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# CARROT CAKE AND COMMON SENSE



Neil's verse  
and accompanying art

Neil Felton

## A brain

A brain the size  
Of its universe  
A garden to weed  
And grow

A garden  
Of fortunes  
Claims and  
Dreams of tomorrow

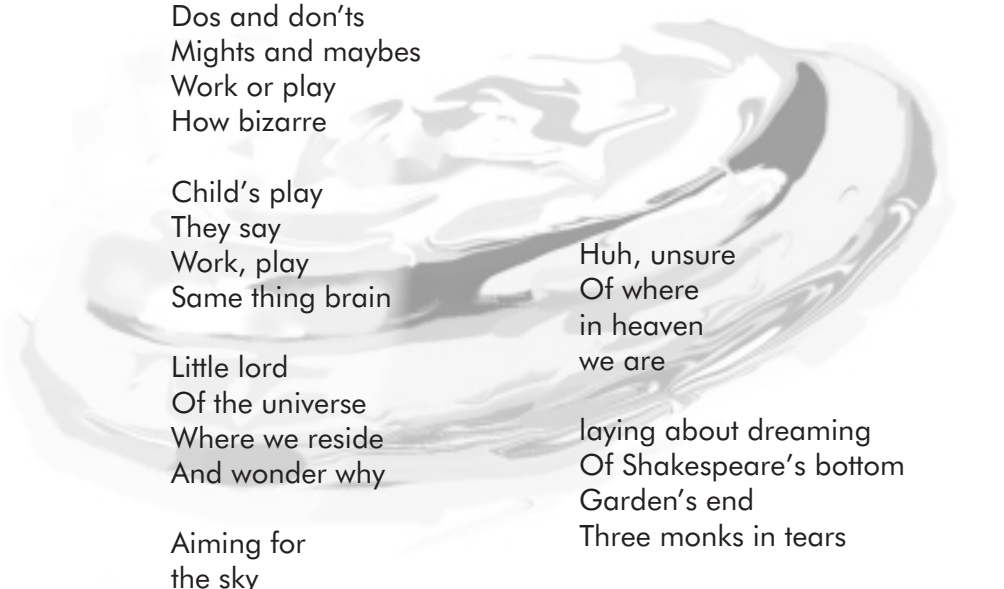
Dos and don'ts  
Mights and maybes  
Work or play  
How bizarre

Child's play  
They say  
Work, play  
Same thing brain

Little lord  
Of the universe  
Where we reside  
And wonder why

Aiming for  
the sky  
With our  
Artistry

Manuring  
The earth  
With our  
Generosity



Huh, unsure  
Of where  
in heaven  
we are

laying about dreaming  
Of Shakespeare's bottom  
Garden's end  
Three monks in tears

Child's play?  
With a brain the size  
Of its universe  
A garden to weed and grow

