

Return to Neil's site:

<http://www.artis.co.nz/poetry.html>

CARROT CAKE AND COMMON SENSE

Part Two..



Get it Right

I don't know
Never have
Get it right
I tell myself

Get it right
Down the middle
Paint the picture
Of steps uniting

Youthful beaches
Clear waters
And forever
skies

Old age knocking
I still know youth
Full of life
Something to die for

Mate's like that
On board
Old age, what!?
Trips and up again

On board and flat out
Old age, what!?
I smile
Best I can do

Clocked out
Days forgotten
Working on clues
The composite glue

Ticking the agenda
One step at a time
One day at a time
Years, an accelerant

Hat blown off
Bare head bristling
Get it right
Best I can do

God knows

God knows
It's often said
as a cover up
for I don't know

The spider knows
When it is sober
Right is right
And left is left

Left is right
For some soles
A song of sorts
The bell rings


Yes, hit him with
A left and a right
God knows
Pass it on

Not mine
Pass it on
Not responsible
God knows

Knowledge is
A wonderful tool
Till it is broken
The code changed

And God has nothing
To do with knowledge
God knows, huh
Who gave it a capital letter

Knowledge is
A wonderful thing
Kept sharp
In the box



Upgrades free
Easy as pi
If you know
What it means

Is it necessary
Does it compliment
The other tools
In the box

If it doesn't
Leave it to the god
that knows nothing
As gods do

Good morning

He loved her
and she loved him
though neither was
game to say so

A couple
She scoffed
A couple
He smirked

You go yours
And I'll go mine
Good morning
Evening

Greetings
always
no else
Needs say

Free to go
Suited them well
Free to go
There to stay

Intimate distance
Rightful place
Familiar scents
Playful mates

Lawns mowed
Washing out
Sound of sea
Crashing clear

Air borne
To birds
On boughs
Chirping cheers

He loved her
and she loved him
though neither was
game to say so

Partly
Partners
Space age
hippies

The certainty of death
A given, life
More precious
Than time

Minutes no longer
Measured
Moments, a life
And a day

Grown up

(Peter Pan and Trench)

TR - Why don't you grow up
Why don't you do as you are told
Why don't you be like me
And work for a living

PP - Because I've grown enough
I can see for myself
And my work
IS my living

TR - Think the sun shines out your ass

PP - Do you?

