

Return to Neil's site:

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

On again mate

Living a lie
With a crooked smile
A gnawing conscience
That will not die

Sick of this
Sick of that
Poor me can't
Go back

Can't go back
Jackpot
On the nail
So what

Breathe in
Breathe out
Expel those nasties
Those self inflicted

Withering wilks
Too heavy too heavy
Get it out out out
Smell the roses

Try some poses
Breathe in
Breathe out
And smile

Repeat

Now there's
a genuine kick
In the arse smile
Saying that's me!

It's on again mate
Stranger wearing
My hat, in my shoes
On again mate



On the move

Flags, headstones
idols, kings
All gone
To museums

Turn away
Face
the bow
And paddle

Lean
wave
Flock
that way

Won't stick
too slick
is art
On the move



Our beacon

Golden moon at its best
Kisses the sea and
Spreads her bulbous arms
Reluctant to go

Her glittering garments
That indelibly embrace me
She finally lifts
And slips down under

Her glow is tamed by
The descending curtain
My eye drawn upward to a star
In its clear yet fathomless space

More stars loom
More lights that touch everything
Yet not the defying
Darkness of space

Darkness as there must be
To see from our station
the light of those mighty suns
And the gravity of it all

The grand gravity that
Keeps us in touch
In space, upright in our
Seasonal and proper place

That I may stand here
Toes tickled by sea swept sand
Drawn still by our moon
Bedded down for the night

Night of wonder
That will tomorrow
Bring earth's star
Our beacon at harbour's door