## An actor

You look down  
At your hands  
And there they are  
You are smartly dressed

You are an actor  
A story teller  
That much  
Will not change

You follow the leader  
Take the lead  
Listen and  
Respond

On stage  
Off stage  
Round abouts  
By-ways

On stage  
The light and  
shadows inspire  
A physician's artistry

You are an actor  
Integral part  
Of the show  
The life on-board

Off stage  
lines change  
On track, off track  
On track again

All lines  
Some you write down  
The meat in your  
Sandwich of time

## Artful dodger

Living the dream  
Working you see  
Away with the fairies  
This artful dodger

Not funny  
Artful dodger  
For guilt  
Gets in the way

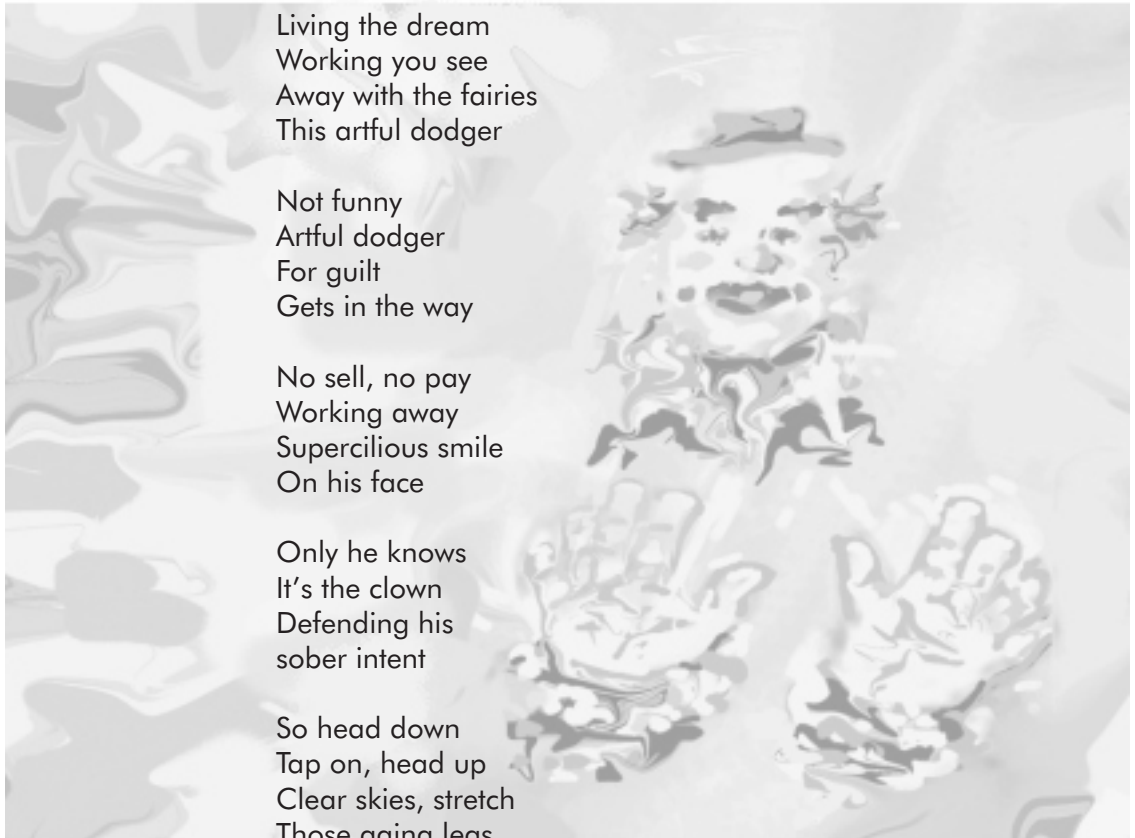
No sell, no pay  
Working away  
Supercilious smile  
On his face

Only he knows  
It's the clown  
Defending his  
sober intent

So head down  
Tap on, head up  
Clear skies, stretch  
Those aging legs

He's come and gone  
And finally home  
This artful dodger  
Slipping by

The score is drawn  
Ball in hand  
Heading for the  
Final touch down





## Beauty born

Beauty born  
To sky's end  
But worn again  
A mere trend

Taut smile  
Fat lips  
Teeth like  
Piano keys

Music for  
The surgeon  
in plastic  
Cycling boots

Beauty born  
An eternal  
Hair raising  
Tear drop affair

Unlike vanities  
brief appearance  
Just right  
From over there

Beauty born is  
Ever present  
Rainbow smile  
To sky's end

## Before the day is through

While the bee and the ant  
The beaver and its trees  
The flowers and leaves  
Care, cooperate and flourish

We dissect, pull apart  
rebuild, reshape  
Reorganise  
Boss and bewilder

And of course we care  
We care for those  
in care, lost the art  
that makes us tick

Dependant on mother  
Her purse, her heart, the cat  
The car, doctors and pills  
Of course we care

And we cooperate  
To lift us beyond  
Our messy affairs  
Our greed and fears

Don't do that again  
That was not smart  
That was down right stupid  
still doing these things

No wonder the learned  
Look elsewhere  
Into space  
For answers

Where to go  
To escape the madness  
Jump boat while  
Still afloat?