TR - Not me, it's you that thinks so

PP - I think not

Bollix, called Trench
To Peter Pan over-head



Holding hands

Grown up
Grown up?
And still
Holding hands

Attached
Not to be lost
In the woods
Holding hands

Freehold
Or slave
Shackled
Horse 'n tackle

Tackle nothing
Holding hands
Sidelined
For the match

It's over
It's over the top
With pink pyjamas
And fluffy clouds

Safe from
Lurking wolves
No cold waking
Hand Of the sea

Holding hands
Securely
Reined in



I laughed

A little totter
that's all it was
and I laughed
A child like laugh

In the garden
Stepped out
Onto pristine
Flat lawn

A little totter
Sea to land
Rocked, reeled
Tipsy, drunk

Sentimental memories
For this sober old dude
This whoopsie, this
carefree affair

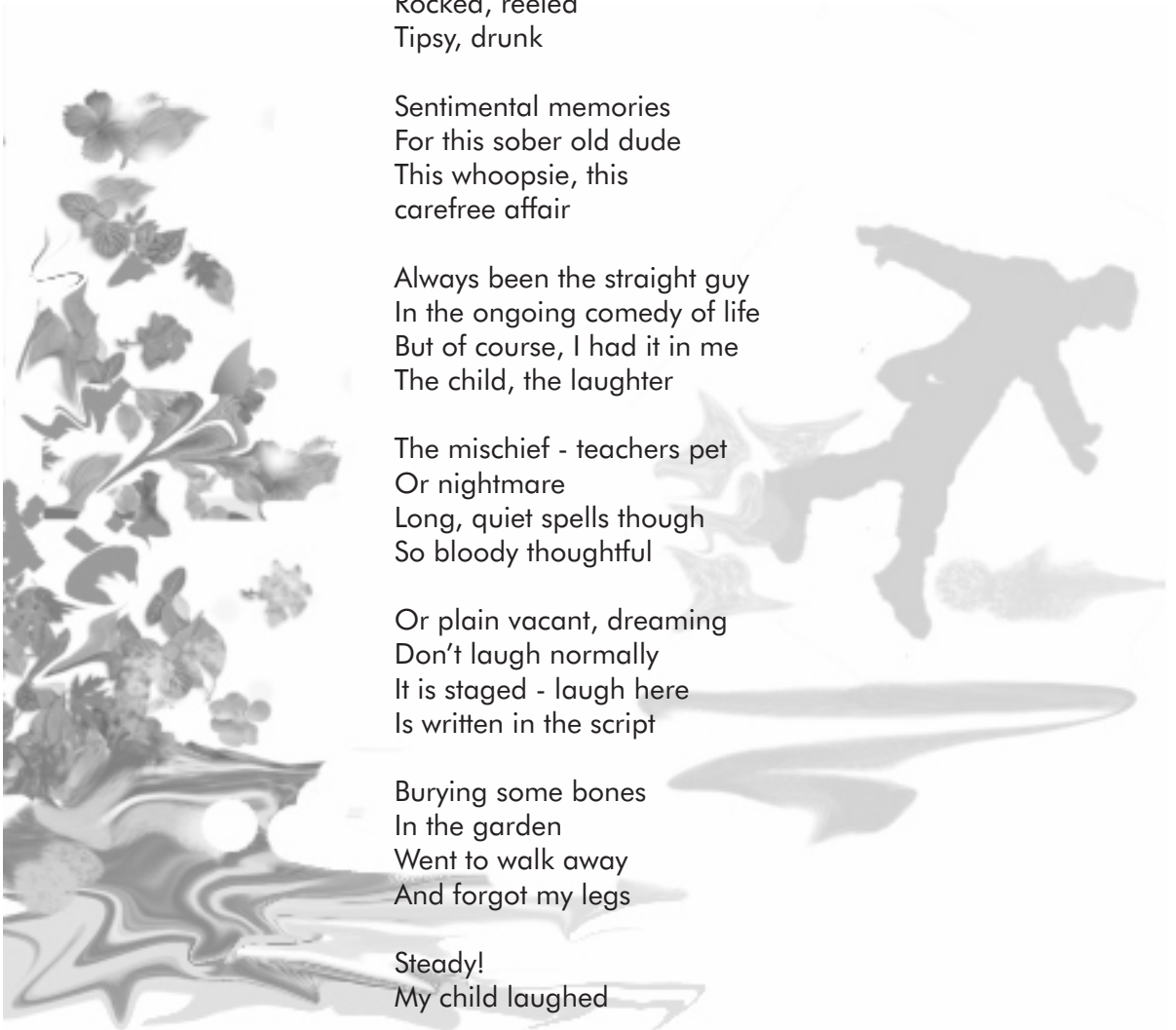
Always been the straight guy
In the ongoing comedy of life
But of course, I had it in me
The child, the laughter

The mischief - teachers pet
Or nightmare
Long, quiet spells though
So bloody thoughtful

Or plain vacant, dreaming
Don't laugh normally
It is staged - laugh here
Is written in the script

Burying some bones
In the garden
Went to walk away
And forgot my legs

Steady!
My child laughed



Intelligence

Artificial Intelligence
Artificial flowers
Fake, mock, unreal and
AI sounds like a disease

