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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK, RHYME AND REASON - A
COMPILATION OF VERSES, RHYMES AND SENSES ***

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Rhyme and Reason- a compilation of verses , rhymes and
senses
by Dom

IN MY PLACE

Pray thee let none shall bar
it's not the questions, where or when
God grant I shan't be far
In place of person, spirit then
8>)

RISKING FOR A SIGN

The nectar is sweet
if the heart so dares
never for the meek
where riskiness stares
Just risking for a sign

It won't stay when you stay
Goes when you're own your toes
The rewards are from the chase
Reach for it but never in haste
Nothing does like it does

By Faith we hope and pray
Events roll out and lay
Grasp for handles in a maze
Readiness with a brace
I'll take it in if I may

The nectar is sweet
if the heart so dares
those willing to seek
where riskiness bares
Just risking for a sign
8>)

RISE AND SHINE

Gilded sun rays clear the haze
Lighted lights go out apace
Another rise over the mount
Live creatures roused from their fount

Beings they gather and disperse
Shrieking shouts and small whispers
Wings above while eyes trained below
all stir for what might follow

Those ordained all fall in line
some lie still in thoughts opined
chosen ones to fruition live
while others Fates weigh and sieve
8>)

FOR MY FRIENDS

1

Courtesy in deeds driven
Ev'ry gesture plays a part
Fair regard gladly given
Fondness well planted in heart

2

Ye fair rovers in life
torches glow and fires swell
upon the reach of warm hive
We wish thee "all be well"

3

For those true let none deceive
Be relieved by what's believed
Within sadness joy's reprieve
Joy increased from joy received
8>)

YEAR'S END

The present year retires
to rest with history
Another course expires
to lodge in memory

A new course woven and spun
while we adorn its space
Concerns commence and are done
come what may rush or haste

A hope and toast to what's new
fond farewell to what's past
Let our joys never be few
and may fond regard last
8>)

BLISS WE'RE FINDIN'

The heart shan't huddle in heavy pinin'
For as long as there's a silver linin'
From murky shadows it's hope we're minin'
Through search and tumble it's bliss we're findin'
8>)

A GLANCE AT TIME

What is this fleeting moment?
An hourglass filled with cascading sand
Passes us in joy or lament
While we compelled or by own choosing attend
8>)

CRUMB, ICEBERG AND GLIMMER

A few things to nourish us
in this request in verse
Give us a crumb from that loaf
A humble comfort blanket
Grant us a splinter of frost above
Findings spawn from tip of iceberg
Save some glow off the glimmer
Hope preserved and mirrored

Those who give shan't be in want
Those who receive in penury shan't
If they wisely give
and they wisely spend
There'll be none to grieve
But much to append
8>)

ANTIQUÉ STREET

Faded bronze picture pretty
where cracks add curiosity
mounting age make things vintage
authentic guarantee's pledge
yesterday's streets I tarry
Green moss carpets alley
8>)

A VERSE OF THANKS

I thank thee for thy patronage
rhyme like wine improves with age
though I shan't be a hermit sage
I'm glad thou had found this page
8>)

FOR VERSES' SAKE

There's nothing here at stake
But the reasons we state
come play for verses' sake
lines of prosaic prose break
8>)

HOPE IN THE DARKEST HOUR

The pall of the darkest hour
Is lifted by Faith's power
Let burn your resolve's ardour
There's relief in Hope's harbour!
8>)

NUMBER CRUNCHER

one over two I am not
two of three they said not
three times four she had not
four from five he knew not
five and six a naught not
six sevens they saw not
seven eights it was not
eight nines they brought not
nine a ten it is not
Good heavens is what I've got!
8>)

World from my windowpane

The world is well and sane
From my eyeview's windowpane
While Good charged and shook its mane
Thoughts drift on a saunterly train
8>)

It's not too late

Lady Fortune nudges coyly
Pandora strikes stealthily
Hope stays in purposeful wait
All that's Good, it's not too late
8>)