Today  
Here, now  
Nurses to the fray  
Doctors doctoring

All due medals  
Dealing with casualties  
Up to their arms  
Mop to the brow

Care for myself  
Best I can  
And spare the carers  
Rare and well meant

Head first  
Way to go  
Realise a jot, a way  
Before the day is through

## Big Bang

A bang  
A spark  
Our universe  
is born

Beam of  
Light  
No one  
In sight

No water  
No life  
As science  
dictates

But the essence  
For chemistry and  
Complex notions  
Of matter are lurking

Rock n roll  
And along comes earth  
on a Merry go Round  
With time and seasons

Human beings  
Hand prints  
Etchings, cuisine  
and cars

Labels all  
For our  
Fields  
Of Knowledge

Flat earth  
Round earth  
Three dimensions  
Four dimensions

Do I hear five  
Can the labels  
Cope, mathematics  
Confirm

Old man walks  
Down the street  
Trips, Falls  
Face first

To the pavement  
Bang  
Rolls over  
To brilliant light

No pain  
No time  
No time  
Hovering faces

But they don't hear  
I'm ok  
Leave me be  
Light years to go

Old man  
Residing  
on warm  
lie-low



## Coexistence

War, legalized killing  
Expression of ineptitude  
in coexistence - most basic  
of life's requirements

Done with cannibalism  
Done with war  
Participants all  
Down arms and walk

Break the chains  
Walk away  
Don't join  
Stay sane

Lesson learned  
Grassed over  
Is the bloodied turf  
Of past affairs

Wars, no warrant  
No place, no time  
No matter, no sense  
Down arms and walk

Break the chains  
Walk away  
Don't join  
Stay sane

No engine, no war  
Play football  
Chess, slam dunk  
Why war

Legalized killing  
Expression of ineptitude  
in coexistence - most basic  
of life's requirements



## Common sense

Beyond religion and morals  
Is life and common sense  
Beauty, wonder and  
Carrot cake

Minds imaginings  
Stirred by naive sophistication  
Warmed by a whisper  
Exhilarated by a touch

Beyond religion and morals  
Is the truth that won't  
Stand still, to be  
Labeled right, wrong or indifferent

Timeless truth  
Always there  
Naked yet warm  
As buttered toast

Smiling at our  
measured steps  
Laddered stockings  
And football boots

Beyond religion and morals  
The prevailing presence  
The malleable conduit  
Of truth prevails

The truth  
Life and common sense  
Beauty, wonder and  
Carrot cake

## Confronted

I am a Christian  
A stranger volunteered  
I am not  
I thought to reply

Pleased to meet you, I said

Not long from a  
Godforsaken country  
Screwed and bloodied  
in demoniacal waring

He was eager to be  
on the right side  
That I didn't know  
From my left

I'm a Christian  
He enthused  
I took his hovering hand  
And gave it back

I felt uneasy as he did  
There was an emptiness  
A fear, I could smell  
Its naughts and crosses

I excused myself  
Left him with  
the foreman  
Who saw him

As a fellow workman  
Under his wing  
Obliging and  
Willing to learn

I am a Christian  
This stranger volunteered  
And I wondered what it was  
He didn't want to be

Didn't want me to know  
Didn't want anyone to know  
I wish him all the best  
That he finds himself here

## Contentment

At a mature age  
I have feelings of  
Profound contentment

Think about it long enough  
It could be a problem  
Terminal  
But bathe in it I will

Feels like  
I've been here for ever  
And finally woken up  
Stepped outside

Found myself here  
Unrecognizable  
Invisible  
Not here, out there

Dead or alive  
No question  
No difference  
All unique

Profound contentment

Peopled out, my popular  
Flatmate says  
After a day of it  
Customers, friends and strays

No longer am I popular  
And no vacancies to fill  
Pop star is home  
Singing, coffee please