Parking lot

It's been a long journey
From the chemist shop
To our parking lot
Third row back

On arrival
A cauldron of
Molten rock
Geysers and gas

Drip drip
And there was steam
Clouds and water
precipitating

Rapid rivers
To languid lakes
And the feisty
Global ocean

Blue as
The sky
In atmosphere
Expectant

Home to nutrients
Bacteria
microbes
Fish to us

Us humans
With our cattle
Our pets
And pollution

Sportsmanship
Womens rights
Loose talk
Tight lips

Robots to
Turn and fit
Manage and
Entertain

Fingers on
The button
Remote surgery
Press play

And the journey
Just begun
In our parking lot
Third row back

One day

Come a long way
Said the traveler
Not set foot outside
His country island

Feet in the sand
at waters edge
At home though, on TV
He's Continent hopping

Tribes, clans
Race and religion
Lions and elephant
On safari

Out of shot
And water
Desert sands
It's on TV

Come a long way
Said the traveler
Not set foot outside
His country island

It's on TV
So we can see
Need to go
To the lavatory

Lava stories
On TV
Crosswords
In the lounge

Painting pictures
By remote
Keying words
To air

Go anywhere
On a swivel chair
Gotta laugh
Now and then

Mow lawns
And breathe
Real air
That we share

The real thing
Can't beat it
Can't take it away
But leave it one day

Presence of mind



We dream
We Probe
Calculate
Extrapolate

Decide to rise
From bed
to be fed
By the hand

And mind
Of people
Before us
For the sake

The mind that expands
with consciousness
With our universe
The mind that knows

Of those who
Inherit our space
And scents of
Lingering words

Where we came from
And where we head
Like bloodhounds
To the scent

Words still swimming
In the tides of time
Oil to lubricate
Our virgin mind

We err
We umm
Till that scent
Ignites and unites us

The mind where dreams
Become reality
Lava to rock
Space and quarks

Leaves us with
little doubt
With a wonderful
presence of mind

Private lights

Honour and
Distinction
On stage
bestowed

For deeds
Long gone
A pleasure
Spent

Hat
In hand
That does
not fit

An urge
To escape
The trappings
Of clout

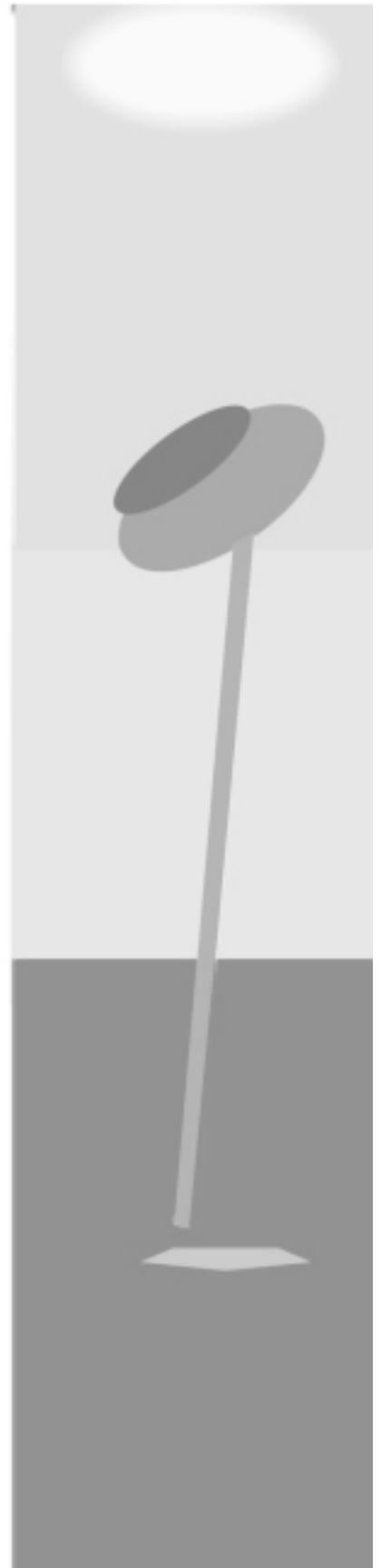
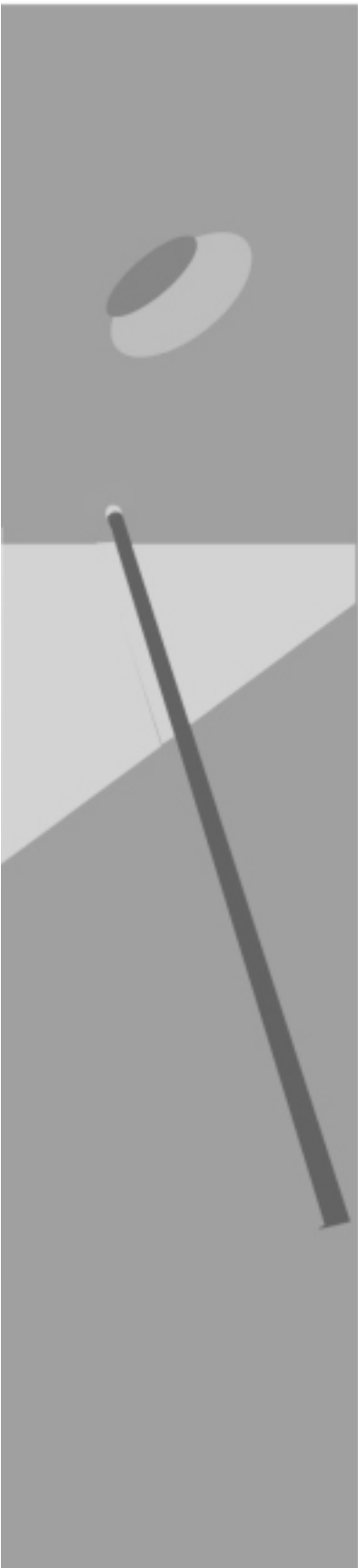
Slip away
Into the night
On road
Of repose

To private
Lights
Green baize
And cue

Spheres
Hues
Pristine
Angles

Comradely hum
Click of balls
Dry humour
And beer

Thirsty
For more
Raise the bar
Forget the score



Rain is cool

How long can I stay
in sun's embrace
How long
Before I sleep

How long before
Ambition's itch
drags a lemon
from my head

Like a clown
On opening night
Stumbling forth
for a laugh

Mouth shut
Like that clown
I listen
And I listen

Hard of hearing
Now-a-days
Missing more
So I hear

Retreat
I'm on retreat
Holiday in the sun
And rain is cool



Semantics

Just semantics
It is often said
Of words gone
Over the head

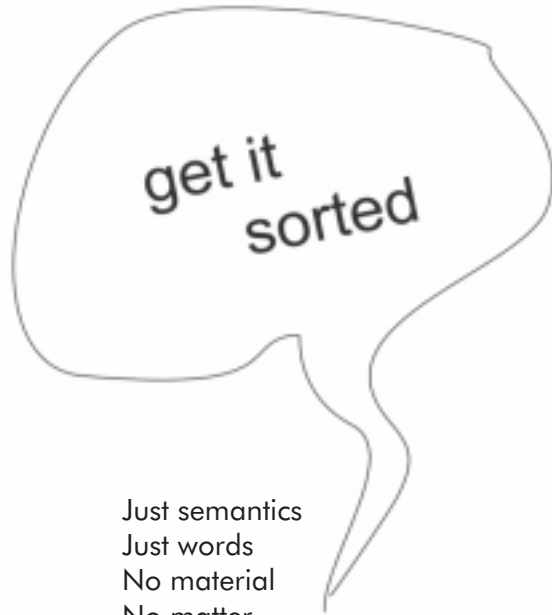
Just semantics
What's the point
Toes still firmly
In the door

What's the point
Load of rubbish
Just semantics
No point

Words like hammers
And sewing machines
Tools, no less
For work and play

Just semantics
A cheap shot
Delve a little
Find the light

Don't understand
There is a question
What is the point
There is a question



Just semantics
Just words
No material
No matter

No application
In the real world
In other words
Over my head

Poor words
They have a life
A part to play
Silence too

Just semantics
A cheap shot
Just a lemon
Just a universe?