The Archer

The Archer pulls his bowstring
Yonder what lies in hiding
One shot hits its target true
Hinders doubts which worries spew
8>)

Life and Rhetoric I

Though oft cautioned we pass unwarily
An earthly life's junctures and maze
Fitting pieces circumstantially

In wakeful awareness and daze

8>)

Life and Rhetoric II

Circumstance is fleeting

We run with the current and do what we must

In retrospect fitting

Ignorant of present and wise of the past

8>)

Here's a Crowd

Chaos plays Jack-in-a-Box

Father Time oils his clocks

Mother Nature preens her hair

Courage makes his own chair

Fate deals her card deck

Past is ever dwelling back

Present plays with Here and Now

Future poses with When and How

Peace reclines in sweet repose

Purity, not a spot on her clothes

Wish speculates wistfully

Reality alters mercurially

Sleep is strictly not to be disturbed

Wakefulness stirs on its own turf

Those which have been named

Our tempers they have tamed

Spans of ages they have reigned

Outlasting Pride and things vain

8>)

Emerge

From its perch molten orb uncovers day

As diurnal beings emerge to seek hay

From its perch Certainty clears murky

As it hands Conscience the masterkey

8>)

Digging the heels

We are drunk by sweet claret

Our Fates dealt by tarot

By causes the brows had furrowed

For causes reserves had burrowed

Take us to where redemption's moored

We head forth firm where none detoured

8>)

Glutton's Delight

Surprise quirks spur a thirst
that which quenches hungers
a second follows first
that which restores changes
8>)

Allow Me

Allow me your sweet musings
Those worry and hurry overlooked
Fairer than sweet nothings
Solace and Patience shan't be duped
8>)

Curiosity

Curiosity taps my hesitation
My gaze blinks warily
What's the price of revelation?
Mere lunge and peep only?
8>)

Same Suspect

The hand that won the crown
The same hand wipes the brow
Look ye all up and down
The same one anyhow
8>)

Lines of Joy

Our bliss filled wings flutter
The heart traipses with rapture
Pure joy has its mirrors
Smiling delight it sires
8>)

Be the Spark

Let not might expire
At the topmost spire

Nor fine sinews tire
Bogged in messy mire
Come strike and feed first spark
Hues to all pale and stark
8>)

Morrow

Within a bewildered mire
Resolve sires inner fire
Speedy streaks aimless confusion wreaks
Like brittle burnt twigs confusion creaks
An inner spark, emerges, divulges
Upon mortal frailty, comforts, touches
Lament not in sorrow
Embrace the fair morrow

Deeds past lodge in memory's place
My time now in haste or good pace
The crook of the trick my conscience prick
Truth I seek for it I shan't be meek
A lively spark, emerges, divulges
Upon mortal frailty , comforts, touches
Lament not with sorrow
Embrace the fair morrow
8>)

Scaling The Ladder

Mighty obligation curtailed voice
Left us splinters we took as choice
I've been bumped from nook to cranny
Had some, someday's crumbs of plenty
Yet learned and notched miles and hours
On wet grass to brazen towers
It's sweat, dread, I'm glad to have left
Despite and in spite of, unsapped
On full alert to hit the heights
Bide in stride and take in the sights

8>)

The seer said to me

Fear me not I am not Harm
Unclench fists and ready arm
I see woven threads, wordly realms
The beaten track and what it seems
Crossroads present ripples the current
Absent indulgence tickles serpent

Bridge the chasmic ridge

Defy Destiny you live in grief
Welcome what's to be then judge and sieve
Keep the torch blazing in its glow
Leave solace basking in the know
My sanctum now sows the seed
The seer's form to edge recede

8>)

SURSUM CORDA-Lift up your hearts

Come my dears the sun yellow
Beckons thee out of sorrowful wallow
The pit of tears runs too shallow
For lively spirits mellow and callow
Let's be gone with many a-bellow
We cross the hollow elbow to elbow

8>)

FINICKY FANCY

Go and Run ,skulk and hide
The hazy signs of next delight
ever mercurial as fickle tide
you say it's done then you might

I shall run and stay beside
No cell here is watertight
Evolution's a bumpy ride
It's not done, might just might

8>)

RHYME JIVE

Glasses of wine crowns a good dine
Sips of rhyme to while the time
I say mine, you say your line
Brightens the clime, isn't it fine?

