just Cause.

My maiden aunt had little chance.  
Because the man she was to wed  
Was one of those who fell in France  
listed as missing presumed dead.

Her happiness a casualty  
which never figured in the news  
She had to face reality  
a future which she did not choose.

She was condemned to life alone  
Because so many young men died  
all chance of motherhood was gone.  
She bore her fate with stoic pride.

She helped to raise her sister's brood.  
Her husband too unfit to go.  
She mothered them as best she could  
the only joy she'd ever know.

She was a treasure left unclaimed  
a mother she would never be.  
Only the Great War could be blamed  
for many women's misery.

She lived to see a ripe old age.  
She died in nineteen forty one  
just long enough to see the stage  
prepared for another one.

Another war to end all wars  
Just as the first Great War had been.  
To her it was a hopeless cause  
she saw the slaughter as obscene.

Young men will answer to the call  
but womenfolk are left behind  
To mourn their menfolk when they fall  
A fate that's very far from kind.

I think that she was glad to go  
she knew from hard experience.  
What other girls would come to know  
when sorrow takes up residence.

20-Jan-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Without Trace For C.R Clark

The soulless city lies in wait  
to capture young ambitious fools  
Who think that they can demonstrate  
they have no need to obey rules.

They are convinced that they can win.  
Become a star against the odds.  
But very soon they are drawn in  
begin to follow darker gods.

At first its drink and then its drugs.  
Immediately they start to lose  
naïve and innocent: Just mugs  
open to all kinds of abuse.

Their cherished dreams do not come true,  
they have to face reality  
and set their sights on something new.  
A lesson in humility.

The wiser ones soon realise  
that stardom comes to very few.  
A fact that they must recognise  
and this reluctantly they do.

The foolish ones still persevere  
in pursuit of their hopeless quest  
Until at last they disappear.  
Swallowed up like all the rest.

The soulless city lies in wait  
for fools who ignore all advice.  
Assuming those who challenge fate.  
are prepared to pay the price.

21-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Womem's Wiles For M'Lady Tara

When boys are young then generally  
they are cared for by female kin.  
But when approaching puberty  
the father figures then step in.

To instil masculinity  
instruct them in the ways of men.  
How to act independently  
and how to dominate women.

See women as inferiors,  
who need to be kept in their place.  
By men who are superior,  
this men will state with a straight face.

But women know it is not so.  
Although they let the men believe  
that they admire machismo.  
A woman's way is to deceive

the male who thinks his word is law.  
In each and every way she can.  
That's what women's wiles are for.  
They can run rings round any man.

Though some men know few  
will admit they are aware that women rule.  
Most men are quick to deny it,  
which makes them easier to fool.

This women know instinctively.  
So women usually get their way,  
a sop to masculinity.  
The only price they have to pay.

19-Jul-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Women Weep

Behind a banner men unite  
arrayed in armour shining bright.  
Each warrior prepared to die,  
ready to fight but knows not why.  
It has been so since time began,  
each yearns to prove he is a man.  
The widows weep and wail and mourn.  
Was it for this our sons were born?  
To die upon some battlefield  
be carried home upon his shield.  
Because his chieftain would not yield.

That's how it was in days of yore  
when tribal chieftains went to war  
Still human nature does not change  
and foolish men see nothing strange.  
Enlisting in some obscure cause  
to fight and die in useless wars  
Their women folk are left to cry  
the price they pay is far too high.  
The burning question must be why.

We do not learn from history.  
There really is no mystery,  
young men are still fooled easily  
by politicians who they see  
As learned men who are just and wise  
and foolishly believe their lies  
The women folk are not so blind  
but head strong men pay little mind  
to well found fears of womenkind

Though womenfolk have always known  
that once men hear the trumpets blown  
The men folk lose their common sense  
and rush to fight in the defence  
of what they're told is liberty  
by those placed in authority.  
So children are left fatherless

and womenfolk in deep distress.  
Men's foolishness is limitless.

19-Jun-07

Cyhydd naw ban

Welsh bardic form

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Wondering For M 'Lady Tara

.