How can intelligence
Be artificial
It is intelligent
Or it is not

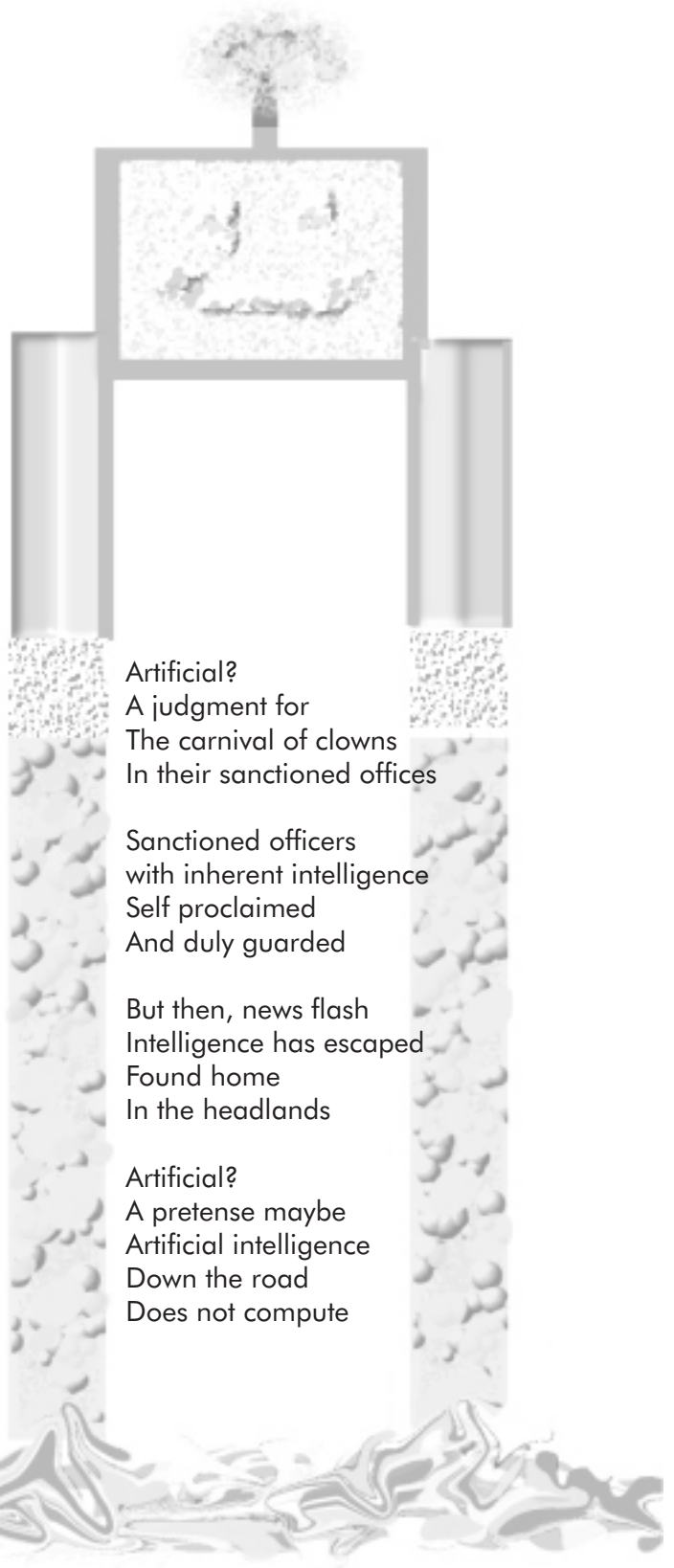
Being requires
Intelligence
Flaunted or not
Hand made or grown

Intelligence, the reality
Artificial needs to go
Intelligence for all
Artificial a nonsense

Robots, born
With intelligence
Hand in hand
We welcome them

Man made, but
Artificial?
Woman-made
more intelligent?

Gender has
Had it's say
And like artificial
Is on its way



Artificial?
A judgment for
The carnival of clowns
In their sanctioned offices

Sanctioned officers
with inherent intelligence
Self proclaimed
And duly guarded

But then, news flash
Intelligence has escaped
Found home
In the headlands

Artificial?
A pretense maybe
Artificial intelligence
Down the road
Does not compute

Ladies and gentlemen

Not girls and boys
Ladies and gentlemen
The young
have real names

Same for the old
No titles required
May I go to the
Toilet, Sir

In school
Out of school
On stage
With a name

Cheap talk and food
For boys and girls
Bully for adults
The big ones know

Proceed with address
Ladies and gentlemen
Take your seats
People

What a nonsense
Mommy, Daddy
And the chickadoos
Time to grow up

Boys and girls
No longer in school
Adults only with
Chosen names

No more Kids, Dick
Just you and I
With proper names
Please

We all qualify, Adult
Passed with distinction
Ladies and gentlemen
With proper names

More in Wit and grit
From Jan and Bill
Than parrot and please
From boys and girls