8>)

Taken from a drunk's pocket:

If you said gin and tonic
I think you're prophetic
But if you called for beer
Bear the wine drinkers' sneer
Got caught in my veins some scotch
Surprised my mind's not scorched
If I hear of old Bloody Mary
Let me check out cash and carry
Now don't you say rum and tequila
My marushka let's pour some vodka
I'm really not that taciturn
Just the burden of some bourbon
8>)

SEASIDE SUNRISE

From distance and depths they roll
nearer like a constant stroll
their formation fluidly rustling
nearing leaves slovenly shaking
salt in my nose, curled up my toes
I can see the troopers moving hither

Horizon of scattered specks
unheeding fluid troopers' tracks
wavy phalanx forward advance
prance a primordial nature's dance
glare in my eyes, from morn sunrise
my attention attends along the strand
8>)

Requiem

Drowned by the hand of mortality
a soul shines where Angels ply
with Goodness pure and Divine mercy
(s)he now dwells where Angels fly
8>)

Face in the Crowd

When it all rolls over
and our hearts sobered
I'll be a face in the crowd

When the hurly-burly bustle
on its own weight tumble
I'll stay a face in the crowd

When I take things slower
and I'm less of a mover
I'll be a face in the crowd

When I'm less able
to bet on the table
I'll stay a face in the crowd

When voices speak softer
less to excite over
I'll be a face in the crowd

Let's pack it all in
live off it from within
Just like a face in the crowd
8>)

All in All

All our given sunrises
All our sunsets ordained
All our best desires
All our hearts proclaimed
All untruth never maul
All truest all in all
8>)

AIR OF SUSPENSE

An air of suspense sweeps over me
A wonder only seen in dreams
A great rush of heavenly fidelity
and my spirit dances among moonbeams

High over valleys
my joy rallies
I wish and long to dally
alas dreams are like snow
fade when it's time to go

But this joy I'll evermore recall
when among the clouds I stand tall
as my heart leaps, among hilly peaks
I'll cherish deep and recall the trip

An air of suspense sweeps over me
A wonder only seen in dreams
A great rush of heavenly fidelity
and my spirit dances among moonbeams
8>)

Consolation for a Nightingale

For though it seems the horizon wide
was swallowed by the ink of night
Hope still resides by your side
Strength to resume sparks alight
8>)

Happiness when it Comes

Happiness isn't an all time high
But when it comes it does not lie
as much as you can without frowning
and letting go without drowning
Not the mystery tucked in a box
or a steeple chase marked by clocks
Contentment and an unruffled heart
A gift from Life, an acquired art!
8>)

Poet at Play

sparks and thoughts they do combine
thy brief verses grant it clime
the poetic deed shall be incomplete
should verse denied of rhyme replete
at rest in this forest I do beseech
a pause then to Parnassus reach !

symmetry of rhyme addiction
weaves and spins bear fruition
past concepts and articulations
through the truth and truisms
thus the quest of poetic frenzy
by far loftier than mere fancy
8>)

DOM THE GOOF

Footsteps, they clatter
as I looked to the mirror

is it for the better?
I'm a habitual worrier

Your eyes reached for me
but I was ever unsure
did I transgress decency
of this new culture?

It was not what it seemed
this gaze of avid urgency
A glass up to its brim
I carried on nonchalantly

The waiter a while lingered
thought he a catastrophe
a full glass to him mattered
another spill casualty?