Today I saw a winsome Nun.  
A negative in black and white.  
I wondered if she had begun  
to question if her choice was right.  
And was she really positive  
a life of prayer would satisfy  
When she had so much more to give,  
given the opportunity  
Had her choice been freely made?  
Or was she merely dutiful?  
Had she been promised as a child?  
It's not at all unusual  
to be denied the right to choose.  
A subtle form of child abuse.

19-May-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Wordpower For Bro

It was as a schoolboy he  
became entranced by poetry  
He loved the rhythm and the rhyme  
which made his words keep to strict time.

His talent was quite natural  
although it was unusual.  
He understood instinctively,  
what was and was not poetry.

He learnt with words he could command  
although he did not understand.  
That he was casting potent spells  
which tapped into the deepest wells

of other folks experience.  
But as he grew in confidence.  
In time he came to realise.  
His childhood choice had been most wise

and that by mastering poetry.  
He'd also mastered wizardry,  
he held the power to bless or curse  
just by the power of his verse.

He chose to use his power for good  
as any decent poet would.  
So he confined his wizardry  
where it belonged to poetry.

Remember poets when you write  
it is your duty to delight  
to educate and entertain  
and never to another's bane.

10-Jul-08

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# Worry Free

When I awake before the dawn  
I seize the opportunity  
To watch a new day being born.  
A moment of tranquillity  
Enabling me to clear my mind  
Of stresses left from yesterday.  
Such peace is very hard to find  
And all too quickly fades away.  
Eroded by conclusions drawn  
Destroying the tranquillity.  
WE had know briefly with the dawn  
But sad to say temporarily.  
Tomorrow morning possibly.  
We will find time to simply be  
For just one hour worry free.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Would I?

The moonlight paints across the lake  
a golden path which dreamers take.  
When sleep has set their spirit free  
to visit realms of fantasy.

There hybrid monsters multiply  
and birds can swim and fish can fly.  
Large silver dragons sell ice cream  
from motor bikes powered by steam.

Imagination knows no boundaries.  
You can converse with passing trees  
all students of theology.  
Who claim divine authority.

The sleeping mind so easily  
accepting unconditionally.  
Things that the conscious mind would be  
Examining more critically.

I wonder if I dared to take  
that golden path while wide awake  
Would I lose my identity  
becoming just a fantasy?

24-Feb-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Writers Block-Poppycock

I think that there will never be  
A lack of wonders we can see.  
For those of us prepared to look  
in mother natures own scrap book.  
We have the time to stand and stare  
at beauty we find everywhere.  
A flower where it should not be  
inspires us to write poetry.  
We poets are a special breed  
and poetry fulfils our need.  
To share the beauty we can see.  
We choose our language carefully.  
Creating images to share  
with anybody anywhere.

Monday, 26 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Yesterday/Tommorrow

.

The silent shadows echo mysteries.  
Across the disused nursery floor, a toy  
Abandoned long ago by a child lies.  
No echoes or mysteries can destroy.  
The memories stored in a mothers mind.  
Her children went and she was left behind,  
To potter round to fill the day.  
The big old house which served her family well  
Is too big now to cope with on her own  
The passing years and dwindling income tell  
A story that is now far too well known.  
Tomorrow she leaves for a nursing home.  
Tomorrow when the children come.

Tuesday,13 March 2012

ivor or ivor.e hogg

## Yet More Ogdenashicals. Just For Fun

Ermintrude the echidna  
lost her diamond tiara.  
Her husband trying to be kind  
softly whispered never mind  
It never suited your behind.

Coromandel crocodile  
whilst swimming in the River Nile  
Yawned and swallowed a canoe.  
his mother cried this will not do  
You make me so ashamed of you.

Caroline the kinkajou  
liked a glass of wine or two  
Which made her act indecently  
so that very frequently  
She was confined for her own safety.

Sebastian a young male skunk  
was a most aggressive drunk.  
Until he met his waterloo  
and picked upon a kangaroo.  
Who showed him what a roo can do.

Gustavus gorilla thumped his chest  
to show the world he was the best  
When a stray hunter with a gun  
shot Gustavus just for fun  
I do not think he should have done.

An octopus can count to eight  
the number of his tentacles  
I'm sure you will appreciate  
it's one of natur's miracles  
At least I think so more or less.

We rattle snakes are dangerous  
but only if you anger us.  
We aren't aggressive naturally



We much prefer to lie quietly  
and will do if you leave us be.