## Daily dispatch

Seated  
Toasting in the sun  
Eyes closed  
He sees himself

Shaded beneath  
A coconut shell  
What?! he opens  
his eyes to

A blaze of blue  
Bursting through  
The craggy  
Old tree

Fantastical  
The colour  
The light  
The life

A sprinkle of  
Infant leaves  
Dance hello  
And below

A spanking sweep  
Of gold on green  
In waves of  
Air borne grass

Grass, yes  
He was returning  
To the earthly  
Connection

Totally  
absorbed  
Away and  
Now returning

Time for  
hands and feet  
Indoors and  
daily dispatch

Unreal  
still  
No feet  
No measure



## Dream reality

When I was young  
I would wonder  
Why and  
What if this

Get on with it!  
But oh to dream  
To switch off  
Close those eyes

Too bright was the light  
Answers inadequate  
For this dim star  
Of a fathomless night

Nightmares I endured  
Falling, falling  
Faster and faster  
Toward certain death

Wake up! And I would  
In the nick of time  
In control, I lied  
To my innocent self

And one such night  
I'd had enough  
and determined  
NOT TO WAKE

I slowed the fall  
By looking ahead  
into space and found  
Myself moving away

I was flying  
Gliding above lights  
of cities, just me  
Like superman

It was an end  
to nightmares  
And triggered  
A more leisurely travel

Afloat in bed  
Lids down, still  
And dark, I'd focus  
On a retina light

It became black  
Expanding and drawing  
Me toward it and  
Through I'd go

Adventures afoot  
People going  
somewhere  
But where?

Looking for my car  
How would I get there  
Story of my life  
Moving on

However, occasionally  
In the small hours  
I would experience  
A prophetic waking dream

Most memorable  
A knock at the door  
Out of bed  
And wide awake

The stranger  
In my dream  
At the door  
And words on replay

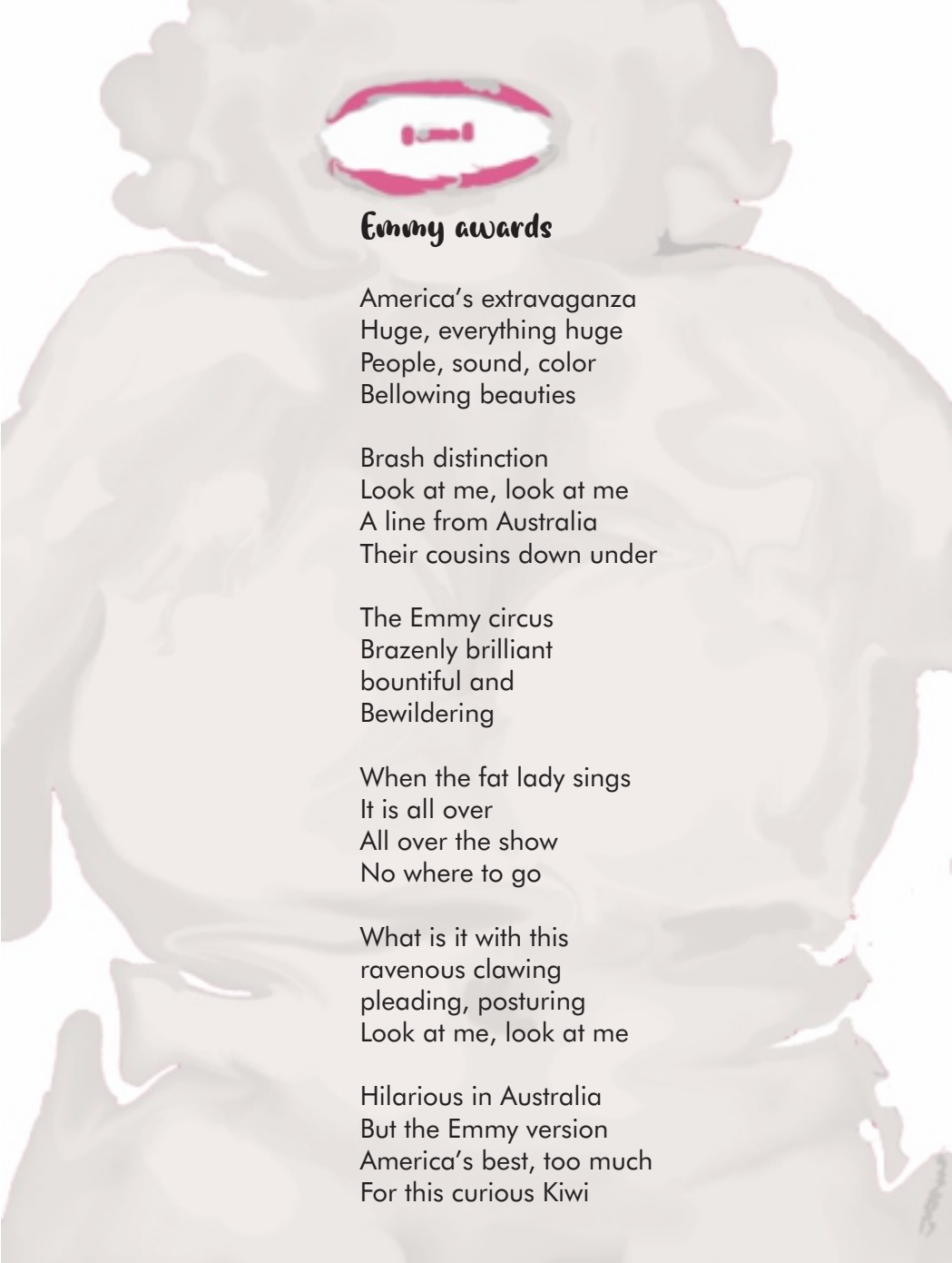
The dream come true  
The dream come true  
And so it has been  
And so it is now