I delicately sipped
the outskirts of the rim
thus in one sip I nipped
the bungle at the brim
8>)

A WORD ON WORDS-revised 2002

Words to proselitize
Words to hail
Words to define
Words to douse silence
Words to rouse
Speech is a double edged gift
In stroke , ails and heals.

Words to state plainly
Words to choke gasps of worries
Words to accompany deeds
Words to line void of ignorance
Words to fill gaps of craving
Language is a double edged gift
In a swoop , blights and blesses.
8>)

A SMILING CONUNDRUM

A simple act of smiling carries abundant nuances. Its appearance

unfolds subtleties in spells so brief that attention has to acquire suppleness and clairvoyance in order to trace its intention. An emotional armour, an ignorant smirk, a habitual display, a crack of dismay. It serves as an olive branch, a link of mutuality, a spirit booster, a disarming tool. It wriggles so mildly into the domain that it catches us off-guard in an awkward pose in the midst of some complication, a teaser's toy, a perplexing foil, a facial perk up. It has beguiled hearts for generations, a warm gesture of agreement, nonchalant bravado, unperturbed defiance, a universal affirmation of pleasure. 8>)

BETWEEN FASTING AND FEASTING

Inspiration alternates between fasting and feasting. Let it cascade from funnels of thoughts. Improvise and let fancies weave as much and as often as they please. There is unity despite this mish-mesh. Inspiration gushes more than our fill can contain. It flows till each kernel is milked of its essence, then recedes to miserly trickling.

It hibernates as themes ossify, mummified in rumination's chrysalis. Charges to the fore of consciousness and floats to the spout of the fount when ripeness blooms. 8>)

ON PARTING

I had long anticipated this parting. I had wept in anticipation of this. Intense pain coiled around refusal and vexation, caused by anger that it should pass so soon. To heave our chests with sobs, wail ourselves hoarse, sap breath of air are futile. Part we must.

I cannot offer tears now. I had wept in anticipation of this. Senses stay with me as I go about matter-of-factly. But sorrow is real. Whoever who has emotions and compassion will surely feel the tight knot on heartstrings in times of grief. Part we must.

Mourning lasts not forever. Speak not of regret. Seek joys shared. Extricate the most comely or comical picture of the departed from recesses of recall or from the picture archive.

Caress those treasured tokens. Care for them well. Mortality had usurped and carried them across the walls while those living, are moored here still. 8>)

AFTER THE HURT

We wince, grimace, we deny, we blush, we withdraw, we stumble, grapple for a hold then surge wildly with our hurt, to our sanctuary, for security, for support, for sympathy which we so badly lack.

Our egos soothed, our pride mended, our resolve restored, our courage renewed. We make our way out of the zone of our sanctuary to the swirl of life, kingdom of actuality, the playfield of fortune, the polarity of cause and effect. We stand our ground, stake our claim, carve our indentations upon eternity. 8>)

AT THE DOCKS

Pungence of the coast enter the nostrils before sight glimpses the first outlines of the docks. As we gaze around the coastal settlement, all manner of architecture, decorations, signage and paraphernalia suggest an ode to the sea and a boatman's lot.

The utilitarian magnetism of a rugged painted scene experienced live. Water's surface beside ravaged outskirts of the docks. Rusty submerged pillars and barnacles, so common a sight, they go unnoticed.

Foam formations and breaking foam. Reflections of the surface on a good sunny day like fluid sequins, they gleam. Vessels off to the wide open and vessels approaching. The mutable tide and current. Bobbing buoys and crafts.

An assemblage of scattered generators, expelled fumes, sputtering engines with cadence of speech merge to form a union of din. Picture perfect for a tourist. It's an average day in the lives of those whose fortunes depend on the day's catch and nature's dictates.