17/10/2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# You      Experimental Form

You  
can do  
anything.  
You  
really  
want to do.

I  
Believe  
this is true.  
Why  
won't you  
even try?

Too  
afraid  
you will fail.  
If  
you do  
try again.

Some  
must win,  
some must lose.  
Take  
a chance  
join the dance

You  
must choose  
to move on  
Or  
remain  
as you are.

Up  
to you.  
Which you do.  
No

complaints  
listened to.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# You Are Mistaken! !

The arguments range far and wide.  
Opinions held stubbornly  
will be adhered to by each side  
Because we do not want to see.

That we may be wrong possibly.  
Brain washed by what we have been taught.  
By teachers who most probably  
had not expended too much thought.

Passed on the tenets of their creed  
for which they had no evidence.  
They merely listened and agreed  
which shows a lack of competence.

A teacher should be confident  
that what he teaches is the truth.  
Mere words are insufficient  
when you are educating youth.

Challenge all you have been taught.  
Although in fact it may be true  
Do not accept without much thought.  
The currently prevailing view.

Each creed will claim they are correct.  
It `s human nature so to do  
This will not change. I don't expect  
We'll ever know which one is true.

12/07/2009

[http: /](http://)

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# You Are My Sunshine For My Lady Irene

In the distance I can see the sun is shining pleasantly  
but where I am is cold and gray. Why that should be I cannot say.  
Perhaps because I'm missing you and that in fact it isn't true. And that in fact the  
sun does shine on me but can't relieve the misery  
I feel when you are far away without you every day is gray  
I am quite ready to concede you are the only one I need.  
When you are near my world is bright, your presence fills me with delight.  
I simply state because it's true the only sun I need is you

12-Mar-08

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# You Can'T Believe Your Eyes!

The countless thousand points of light.  
Which decorate the firmament  
Are only visible by night  
By long established precedent..  
We have the opportunity  
to study them though distantly.  
Each one of them another sun  
Although we know that some have gone.  
Some of the stars we think we see  
have supernovaed long ago.  
We know this theoretically  
Which one they are we do not know.  
Existing as pale memories  
of the suns they used to be.

Monday,28 March 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# You Do Know

You know it's true. Yet you deny  
the evidence: you can't accept  
your dream of love is fantasy  
You know it's true

There are some rules you can't defy.  
Which by now you must suspect  
such things as love you cannot buy.  
Which overthrow your dream concept.  
You know it's true,

You hopes are dashed and fade away  
and with them goes your self respect.  
Today is not your lucky day  
You know it's true.

20-Jun-07

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# You Do, Don'T You?

Most women seem to lack dress sense  
And those who don't have confidence  
To know that they need not obey  
what all the fashion gurus say.  
They seem to know instinctively.  
How they should dress to look their best  
and will not follow slavishly  
Fashions dictates like all the rest.  
They know their shape, they know their size  
They know what suits their colouring.  
Become the focus for all eyes  
at any sort of gathering.  
You know if this applies to you  
I am quite certain that you do.

Monday, 16 November 2009

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# You Might Be Wrong

Uncouth ill educated lout.  
You make your mind up instantly,  
you are quite sure you have no doubt.  
He is what he appears to be

You later find to you surprise  
he is in fact a gentleman.  
Regarded by the world as wise.  
Not as you thought an also ran.

Because he does not look the part.  
You thought him worthy of disdain.  
But now you have a change of heart  
you have been forced to think again.

Clothes do not make a gentleman.  
Quite often they disguise a thief  
who's out to steal all that he can  
He's confident of your belief

That you can quickly recognise  
the calibre of those you meet.  
Forgetting that appearances lies  
when other men are out to cheat.

The cover does not tell the tale  
of what is written in the book.  
If you are wise you will not fail  
to take a second searching look.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# You Never Know.

At the approach of All Souls Eve  
I am not sure what to believe  
Most see it as a time for fun.  
The preparations have begun

The stores are stocking fancy dress.  
For little children to impress  
and hopefully frighten their friends.  
With the very latest trends

Witches, warlocks, vampires and ghouls  
And other stealers of men's souls.  
That's what they will pretend to be.  
They'll trick or treat innocently.