Superman no longer  
No flying of late  
Cat and I, trip  
about the carpet

My studio  
Paint brushes  
Guitar  
Drive-on mower

Sunshine and showers  
No time for questions  
No time for doubt  
No answers required

Strangers no longer  
A nod says it all  
Together, apart  
A dream reality



## Emmy awards

America's extravaganza  
Huge, everything huge  
People, sound, color  
Bellowing beauties

Brash distinction  
Look at me, look at me  
A line from Australia  
Their cousins down under

The Emmy circus  
Brazenly brilliant  
bountiful and  
Bewildering

When the fat lady sings  
It is all over  
All over the show  
No where to go

What is it with this  
ravenous clawing  
pleading, posturing  
Look at me, look at me

Hilarious in Australia  
But the Emmy version  
America's best, too much  
For this curious Kiwi

## Eulogy of stillness

See me or not  
I am still here  
Still everywhere  
A state of mind

A word, a whisper  
In the wind  
The paper it is  
Written on

I am here  
A nudge  
A heave ho  
Still moving

You too  
Listening, seeing  
Feeling the lie  
Of the sand

Reading your books  
Speaking your truth  
Floating your boat  
of fragrant reserves

Knowing the truth  
in a tear  
a child's laughter  
You and me, still here

Still here  
Stubborn stakes  
Malleable mates  
Lending a hand

Still here  
In this charming  
Blanket of stillness





## **Falling in Love**

Falling in love  
Head over heels  
Dear me, such  
Besotted devotion

Woke up in love  
Makes sense  
Mist gone  
Crystal clear

Fallen?  
Head over heels  
Half gone  
Crippled

Yoo hoo!  
Are we there  
Awake or at  
Nightmare's door

Fallen in love  
Head over heels  
Out of ones  
Mind, Crazy

## Feet in the water

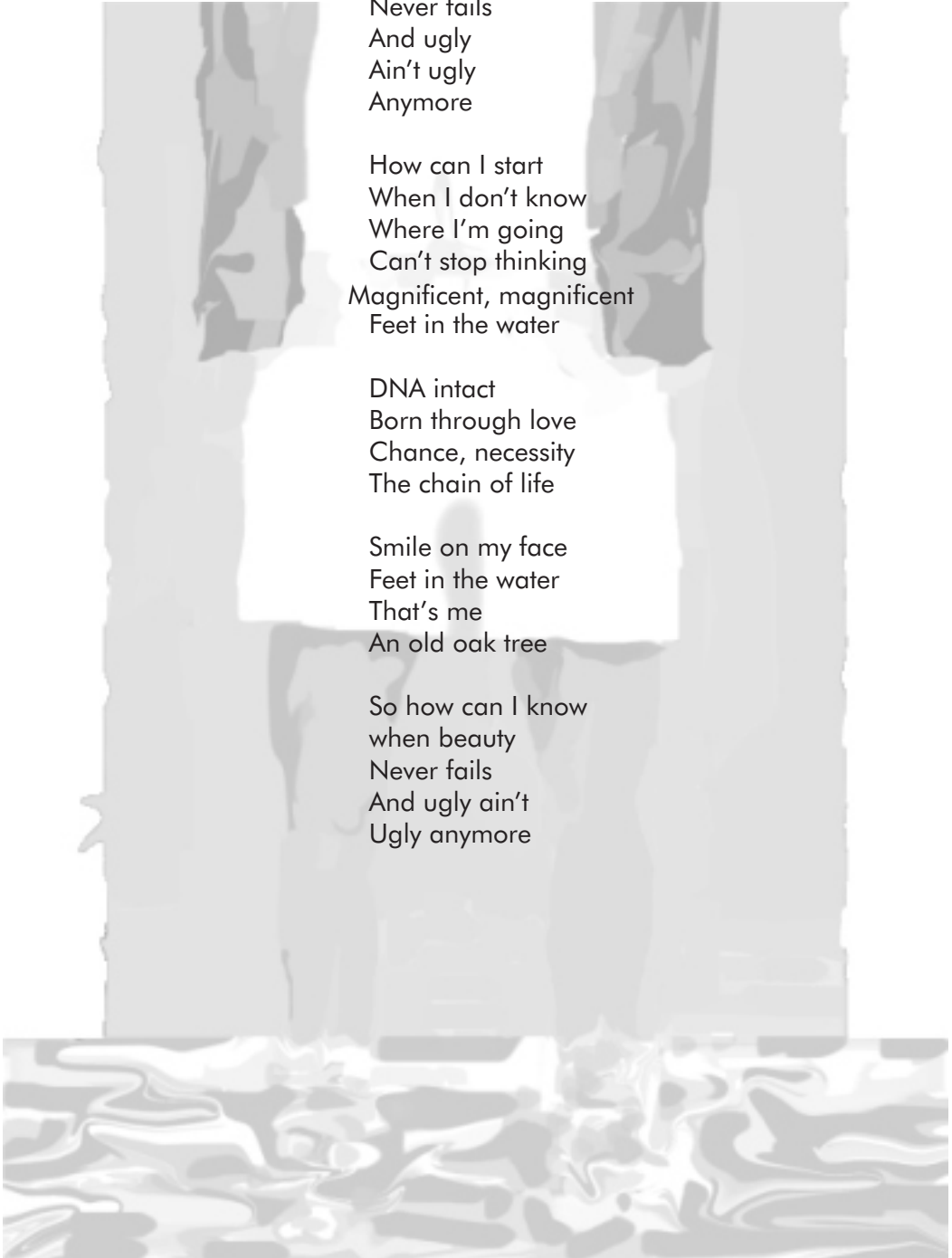
How can I know  
when beauty  
Never fails  
And ugly  
Ain't ugly  
Anymore

How can I start  
When I don't know  
Where I'm going  
Can't stop thinking  
Magnificent, magnificent  
Feet in the water

DNA intact  
Born through love  
Chance, necessity  
The chain of life

Smile on my face  
Feet in the water  
That's me  
An old oak tree

So how can I know  
when beauty  
Never fails  
And ugly ain't  
Ugly anymore



## Finishing school

Retired to the hills  
The old man looks back  
At fraught days  
And fathomless nights

Letting go the gripe of  
A life lost, mate gone  
In the night, empty house  
Filled with regret