Tobacco smoke, grunts, gruff ramblings, murmurs, occasional raised volume, wellingtons, raincoats, overcoats and windbreakers. Footsteps upon tarred passages. Shadows of beings cast on cobblestone walkways. The stooped, hunched, sprightly and nimble.

It's a rare sight for a pristine boat to be moored at the docks or a seafarer in uncreased gear, whose presence is devoid of telltale salty scent. Eyes accustomed to the regular scene spies a newcomer with ease. 8>)

WANDERER'S NOTATION

A trace of superstition still hangs upon them. The past is as tangible as actuality. They live it, they breathe within dominions of their time and those once trod by their forefathers. The legacy is both strong and benevolent. Hence, so is the affinity between generations long parted and the living present.

The departed have never truly departed from the consciousness of those still living, though not every name is known but their presence is persistent. The people here, they're a mite superstitious. Youthful formative years were liberally imbued with rhymes and odes of folklore where there is no sharp divide of legend from history. The structured education of logic, truth and reasoning heap upon indentations first forged by lore, diligently learned during childhood.

A clear innocence flavour their pursuits. A sense of unobtrusive dignity pervade pursuits spanning from exalted undertakings to prosaic chores. If there is a place where a wanderer would gaze back with longing in heart and a vow to return, it would be this.

NO. 11

(A PIECE ABOUT ILLEGAL WEEKEND RACING)

a trail of cold wetness
a passing rain's legacy
a weekend's night
at the square's hub

pungence of pumping exhaust
hazy light beams streak
their path through the murky blur

the public mingle at street fringes
as streaks of lights
mark their motorised presence

has anyone found their night's beacon ?
or is it only tonight's attraction
destined to be next morning's faded memory ?

screeches and skids
upon asphalt surface
burning rubber doused by moist surface

thrills in a rush
bets on the line for momentary glory
without flawless display
a reckless fool he becomes

how we've lived and where we're heading vanishes
when adrenaline shoots from a quick draw
all philosophical speculation abruptly cease

has anyone found their life's beacon ?
or is it only tonight's attraction
destined to crack up and fade at first light ?
8>

MARKET PLACE

Peddlers and buyers parley. Each trying to inch to a compromise. When the deal is struck it is a mutual reward of patience for both. Both profit at an agreed cost. Hear peddlers hail and rave indiscreetly about their wares to passers-by with the purpose of making buyers out

of browsers.

The market place is where material desire pursues realistic needs and perpetuates the jousting between persuasive wit and adamant refusal. Sweet recommendations slide up to those who pass by without a list and fill their minds with the lure of the next bargain.

Barrage upon barrage of humanity locked in bargaining, scurrying to and from , browsing without purpose, seeking with marked intentions. The market place is where friends with acquaintances , kinfolk with strangers tread the common way. Fresh links hooked. Old ties renewed. It is up to the individual to disclose or evade the throng of queries.

Smoothen frowns caused by fretting . Weary minds, take a hike along the market place. There's variety to be had within the stream of humanity there. It teases interest and flicks a spark on the fuse of humour. With senses and caution, join the jostling. Emerge none the poorer. So much the richer.

8>)

CORNER STREET

A mob masses at a side street. Something which they hear intrigue them so. It rises above their routine bustling hassle.

A booming invitation from a corner street salesman who hones his pitch to perfection. He nets commuters with his velvet lure of promise... for a fee. Wielding his selling lines like a coveted bauble while he tugs with his words. Those touched by his pitch tow along like an entourage of mice, latching on to the Pied Piper. The horde crane their necks for a ring side view , stretch limbs to advance nearer and strain sight for a close up. He stands high , above all heads , on a concrete pulpit and proceeds to wean all to his prescription. He proclaims "For a fee, the majority will attain a share of a rare minority".

8>)

PROMENADE MUSICIAN

A promenade musician with repertoire of tunes to whisk the rhythm of your gait away. Fixes you to a standstill and makes the heart yearn for sweetness which she coaxes from the strings. She plays for her keep. Touched generosity bestow appreciation into a ready hat.