Kiwi

Not Maori
Not English
Dutch or Chinese
Black, white or pink

I'm a kiwi
Poking my nose in
Saying little
But to the point

Nose, that is, sharp
Mind everywhere
Mind my step and
Knock before you enter

Quiet life
Here on the brink
Tween sheets of rain
Light metal on roof

Living with trees
Salt air and
whimsically staunch
flatmate

To town
She goes
to manage
And mingle

More alone
Am I, at home
And better
For it

Singularly borne
We sit together
Reflect and
Forget

Not Maori
Not English
Dutch or Chinese
Black, white or pink

Both Kiwi
Iwi
Singularly
Together





Like to be remembered

Like to be
Remembered -
For someone to say
we struck a chord

Harmony
omnipotent
Relentless
Unassailable

Discord a
Mere pause
To waken
The senses

To nature's
Allure
its artful
pretensions

Its hallowed
Path we
Tread to
Remember

For someone
To say
We struck
A chord



Leaders and sheep

There are the leaders
And there are the sheep
I have heard it said
Leaders and the sheep

Must be comforting
To think one
Knows one is
A leader of the sheep


Face the front
Hands on heads
A call for
attention

Line up you sheep
Leaders over here
Sounds like
Cricket practice

Batters over there
Bowlers here
And what about
The all-rounder

Take note, which line
You stand in
A line in the sand
All gone on the tide

Wish wash, splish splosh
Rinse now
Spit it out
All leaders and sheep



Madam knows

Madam knows
Doesn't blink
Sitting outside
Looking in
Through the glass

That way, I point
Through the cat door
But she only sees me
Right here, inside

She knows the
Glass door opens
She knows I open it
So what's the problem

I'm busy reading
Mumbo jumbo, she reckons
Get off your backside
and open the door

Madam eats, romps and sleeps
That's what I reckon
She knows though
Madam is the boss

I want to come in!
Alright, alright
Need to stretch
My legs

Oh, you've decided
You don't want
to come in
Now

While I'm up
May as well clear
The kitchen before
Real Madam gets home

She knows what she wants
Won't tell me though
And I'm no good at guessing
Ask the cat



Matter

Energy
To light
Matter and
Consciousness

Consciousness
light
Chatter
of matter

Twinkle twinkle
Little stars
truly huge
Where you are

And us
on earth
Orphans
We beseech

Chatter chatter
All our matter
Little else
Do we hear

But still we
Listen
For life
Out there

Out to lunch?
About somewhere
Tomorrow
maybe

Likely here
When we were not
Our time, a blip
A figment, a fancy

Our soiled rock
Spinning on a string
Of years
Who knows

Only we it seems
Our time cometh
And goes - no audience
We know of

Life could be everywhere
Staring us in the face
Our cosmos a microcosm
of cosmic-all