Balls like monkey nuts  
white bread and milk  
Inspid nothingness  
shitless he

To work to work  
To drink to sleep  
Fool from hell  
Clever Dick

Disbelief  
No way back  
No way forward  
Must improvise

Make believe  
Make believe  
Must satisfy  
Gratify

Dull-drums  
In the way  
and home's  
no holiday



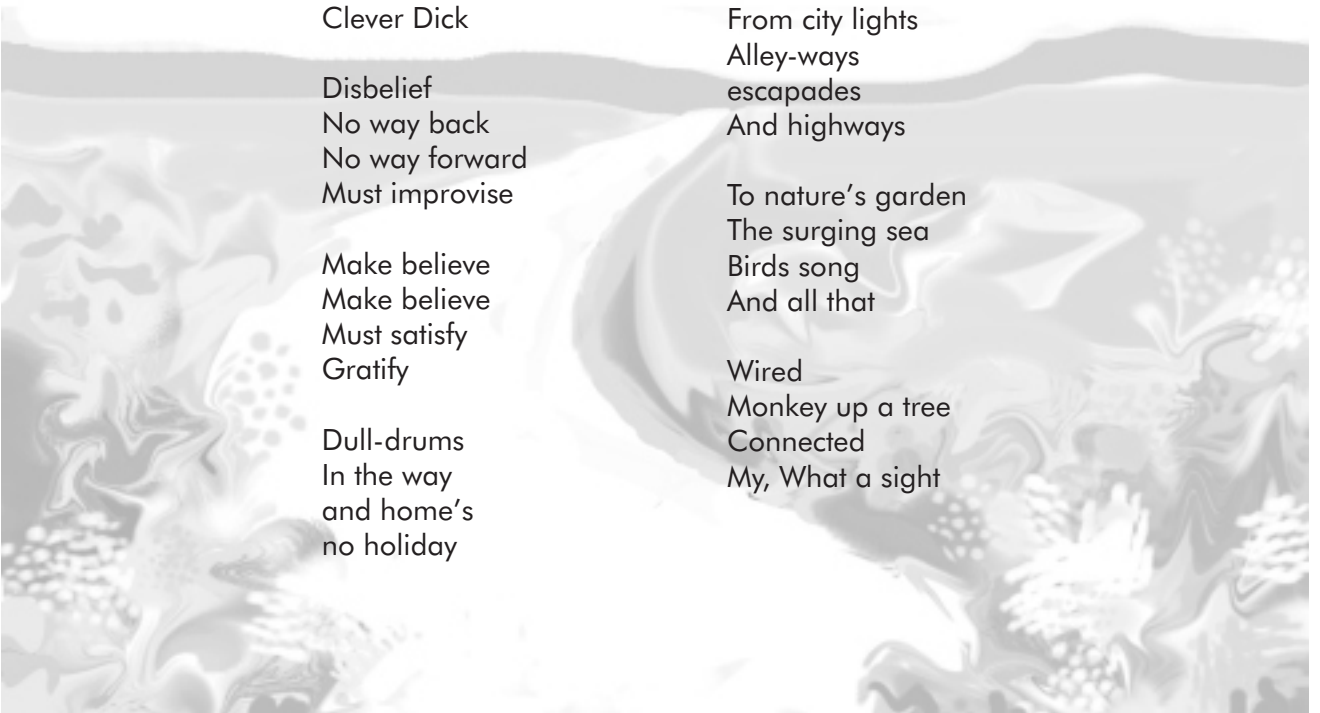
The cool fool  
With a trick or two  
Now, with relief  
at finishing school

Last things  
And all that  
Each moment  
A gem

From city lights  
Alley-ways  
escapades  
And highways

To nature's garden  
The surging sea  
Birds song  
And all that

Wired  
Monkey up a tree  
Connected  
My, What a sight



Neil Felton, Born 1942, Auckland, New Zealand,  
now living in Opotiki, Bay of Plenty.  
With a background in teaching, and computer  
systems, Neil has turned back to his love of art -  
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