The last note done , she raises her head to acknowledge the spontaneous cheers. Gazes back to the tool of her trade, readies herself and plucks the strings again to sweep the next passer-by into the honeyed core of melody.

8>)

OF DESIRE AND VIGOUR

We are charioteers with vigorous steeds, eager to spring off to pace

the breeze and pit against the wind. But what is vigour without defined intent ? A fatuous waste of good strength. Fuse desire, vigour and achievement into a singular fruition. When splintered, there is inner vortex which spirals and heckles mercilessly, relentlessly. Restless ambition is unsettled. It leaps in step with rousing craving. Wanting, coveting, desiring, they are emotions coaxed into being by experience, which meddle with our senses. Tame their potency, induce direction and order. To do so , the heart's pounding is reined and driven by reason.
8>)

ARCADIA

A place to grow old in.
Verdant slopes teem with pastoral greenery. Waves splinter on craggy rocks and cliffs. They, the vanguards of the coast. Showered and mired with the sea's deep blue depth. Effervescent streaks of foam marks each agitation. Thoroughfares , serenaded by minstrels. Be enchanted by wayfarer's tales, drawn to the romance of fables and ruminate on the bitter-sweet myths. Trace stony mounds with the soles as the feet step on cobble stone streets. Homely public houses, freshly cooked square meals at caf s and bonhomie, as common as courtesy. Live our days in contentment. Good banter abound and rousing humour gallops. It is at once both country and city. Neither be in want of conveniences nor be compelled to forego the space of privacy.
A place to grow old in.
8>)

PAGAN PRAYER

Divine Apollo, won't you roll us another day ? Slide the shadows and give us light. Then we'll know that yesterday was not our last. We live another day to tread and carve this earth.
Orpheus, won't you play us another tune ? Spur those weary ones. Lull anguished souls. Calm eddies of worried minds. Soothe and entertain those left.
Poseidon, bring your chariot over your kingdom of the sea, with your sacred trident, bless the seas with plenty. Let the winds be kind to sailors. Let the catch be rich. Tame the ocean's ferocity when it vexes.
Aphrodite, be benevolent to those who seek love. Kindle passion yet temper its infectious intensity lest the glow becomes a torrid pyre. Eros plays tricks with his arrows and bow. Allow us the power to discern with liberty of choice and reason as company.
Hermes, we pray that you bring glad tidings to us mortals. We long to hear you proclaim , o messenger of the Gods , that needless bloodshed shall be no more. That goodness rules. Hope subdues chaos released by Pandora. All injustice undone. Suffering's grief and tears shed cleansed from memory.
Athene, guide us from machinations of Evil. Grant us the gift of Courage and Perseverance. The same which you had given Odysseus for we

too endure our own odysseys. Demons and villains, they alter their
guises well and cunningly.
Hades, keep your train beneath the world. Your faithful Cerberus, bark
and bite not at mortal heels before our time. Our course governed by
Heaven's trade with the Reapers at your command. O Fates, lead us
gently and guide us well into the Hereafter.
Supreme Zeus, the one of the feared thunderbolt. Mightiest of
Olympians, final arbiter. With a fraction of your wisdom, we shall have
sight of sense. With that sense, breathe wisdom in our actions and
curtail weaknesses. Your blessing and mercy be upon us all still.
8>)

Drunk on Rhyme

1
What's to come, to be done
This while's all future and now
Impulse leaves with gracious bow
Straying would've harmed

2
The ebbing glow of twilight
Brings the hints of hopes bright
Dispense of loud proclamations
There's ample from quiet assurances
Heartening presence in spirit
Which no one else but us know it

3
We enjoy the delights within our grasp
Tempted by mirages out of reach
Forsake comforts for sweat and gasps
to return with trophies and preach

4
What's said in confidence
Expects silence in return
To stay true to intention
Is the best recompense
8>)
END

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