I have a different point of view  
I fear the legends may be true.  
I lock my doors and stay at home.  
When unclean spirits free to roam.

Can wreak revenge on enemies.  
At will in any way they please.  
Every year folks disappear  
And very rarely re appear.

But those that do are not the same.  
To me it's not a children's game  
When folks vanish mysteriously.  
I tend to take it seriously.

I will remain behind locked doors  
Which seems to me the wisest course.  
Until the Sun rises on a new day  
I will tell my beads and pray.

You're free to do what you want to  
What I believe may not be true.

You never know who you might meet  
When you are playing trick or treat.

Friday, 14 October 2011

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Your Choice

The being who created me.  
Saw fit to grant me liberty.  
I have no faith in pompous priests.  
Who say all men are just brute beasts.  
Who must be coerced to obey.  
The rules laid down by God they say.  
They claim divine authority  
And say that they can guarantee.  
A place in paradise for you.  
But only if you're willing to.  
Accept their version of the truth  
Although they offer you no proof.  
I may be wrong but I refuse.  
I totally reject their views.

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Your Choice Story Poem

My cause was just I could fulfil  
a life long dream, an urge to kill.  
An urge I knew I must resist  
by application of my will.

Circumstances alter cases.  
I planned my action on this basis.  
All paedophiles deserve to die  
Just disappear and leave no traces.

My chosen victim was beast.  
Who masqueraded as a priest  
and preyed upon young choirboys  
He's missing now presumed deceased.

I groomed my victim carefully.  
Confessed that I had frequently  
had unclean thoughts about small boys.  
The priest absolved me readily.

In me he thought he'd found a friend.  
A man on whom he could depend  
to keep a still tongue in his head.  
His own perversions to defend.

But he was wrong in his belief.  
He was remarkably naïf  
He thought his cloth protected him.  
A fact that brought me much relief.

I told him that I belonged to  
a private club know to but few.  
Men who shared our interest.  
When next I went he could come too..

The trap was set now I would  
wait for him to nibble at the bait  
I knew that he could not resist  
He was hardened deviate.

It was arranged that we should go.  
Quite separately so none would know.  
He thought it best to be discreet  
and I agreed it should be so.

We reached the chosen rendezvous.  
He was surprised we were but two  
and even more surprised to find  
just what it was I meant to do.

I did not hesitate or pause  
I took his life without remorse.  
An old pit shaft his resting place  
where none will look for him of course.

The priest would simply disappear  
for reasons which will be quite clear.  
When his perversions come to light  
He was afraid to linger here.

His sins recorded faithfully  
in grim detail on his P.C,  
Another scandal for the church  
will come to light for all to see

For many reasons he would leave  
they would quite easily believe.  
That he just lost his nerve and fled.  
When from his P.C they retrieve.

The photographic evidence.  
Undoubtedly it will incense  
The men who must investigate  
his sudden disappearance.

Their first thought will be suicide  
because he has no place to hide  
Their search will be desultory  
They won't treat it as homicide.

By killing him I've satisfied  
The life long dream I've had to hide.  
The beast has paid the penalty.  
I think his death was justified.

It could be that this tale is true  
So I will leave it up to you  
my gentle reader to decide  
You can believe what you want to.

8-Jun-08

Http:

ivor or ivor.e hogg

# Your Place

I awaken-- in the soft darkness.  
Alone-- but yet not lonely,  
Your place --beside me in our bed  
Is filled-- with memories of you  
Only-- you of all women could  
With--your constancy leave such sweet  
Memories-- that comfort me still.

13-Dec-08

Http;

ivor or ivor.e hogg



# Youthful Fantasies. A Redondilla

redondilla

To tell my love forbidden me.  
So I must suffer silently.  
I love a lady who is wed  
and so my love remains unsaid.

The lady is beyond reproach  
an Icon I cannot approach.  
She would reject me if I should  
There is no doubt at all she would.

She does not know that I exist  
and yet my feelings still persist.  
I dream about her constantly  
and I will love her faithfully.

That is until I chance to meet  
another maiden just as sweet.  
I fall in love regularly  
Always it seems quite hopelessly.

Sunday,04 July 2010

ivor or ivor.e hogg