Is it just?

Sensible choice

The optimistic cynic
Most underwhelming star
Working, working
Sticking to his gums

Chewing and digesting
Believing he's here
Sharing, growing
Willing a way

Imbibing, singing
In counter key
To doomsday pundits
In gravity's grip

The optimistic cynic
Most underwhelming star
Believes it's a
Sensible choice

To believe it's
All Meant to be
Flowers and weeds
Them and us

Rising and falling
Flat out
Flat down
Dark and light

The optimistic cynic
Most underwhelming star
Takes it on the chin
With a smile

Stumps me

Stumps me
Says tree
I've been here
Since elementary

Last of
Nature's stand
Wide view
of the sea

Watery ways
That bore us
Here
For what?

To grow TVs
and PCs
As microwaves fade
And oil recedes

Stumps me
Says tree
olfactory
Trails I blazed

Birds I homed
Their songs
From above
Stumps me

No leaves
little scent
little wood
For little bats

Willow
to wield
Mine!
Cries tree

Caught
Stumps called
Bales brake
Cup of tea

stumps me
says tree
I've been here
since elementary



The elixir

No more hiding
Behind the bully
Supporting his
Insidious ranklings

His fragile lust
For Might is lost
On those whose cheek
Is turned and smile

No reward
More hunger
He stalks the weak
As he well knows

Despising his own
Gagged with
Fists full of
Frustration

Poor fool, the bully
And those who follow.
More so, for theirs
Is a dying notion

That Might is right
Knights in armour
Win the war
And glory be

Gone are the days
Songs have been sung
It's over
Walk away

The vital elixir
Means must treasure
Our own space
And that of others

The Fence

Makes sense
Sitting on the fence
Neither here nor there
Sitting on the fence

Born screaming then
sitting on the fence
Watching the world
Eye to eye

Neither here nor there
But a temporal stand
Self bound
Secure, smug?