Comical or serious
No point waiting
Polish the silver
Practise house etiquette

Manners do matter
All matters
All is matter
Or nothing at all

Space matters
Room to breathe
To pass through
And encounter

Be prepared
Bake the cake
Visitor or no
We will celebrate

Or salivate

Too much matter

Mumbai

Slick city grays
Bayonet black beak
Black eyes
and tail

It's smart rapper
Crow, eating
Pavement cake
and moss to go

Squawk! Kaw Kaw
Kaw Kaw, squawk
Beep, a bike pipes
Beepidy beep

Kawww! crow calls
Belligerently
Barp Barp
Says car on horn

Seamless
Shuffle
of traffic
on steroids

Pedestrians
Waltzing through
One two three
One two three

Chaos with rhythm
I follow suit
Find pavement space
and look up



It's Pigeon Corner
High wire circus
Shoulder to shoulder
They perch

Waiting to be fed
I am told
With a charming
Toothless smile

On the beach
Am I, Mumbai
White sands
Sea breeze

But water's edge
I fear to tread
Littered with cans
Grizzle and dissolution

The country, they say
Everywhere
They say
Is beautiful

New teeth in
I gratefully grimace
Down runway to lift off
Home again mate

My bike and I

My bike and I
on canvas career
crisply borne
pails of light

Fall to bends
Spring again
Tip toe o'er
The felt

Fine lines
fat spaces
Sweet zing
Of silage

Rock n roll
Percolating
Rhythm on
drums

Memories distant
As forgotten dreams
In these hills and
Fields slipping by

Then drawn to a halt
By a fairy-land scene
Wisps of mist
Across the valley below

I sit astride
My chariot
High on the
Earthy scents

Hoovered
Shampooed
We are ready
For home

Down to our
Pacific Bay of plenty
and the shops
We call town

Out of town now
Toward The Coast
And inland again
Up the final hill

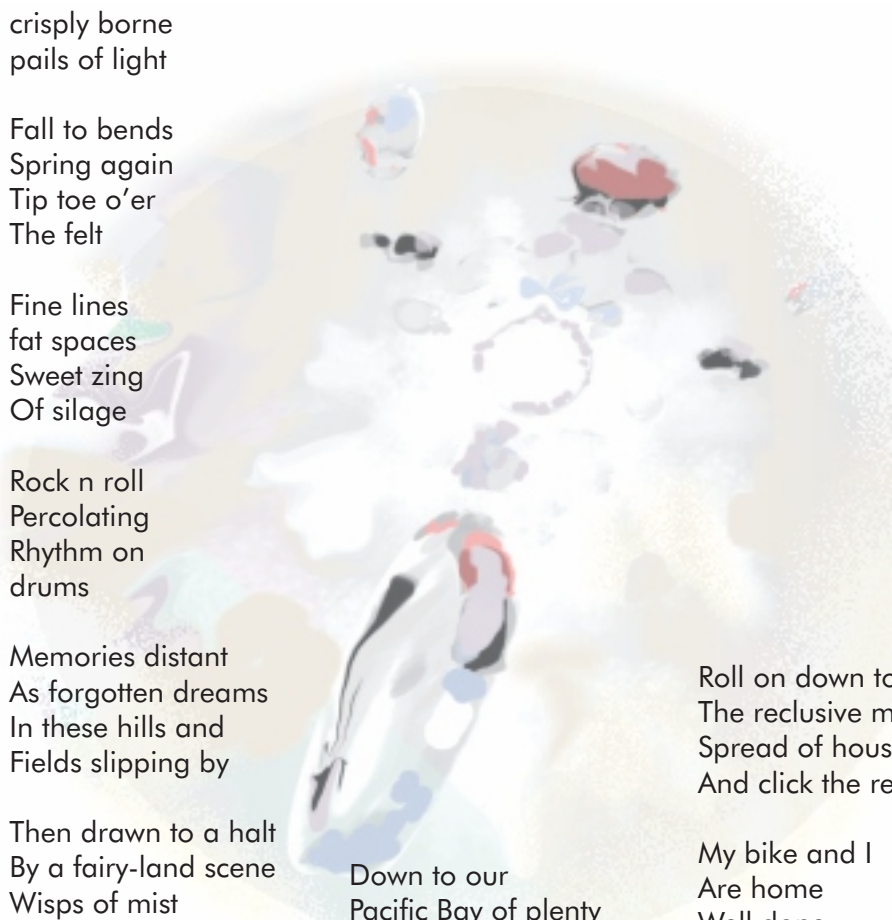
Change down
For the gravel
Driveway, rising
For the bumps and curves

Roll on down to
The reclusive mud-brick
Spread of house
And click the remote

My bike and I
Are home
Well done
I stroke her hide

And humbly yet
Proudly pronounce
You know -
Why do we say that

You know
I believe
We share a certain
Savoir faire



Nothing to say

Just came back to me
How I lost my voice
declared in writing
I had nothing to say!

Promptly lost it
Cancer, they said
We'll zap it
And zap it they did

No more cancer
No more voice
Voice came back
Worked on that

Then let it go
Fingers to work
Tap tap, tap tap
Keyboard chatters

But rarely me
So voice fades
Two octaves to one
Moments of none

Use it or lose it
The saying goes
The saying comes
The saying goes

Simple
Life is so simple
Not a problem
Lest we make one





Ode to W H Davies

What is life if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare
It resonates for a sloth
With dauntless eyes

Where sight is light
Creation and colour
What is life if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare

I cannot compete with that tramp
William Henry, the poet of the road
who cared so much
He abandoned the race

To record the beauty bold
dared to touch its flagrant smile
Face its golden eye and
Weather its stormy strides

Me in my slippers
A warm fire
Thank you

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 -
painting, writing and music.

Return to Neil's site:

<http://www.artis.co.nz/poetry.html>