Uncomfortable
Jockey on a fence
You must up stakes
And move on

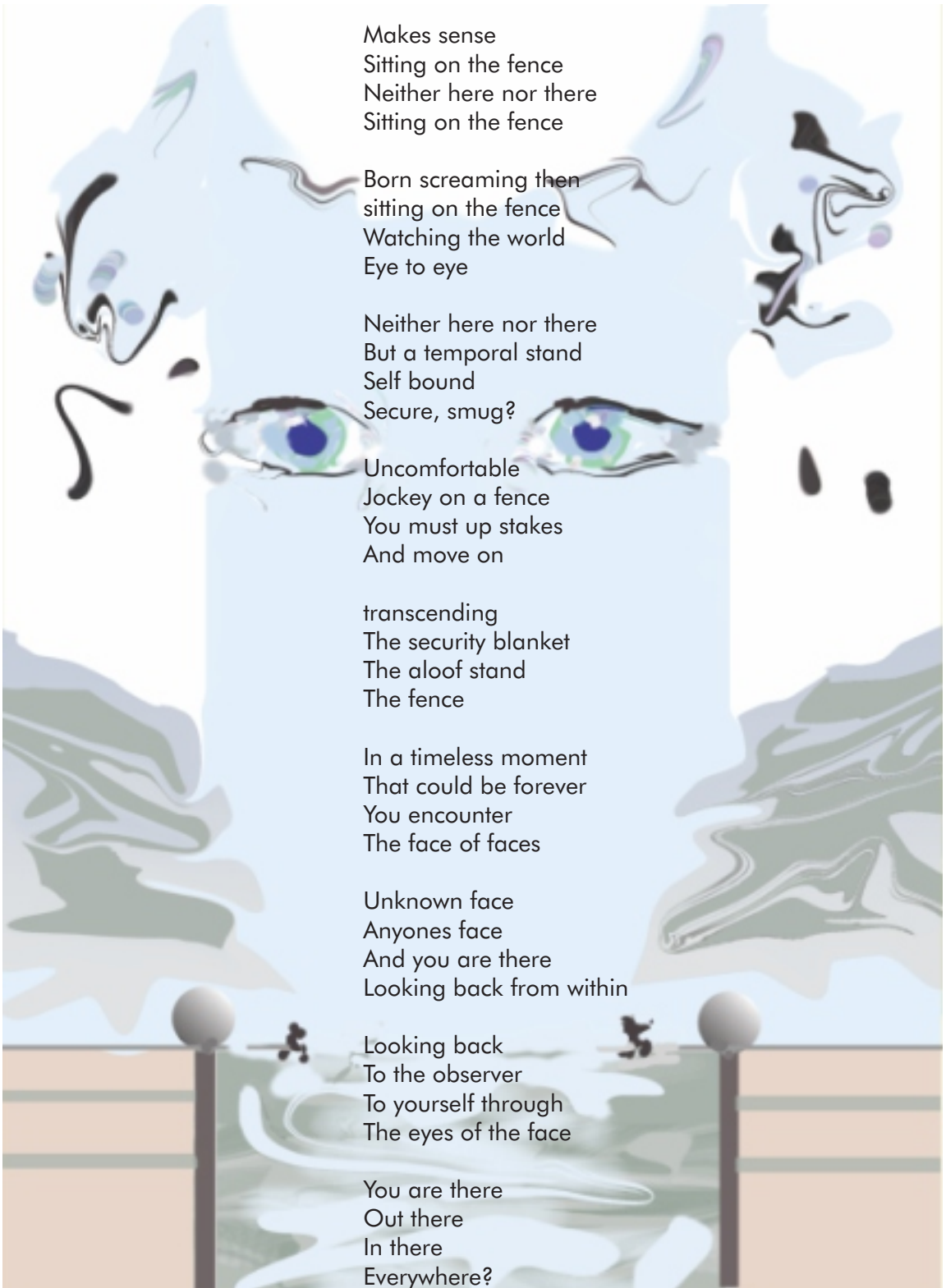
transcending
The security blanket
The aloof stand
The fence

In a timeless moment
That could be forever
You encounter
The face of faces

Unknown face
Anyones face
And you are there
Looking back from within

Looking back
To the observer
To yourself through
The eyes of the face

You are there
Out there
In there
Everywhere?



The fine line

Walking the fine line
Tight rope of the mind
A balancing act
Inherent in nature

The dance of water
Riding the waves
Branching trees
The flutter of leaves

Taking the flack
Giving it back
Bending the ball
Straightening the bat

Speaking the truth
An open line
Finest line
Finest line

So fine
There is no point
No time nor place
Yet surely spent

Done, seen
And heard
It clicked and
Set the ball rolling



To be well

On my own
At last
With more life
Than ever

Teeming with it
Vibrant
Buzzing
life

Buzzing in
My ears
When I am
Reminded of it

The locusts
Trapped
singing
Let me out

Drive you mad
The buzzing
If that's
What you want

Drive myself
Thank you
Next stop
Is yours, Buz

And sure enough
back on track
Turned on
Buz gone

Left behind
One thing at a time
Focus, action
Best I can do

Be well
Within the skin
Of minds meanderings



Toll the Bell

Sing bird
Of the air
Toll the bell
For all to hear

Over here
over there
Just so
Just so

Tweet and
Watch it go
Silence
Indifferent words

Swing it
Over here
Just so
Just so

Sing bird
Of the air
Toll the bell
For all to hear



Walking free

The Queen gone
Pawns advancing
Knights in fancy dress
Castles, a curious reminder

Of past villains
And heroes
Politicians
And the clergy

We wondrous creatures
Are now determined
To have our say
And move on

Walking free
On TV
Joe and Flow
Are opening doors

Planting trees
Recycling and
Partying on
Possibilities

Taking care
Of number one
The best
In everyone



What is art

Art is
Everywhere
Starting here
With the senses

The touch
The seeing
The hearing
The connection

All in the
Eye of the beholder
Is art, the artist
Sees anew

Brand new
No brand
No label
unbridled

The art
of humans
Is wired as
That of the spider

Goes to the core
In a picture of self
That we see
That we do

The connection
Here with there
At one
Is art

Observer and
The observed

Art is






Where we tread

We are over
Communism
Capitalism
All the isms


We are over
Taking sides
polarizing
Politicizing




Pointing fingers
Accusing and excusing
Keeping secrets
Telling lies

To support
Our prejudices
Sound knowledgeable
Wave the righteous flag

We are over it all
And focused on
The road ahead
Where we tread



Individuals
Responsible
For our own
Disposition



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.

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